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THE *Nation*

A LIBERAL WEEKLY DEVOTED TO
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VOLUME 153

JULY 5, 1941, to DECEMBER 27, 1941



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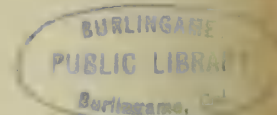
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The Shape of Things

1 THE OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUEs FROM MOSCOW
and Berlin effectively conceal the progress of the fighting on the Russian front, and there are no neutral reports, even censored, against which to check them.
3 The Germans claim to have closed their pincers in the neighborhood of Minsk, thus cutting off from
4 300,000 to 500,000 Soviet soldiers in Russian Poland.
6 But how many men does Germany require to "surround" an enemy of such strength? And is it certain that this huge Russian force is incapable of "pinching the pincers" in the manner described by Alexander Kiralfy in his article on page 11? Whatever the outcome of the battle which sways bloodily but obscurely along Europe's eastern marches, whether the Red Army collapses, or retreats slowly and intact, or successfully achieves the counter-offensive—whatever the outcome, we must not forget that this is but one campaign in a worldwide struggle. Undoubtedly Hitler expects a quick success which will enable him to turn with overwhelming effect against Britain. Meanwhile, he is willing to take the risk of giving the West a breathing-spell, assuming, perhaps, that neither the British nor ourselves will be able to take advantage of it. The British are doing their best to prove this assumption false by putting on a tremendous air offensive, but in this country there seems a tendency to relax. Only by such uncompromising action as Secretary Knox advocates—the use of the navy to "clear the Atlantic" for the safe delivery of war supplies—can the United States make effective use of the chance offered by Hitler's engagement in the east. That such action means war, declared or undeclared, no honest man would deny. But so did the famous raid on the Barbary pirates.

★

FRIENDS OF THE FINNISH AND SWEDISH peoples must speak out against the actions of their governments in cooperating with the Nazis. The Finns, at least, have some excuse. They were wantonly attacked by Russia in 1939 and suffered severe loss of territory. Perhaps they could hardly be expected to forgo this opportunity for revenge, especially since their geographical

situation left them little chance of remaining neutral when their two monster neighbors fell out. But the Finnish government's claim that it only declared war after many attacks by Soviet bombers will not bear examination. It could hardly expect immunity after permitting large numbers of German troops to enter the country and after Hitler's proclamation of war against Russia had spoken specifically of operations based on Finland. The Swedish government, in explaining the transit privileges granted to a German division passing from Norway to Finland, entered pleas that are even feebler. It declared that this concession was justified by "its special attitude toward Finland," but it is noteworthy that Sweden's close ties with Norway did not prevent a strictly neutral stand when that country was ravished. A more candid explanation has been given by Premier Albin Hansson, who declared that his government, after many hesitations, yielded to heavy German pressure. If Sweden is ever to make good its boast that it is prepared and ready to resist all violations of its independence and neutral rights, it had better stop its retreat under threats now, while the Nazis are heavily engaged east and west. Otherwise it will soon find itself taking that last step backward into the abyss of the "New European Order."

✱

JAPAN'S POSITION IN THE WAR CONTINUES to provoke widespread speculation in this country. Some observers, particularly those urging a continuation of our appeasement policies, profess to see ■ weakening in Japan's ties to the Axis as a result of the Nazi-Soviet war. In an effort to encourage this view, Premier Konoye declares that he sees no reason why the United States and Japan cannot remain friendly. But if Japan is hesitant, it should be obvious that it is not because of the recent tendency toward appeasement in Washington. Japan's plans for expansion toward the south were blocked by the firm attitude of the authorities of the Netherlands East Indies; and it hesitates to attack Siberia more out of fear of Soviet bombers than out of gratitude for continued shipments of American oil and other essential war supplies. The appeasers argue that we should do nothing to provoke Japan at this moment lest it enter the war on the side of the Axis. Actually, there is but one thing that will bring Japan into the war in the near future—the collapse of the Soviet defenses. Japan can probably be kept out altogether if an understanding can be worked out between the United States and the Soviets regarding naval and air bases along the Siberian coast. The United States blocked Japanese expansion in this area after the last war. It should do so again today.

✱

THE ALUMINUM CRISIS HAS FINALLY BEEN brought into the open by reports of the Truman committee of the Senate and the House Military Committee.

It is now admitted, as *The Nation* has charged repeatedly in the last six months, that aluminum production is grossly inadequate for defense needs. The shortage is said largely to account for the recent falling off in the output of military aircraft, and it threatens to curtail plane production next year by at least 25 per cent. Responsibility for the shortage falls squarely on the shoulders of the OPM, which has consistently underestimated the amount of raw materials required by the defense program. The Truman committee attributes the OPM's error to the fact that it relied for its estimates on the Aluminum Company of America, which, as monopoly producer, has had an interest in discouraging the building of new plants. Shocked out of its apathy by these Congressional disclosures, the OPM has announced a plan to build eight new aluminum plants with a total annual capacity of 600,000,000 pounds. These, together with increased imports from Canada, should eventually give us an annual production of 1,600,000,000 pounds—the estimated requirement for 1942. This estimate of needs, however, is based on current production plans and makes no allowance for the inevitable increases in bomber requirements during the next eighteen months. Should we be drawn into the war, a new and even more critical aluminum shortage would almost certainly develop unless production is increased more than is now even contemplated.

✱

THE OPM'S RECORD OF UNDERESTIMATING defense needs has led to a belated and much-needed shake-up in personnel. Gano Dunn, who was responsible for a particularly bad guess on steel requirements, has returned to his job as head of the J. G. White Engineering Company. C. W. Kellogg, who had to be reprimanded for declaring that our electric-power facilities were adequate for the defense emergency, has gone back to his desk as head of the Edison Electric Institute, the trade association of the power industry. Another industrialist, Samuel R. Fuller, has resigned as chief of the raw-materials division to return to the presidency of the North American Rayon Corporation. In explaining his resignation, Mr. Kellogg declared that he had been told that the OPM had adopted a policy of excluding the active heads of trade associations from responsible posts. Such a policy, which is clearly justified by the facts recorded above, would presumably compel the resignation of such advisers as Walter S. Tower, president of the American Iron and Steel Institute, W. L. Finger, head of the Rubber Manufacturers' Association, and C. W. Boyce, who is connected with the Paper and Pulp Trade Association. That capable men without ties with private industry can be found is indicated by the appointment of J. A. Krug, TVA power manager, to succeed Mr. Kellogg as power consultant. Mr. Krug takes the realistic position that it is far better to have too much power than too little. That goes for all other essentials of defense.

A FORMAL ORDER BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT barring discrimination against Negroes and other minority groups in defense industries is an important move in defense of democracy. The order is to be implemented by a committee set up in the Office of Production Management, which will receive and investigate complaints and take "appropriate steps to redress grievances which it finds to be valid." As Mr. Roosevelt said in an earlier statement, "No nation combating the increasing threat of totalitarianism can afford arbitrarily to exclude large segments of its population from its defense industries. Even more important is it for us to strengthen our unity and morale by refuting at home the very theories which we are fighting abroad." The fact that an order against discrimination was necessary is a wry commentary on the weaknesses of our democracy. We hope that the President's little emancipation proclamation will be vigorously enforced.

★

THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S RULING THAT refugees who have close relatives in Germany or German-occupied territories may not enter the United States is explained as an effort to prevent Nazi agents from flooding this country. Instructions to consuls under this order refer to "the increasing number of instances known to the department where persons leaving certain countries in Europe have been permitted to leave only after entering into an obligation to act as agents in the United States for the governments controlling the countries from which they desired to depart. . . ." Clear enough, if a bit wordy. The consuls are specifically instructed "to withhold visas in all cases in which the visa applicant has children, parents, spouse, brothers, or sisters still remaining in such territory." Later the department issued an "explanation" designed to meet the barrage of protest with which this ruling was greeted. It explained nothing, merely substituting confusion for clarity. To get at the facts behind this order, we should like to ask the State Department a few questions: How many instances of such bargains as you describe in your "instructions" are actually on file in the department? If the number is not great, do you believe it to be sound administrative practice to subject thousands of innocent persons to danger and suffering in order to keep out a few potential Nazi tools? We have inquired of several important agencies dealing with refugees and have been told that *not a single case* of the sort of subversive action against which the new ruling is directed has ever come to their attention. Until we hear of at least one, from the State Department or elsewhere, we shall continue to suspect that the ruling represents a ruthless determination to bar as many victims of Hitler's terror as can possibly be covered by the least plausible excuse. If only the department had thought of this earlier, it could have shut out Thomas Mann and Einstein.

"WHEN THE GERMAN FORCES CROSSED THE Bug River," reads a dispatch from Berlin to the *New York Times*, "the Russians appear to have allowed them to advance without giving any indication of their presence. Then they opened a 'devastating' fire from all sides upon the German advance units. Such methods of warfare are scathingly criticized in the *Völkischer Beobachter*, which declares that shooting from the rear is a typical bolshevist action." Even the Russians should know that under the protocol of the New Order it is not cricket to take advantage of a blitzkrieg with its panzers down.

Showdown on Prices

THE next few weeks should show whether the spiral of rising prices can be checked by administrative control, or whether we are headed for a period of wartime inflation such as the country experienced from 1916 to 1919. It is evident that Federal Price Administrator Henderson has gone about as far as he can on the basis of voluntary cooperation. His effort to force the automobile industry to rescind the price increases posted for July 1 has been sharply challenged by the Chrysler Corporation, and in consequence Mr. Henderson has permitted the Packard Motor Company, the Studebaker Corporation, the Hudson Motor Car Company, and the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation to boost their prices. Several furniture companies have announced an additional 5 per cent increase in prices in the face of Mr. Henderson's protest against a general 5 to 10 per cent increase announced a few days earlier. Although the tire manufacturers have shown a disposition to go along with the Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply (OPACS), such cooperation may not continue if other industries successfully defy Mr. Henderson's efforts.

Scarcity resulting from production controls will complicate the problem. With the 1942 automobile models scheduled to appear early in August on a restricted basis, further price increases appear inevitable unless Mr. Henderson gets authority from Congress to enforce his orders. It is understood that the President will send a message to Congress within the next week or ten days asking for such authority. Passage of legislation granting this power is, of course, essential. But enactment of a price-control law with teeth in it will only mark the beginning of Mr. Henderson's troubles. For the price spiral has already advanced to such a stage that it is impossible to bring it to a complete halt overnight. Any effort to freeze all prices as of, say, July 1 might lead either to a curtailment in production or a reduction in quality despite all efforts of the administration to prevent such a development. Some further price increases will have to be permitted in order to assure supplies of raw materials for the defense industries. Wages are undoubtedly an im-

portant item in the cost of production, but it would be most unwise to attempt to freeze wages at their present level when the cost of living has already risen $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent and most workers have received no increases. Holding retail prices at their present level will also present a serious problem in the face of a much greater increase in wholesale prices. It will be doubly difficult where scarcity exists—as in automobiles and tires, eggs and dairy products—as a result of the defense program or lend-lease operations. In such instances, the OPACS will have a choice between permitting further price increases as a means of curtailing consumption and imposing direct restrictions on consumer buying.

All these difficulties can theoretically be overcome if control measures are rigorously enforced. Mr. Henderson has served warning that he intends to leave no stone unturned in the effort to prevent a disastrous inflation, but it is clear that no man or agency can do the job without the sympathetic cooperation of the entire country. The OPACS will have to be arbitrary in many of its actions. It will have to crack down not only on industry but on the wholesale and retail trade and on agriculture. If wage rates are not to be frozen, arbitrary allowances will have to be made for wage changes in establishing price ceilings. The job is filled with political dynamite,

as may be seen from the way the huge farm-subsidy bill was forced through Congress despite its disastrous effect on the price structure. Yet action must be taken quickly before the price spiral gets completely out of hand. No one except a few speculators and profiteers wants runaway prices such as we had in the last war. But the same forces are at work, and they can only be stopped if Mr. Henderson gets the power he requires.

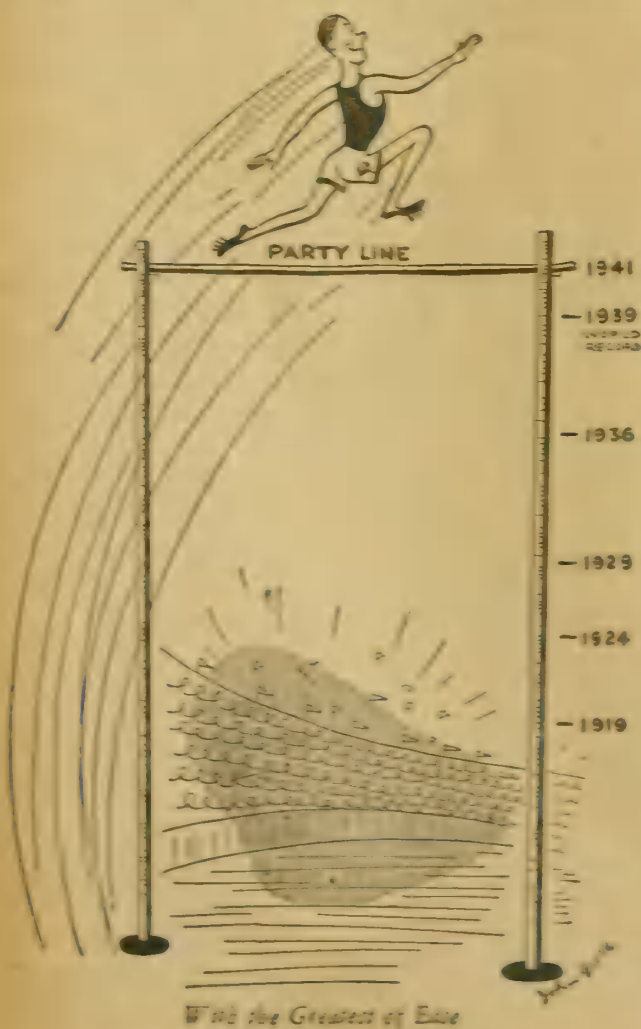
Hitler's Political Front

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

IN LAUNCHING his unprovoked and unannounced attack on the Soviet Union Hitler saw a chance to mobilize the anti-Communist sentiment of the whole world. In 1939 he had forfeited a large proportion of that support and counted its loss less important than the material and strategic benefits gained by neutralizing Russia in the early stages of the war. He did his best to counteract the loss. Abandoning perforce the old theme of Communist menace, he appealed to the masses by attacking the imperialist war-mongering of the "pluto-democracies." But this string always gave off a sour sound: the Nazis had allowed it to get limp and out of tune through years of disuse. And it rang particularly false when it was twanged by the Communists themselves. The real enemies of pluto-democracy in the democratic countries listened with a wry face. No one was taken in by it, least of all perhaps the Stalinists, of whom only the more brazen did their prescribed lying with the cynical assurance of professionals.

As Hitler himself has confessed, the Russian alliance was an uncomfortable affair, and he was relieved when strategic considerations made it possible for him to drop it. He had done a thriving business in anti-communism for years and he was glad to be back at the old stand.

This is not to be taken, however, as proof that Russia was faithless to its pact; Moscow has solemnly denied Hitler's charges of hostile acts and treaty violations, and as Louis Fischer points out on another page, Stalin was willing to make concessions up to the very hour of invasion, as Daladier and Chamberlain were in 1939. Hitler's discomfort arose not from the behavior of his Russian bedfellow but from the attitude of his other neighbors. Even Franco had dared reveal disappointment when the mighty backer of his own little anti-Communist crusade came to terms with the enemy of all Christendom. And Japan, which had joined the anti-Comintern pact in order to be relieved of its haunting fear of Russian attack while pursuing its dark purposes in China, felt thoroughly betrayed. The Soviet specter followed every Nazi move, creating uneasiness or outright hostility among the reactionaries who are Hitler's natural allies and apologists.



With the Greatest of Ease

Today they flock, with only a little prodding from Berlin, to join the old front so happily reconstituted. "Token" "volunteer" contingents come from Franco Spain, from Italy, from all the Balkans, even from the conquered countries and Sweden; with their slogans and their guns the fascist foreign legions move up to the Soviet frontier.

These are Hitler's political troops, useful for no other purpose than to rouse and dramatize the fear of communism, so effective in the past, for the disruption of anti-Nazi unity. The front in this political battle is far longer than the vast eastern line; it extends around the world.

Hitler knows he has no chance today of scaring Britain out of the war. But he still has jobs to do in England. There are appeasers left, infected with the old hope of "turning the war east," who will look upon the Russian struggle as at least a welcome respite for England. They may not dare to talk openly of peace, but they will try to spread a mood of relaxation—a wait-and-see psychology. There are the out-and-out reactionaries, who surely shudder at the spectacle of Britain allying itself with Russia while Germany leads a great international anti-Communist drive.

But Hitler's real hope does not lie in Britain. His hope of softening, dividing, confusing, prying wider the social fissures ready-made in all democratic societies, galvanizing the pro-Axis sentiment in weak and wavering dictatorships—this hope is directed chiefly at Vichy and Rome and Madrid and, most of all, the New World.

So far the clearest response has come from Spain, where the Phalangists shout for Russia's annihilation and organize an expeditionary force for the march on Moscow. Suñer's Falange can count today on those clerical reactionaries whose hatred for Russia has in the past tempered their natural enthusiasm for fascism.

This element also has weighty influence in Latin America, a fact Hitler must carefully have considered in planning his new holy war. Organized and spread by Phalangist groups, the anti-Communist crusade will provide a welcome rallying-point in Catholic circles in the Spanish-speaking countries, although the pointed failure of Pope Pius to mention Russia in his speech last Monday may serve to dampen their fascist ardors.

In the United States pro-Nazi groups, religious or plain reactionary, will of course flock to the anti-Communist standard with pleasure and relief. But it is not these well-defined enemies of democracy—the Coughlinites and Bundists and native fascists—that Hitler hopes to reach. They swallowed Russia without obvious gagging and belong safely in his camp. Hitler has his eye on the main stream of American opinion. He hopes to divide it and draw off enough of its strength to slow down the tempo of our war effort. It isn't necessary to win friends in order to influence people; it is necessary only to direct their attention to another potential enemy.

How well has the maneuver worked? It is too early to know, but it is clear at least that American isolationists and pacifists are doing their best to act as Berlin intended them to. The America First Committee headed a pronouncement published after the Nazi attack on Russia, "No Red Allies for the United States." It went on to raise the bolshevik bogey in language that might have been dictated by Goebbels. Mr. Dies prophesies a tremendous increase in the influence of the Communist Party in America. Senator Wheeler says he doesn't think "the American people will stand for us to tie up with the Communists. . . . Now we can just let Joe Stalin and the other dictators fight it out." Our other isolationists, including the ponderous and portentous Mr. Hoover, run true to this set form, accepting gratefully the new propaganda material from Berlin without bothering to look at the label.

A genuine danger exists that Hitler will be able to accomplish his immediate aims in America. The entrance of Russia into the war may slow up America's progress toward effective aid to Britain. Communism is an unpopular nostrum in this country—even more unpopular among those who have supported the struggle against Hitler than among the isolationists and pacifists whom the Communists have abetted in their efforts to spread defeatism and hamstring defense. And the conversion of the Communist Party, now that Russia is fighting, is likely to create more contempt than sympathy.

But intelligent anti-fascists will not permit their dislike of the Communists to play into Hitler's hands. The discovery of the Communist Party that the war is no longer an imperialist struggle will have some happy by-products. Deliberate sabotage of defense will almost certainly stop; intrigues in the trade unions may not be called off but at least they will not be directed against the war-production program; the many bothersome little anti-war demonstrations and mobilizations will come to an end.

Since the only important job in hand is the struggle against Nazism, we shall do far better to accept for what they are worth the incidental benefits that flow from the new party line and not worry about its lack of honesty or logic. To concentrate on the mental contortions of the comrades is to follow a course laid out for us by Hitler. We who know he must be defeated, whether Russia is his enemy or his ally, cannot afford to fall in with his plans. We, of all people, cannot allow ourselves to be frightened into inaction by Hitler's *old* party line—the threat of communism. With Nazi armies in seventeen once-free countries and Russia invaded, the alarm voiced by Hitler's innocents and fellow-travelers in this country sounds like the fantasy of madmen. The one serious issue today is the defeat of Hitler. Americans who keep this steadily in mind will be impregnable defended against the political attack launched last week from Berlin.

Did Stalin Want War?

BY LOUIS FISCHER

I UNDERSTAND that the German government submitted no demands to the Soviet government prior to the opening of the Soviet-Nazi war. For a fortnight before the outbreak of hostilities no important diplomatic exchanges or conversations took place between Berlin and Moscow. This fact is crucial in an interpretation of Hitler's plans. He asked nothing of Stalin because he did not want to give the Kremlin a chance to capitulate. Hitler proposes to march to Moscow, oust the Soviet government, set up a puppet Russian government, and thus eliminate Russia from the larger war situation.

One principle of strategy has dominated Germany's entire conduct of this war: never fight on two fronts. The Kaiser lost because he had fought on two fronts. Hitler, therefore, is the great isolationist; he isolates his enemies and smashes them one by one. He isolated Poland and defeated it while he kept other fronts passive. He played the same game in Scandinavia, the Lowlands and France, and the Balkans. Greece and Crete having been taken, Turkey was isolated and forced to convert its Soviet alliance into pro-German neutrality. That isolated Russia.

The war on Russia is not primarily a matter of supplies. Hitler hopes to get the supplies. But more important is his desire to knock out Russia before America's threatened emergence as the decisive factor in the war. If Hitler could decisively defeat the Soviet armed forces and seize the territories in western and southern Russia without whose natural wealth and industries those forces could never recuperate completely, he could say to Great Britain and America: "I have the Continent and its wealth. You cannot destroy me. Let us, accordingly, talk peace." Hitler's real purpose in striking at Russia was to force a negotiated peace on terms favorable to him by forever eliminating the possibility of an eastern front.

Hitler did not march into Russia because no risks were involved. He did it because, even if he possessed sufficient strength to invade England, he could not safely venture across the English Channel while there was an independent Russia which could stab Germany in the back.

Recent Soviet-Nazi relations have traced a zigzag. The pact of August 23, 1939, inaugurated a period of land grabbing, Soviet deliveries of materials to Germany, and Soviet protestations of "good-neighborly friendship." When France fell so suddenly, Moscow was frightened. But Hitler's failure to beat down England in the air blitz of September, 1940, encouraged Stalin: Germany would still be occupied in the west.

In November, 1940, Prime Minister Molotov interviewed Hitler in Berlin. Therewith began a deterioration

of the "friendship." Molotov revealed Soviet designs on Finland and the Balkans. In June, 1940, while Germany was busy in France, the Red Army had seized Bessarabia and more than its agreed share of Bukovina. Hitler thereupon gave a guaranty to Rumania. Then Molotov wished to guarantee Bulgaria and to acquire bases on the Dardanelles. Hitler said so on the day he launched the war on Russia. The Turks declare that Molotov demanded the same bases when Foreign Minister Saracoglu visited Moscow in the autumn of 1940.

Hitler could not move into the Balkans during the winter. But when spring came he "coordinated" Bulgaria and Rumania and prepared to embrace Yugoslavia. On March 27, 1941, General Simovich staged a coup in Belgrade against the pro-Nazi Yugoslav government that had submitted to Hitler. The Simovich coup was British-made, but it pleased the Russians, and they showed their sympathy openly. This marked the peak of undisguised Soviet hostility toward Germany. Moscow hoped that Nazi strength would be diverted away from Russia by the Balkan fighting.

But Yugoslavia and Greece succumbed sooner than had been expected. The moment Yugoslavia collapsed, the Bolsheviks believed Hitler would attack them, and on April 9 the Moscow daily the *Red Star* warned that since the invasion of England was off, the burden of the war would be transferred from west to east, that is, against Russia. In their peril they sought to return to Hitler's good graces by evidence of good conduct. The withdrawal of diplomatic privileges from the Belgian, Norwegian, and Yugoslav ministers in Moscow was ordered on May 9. The Soviet government recognized the anti-British rebel of Bagdad. But Hitler was determined to fight Russia, and beginning April 12, according to Assistant Soviet Foreign Commissar Lozovsky, the Germans made numerous reconnaissance flights over Soviet territory.

For several weeks before the beginning of the Soviet-Nazi war, Sir Stafford Cripps, the British ambassador in Moscow, was cold-shouldered by the Soviet authorities. They refused to receive him, and he in his turn avoided contact with them. Moscow was flat on its belly before Hitler. Finally Cripps gave the whole thing up as a bad bet and flew to England. Moscow's behavior had convinced him that Stalin would sell out to Hitler. But Hitler did not want a sell-out. He wanted to crush Soviet Russia.

While the grim battle proceeds, the diplomatic barage is not without a touch of humor. The other day Lozovsky told the foreign newspaper correspondents in Moscow that the Soviet government now understood that "a non-aggression pact is the careful preparation of aggression." What a remarkable discovery! A hundred journalists wrote that after August 23, 1939. And Maxim Litvinov said it in ten speeches before August 23, 1939.

The Fourth Estate at Detroit

BY JAMES A. WECHSLER

Detroit, June 28

THERE was a Newspaper Guild convention some years ago at which Heywood Broun kept a neatly filled glass of gin on the speakers' table, and when one of the titled guest orators paused for a drink of water after sounding a high note he took a huge gulp out of Broun's glass. It was a tense moment in Guild history; but the Guild survived. This week, at its eighth convention, the union Broun nurtured faced a crisis which Emily Post couldn't handle. The 170 delegates, sober and weary, met in an atmosphere that few had foreseen: not only was it the first convention of a C. I. O. union since the North American Aviation Company strike; the delegates gathered only a few hours after the Hitler-Stalin romance blew up, creating what the Communist press calls "a new situation."

The latter event had at least one salutary effect: because of the ensuing confusion among the passengers on the locomotive of history, the convention was spared any righteous rhetoric condemning the "imperialist war" and any addresses praising the neutrality practiced by the great white father and spurned by That Man in Washington. If President Roosevelt, as some Guild leaders had been suggesting, was still labor's foremost foe, the point was amiably skipped. The new upheaval, however, did not smother the dissension which has been smoldering so long in the Guild. While what one delegate called the "biennial flip-flop" eliminated some areas of dispute, there was no apparent disposition on either side to make pretty faces.

In fact, this convention represented the high-water mark of opposition to the Guild leadership, which has long been accused of following the Communist Party line. On each of the test votes supporters of the administration won, but the margin of victory was so narrow that every vote counted; this fear of being absent at a critical roll call virtually wrecked the delegates' social life. The truth is that the Guild is deeply divided, and the meeting dramatized the cleavage. When Vice-President Milton Kaufman asked a vote of confidence after it had been charged that he was a Communist Party member, he got it by a score of 90⅓ to 80⅓; his stand on the North American strike, which he blessed after R. J. Thomas, president of the automobile workers' union, had blasted it, was sustained by a similar vote; so was the Guild leadership's insistence that the *Guild Reporter* was innocent of any bias in intra-union disputes. But in each of these battles, waged in sizzling temperature with

no regard for overtime, the administration owed its triumphs to the thirty-four solid votes of the New York contingent, cast with the monolithic monotony of the famous "twenty-four votes for Underwood."

Though defeated on nearly every roll call, the insurgents went home happy about the outcome: while they lost the ideological debates, they won the point they have labored hardest for—direct election of officers by mailed vote of the membership. Heretofore Guild functionaries have been designated by the convention, with New York invariably holding the balance of power, and everybody thought the proposal of a change would arouse hot dispute. Early in the proceedings, however, the pro-administration caucus abruptly conceded the point, insisting only that the present officers stay on the job until the votes are in. The opposition foolishly contested this plea, which has obvious organizational validity, and took its hardest spanking of the convention.

With direct elections authorized, the session lost much of its immediate significance. It simply drew the battle lines for an election campaign which may be a preview of things to come in other unions identified with the party-line bloc in the C. I. O. Because of the new election procedure, the insurgents are conceded a favorable chance even by their foes; as on the Youngstown resolution condemning all 'isms, the ballots will reach a good many Guildsmen who have been staying out of the fracas.

The opposition's attempt to prove that Milton Kaufman is a Communist Party member did not sweep this reporter off his feet; and it indicated how the insurgents may snatch defeat out of the jaws of victory in the coming campaign. One witness is not a case, and half-supported charges are worse than none at all. It would have been more impressive, many delegates believed, if the oppositionists had confined their remarks to the obvious, demonstrable facts that key Guild leaders have been steadily nodding agreement with *Daily Worker* editorials—both yesterday's and today's; that they have systematically praised the efforts of those groups which the Communist Party deems "progressive"; that in the current strike on the *Jewish Day* they have bestowed a disproportionate amount of their abuse on Messrs. Hillman and Dubinsky, social-democratic demons prior to June 22, 1941; that while this orthodoxy may or may not be coincidence, it has seriously hampered the Guild's growth.

Supporters of the Guild leadership have long contended that the opposition attack, now mounting to a climax in the election drive, makes good copy for *Editor*

and Publisher. It does. There will also be an attempt by conservatives to take over the opposition bloc. All these are risks which the insurgents must face; certainly a victory at the polls which led to collapse on the bargaining front would be disastrous—for both the Guild and other unions in the throes of the same struggle. But the alternative to a clear-cut showdown, it was contended here, is stagnation and retreat. It is a matter of record that Guild progress among editorial workers has virtually reached a standstill; and this fact intensifies the

conflict between writers and commercial employees.

Pro-administration spokesmen at the convention frequently suggested that the opposition show was being run by "publishers' stooges"; this charge will undoubtedly sway some Guildsmen who respect the zeal and past achievements of the Guild leadership. It should therefore be recorded here that I heard no sentiment voiced in opposition circles for more wage cuts and less C. I. O.; nor was the opposition caucus packed with Roy Howard's valets or Westbrook Pegler's copy boys.

Crisis and Confusion

BY NORMAN ANGELL

IT IS becoming clearer every day that the outcome of this war will depend not on what America does but on whether it does it in time. Nearly all military commentators agree that the totalitarian powers have won their victories, in the last analysis, by acting more quickly than their victims; by seizing and keeping the initiative, not only on the actual battlefields, but also in the equally vital spheres of politics and diplomacy. And this is true, of course, not merely of the events of the past twenty months but of those of the past ten years. If certain steps now being undertaken with immense difficulty—for example, aid to China—had been adopted a few years ago, when they would have involved far fewer risks, it is extremely probable that war in Europe would have been prevented.

Looking back over the errors which made the years of appeasement possible in Britain, one sees that they were due to precisely the same confusions as those that are being exploited in America today. The same verbal traps as are now employed to ensnare a sincere but often vague public were constantly sprung in Britain during those years; the same deceptive slogans ran amuck; the same intellectual dishonesties were prevalent. Because the parallel is so striking—and disturbing—it is worth while to list and clarify some of the more disastrous instances of this muddled thinking.

Back in 1931, when it was urged upon the British government that in the interest of Britain's security, if for no other reason, China should be helped effectively in its resistance to Japan, the government was able to silence all such demands by the question: Do you want to drag the country into war by intervening in a "distant quarrel on the other side of the world in which we are not concerned" (Sir John Simon's words)? Persons who advocated aid to China were "warmongers," willing to "plunge the country into war, when 90 per cent of the people want peace." Were the warmongers prepared,

asked the appeasers, to submit the simple issue of peace or war to the people? And so on, and so on.

The appeasers got away with this forensic dishonesty because of one primary confusion in the mind of the public, one fundamental failure of clarification. It was not true that 90 per cent of the people wanted peace before everything. Not 1 per cent of the people did. If British territory, even British territory on the other side of the world, in Australia, say, had been invaded, 99 per cent of the people would have clamored for war, war for defense. They did not want peace, they wanted peaceful defense, which is something entirely different; it is a desire in which peace does not come first and in which defense does. If it had been clear that China's defense really was part of Britain's defense, the people would have seen that the objection about "plunging into war" was equivalent to saying, "We will defend our country unless it means war"; something not 10 per cent, perhaps not 1 per cent, were prepared to say.

This same fundamental confusion prevailed three years later when action against Italian aggression in Ethiopia was frustrated. Large sections of the public were in favor of stopping Mussolini if it could be done "short of war," by economic sanctions. The government, thereupon, invented a slogan, "Sanctions mean war." (Someone at the time remarked, "Defense means war," unless your intention to fight is so clear that it halts the aggressor before war is provoked.) The provision that sanctions were to be "short of war," of course, gave the control of sanctions, and of British policy, to Mussolini. He had only to say, "Impose this or that or the other sanction and I will fight," to make the "short-of-war" provision a means of rendering sanctions inoperative. Winston Churchill summed up the situation thus: "The government tells us that sanctions mean war; they promise they will do nothing which might lead the country into war; and that their policy is sanctions."

In every one of the pre-war British retreats, by which the whole defensive position of the country was steadily undermined, the people failed to see that the fundamental question was: Shall we, when it comes to the sticking-point, fight for defense, go to war, rather than place ourselves in such a position as Czechoslovakia's, in which we should have to surrender because fighting would be patently useless? If they had seen this clearly, the vast majority of the people would have said, as they did say after the Czech bastion was irretrievably lost, "Of course we shall fight, not merely when the enemy lands on our soil, but when he threatens positions which if taken by him will make fighting on our part ineffective." If the question of checking the growth of aggression had been discussed in these terms, the whole debate would have been shifted from the meaningless issue of whether the country was in favor of war or peace to the issue of whether a particular policy, even if it did involve risk of war, was indispensable to defense.

Similarly, if Britain's survival for a year or two is in fact indispensable to American defense, there is no more justification for leveling the charge of warmonger at the interventionists than there would be for hurling the same epithet at those who want to build fortifications along the American coasts. And if defense of the British outpost really is part of American defense, the slogan "aid to Britain short of war" is, again, precisely equivalent to saying, "We will defend America unless it means fighting."

The importance of all this lies in the bearing of these confusions of thought on the time element in action. For some years previous to the war British critics of Mr. Chamberlain's policy had been saying to him, "At some point in this totalitarian advance and encirclement you will have to make a stand; the very public which is now so hesitant will compel you to do so, possibly at a very dangerous point." And, in reply, supporters of Mr. Chamberlain kept on saying, "It is not practical politics to assume that public opinion would ever sanction our fighting for Danzig or for Poland." Yet just as soon as the Hitlerian advance actually reached Prague, the public began to demand the very policy it had so recently condemned. It is worth noting in this connection that on the day after Hitler's occupation of Prague Sir John Simon in the House of Commons, speaking on behalf of the government, declared that even that would make no difference in British policy. Forty-eight hours later Mr. Chamberlain was making the speech in which, by pledging British support of Poland if Poland were invaded, he completely reversed British policy. He knew that opinion was on the move and would stand for no more retreating before Hitler.

The truth is that very often "the public" does not know how it will feel in a situation which has not yet arisen. It must wait until the course of events has brought home the real nature of certain forces which beforehand

are only half understood. It ought not to be beyond the wit of democratic leaders, or the capacity of our educational processes, to accelerate that understanding. Had the British public realized that there would inevitably come a point when certain moral instincts, as well as political interests, would compel a stand against the totalitarian advance, then that stand would have been made much earlier, when the risk was less and when it might have prevented war altogether.

One fact which the British public ignored when, in the hope presumably that "this time would be the last," it acquiesced so repeatedly in the retreats before totalitarian aggression was the fact that aggression of the fascist brand cannot stop of its own volition, that it must be opposed by equivalent force or it will go on, that it is not a matter of Hitler's free choice or "intentions" at all, but of the nature of the forces which he has set in motion. That truth has a tragic application to America, where sections of opinion still fail, as so much of British opinion failed, to take in the full significance of a situation the country may be called upon to face.

Consider the position of America if Britain were defeated, its ports destroyed and captured, and London occupied by Nazi forces, as Paris is now occupied. Hitler could not possibly stop at the mere conquest of the British Isles. He would have to go on to assure his command of the sea, to assure his control of that sea power which is still so potent a world force, though its instruments are today not ships alone but ships supported by aircraft. Hitler would have to make sure that the command of the sea, which Britain had held for so long, did not pass to the United States; for if it did, none of his immense conquests would be secure. Hitler has read the history of Napoleon, that earlier master of Europe. He knows that Napoleon, as Admiral Mahan showed, was not conquered finally by great armies on the Continent but by "those storm-tossed ships that Napoleon never saw." To allow sea and air command to pass to the Western Hemisphere, and to remain there as a constant threat to his political and economic reorganization of Europe, would from Hitler's point of view be crass and inexcusable stupidity, especially when he could make sure of firmly establishing his sea command, probably without firing a shot, by means of an adaptation—which will be indicated in a moment—of that type of blackmail of which he has shown himself such a master.

Once Hitler has conquered Britain, he will have established himself at the center of an empire which, with the French, Dutch, and Belgian empires, will include the whole of Africa, the whole of India, the greater part of the Near East, strong strategic positions in the Far East, sources of rubber, oil, tin, and other raw materials, Australia, New Zealand, and many Pacific islands. Without sea power—and dominant sea power—he cannot possi-

bly be sure of holding this world-encircling domain; and if any considerable part of it, with its strategic points, should fall into the hands of others, even his control over his European domain might be threatened. Hitler is haunted, as we know, by the possibility of a repetition of the experience of 1914-18, when a temporary combination of powers, which included the United States, imposed defeat and humiliation upon Germany. It may be said that the whole purpose of Hitler's crusade, his first and last objective, is to put Germany in such a position that it can never again be confronted by a similar hostile combination. There is, in the German philosophy, only one certain way of achieving that end—namely, to obtain for Germany supreme power in the world: it must dominate all neighbors as the only sure alternative to being dominated by them. The attack on Russia provides the final proof that this is the Nazi objective.

The people who say that Hitler could impose his will upon this country only by landing armies and fighting upon its soil show themselves blind to the nature of Nazi strategy. Quite apart from the fact that Nazi forces in great numbers have already firmly established themselves on the soil of the United States, and have been busy for a long time with subversive agitation—creating within the country the same kind of bitter division and internecine conflict which proved so useful to the Nazi plan in France, slowing up defensive preparation, and keeping alive moral hesitations which cripple policy and delay action until it may be too late—quite apart from all this, the fall of Britain would place in Hitler's hands an instrument of blackmail for use against the United States more potent than any he has previously wielded.

Britain having fallen, the first step of the Nazis would of course be the creation in London of a puppet "Vichy" government, composed of a few British Laval and Darlans. The first step of such a Nazi-dominated government would be the arrest and imprisonment of Churchill and his Labor colleagues. Such a government, if only as a means of securing the best terms in the way of food for the British population, would from the first begin to curry favor with Berlin, just as Marshal Pétain's government has done; the British Vichy would prove what the French Vichy has proved, that submission to Hitler means in the end virtual alliance with him for the promotion of his further purposes.

And Hitler would have infinitely greater power of pressure and blackmail over a conquered Britain than he has had over a conquered France. Because Britain was still fighting when France surrendered and might have made use of a rebellious French population, France had to be treated with a certain gentleness. But there would be no active power in the background ready to help the British population if it should attempt revolt, and this population, moreover, would be dependent for the food needed to keep itself alive upon the conqueror's permis-

sion to ships to enter the ports. The British people, once conquered, would face not merely shortage, a gradual tightening of their belts, as in France, but stark famine, of Russian and Chinese intensity. Hitler knows that if he kept the British harbors closed for a month and crippled a few railroads, the children and the old people would begin falling dead in the streets of the cities.

This situation would give to Hitler the opportunity for a supreme act of blackmail, not only against Britain but also *against the United States*. He would say, in effect, to the United States: "The British fleet, or much of it, has fled to the harbors of the United States and Canada. Unless it is delivered to me, the harbors of Britain, now under my command, will be closed to every ship save German ships carrying supplies to the German armed forces. The British people will get no food from overseas until this gross violation of neutrality on America's part is corrected. If the British people suffer, it will be due to the action of the United States." He might, indeed, add to the proclamation a rider saying that the scuttling of British warships by their crews would involve "grave punishment" for the families and relatives of the officers and men concerned—a technique repeatedly employed by the Nazi government since it came to power.

What would the United States do? Let Hitler starve the British people or surrender the ships and with them, perhaps, the hope of holding command of the sea? By this strategy Hitler would have placed an immense humanitarian argument in the hands of his friends in the United States. All those who favored striking a bargain with him and his New Order would be able to argue that their course of appeasement was demanded by the need of saving the very life of the British people.

It must be remembered that the British cable service, the press, all the means by which the people of Britain get news of the outside world would be in German hands. Into France a good deal of news from Britain trickles by radio, by leaflets carried by planes, and by other means. Britain could be shut off from America far more completely than France can now be shut off from Britain. What the bulk of the British people knew of the situation above suggested would be just about what the Nazi government allowed them to know. British ignorance of the facts would go far to paralyze British action against the Nazis when the dispute about food ships arose. If within one year it has been possible for German maneuvers to bring about a nightmare situation in which a French navy can be brought to fight Britain, Hitler most certainly can hope that by similar methods he will be able to use a British navy, British naval bases, the resources of a world-wide British Empire, to prevent America from capturing command of the sea and to retain it for himself; and by so doing to shape the world to his purposes.

When Americans saw naval power being used to effect a thorough political and economic penetration of Latin America, the sure encirclement of the United States, the disintegration of its democratic foundations, they would then insist upon resistance, as the people of Britain in-

sisted when Poland was invaded. But it would then be very late. Resistance then would be very difficult, and many would wonder why it had not been offered earlier when it would have been so much easier to resist effectively.

Russia's Chances

BY ALEXANDER KIRALFY

EXCEPT in the secret files of Moscow—and possibly Berlin—no data exist sufficient to warrant the attempt to form a sound opinion of the war value of the Red Army. Even if such data were available, they might very well prove misleading. For it is quite as necessary to understand Stalin's military problems and to know how his divisions fight as to count the number of his tanks and bombers. Conceivably the Soviet armies could measure up to those of the Nazis in training and equipment, and yet go down to defeat. Or they could be significantly weaker, and still put a severe strain upon the German war machine. Russian success or failure will depend upon how Moscow reacts to enemy attack, and the attack and the reaction may both be appraised by following the moves of the opponents upon the maps appearing in the daily newspapers. Provided always, however, that the simple rules of the Nazi war book be understood.

The geography of the board upon which these movements are taking place considerably favors the Nazi system of offensive fighting. From the Arctic to the Black Sea there are no nearby points that the Germans *must* hold. Hitler can concentrate upon attacking. The Soviets are in a different situation. The need to protect the Karelian and Baltic approaches to Leningrad, the wheatfields of the Ukraine, and the Black Sea route to the Caucasus may tempt Stalin to thin out his forces. Except on the Polish front, Soviet counter-attacks would reach a series of dead ends—in northern Norway, Finland, East Prussia, or the Balkans. The defense of the highway to Berlin through the Polish flat lands is automatically furnished by Nazi offensives now under way.

These are the offensives that will disclose the ability of the Red staff and the capabilities of its troops, the quality and amount of their equipment, and the efficiency of their communications. The Kremlin must know how to turn Nazi methods to its own use. Echoing, in a 1940 tempo, the flank and rear attacks of all successful campaigns, the Nazi theories of war are extremely simple, and it would seem more profitable to review them in their application to the new war front than to list the names of strange towns and speculate whether the de-

fenders can hold out and what is likely to happen next.

The term "pincer movement" does not tell the full story about Nazi methods. It announces the enveloping stabs without indicating the scientific forms they assume. As the German Admiralty has subdivided the adjacent seas into small, numbered squares, so the military authorities have mentally cut up the Soviet Union into a series of triangles. These begin at the frontier and stretch, mosaic-like, toward Moscow and other vital Soviet centers. The diagrams are translated into reality upon the battlefield. Against a front strongly held in depth, such as the trench system of the First World War and the Maginot lines of today, one or two German columns drive into the enemy line to form a triangular wedge or salient. Simultaneously a similar drive is launched a few miles farther along the front. The hostile forces between the two salients are then surrounded, and the result is German mastery of a large "bulge." This operation is duplicated at a still greater distance from the original points of entry, and the two large bulges or salient-triangles are merged into one of yet more ambitious proportions. In this manner the maximum number of enemy divisions is destroyed, and vast territories are overrun by attacks against a few points. The fewer and deeper the wedges pointing toward Moscow or other large Russian towns, the weaker, we must conclude, is Stalin's armed defense. On the other hand, if the invaders find it necessary to push numerous small dents into the Soviet front, it may be concluded that the defenders have compelled Nazi respect. When and if the front takes on a very "choppy" aspect, it can probably be assumed that the Soviet "Maginot line" has been reached.

Against troop formations unsheltered by fortifications, the dive-bombers and mechanized columns can thrust more widely spaced, narrower, and deeper triangles into the enemy's lines. This triangular type of advance was clearly defined during the early enemy moves into the Lowlands and France and reached an exaggerated form in the Nazi spurt from Sedan to Boulogne. Polish weakness was demonstrated by the wide, single pincer movement that severed the extensive Warsaw salient. The moment great weakness develops in the defending lines it is no longer



necessary to have the pincer strokes converge. The spearheads are simply pushed ahead in pairs, mopping-up parties fulfilling their tasks in the intervening space. This was the method used in the Nazi attacks along the southern border of Poland in 1939 and during the final phases of the campaign in France. Whenever the war maps disclose such two-finger jabs, the obvious conclusion may be drawn—at least for that part of the front.

If the enemy boundary is a sinuous line with deep, ready-made indentations, the defensive weakness becomes evident. Not only does the Soviet border have such a configuration, but its salients are so near together that the "nipping" of one threatens the security of another. The seacoast, it may be noted, forms one face of a war triangle when the adjoining territory is under fire. Such a sea-washed salient extends from Leningrad to East Prussia. By striking toward Vilna or Kaunas the Nazis threaten this triangle. If overcome, the defenders must fall back quickly or lay down their arms. A "Dunkirk" cannot be carried out in the Baltic.

The Grodno salient, just south of the Baltic states, is jeopardized from Vilna in the north as it is from the south by the push-through at Brest-Litovsk; this explains the German assault upon those towns. Next comes the

oblong Lwow salient, into which the Nazis drove on the left toward Brody and on the right, from northern Bessarabia, in the direction of Cernauti. Between the Lwow and Grodno salients lie the Pripet Marshes. By "nipping" the adjacent wedges the invaders would automatically menace the flanks of the Soviet troops fighting with their backs to the swamps. From the central Rumanian zone, pincer thrusts could envelop the Red divisions whose left flank rests upon the Black Sea.

The conflict along the Nazi-Soviet front having opened along strictly triangular lines, little difficulty should be experienced in keeping track of present and future movements. It may safely be prophesied that the German invaders will not attack "all along the line" or develop full-scale operations against the points of the triangles. They will, of course, make the usual "holding attacks," such as seem to have occurred at Przemysl, intended to keep the Soviet troops inside the triangles while these are being closed. Frequently such engagements may seem to be the "real thing," but with a little patience one should discover that after the heavy artillery bombardments or air bombings there is no follow-through.

To counter these moves the Red Army has two alternatives. One is to use similar tactics against the enemy, as from the outer part of the Grodno salient toward Warsaw and beyond. A companion drive from Przemysl would complete the "squeeze" upon the Nazis. Activity around this town could be explained on this basis. The question would be: Who is attacking? The other Russian move would be to "pinch the pincers," that is, permit the Nazi columns to make a certain amount of headway and then whip out against their flanks. In France and Belgium, because of equipment deficiencies, the Allied armies failed in such attempts. The manner in which the Nazi armored columns trying to "nip" the Grodno and Lwow salients were attacked from Vilna and Brody would seem to be evidence that Moscow is placing reliance on this type of operation. Reports of aerial bombardments of positions ahead of but to the right and left of the German spearheads would suggest the presence of hostile anti-pincer concentrations. Such Soviet units would probably pivot on the deep "Maginot line" they are believed to have constructed. In the breaching of such fortifications along narrow fronts the Nazis are adept, and the blasting of one or two lanes is enough to cause serious inconvenience to a wide fortified zone. Such positions are considered to be no stronger than the number of troops they can risk for counter-attacking. The Soviets may combine the fortress counter-attack with anti-pincer movements.

As the days roll by, the anti-pincer moves made by the Soviets and such pincer operations as they may conduct will present a better picture of the capacity of the Red Army than incomplete data on numbers and equipment.

Movies to Sell the Reich

BY THOMAS DECKER

IN NEW YORK, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Los Angeles, in dozens of theaters throughout the country, Hitler's propaganda service is daily influencing people and making new friends. Through the medium of skilfully produced feature films and newsreels German-American citizens are being reminded of the ties of *Blut und Erde* (blood and earth) which link them with the Fatherland, and an *Einheitsfront* (united front) of Nazi sympathizers and dupes is being consolidated.

Against this latest development in German propaganda technique American producers and theater owners are raging impotently. The federal and local authorities seem powerless—or else unwilling—to curtail the right of the Third Reich to import celluloid propaganda, even though American films have been banned throughout Nazi-held Europe. Thus the exploits of the Luftwaffe and the *Panzerdivisionen* are being exhibited to heiling audiences estimated at hundreds of thousands weekly. Admission prices are low, ranging from 20 to 40 cents. The German government is not interested in making money. It is seeking a long-term profit by infiltrating its doctrines into the minds of movie patrons.

Now running at a Yorkville theater in New York City is "Sieg im Westen" ("Victory in the West"), produced under the auspices of the German High Command. It depicts the terrible scenes of Hitler's conquest of the Western democracies and obviously seeks to drive home to Americans the futility of resistance to the invincible German army and to impress upon them the inevitable triumph of the German "New Order." Not long ago another Nazi film, "Blitzkrieg im Westen," was shown to 2,000 Harvard students as a kind of mass-psychology test organized by the anti-fascist Harvard Student Liberal Union. Dr. Gordon Willard, professor of psychology, made this analysis of its emotional effect:

The theme of the film is one of irresistible onrush shots taken from dive-bombers and tanks, actual battle scenes, but never, never a dead body. One sees always German successes, and the moral that resistance is hopeless. In the final scenes of the armistice, every ounce of melodramatic revenge is wrung from the scene. In a dictatorship, the whole man is not appealed to, only the excitable part.

Nazi films are also used to promote racial dissension in this country. Several months ago attempts were made to import from Brazil the anti-Jewish film "The Eternal Jew." This film had been sent to South America on an Italian ship and actually shown in public. Prompt action

has forestalled its showing here, but it is on the waiting list—awaiting a "favorable" turn of events. German releases received in advance describe it adequately.

Never before has there been shown a political movie with such success. "The Eternal Jew" is not a feature film but a documentary film about world Jewry, which it pictures coolly and objectively in reportorial fashion. Most Germans know Jews only as civilized Western Europeans who moved in all social circles. They are hardly acquainted with the original Jews of the Polish ghettos, whence came a steady stream of immigrants to the cultural West and especially to Germany.

"Irische Tragödie" ("Irish Tragedy") is an attempt to win over Irish Americans. It "portrays the courageous sacrifices by Irish patriots in their struggle for freedom." The German Library of Information bulletin, *Facts in Review*, gave a two-page summary of the film. An Irish peasant—"one of the multitude whom British Volunteers robbed and murdered"—is shown being dragged away from his home by brutal English police carrying rifles. In another scene three Irish "patriots" are walking "through the prison gates for the last time." Like "The Eternal Jew" this film is on the waiting list.

Not content with urging attendance at German movies, German officials also try to sabotage American productions, which they term "Jewish." Acting upon orders from Berlin, heads of Nazi transmission belts here have forbidden their members to attend American theaters showing "The Great Dictator," "Pastor Hall," "The Confessions of a Nazi Spy," and other films critical of the Nazi regime. The boycott has reached dangerous proportions in Chicago. Pressure by pro-Nazi "German voting blocs," including the voters of the German-American Alliance, the Bund, the Patriotic Research Bureau (Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling's organization), and other groups, has been sufficient to induce the local police department and Mayor Kelly to exclude "Pastor Hall" from a showing there. Unbelievable as it may seem, German voting blocs in certain parts of the city also succeeded in stopping the presentation of "The Confessions of a Nazi Spy." Police gave the lame reason that the film incited the audience to riot and racial prejudice. The police, however, did nothing to ban the Nazi propaganda film "Der Feldzug in Polen."

Nazi pressure groups are being consolidated throughout the country. Their leaders demand that wherever German movies are shown, the theater owners live up fully to the requirements of the Nazi propaganda office.

The contract which must be signed includes a stipulation that the scenes exhibited "will not be edited, arranged, published, exploited, or advertised in a manner that will tend to injure or reflect adversely upon the said picture in whole or in part, or upon the country of origin of said picture . . . or upon any nations friendly toward the country of origin of such picture."

The sole distributor of Nazi films in New York is the Universum Film Aktiengesellschaft (UFA), an American subsidiary of the great German film monopoly. It releases approximately 50 newsreels and 120 short subjects a year. This firm apparently is not directly affected by the recent closure of Nazi consulates and agencies. But it will be deprived of the services of Herr Hirschfeld, of the consular staff, who edited and supervised all productions, and of the assistance of the German Library of Information in promoting private showings. UFA strictly enforces its "block-booking" policy in accordance with a decree issued April 30, 1940, by the head of the Reich's Film Department, and published in *Der Deutsche Film*, trade paper of the German motion-picture industry. The decree provides that "Kultur films of political value" and a newsreel must be shown together, "in order to give all racial comrades an opportunity to participate in the happenings of the present."

The case of the Ninety-sixth Street Theater suggests that the Nazis are willing to find capital to increase the outlets for their pictures. A short time ago this theater was losing money rapidly, but as it was about to close up, aid came suddenly from sources as yet unrevealed but easily imaginable. It then began to spend large sums for advertising in the Bundist *Deutscher Weckruf und Beobachter*, and undertook a direct campaign by mail for patronage. Its managers, Willie Mansbacher and Walter Bibo, are once again "in the money."

At least eight public moving-picture houses provide outlets for German films in Greater New York. In Chicago first-run propaganda pictures are shown simultaneously with their appearance in New York. Chicago is regarded as more fertile ground for Nazism than New York because of its German-American voting bloc and the political concessions of Mayor Kelly to the *Einheitsfront*. Other cities where the Third Reich is regularly glorified on the screen in theaters open to the public are San Francisco, St. Paul, and Milwaukee. In many other places private shows arranged by private organizations friendly to the Nazis have been reported. In Boston, for instance, the Christian Front recently gathered a large audience of zealous Coughlinites to view "Sieg im Westen" and hear a long speech by Francis P. Moran, Front leader in New England, who urged mothers in the audience to write their sons in the army and "impress upon them the impossibility of any nation's defeating the German army."

Germany's ban on American films was explained by

Fritz Hippler, head of the Propaganda Ministry's Film Section, as follows: "Germany's prohibition of American movies is justified as a necessity forced on us by America and demanded by our national honor and political self defense. . . . Germans are happy that the American film industry by this prohibition has been deprived of 40 per cent of its income from foreign countries."

The Independent Theater Owners' Association, composed of the owners of 350 independent theaters in the New York metropolitan area, plans to meet this summer and pass a resolution demanding that the State Department ban Axis propaganda films in retaliation for the German ban. More than 9,000 theater owners are pledged to back the resolution. The association is not opposed to the showing of foreign films. It states in its resolution that "the major problem is to prevent the spread of Nazi and Fascist propaganda and also the raising of money here to be used . . . against Britain and its allies." In many cities locals of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees and Moving Picture Machine Operators are planning to work for legislation forbidding members of its union to project German-made films before audiences in this country. Nazi strategists intend to circumvent this by showing their films in German halls and operating the projecting machines themselves.

In the Wind

THE CHANGE in Communist policy is bound to include, in practice at least, a new line on labor and defense. After Munich, when the party demanded an armament program larger than that advocated by the Administration, Communist leaders pledged to expose those who in any way hampered munitions production. In a speech made during the Popular Front days, Earl Browder said: "If there should arise in America anything similar to the situation in Spain [he was referring to the P. O. U. M. incident], then we, like our brothers of the Spanish Communist Party, would be in the forefront of the struggle to suppress such extremists, who are really agents of fascism, and render them harmless."

IN RECENT SPEECHES Karl J. Alter, Catholic Bishop of Toledo, has praised the Pétain and Franco regimes, condemned "tyranny by a majority," and described artificial birth control as incompatible with the "American way of life."

TEX McCrory, editor of the New York *Daily Mirror*, may soon break with his boss, William Randolph Hearst. McCrory has been won over to the interventionist position, and his editorials frequently stray from the Hearst line.

THE TOWNSEND MOVEMENT convention, which will be held this month in Buffalo, is likely to be split wide open by the question of aid to Britain. Dr. Townsend and his personal followers favor the government's foreign policy, but a rank-and-file group that may prove a majority is strongly isolationist.

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Coordinating the Coordinators

THE old man ran a store at a crossroads which was already in the throes of becoming a camp. The camp in his back yard was the first one he had seen grow, but the confusion which disturbed him, the uncertainties of the farmers whose land was being taken and of the village people whose rooms were being jammed, repeated the conditions under which camps had grown in other places six months before. Sometimes there was awareness that the same human problems had been encountered before, but it seemed to show itself only in the confusion of more people.

"Well," said the old man, "we've got coordinators, cooperators, and cohabitators, and it's hard to tell which does the most harm."

There has been plenty of talk since the defense program began about the jurisdictional strikes of labor unions. The President, sometime ago, spoke about that himself. There is beginning to be more talk about the contests between government agencies, military and naval brass hats, dollar-a-year men, and the like in Washington, contests which amount to jurisdictional strikes on a larger scale in the government itself. One commentator recently said that the President's method of trying to solve administrative chaos is to pile up new agencies and assistants—also and especially "coordinators"—on top of old ones without removing the debris. The confusion is audible in Washington, but when it hits the country, and particularly the rural countryside where once you could almost hear the corn grow, there is a babel which makes more noise than the nickelodeons and probably does more damage than the girls.

Confusion over more important things, like materials and priorities, contracts and subletting, will probably get most stress, but some little, even trivial things may be more symptomatic. There was the health officer I heard blowing off the other day because he feared that his malaria-drainage project was threatened by the intervention of an official of another agency disturbed because the drainage planned to protect the soldiers might help make the ivory-billed woodpecker extinct. There was the recreation official complaining with great restraint that theaters on military posts have been built with stages too small for theatrical performances.

Those are details, undoubtedly, in a vast planning which has already resulted in a vast building. And they

are details connected with the health and happiness of men actually in service, who properly get the most attention. Outside reservation gates, where civilians have crowded to serve soldiers or to work in arms factories, almost anything can happen and almost everything has. The flophouses have been steadily ahead of the public housers. The patent-medicine salesmen have been on hand before the designs for health facilities arrived. The juke joints had been going full blast for months when the United Service Organizations began their campaign to make the soldiers happy.

These things concern people, and maybe they are not as important as the frustrated demands for materials. They may seem less important in a mechanized world. Many people feel that it is no time to worry about welfare when we have our hands full with preparing for possible war. Unfortunately, however, the confusion is the same and comes from the same source.

None of this is any secret in Washington. "It gets so sometimes," one of the President's most devoted officials told me, "that you can't tell who is giving whom the runaround."

I remember a story told by a very able young man who has an important place now on the charts which run down from Mr. Big to the tool-maker. A few years ago, he said, he had been a minor official in a Middle Western state capital. It was a Democratic administration, but one popular official who was a Republican told the young man that he was going home to run for governor and he knew he was going to win. "I'm going to run on the Confusion ticket," he said. "It has the most people behind it."

The young man, now in Washington, smiled. "I wrote him the other day. He's a colonel down at Camp Shelby in Mississippi now. I told him to come on up here; we're making bigger and better confusion."

I hope it will not last. The young man was trying in Washington in an important field to help create sense and order. But the place to see the Washington situation is where its officials, through their representatives, converge on defense towns and meet each other in surprise in the midst of confusion. A storekeeper at a crossroads transformed into a crowded defense community can see it. Congressmen are hearing about it. In a good many places people are cussing about it. The first priority in defense should be coordination, but there should be fewer coordinators.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Empire of Angria

THE BRONTES' WEB OF CHILDHOOD. By Fannie Elizabeth Ratchford. Columbia University Press. \$3.50.

WHEN Mrs. Gaskell was preparing her life of Charlotte Brontë, she was given access to the immense mass of Brontë juvenilia, but the little manuscript books were difficult to read, and Mrs. Gaskell's examination was cursory; she found them of no significance. Later a large part of the canon was bought by T. J. Wise, but that astute bibliographer found no value in it and sold all except a few items. C. K. Shorter, the author of the definitive Brontë biography, judged the material to be of small importance. Now, after nearly twenty years of arduous research, Miss Ratchford is able to give the full history of the little books; it is one of the most interesting stories I have ever read.

In 1826 Branwell Brontë, then nine years old, received from his father a particularly fine set of wooden soldiers. He allowed each of his three sisters to choose a favorite, and he himself selected one. Under a variety of names these soldiers became the heroes of a continuous communal story. As the Brontës grew older, their tales of physical adventure developed into novels of social conflict and individual passion. The empire of Angria was established in Africa; here the children set up dynasties, built cities, arranged royal marriages, directed wars and revolutions; they founded publishing houses and periodicals and wrote the histories, romances, and poems so complex a civilization would need.

This great precocious game did not end with childhood; indeed, its power over the players seemed to grow with the years: the game became for them a living reality. When Emily left home she did not pine because she was separated from her family but because she was deprived of her Gondals—for she, with the gentle and less gifted Anne had seceded from the Angrian cycle—and when Charlotte was away from Haworth it was for Angria that she yearned. Emily was a notable poet as well as a novelist of genius; her poems, as we now learn, were written for the Gondal chronicles; and the great passions of "Wuthering Heights" had ultimately the same source. All the character-types and many of the situations of Charlotte's novels had occupied her long before "Jane Eyre" startled the world. Branwell, who supplied the Angrian material upon which Charlotte worked, was creating Angrian history well into his young manhood.

Miss Ratchford tells this story—and it is far more fascinatingly complex than I can briefly indicate—with a taste and skill that almost match her scholarly pertinacity. But even though she speaks with the authority of a unique knowledge, I cannot agree with some of her interpretations.

One thing that troubles me is her treatment of Branwell. He is not, of course, an attractive person; his shiftless, graceless—perhaps insane—life was part of his sisters' tragedy. But the moral scorn with which Miss Ratchford speaks of him is, to say the least, inappropriate. She can barely mention his name without anger; she finds it contemptible that he should

be involved with Angria at seventeen, though she speaks complacently enough of Charlotte's Angrian preoccupation at twenty-three; she can describe as "good-natured" Charlotte's satirical portrait of her brother, no doubt an accurate enough sketch but certainly one of the cruelest imaginable. It is, of course, clearly within the rights of a literary investigator to decide to solve no problems in psychological motivation; it is not incumbent upon Miss Ratchford to consider what makes an adolescent boy turn to village debauchery, or what part in his ruin his father may have had (Miss Ratchford barely mentions this remarkable man, though he has a clear connection with the dominant males Emily and Charlotte loved to create), or what the brother's decline owed to his conflict with the obvious superiority of his gifted sisters. But it seems to me that if a literary investigator abstains from these matters she ought also to abstain from moral judgments unenlightened by such considerations.

I find, too, an incomplete insight in the thesis Miss Ratchford advances about Charlotte's relation to the Angrian stories. She speaks of the modern tendency to prefer Emily's work to Charlotte's and says that it is based on ignorance of the fact that the genius of the two sisters was "identical" and that "Emily's one point of superiority was her full surrender to the creative spirit which Charlotte fought with all the strength of her tyrannical conscience." Quite apart from the oddness of the implication that a taste is invalidated by ignorance of a fact, and apart from the oddness of finding any two geniuses "identical," Miss Ratchford's statement is, on its face, not acceptable. For why should Charlotte fight the creative spirit? Her training did not suggest the necessity; quite the contrary. Miss Ratchford quotes a letter from Charlotte on the sin of "idolatry," but this is ambiguous and need not mean, as Miss Ratchford says, the sin of worshipping the Angrian creatures of her imagination. It seems much more reasonable to suppose that Charlotte, even if she herself believed that she was fighting the creative spirit, was actually fighting what the creative spirit expressed—that is, her desires as embodied in her fierce Byronic Angrians.

For it seems to me that Miss Ratchford is right in finding that the degree of "surrender" makes the difference between the work of the sisters; not, however, surrender to creativity but to emotion. And the difference it makes is not one of literary talent—the sisters' gifts were equal—but of moral and emotional atmosphere. Emily "surrenders" to the masculinity of her men and the femininity of her women and keeps them distinct; the result in "Wuthering Heights" is a wonderful freedom and openness of feeling. Charlotte, however, is ambivalent; she does not "surrender," she compromises—and continues to struggle. She had always adored the Byronic Rochester-type, but Jane Eyre cannot give herself to Rochester until he is blinded, crippled, and dependent on her. And in Jane Eyre herself Charlotte incorporates both male and female elements—Jane speaks explicitly of her identity with Rochester—and the result is a tension of anger and rebellion, very interesting, even admirable, but also disquieting;

the self-adulation of Jane Eyre suggests an ultimate insincerity, and behind her righteousness we suspect hatred.

But Miss Ratchford's interpretations occupy a relatively small part of her book; they do not diminish its importance or its fascination. To the extensive literature about the Brontë family it is a contribution of preeminent importance; it is also one of the few books that may legitimately be used in the psychological study of literary genius.

LIONEL TRILLING

The Double War

WAR BY REVOLUTION. By Francis Williams. The Viking Press. \$1.50.

DEMOCRACY'S BATTLE. By Francis Williams. The Viking Press. \$2.75.

A FAITH TO FIGHT FOR. By John Strachey. Random House. \$1.75.

IF FRESH proof were needed that the war is in reality a world-wide civil war, the current fighting in Syria would be that proof. There Frenchman fights Frenchman for the liberation of France from Berlin and Vichy. Nationality is no longer the test of a man's allegiance. A doctrine, a concept of the world, is becoming the bond between brave and far-seeing men. Why that is so, Mr. Williams explains in these two books. The tactical and strategical outline of the war, the framework of its action, may at present be defined by geography; yet already the war is producing its strange anomalies. In order to liberate France the two governments, of Britain and Free France, have promised total national freedom to what is virtually a part of the French Empire: are the De Gaulle troops, then, consciously and exclusively fighting in the interests of empire?

The main outline of the thesis summarized in the words "the war on two fronts" is now sufficiently familiar. Mr. Williams's two books, however, possess some of those special merits which a new presentation of the thesis demands. He argues the case with singular lucidity and persuasiveness of style, and to a certain extent he conceives anew its entire philosophy. I mean that he does not merely give a democratic slant to views originally propounded by Communists, nor is there in his writing any evidence of interior strain, such as there is in Mr. Strachey's disappointing effort. Mr. Strachey, indeed, does not appear to have thought out his problems afresh; he has merely taken a new approach to them. Justly angry, and unnecessarily embittered with the Communists, Mr. Strachey now pleads socialism as the expression in society of the concepts of truth and love. Gone is the Struggle for Power. There is no bridge, one perceives, between these two intellectual worlds. So that when Mr. Strachey discusses the U. S. S. R. he does so with obscurity, uneasy deference, and, one feels, a sort of nervous and rather fearful hope.

Mr. Williams does not recognize the need for a bridge, fortunately, and so writes confidently and with robust maturity. He does not dedicate himself to passionate indecision. He states emphatically that the war is "the climax of a process, social and international, to which there are two possible answers—the dark answer of the totalitarians or the bright and hopeful answer of a new democracy vastly different from

the static democracy of the recent past." He recognizes, that is to say, that the movement toward dictatorship is as much a product of doubt and indecision in wide spheres of thought as it is of protracted economic hardships. And I note that Mr. Williams, a vigorous unembittered Socialist, looks much less hopefully toward the U. S. S. R. than Dr. Rauschnig, still a semi-fascist, does in his recent book. If mankind becomes convinced by the pseudo left of communism and the authentic right of fascism that it must choose between these two religions, then the mass of mankind will lapse into indifference.

In his second book Mr. Williams elaborates his argument by means of a long account of the rise of the totalitarian regimes. In the main he follows traditional lines; yet these chapters are given freshness by the author's readiness to discard mythology. This Russian Revolution much more resembles the event described in the condemned writings of John Reed and Leon Trotsky than it does the curious, rather horrible power grab described in Stalin's history of the Russian Communist Party; and the sum total of Mr. Williams's thought here is that the task before us is much more difficult than we had thought. What is needed is a fusion, in concept and action, of revolution and democracy, not merely a vague united-front broadening of the old worn-out, inapplicable doctrine of class struggle, which, by the way, does not lead so much to a struggle of classes as to a vendetta between parties and factions within parties.

Mr. Williams, I think, would have been well advised to include in his book two other historical examinations. He should have analyzed and compared the Spanish Republican government's conduct of its war against fascism with that of the present government in Britain. For Britain must do better even than the country which has provided by far the best political lesson. To produce within the British working class the violent hatred and factional strife that existed in Spain is unnecessary and probably impossible. But the British people must penetrate the Spanish mythology also; it was in part factional strife rising out of theoretical differences, as well as exhaustion, which put an end to the Negrín government. Yet it was the social policy of that government which in great measure, though not exclusively, maintained morale for so long in spite of the lack of arms and equipment. However, the important point is that Spanish Popular Front democracy was neither strict republican democracy nor pure revolution. It was, in fact, the Spanish peasant and proletarian revolutionary counterblow to fascism, modified, and so checked, by a policy originating from a party whose principal interest in it was first a defense service to the U. S. S. R. and then power over the Spanish revolution itself. (That policy temporarily conflicted very little with the larger interest of the Spanish people, I believe.) Now in Britain no such opportunity exists, because the reactionary classes have not risen against a constitutional government. The Labor Party must push forward social demands which will create a dynamic morale in the masses, but at no time must it shatter the necessary degree of unity which is the condition of resistance. The outbreak of the Russo-German war has not changed this problem.

And secondly Mr. Williams would have done well, in his chapter on the necessity of releasing revolutionary effort in

the subject peoples of Europe, to have studied the Kuusinen stunt during the Finnish war. That stunt was the most colossal flop in the history of revolution. And it is not difficult to perceive why. The Kremlin is now paying for its counter-revolutionary policy.

In this last section Mr. Williams manifests both order and audacity. These qualities might well have been brought to bear on another aspect of the discussion which is strangely missing from the author's presentation. If one believes profoundly that the war effort must be given a revolutionary dynamic then one should attempt at once to outline tactics and strategy for the labor movement. No doubt the first task, magnificently attempted here, is to convince people of the necessity. At the same time the way forward should be pointed out. Mr. Williams will do that, one hopes, for Mr. Laski's engaging phrase "revolution by consent" hides a multitude of vital problems.

RALPH BATES

Chronicle of Norway

MISSION TO THE NORTH. By Florence Jaffray Harriman. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.50.

THIS is a book that is faithful to its title. Mrs. Harriman tells the story of her mission as United States Minister to Norway from 1936 to 1940. And she tells it as a story. Like a good reporter she does not ask her reader to go elsewhere to find the background of her story or to supplement it. An introductory chapter describes the atmosphere from which she was uprooted for, as she calls it in her second chapter, her "unexpected mission." Other chapters tell of visits to Sweden, of an excursion to Leningrad and Moscow, and finally of her hurried departure via Sweden and Finland. But the burden of the story is Norway.

With impressive honesty Mrs. Harriman abstains from injecting into her story of the first peaceful years in Norway any of those forebodings which are reported with such ease by those who like to demonstrate their wisdom and foresight after the event. She clearly set out to become acquainted with the people of Norway, a full-time job in itself. It is a comparatively minor matter that she exerted herself to learn the language. It is much more important that she was not content to know only the capital and the people at the so-called center of things. She went into the country. Not as a tourist. No tourist would venture north of the Arctic Circle in the fishing season and join the seething turmoil of men and boats bringing in the fish. Her chapter *We Fish for Cod* must be read to be believed. Here is a diplomat who really is a democrat. She has evidently studied the machinery of Norwegian political and economic life, but she learned most from men and women in all walks of life and in all parts of the country.

She performs a real service to the cause for which so many of us are today fighting by showing the Norwegian way of life before the invasion of the Nazis. We need faith, and knowledge to fortify our faith, that the democratic way is a successful and efficient way of promoting human welfare. She gives us proof in a chapter headed *Pulling Together*. A Norwegian might react unfavorably to the chapter entitled *Ahead of Us All*, for Norwegians are concerned about what

must still be done and would be inclined to disclaim this suggested perfection. But no Norwegian can disagree with Mrs. Harriman's main thesis. The farmer and the fisherman, the worker and the industrialist, the teacher and the civil servant, the sailor and the ship-owner were sharing the responsibilities and benefits of a progressive, civilized community to a degree hardly surpassed anywhere else.

Mrs. Harriman makes it clear that these benefits were not there for the asking. They had to be fought for and were fought for. People now ask whether they should not also be fought for in a military sense. At the time of the invasion of Norway foreigners received the impression that Norway was not ready to fight in that sense. Mrs. Harriman, one of the rare foreigners who really knew the Norwegian people, kills that legend. Her story of the City of Flint episode makes it clear that the neutrality of Norway before the invasion was no abject neutrality. Her account of the invasion shows that the Norwegians did not take it lying down. For two months a small nation kept the Nazi forces fully engaged, and for more than a year now it has kept a large force engaged by its passive resistance. It is no mean service to the Allied cause. Without the democratic progress of the preceding years Norway might not have stood up so well. A greater military defense establishment acquired at the expense of that progress might not have assured so great a service to the cause. Nations much better equipped have gone down under the Nazi juggernaut, and more swiftly.

But Mrs. Harriman does not set out to establish this or any thesis. It emerges from her story. She is herself content to tell what she saw. She enjoyed Oslo and the people she met there. She went skiing. She liked the royal family. She shared the dangers and discomforts of the invasion. She accompanied Crown Princess Martha to this country. Some of her story will be source material for the historian; some of it will be useful to the political scientist, the economist, and the sociologist. All of it is meat for the passionate democrat.

BJARNE BRAATØY

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

PUBLIC POLICY AND THE GENERAL WELFARE. By Charles A. Beard. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.50.

THE NEW CENTRALIZATION. A Study of Intergovernmental Relationships in the United States. By George C. S. Benson. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.50.

GREAT RIVER OF THE MOUNTAINS: THE HUDSON. Photographs and Prose by Crosswell Bowen. Introduction by Carl Carmer. Hastings House. \$3.75.

BOMBER'S MOON. By Negley Farson. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

FATHER OF THE BLUES. An Autobiography of W. C. Handy. Macmillan. \$3.

THE SOUTH SEAS IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Felix M. Keesing. John Day. \$3.50.

FROM LUTHER TO HITLER. By William Montgomery McGovern. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.

RUSSIA. By Bernard Pares. Penguin. 25 cents.

ADMINISTRATION AND THE RULE OF LAW. By J. Roland Pennock. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.50.

SMASH HITLER'S INTERNATIONAL. The Strategy of a Political Offensive Against the Axis. By Edmond Taylor, Edgar Snow, and Eliot Janeway. Greystone. \$1.

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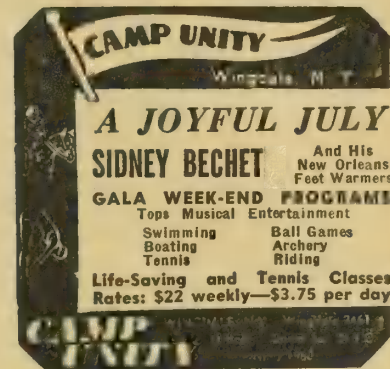
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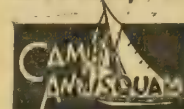
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IN BRIEF

MUSIC

U. S. CAMERA 1941. Edited by T. J. Maloney. Pictures judged by Edward Steichen. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. Two Volumes. \$4.85.

The great public which now "consumes" photographs by the thousands takes them casually and uncritically. Photographers, on the other hand, belong to as many schools as painters and dispute the methods and aims of their craft quite as acrimoniously. "U. S. Camera"—now the leading annual—ignores the existence of old-school "pictorialists" but otherwise takes no sides and encourages contributors to supply comment on intentions as well as technical data. Volume II is devoted to a varied collection of individual pictures in different contemporary manners; Volume I to a series of *rapportages*, including an amiable one of Kansas by J. W. McManigal and a bitter one of the migratory worker by Dorothea Lange. No distinctly new trends seem to have developed during the year, and though a good deal of space is devoted to color, a method of reproduction capable of doing full justice to either a first-rate transparency or a first-rate carbro print is still a long way off. A fine series of black-and-whites taken in the seventies by Henry Jackson, first man to photograph the Yellowstone and other Western regions, illustrates the fact that though the scope of photography has immeasurably widened, the best pictures taken half a century or more ago are, even technically, as good as the best taken today.

LET MY PEOPLE GO. The Story of the Underground Railroad and the Growth of the Abolition Movement. By Henrietta Buckmaster. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

Had Miss Buckmaster lived in the era of which she writes she undoubtedly would have been in the front rank of Abolitionists. Her bibliography is of impressive proportions, and her researches are evidently vast; but hers is not the zeal of the impartial student. It is that of the reformer and humanitarian. Coupled with her vivid realization of the thoughts and feelings of others and her talent for retelling what she has gleaned, it has produced a volume to sweep the reader off his feet. Authenticated in every detail, it lacks only the perception that the South also had a point of view to make it a work of great distinction.

MOST of the South American folk-songs sung by the charming Elsie Houston at the fifth Coffee Concert at the Museum of Modern Art were pretty inconsequential even for folksongs; nor did I enjoy the singing of the Grupo Incaico and the Haitian Voodoo contributions of Belle Rosette and the Haitian Rada Group. The concert ended well, however, with the exciting dancing of an unidentified pair of young Negroes whom one of the others just happened to bring along for the occasion, and with Miss Houston's group of Brazilian Voodoo songs. As for the concluding concert, it demonstrated the apparent impossibility of putting small bands like Zutty Singleton's and "Hot Lips" Page's on a stage with the intention of having them play with relaxed improvisatory freedom, and not having this intention defeated by the self-consciousness and over-stimulation that such occasions seem to produce in the musicians, causing a drummer like Singleton to make as much noise or a trumpeter like Page to blow as many loud high notes as he can. For the rest there were Billie Holiday, with her excessively mannered style, the Palmer Brothers, of whom I enjoyed the droll brother second from the right, and the master of ceremonies that seems—very wrongly, it always turns out—to be considered indispensable for a jazz concert.

The marvelous "Blues of Israel" recorded by Jess Stacy and a few others of the 1935 Benny Goodman Orchestra with the extraordinary young Negro Israel Crosby on bass, is on 18114 of the second Decca Jems of Jazz album (201, \$3.50) of records made here several years ago for English Parlophone. The same group plays with exciting vitality in "Three Little Words" (18114), "The Last Round-up," and "Jazz Me Blues" (18115), and Stacy, Crosby, and Krupa are excellent in "Barrelhouse" (18119), with two of Beiderbecke's negligible piano compositions played by Stacy on the reverse side. A group that includes Bunny Berrigan, Eddie Miller, and Cliff Jackson contributes a fine "Blues" and a good "I'm Coming, Virginia" (18116), and is good also in "You Took Advantage of Me" and "Chicken and Waffles" (18117). And another group that includes Pete Brown, Benny Carter, Joe Marsala, and Billy Kyle is moderately enjoyable in "Ocean Motion" and "Tempo di Jump" (18118). The writer of the accompan-

ing booklet informs us that he organized the Pete Brown recording-session for Parlophone, but does not mention the man who was responsible for the best performances in these two albums. But this constitutes admirably generous behavior in that world apart in which the attitude toward a band that someone else has discovered or a concert or recording-session that someone else has organized is likely to be, very simply, "it stinks."

Performances on recent jazz records that I have liked are the Duke Ellington-Jimmy Blanton duet "Mr. J. B. Blues" (Victor 27406), the amusing Basie Orchestra "Undecided Blues" (Okeh 6071), and Joe Sullivan's solos "Forevermore" and "Del Mar Rag" (Commodore 538). Good also are the Ellington Orchestra's "Take the 'A' Train" (Victor 27380), and the Joe Sullivan-Pee Wee Russell-Zutty Singleton "Last Time I Saw Chicago" (Commodore 537), which has some terrible African jungle stuff called "Three Deuces" on the reverse side. And Jess Stacy's piano-playing is enjoyable in the Bob Crosby Orchestra's "Burnin' the Candle at Both Ends" (Decca 3694). In the John Kirby album (Columbia C-45, \$2.50) I have liked "Sweet Georgia Brown" (36001) and "Coquette" (35999, in which the solo-playing is freest in style and best; the polished performances of arrangements and the jazz versions of classics I don't care for.

The cheap records that are being sold at various prices by mail-order houses and all kinds of retail stores, under a number of labels and in one case under pretentious auspices, should be bought with great caution. B. H. HAGGIN

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THE *Nation*



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The Shape of Things

BY ORDERING AMERICAN NAVAL FORCES TO occupy Iceland, after an invitation from the government of the island, the President has taken a very positive step toward winning the Battle of the Atlantic. At the same time he has made sure of an outpost for the defense of America the importance of which is admitted even by some of the bitterest isolationists. Yet it is not a move which directly threatens Germany or which can be construed as an overt warlike act. What it does is to interfere with the German blockade and to forestall any German attack on Iceland such as the Nazi High Command may have contemplated in connection with plans for invading Britain. The President's action, however, need not lead to a shooting war unless Hitler takes the initiative and attempts to make good his threat to sink all ships entering Icelandic waters. If he does this, the American navy will undoubtedly go into action, for its instructions are to insure safe communication between the United States and Iceland. Actually, while volumes of bluster and bad language may be expected from Berlin, we shall be surprised if Hitler decides to treat this new move as a *casus belli*. He is still intent on staving off American entry into the war, and this means that he is forced to swallow every "short-of-war" measure with the best grace he can. Britain is naturally delighted by the President's action. If Iceland can be used as a safe harbor under American protection, the task of the convoys will be immensely lightened.

✱

THE SITUATION ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT remains obscured by the masses of tendentious reports put out in Berlin and Moscow. Striking a mean between the less extravagant claims of both sides, it seems not over-optimistic to conclude that the Nazi army, after making very rapid advances, has at least been slowed down. For several days now the communiqués of the German High Command have been very uncommunicative. The official DNB agency and other German sources have attempted to fill the gap with accounts of sweeping successes, many of which seem wildly exaggerated. For instance, the claim is made that nearly 7,000

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Russian planes have been put out of action, although there are many indications that the Russian air fleet is still fighting. The Soviets, for their part, have published the equally unlikely story that German losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners already amount to nearly a million. Both sides declare that the fighting has been extremely fierce, but there is some reason to suppose that the Red Army held the newly added western Soviet provinces comparatively lightly and that only since the Germans approached the Stalin line have they clashed with the main Russian forces. Even so the German control of wide pockets between the thrusting Panzer fingers seems far from established. Soviet claims that large-scale guerrilla fighting is spreading in the rear of the Nazi advance are partly confirmed by guarded German admissions. Meanwhile in the west the R. A. F. is stepping up its offensive. Day and night raiding is being directed against objectives along the invasion coast and is cutting an increasingly wide swath through western Germany. For nearly a week very little opposition was encountered, but now German fighter units are again reported over northern France. Is this an indication that Göring has been forced to return some squadrons from the Russian front?

★

GENERAL WAVELL'S TRANSLATION FROM THE position of chief of the Middle Eastern armies to that of commander-in-chief in India is still unexplained. Not unnaturally it has given rise to some unfavorable comment in Britain, as well as to rumors of disagreement between Downing Street and Cairo headquarters. General Wavell has had his ups and downs, but he leaves his Middle Eastern station with great achievements to his credit. His drive into Libya was a brilliant campaign, and if its fruits were dissipated later, they were sacrificed to a political decision to defend Greece. Political calculations, good or bad, may also be responsible for the slowness of the Syrian campaign, for which he has been criticized lately. The British sought to capture Syria with as little bloodshed as possible, hoping, perhaps, to avoid a general war with Vichy. The belief that there would be little resistance proved unfounded, but so were the fears that Vichy would retaliate by attacking the British fleet. In any case steady progress is now being made in Syria, and there are many signs that the French commander there may soon seek an armistice.

★

RECOGNITION OF THE JAPANESE PUPPET regime at Nanking by Germany and six of its satellite states, including Spain and Italy, may either have been an attempt to make a favorable impression on the Japanese in the hope of influencing their decision regarding the European war or part of a definite bargain between the Axis powers. Of the two possibilities, the second

seems the more likely. If Germany had been trying to influence Japan, it would presumably have announced its recognition of the Wang Ching-wei regime before the Japanese reached a final decision regarding policy. Actually, notice of Germany's action came on the same day as the announcement by Tokyo that Japan had determined upon its policy—the nature of which is yet undisclosed. It seems reasonable to suppose, therefore, that Germany's action was part of a general Axis bargain. What this bargain is can only be surmised. Chungking is convinced that recognition of the renegade Wang was extended in exchange for a Japanese pledge to blockade Vladivostok so as to prevent American supplies from reaching the Soviet Union. This seems to be borne out by intimations in Tokyo that Japan is considering the closing of the straits through which American aid to the Soviet Union must pass. But some foreign observers in Tokyo believe that the Japanese decision was to turn southward against Singapore and the Dutch East Indies. If a bargain was made, it may be taken as a sign of German weakness. For despite Japan's Axis ties, the Nazis have been most loath to recognize the Chinese puppet regime. Germany has vast commercial interests in China, and it knows that the "new order" in East Asia means the end of German as well as British and American trade in China. Recognition of Wang seriously prejudices that trade in the event of a Chinese victory. It would be interesting to know why Hitler felt it necessary thus to compromise Germany's interests in the Far East.

★

WAR HAS COME TO THE AMERICAS IN THE form of a serious clash between Ecuador and Peru over a disputed jungle area. In ordinary circumstances a clash between these two countries would receive little attention in this country. But in a world of war there is always danger of hostilities spreading. Both Peru and Ecuador have provided a fertile field for Nazi propaganda. While there is as yet no definite evidence that the clash was inspired by Nazi agents, democratic leaders in Argentina charged several weeks ago that the Axis powers were seeking to foment war between the two countries in order to break hemispheric solidarity. The Argentinian government has taken steps to bring about mediation, in conjunction with Brazil and the United States. The task will be complicated by the century-old roots of the dispute. Our own State Department must not leave a stone unturned in the effort to secure a settlement before Colombia or some other nearby country is drawn in.

★

GENERAL MARSHALL'S REQUEST FOR REPEAL of the laws restricting the field of operation of soldiers obtained through the National Guard or Selective Service would seem only common sense in view of Hitler's way of waging war. Some of the outposts most vital to Amer-

ica's defenses—such as Iceland and Dakar—are outside the Western Hemisphere. Many of our best divisions contain not only soldiers of the regular army but members of the National Guard and drafted men. It is desirable that the trainees continue to be mixed with the experienced soldiers of the regular army, but it would be manifestly impossible to maintain such an arrangement if soldiers of the regular army alone were to be available for overseas duty. General Marshall's request that the period of training of men called through the National Guard and Selective Service be extended beyond one year also seems to be based on strategic necessity. But fairness demands special consideration for the individuals who are called upon to make this additional sacrifice. A modern army requires highly trained men, and it is only right that they be adequately compensated for their skill, not held to the \$30 a month now paid, after four months of \$21, to all draftees regardless of their abilities.

★

THE TAX PROGRAM AS COMPLETED BY THE House Ways and Means Committee fully justifies the pessimistic predictions made in *The Nation* two weeks ago. After scaling down the income and excess-profits taxes from the Treasury proposals, the committee was forced to impose a series of excise taxes in order to approximate the revenue anticipated in the Treasury's program. Among the regressive taxes agreed upon are levies on telephones, cosmetics, moving-picture admissions, matches, candy, chewing gum, playing cards, and automobiles in use. Altogether excise taxes are counted on to produce more than \$1,000,000,000 of the \$3,500,000,000 to be raised by new taxation. Some of the new excise taxes, such as the levies on furs, jewelry, cabarets and night clubs, and coin machines, are on unnecessary luxuries, and others, such as those on washing machines, radio sets, phonographs, electrical appliances, tires, and tubes, are designed to divert labor and materials from industries which compete with defense industries. But the bulk of the excise taxes will bear hardest on low income groups. The taxes imposed on new automobiles, radios, and other consumer durable goods which compete directly with the defense effort are more suitable for producing revenue than for restricting production. It is doubtful whether they are sufficiently high to curtail consumption in a period of increasing incomes. This is unfortunate, because prohibitive taxation is one of the most effective weapons available for shaping the national economy to an all-out defense program.

★

A VICTORY WAS WON FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES when the House rejected the wire-tapping bill by a vote of 154 to 146. Although the bill was asked for by the FBI, supported by Attorney General Jackson, and in-

dorsed by the President, its chief support in the debate came from Congressmen ordinarily to be found in opposition to the Administration. Leading New Dealers in the House spoke and voted against the bill. Among them was Thomas H. Elliot, the youthful Congressman from Massachusetts, who confessed that the President's letter on the need for a certain amount of wire-tapping in a limited class of cases had left him unconvinced. The failure of the Department of Justice to bring forward any witness for the bill other than Alexander Holtzoff, special assistant attorney general, seemed to have a bad effect on those considering the measure. Complaint was also made during the debate that "virtually no evidence" had been given to show that wire-tapping was effective in combating crime. The arrest of twenty-nine German spies the night before the vote elicited the sour comment from Congressman Casey of Massachusetts, another opponent of the bill, that to announce these arrests "the night before the bill came before the Congress, after having been pending for two years, shows a great sense of timing on the part of the Department of Justice." The A. F. of L., the C. I. O., and the Railroad Brotherhoods all opposed the bill.

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THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE FINDS THE oddest menaces in the oddest places. Making his debut as Acting Attorney General, Francis Biddle has brought charges of "seditious conspiracy" against the tiny Trotskyist Socialist Workers' Party in Minneapolis. Among the leaders being prosecuted are the well-known Dunne brothers, who also dominate Local 544 of Dan Tobin's Teamsters' Union, which recently decided to withdraw from the A. F. of L. and join the C. I. O.—a move which greatly irritated Mr. Tobin. Now the FBI has unearthed a resolution passed by the Trotskyists as long ago as January, 1938. Couched in time-honored Marxian phraseology, this resolution declared that the S. W. P. would fight against any new war which the United States government might enter and would "advocate the continuance of the class struggle . . . and try to prepare the masses to utilize the war crisis for the overthrow of United States capitalism and the victory of socialism." This apparently is the "overt act" which has led to the Dunne brothers being charged with violations of Sections 6, 9, and 10 of Title 18 of the United States Code. It is a criminal offense, according to these sections, to "plot the overthrow of the government by force or to undermine the loyalty, discipline, or morale of the armed forces." Surely there are more serious conspiracies against the government and more insidious attempts to undermine military morale which should be given priority in the Department of Justice over the vaporings of an obscure political sect. In this connection we should like to draw Mr. Biddle's attention to the activities of Francis P. Moran, Christian Front leader in New England.

IF HITLER HOPED TO ENLIST CATHOLIC support by his crusade against Bolshevism, he seems to have made a serious blunder. The Pope has carefully refrained from mentioning the Soviet campaign in the two addresses which he has given since Hitler's attack on Russia. And the Catholic bishops of Greater Germany have significantly seized this occasion to issue a pastoral letter denouncing the anti-religious tendencies and actions of the Nazi regime. The letter was amazingly vigorous in view of the reprisals which the Nazis have inflicted on religious critics in the past. While protesting loyalty to the German government in its war effort, the bishops intimated that there was a limit to the sacrifices the church would make for an anti-religious Nazi state. In our own country Bishop Hurley of the St. Augustine diocese has vigorously denounced the idea that Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union has turned the war into a holy crusade against communism. Declaring that the Nazis remain the No. 1 enemy of America, he went so far as to propose that the power of declaring war be put in the hands of President Roosevelt as a matter of strategy. While a large number of Catholic spokesmen in this country have been either isolationist or on the fence with regard to foreign policy, there is every reason to believe that the majority of Catholics, like other Americans, are anti-Nazi and supporters of the country's foreign policy. The forthright stand of the German bishops should cut the ground from under the small clique who have been playing Hitler's game under the guise of anti-communism.

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GEORGE W. NORRIS, WHO TURNED EIGHTY on July 11, is the type of American we like to think about in times of stress. A man of common sense, tough as nails, bright as a dollar, simple as an old shoe, honest as the day is long. All the homely phrases fit George Norris; but he is also a man of vision and understanding. His common sense, as opposed to that of the Coolidge variety, dictated his long fight for the planned use of our natural resources for the benefit of the country as a whole; and the TVA is a monument to Norris, as well as a model for the future development of people's power, in both senses of the term. He has been a lifelong defender of the rights of labor because he understands what the middle class is so slow to realize, that labor, in defending its liberties and its standard of living, is preserving the liberties and standards of the whole population. Twenty-four years ago Senator Norris was one of the few men in Congress who opposed our entry into the first great war. Today he says that Hitler must be crushed by force if necessary. And in one sense the battle lies between self-appointed "leaders" operating by tyranny and slavery and the unassuming Norrises working with the slow but sure weapons of democracy. We have placed our bet on the Norrises.

THE SENATE HAS ACQUIRED A NEW BUFFOON and demagogue with the election of Governor W. Lee O'Daniel of Texas to serve out the unexpired term of the late Morris Sheppard. Governor O'Daniel's "razzle-dazzle" methods of campaigning were vividly described in *The Nation* of June 21 by Roland Young, who also pointed out that his backers are as reactionary as his antics are ridiculous. Representative Lyndon Johnson, the New Deal candidate, ran a very close second, losing by about 1,100 votes. The only cheerful note in the fantastic election—there were twenty-nine candidates promising everything from a five-ocean navy to free mattresses—is the poor showing made by Martin Dies, who ran a poor fourth.

Memo to Britons

YOU have often heard that the United States is a democratic country. There is an exception—our State Department. Its spirit is un-American, its atmosphere is pseudo-aristocratic, its ways are secretive. A large section of its permanent bureaucracy and higher officials are, if not sympathetic to fascism, at least unsympathetic to democracy. There is nothing much we can do about it until the President decides to shake up its staff and bring the department into line with the New Deal. Why he has waited so long is as much a mystery to us as it may be to you.

We want you to know that we are as shocked as you are by the news that our State Department has brought pressure on the British government to permit shipments of American oil and other supplies to Vichy-dominated North Africa; and that the State Department's action was not the result of any decision arrived at after democratic debate in Congress or elsewhere.

The idea that Weygand can be weaned from Vichy by special favors seems to us as dangerous as the idea some of your own diplomats nourished—that Mussolini might be weaned from the Axis, Göring separated from Hitler. We think it a pity the British authorities did not bring the Schéhérazade and the American oil this huge French tanker carried into the port of New York or Philadelphia. We're suffering from a shortage of oil on the East Coast ourselves.

When Sumner Welles, our Under Secretary of State, described the new arrangement between Washington and Vichy as "a farsighted, useful economic interchange at this time," he wasn't fooling us and we know he wasn't fooling you. He says we will get "strategic materials" from North Africa, but the only strategic material on the published list of goods to be sent here is cork. We can see nothing "strategic" about "olive oil, essential oils for perfumes, gum arabic, salt, flourine, tartar, sheep casings, and red squill," the other materials we are to

receive. As for red squill, Vichy needs it more than we do. Red squill is rat poison.

North Africa is to receive not only oil and food but machinery "and everyday articles of commerce" under the agreement. Mr. Welles says that they will be sent "under strict military guaranties" and that the arrangement will end "automatically" if these guaranties are violated. We hasten to assure you that the average American isn't so stupid as to believe these "guaranties" worth the paper they're written on. Vichy is ruled by men who betrayed their country. Men who will betray their own country are unlikely to keep their word to another.

We note that Mr. Churchill seems to have been embarrassed by the questions raised in the Commons on the decision to lift the British blockade for these shipments. He seemed fearful of offending an ally. We believe that the British government would find the widest support among the American people if it ignored the wishes of the little handful of men in our State Department and refused navicerts for these shipments.

The Free World

READERS of *The Nation* will recall the broad interest aroused by the publication on December 14, 1940, of an article by J. Alvarez del Vayo on The Duty of the Emigré, proposing a union for common political action of all the democratic national forces. A vigorous discussion followed, in which several spokesmen of the anti-fascist European groups, although differing on matters of detail, agreed with the Spanish leader that this war could not be won by planes, tanks, and guns alone, but that a combination of military and political effort was essential to victory.

The idea of a union of anti-fascist forces has now materialized. With the cooperation of certain American organizations engaged in the fight against Hitlerism, a conference to discuss the whole problem was called in Washington on June 15. At that conference, in which representatives of sixteen countries participated, it was decided to found the International Free World Association, and an organizing committee was set up. On July 3, the eve of Independence Day, in a symbolic broadcast celebrating the "Declaration of World Independence," the creation of the new organization was officially announced by short-wave transmission to all countries.

The Free World Association does not intend to interfere with other organizations fighting for similar aims. It is conceived, rather, as an instrument for the coordination and strengthening of existing efforts. Its principal aims are, first, to help win the war against Hitler; and, second, to contribute to the organization of a democratic world based on principles of collective action, social security, freedom, and justice.

While the association has engaged itself not to intervene in the internal policy of any really independent and sovereign state, in the countries occupied and subjugated by Hitler its activities will be aimed at promoting by every means movements of revolt and opposition to the Axis invaders.

Clark Eichelberger, acting chairman and national director of the Committee to Defend America, has been appointed acting director of the Free World Association, and the general secretary will be Louis Dolivet, a French authority on international affairs, who contributed Underground in France to *The Nation* of May 10. Four chairmen will be selected—one from the United States, one from Latin America, one from Europe, and one from the continent of Asia.

Concurrently a new monthly magazine, *Free World*, devoted to international relations and the fight for democracy, is being launched. The first issue is already in preparation. This journal will be made available to our readers at a modest rate and will serve as a valuable adjunct to *The Nation*.

On the International Honorary Board of the magazine and on the Executive Board of the association are many of the most responsible and consistent representatives of the democratic movement on the different continents. Among them are Harold L. Ickes, James T. Shotwell, W. Wesley Waymack, Frank P. Graham, Walter Millis, Dorothy Thompson, Henry A. Atkinson, Raymond Gram Swing, Quincy Wright, Max Ascoli, Archibald MacLeish, John Gunther, Freda Kirchwey, former President Alvear of the Argentine, former President Cárdenas of Mexico, President Benes of Czechoslovakia, Count Sforza, former Foreign Minister of Italy, Professor Hugo Fernandez Artucio of Uruguay, Guillermo Labarca, the prominent liberal Chilean leader, Miguel Ozorio de Almeida of Brazil, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, Lord Robert Cecil, Harold J. Laski, and Sir Norman Angell of Great Britain, Carl J. Hambro, president of the Norwegian Parliament, J. Alvarez del Vayo, former Foreign Minister of Spain, Pierre Cot, former Air Minister of France, Li Yu Ying, president of the Chinese Academy, Edouard Montpetit of the University of Montreal, and others.

If this association and journal succeed in articulating and then transforming into action the experience and the passionate hatred of tyranny concentrated in the men named above, they will provide the democratic cause with a powerful political weapon. Great courage is required and an almost equal amount of forbearance; both national differences and factional divisions within the national groups must be overcome. But the successful conquest of such obstacles is the first essential step toward the achievement of a decent post-Nazi world. No new organization ever faced a more challenging opportunity; *The Nation* offers the *Free World* and the Free World Association its support and fervent good wishes.

Blue Sky Over Scotland

BY CARL SANDBURG

[On the news of the landing of Hess in Scotland I picked up a guitar and found myself singing a song which seemed to have the title "Blue Sky Over Scotland." The verses have a tuning. Readers are free to swing these or to move them. And there is no statute which provides that they may not shift into the classic.—C. S.]

Down out of duh sky over Scotland who come a tumblin,
who come a tumblin?

Blue was duh sky over Scotland, high over, blue over,
deep blue, over Scotland

Sweet blue, duh sky, when lo and behold, who come a
tumblin, a tumblin?

Down he come in a parachute, like a big white umbrella
open and wide holdin him,

Down in a parachute, fallin, fallin, out of the sweet blue
sky spread out,

Down he come like a good new messenger, like a world
series, like a wonder.

Out of duh sky he fall like he got business, like he got
words to tell 'em,

Like he know where he come from in duh mornin, where
he going in duh evenin,

Like he got answers in his heart, like he got answers on
his tongue.

Easy on down she come like a feather, like a flicker, easy
on down she come,

Like somebody slipped on uh ladder to heaven en Gawd
seen him slippin on down—

En Gawd says, "Ahm going to let you down easy—keep
your shoes shined."

Duh parachute zig and duh parachute zag and Death
come a-creepin around,

Old man Death figgerin maybe he going to pick him up
a few bones, white bones.

Like a crow get fooled, like a buzzard get fooled, old
man Death got fooled.

Farmerman seen him fallin, farmerman pick up feet and
run and run,

Farmerman find him on duh ground feelin where he
busted uh ankle, just uh ankle,

Duh wind was nice to him, duh weather was right, duh
blue sky nice, so nice.

He might uh busted his neck fallin dat long fall out uh
duh big sky high over.

He might uh busted his kneebone, legbone, armbone,
thighbone, shoulderbone, headbone.

Farmerman find him layin easy, laughin a little—only a
busted anklebone.

Out of duh big blue sky over Scotland, lo and behold he
come a tumblin down.

Where from, dey asks him, where from who and why
and how—and who? who is you?

Identification tag tells 'em, who—bright gold identifica-
tion tag tells 'em.

Hess is de name, Rudolf Hess, Mister Rudolf Hess of
Berlin is de name.

He tells 'em, papers in de pockets tells 'em, identification
tag tells 'em.

Maybe you done heerd about me, his eyes sayin, maybe
you done heerd.

Dey gets a nice cyah, cushions and all, and dey handles
him easy, soft like.

Ain't his name Hess? Ain't he nice to come down from
duh blue sky over Scotland?

We gonna take care of you, Mistah Hess, we gonna be
good to you.

In duh hospital dey gives him a room by hisself so he can
lay and think and study.

Does he want ham and eggs he gets sugar-cured ham and
fresh-laid eggs, one side or over.

Does he like chicken and gravy, coffee with cream and
sugar, dey lays it out for him.

All by hisself, in a corner by hisself, in a room dey know
where he is dey keeps him.

And dey talks to him easy, dey comes and dey goes talk-
ing to Mister Rudolf Hess.

And nobody know what Mistah Hess sayin, talkin, tellin,
outside nobody know.

Many people glad, so glad, Mistah Hess done decide
come away fum Mistah Hitlah.

Like old friends dey was, like bosom companions dey
was, like David and Jonathan.

Sayin one about duh othuh, "He can have duh shirt off
my back."

Now it ain't like it used to be all duh while twixt Mistah
Hess and Mistah Hitlah.

It don't look so good like it was in duh good old times
dat used to be.

Evvybody asking, "What foh? who dat? how come? why
dat gold identification tag?"

People lookin up at duh blue sky over Scotland now,
wonderin, studyin, askin,

"Who gonna come, come a tumblin out uh duh sky next?
who next, what man come next?"

Mistah Hess, what he sayin, what he talkin, tellin, talkin,
talkin, talkin?"

Blackmail of the Right

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

THE real cause of the collapse of democracy in Europe was the lack of courage of the anti-fascists in resisting the blackmail of the right. The war in Spain offers an unsurpassable example of this. Everywhere the fight of the Spanish people for national freedom and against fascist aggression was characterized as a Communist enterprise, and this weakened the action of the democracies and led them to forfeit a supreme opportunity to stop Hitler and avoid the present war. Berlin understood admirably that it was as important to confuse the democracies and to blackmail them by branding every supporter of Republican Spain a Bolshevik as to send Franco tanks and guns. The same maneuver was repeated in the case of Czechoslovakia. One still hears the French bourgeois crying, "Czechoslovakia may go to the devil; French boys are not going to die for Moscow."

The right has succeeded until now in manipulating the liberals at its pleasure, and the danger remains that it will succeed again and again. Everything has its explanation, and I suggest that the explanation in this case is the unpleasant one that everywhere the right has shown more courage and audacity than all the liberal forces put together. Reactionary newspapers attacked liberal papers for defending a "foreign ideology," but themselves never hesitated to talk like the *Völkischer Beobachter*. Politicians of the right felt free to insult the left for its foreign associations, but the same men, with calm contempt for the opinions of others, would accept decorations from Hitler. One can easily imagine the scandal that would have been spread by the reactionaries if an eminent liberal scientist or writer had been honored with the Order of Lenin. The right has never shrunk from the accusation that it supported totalitarian "foreign" ideas, or allowed the left to decide for it who should be its allies. But the liberals have many times been afraid to appear openly as liberals and have submitted meekly to the blackmail of the right.

While Daladier, in the days of Munich, shivered at the idea that he might be accused of wanting to bring his country into the war, Flandin plastered the streets of Paris with his infamous telegram congratulating Hitler on his victory over France and England. Léon Blum as Prime Minister was paralyzed in his action throughout the Spanish war by the fear that he might be accused of allowing his socialist ideas to determine his policy toward Republican Spain. The French reactionaries, however, publicly supported German-Italian aggression against a country whose conquest by the Axis was a deadly threat to the security of France.

With a few important exceptions, the right has sponsored the policies that brought Europe to its downfall. Everywhere it has betrayed the highest interests of the nation. Out of its ranks has sprung the "vile race of Quislings" whose ultimate fate was so boldly announced by Mr. Churchill a few weeks ago. Its blackmail of the timid democratic governments created the atmosphere of capitulation that made Munich possible. And its blackmail will again place the democracies in gravest peril as soon as Hitler chooses to launch a serious offensive for a negotiated peace.

The cynicism of the men of the right is a continuous challenge to the good memory and the common sense of the people. One heard them, for instance, blaming the Soviet Union in bitter terms for having signed with Hitler in 1939. Yet the only persons who had the moral right to resent and condemn that pact were those who had previously opposed the policy of appeasement toward the greatest gangster of Europe. The same elements which in 1939 blamed the Soviet Union for signing with Hitler now attack those who, in the general interest of the democracies, favor support for ■ Russia which is fighting Hitler.

The blackmail of the right has operated until now chiefly in two ways—by accusing those who wanted to resist Hitler of being blood-thirsty warmongers, and by keeping alive the myth of the invincibility of the Nazi armies. One must acknowledge that a belief in Hitler's invincibility has spread through even the most liberal sectors of world opinion. At the end of June, 1940, nine out of ten persons believed that England would be invaded at any minute and that the war would be over by September. Only eight days ago hardly anybody believed that Russia could hold out more than two months against the formidable assault of the German motorized divisions. For us Spaniards this way of arguing seems incomprehensible. The first thing we try to find out is whether there exists an authentic will to resist. In Russia as in England the existence of this will seems indisputable. Once it is verified we allow ourselves to be no more impressed by the myth of invincibility than by the prognostications of the military experts.

Had the French and British experts, including the military attachés in Madrid, been correct in their estimates, the Spanish war would have lasted scarcely three months instead of three years. When the war in China began, the Japanese general staff publicly announced that Chinese resistance would continue exactly two months. But on Monday the war in China was four years old.

Of course the Japanese expected an internal revolt against Chiang Kai-shek, just as in Berlin now there is probably much speculation about the coming disintegration of the internal Russian front. In China, instead of revolt, there was an upsurge of national unity, and if one can judge by the repercussions of Stalin's speech, something similar is taking place in Russia.

Since the outbreak of the German-Russian war the right has been using a third kind of blackmail, with greater fury and a greater chance of success than ever before. Though it was not only the Prime Minister of Great Britain but the leader of the Conservative Party who, on the day of Hitler's attack upon Russia, discussed with such genius and intuition the true issues involved, his intelligent words and noble recommendations failed to impress the appeasers of the right, who promptly jumped in to divide and demoralize the democratic forces and to exploit to the last drop the tangled implications of the new front in the East. With great acuteness the men who are working for Hitler detected at once

that certain liberals, although entirely convinced that Russia should be helped immediately in accordance with the realistic conceptions of Mr. Churchill, were extremely fearful of being classed again as Muscovites—a term applied before 1939 to all who welcomed Russia's policy of supporting collective security and resisting Hitler.

As long as honest liberals allow people who consciously or unconsciously want a Nazi victory to decide anti-fascist policy, as long as they continue to be afraid of their own fighting spirit and of being denounced as warmongers and reds, the blackmail of the right will have immense influence. And the success of that blackmail will offer Hitler one of his greatest chances to win this war. Let us remember that it was a conservative, "imperialistic" Churchill who, by proclaiming in his memorable speech of June 22 that "all who fight against Hitler are our allies," showed to the hesitating democratic leaders that only a policy of combined military and political action, utilizing all the anti-fascist forces, could lead to final victory.

Heat Haze in Washington

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, July 5

I CAME back from vacation expecting to find those in favor of an all-out effort in a cheerful frame of mind. From a distance, the new OPM rule that trade-association executives could not serve as dollar-a-year men seemed a move in the right direction. The resignations of Walter S. Tower, Gano Dunn, and C. W. Kellogg appeared the portents of a shake-up in defense that might put an end to business as usual. I thought I would encounter a new vigor and a new enthusiasm in my rounds through the alphabetical labyrinths of OPM, OEM, and OPACS. I found instead that Washington was in the doldrums, its morale at low ebb. The summers here are fierce, but, if I may be forgiven for saying so, at the OPM it's not the heat, it's the cupidity.

One of the principal reasons for the letdown is that war preparations are beginning to pinch business rather than stimulate it. Congressmen are hearing from little business men hurt by priorities and wage increases but unable to obtain a share of defense orders. The big business men who have been running the OPM like a cartel and monopolizing these orders now scent sacrifices in the offing; never the most fervent of anti-fascists, they regard the prospect of a curtailed boom in automobile production with a horror they have not always felt for Hitler.

These trends were evident before Hitler dropped a bomb on the umbrella over the Kremlin; they have been

intensified by the Nazi attack on the Soviets. The Providence that split the ranks of the godless embarrassed the faithful. The shock of waking to find that one had 180,000,000 new allies, citizens of a state in which private enterprise is seditious and religious belief heresy, has sapped the Administration's vitality. Carter Glass has been for all-out aid to Britain, let the deficits swell as they may. But when reporters asked the Senator about aid to Russia, he asked, "Where's the money coming from?" More serious than ideological qualms is a widespread feeling that until the Russians are defeated we have a breathing-spell in our own defense preparations. Too many of the big business men at the OPM want to use the breathing-spell for a nap.

I am convinced that neither the reluctance of business to make sacrifices nor Hitler's effort to resell the gold brick of a crusade against communism would be serious were the President prepared to deliver fewer generalizations about democracy and exercise more leadership. On February 7 last, Administration forces in the House easily defeated the Tinkham amendment to forbid aid to Russia under the Lease-Lend bill; the leading part played in the fight against the amendment by so hard-headed a right-winger as Luther Johnson of Texas indicates a reserve of sturdy realism in dealing with Hitler hobgoblins. There are enough business men and conservatives here awake to the emergency to give Mr.

Roosevelt a good measure of support on the right if he decides to end business as usual. Unfortunately, the President continues to sidle up to the war issue, to approach it obliquely and by subterfuge, and he gives no indication of a readiness for drastic measures in speeding up production.

Mr. Roosevelt's hesitations encourage the worst and dishearten the best forces in his Administration. The State Department is still permitted to appease Vichy with oil while it dawdles over the release of machine tools to the Soviets. The diehards of industry are being allowed to obtain a stronger grip than ever on the machinery of defense behind the smoke screen of the Dunn-Kellogg-Towers resignations. The head of the Iron and Steel Institute is removed as a consultant on steel, but the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation remains at the controls of the OPM. Trade-association executives may no longer serve as dollar-a-year men, but industry committees which duplicate the trade associations are given a prominent role in the reorganization of defense. True, industry committees will have advisory capacity only, but the men they "advise" will be men of the Stettinius-Biggers stripe. In the new commodity sections the industry committee will sit on one side of the table, and on the other will be representatives of the production, priorities, and purchasing divisions of the OPM—most of them dollar-a-year men drawn from the same industries. The decision will be made by the chairmen, and the chairmen will be dollar-a-year men, too. The same result could be arrived at with one dollar-a-year man in a hall of mirrors.

It is significant that it has not yet been decided whether to have a representative of Leon Henderson's price administration in each commodity section, and the OPM'ers are still trying to determine the most innocuous way to give labor representation. The original plan was to leave labor out altogether, but word that Sidney Hillman's division was campaigning for labor committees paralleling the industry committees seems to have changed OPM plans. The latest news this morning was that there would be an adviser from the labor division in each commodity section.

The conferences held this week on curtailment of automobile production again illustrated the need for joint labor-management defense councils, as asked by Philip Murray. There is little indication that Knudsen has the courage to impose another cut on automobile production, and less that he will force diversion of automobile facilities to other defense purposes. The ghost of the Reuther plan rises to haunt the OPM as apologists explain that a further reduction in the manufacture of automobiles would cause unemployment. There would be no unemployment if the machine tools of the automobile industry were diverted, as they can be, to quantity production of parts for planes, tanks, gun carriages, and other armament. The automobile industry is the greatest single untapped reservoir of productive capacity for defense, but it will remain untouched as long as a General Motors executive is in control of the defense machinery. Automobile production *will* be cut, but planlessly and at the last moment, and there will be unemployment and with it a further reduction in morale.

The Thousand-Year Plan

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

WHEN the Nazi leaders discuss their plans for the benefit of foreigners, especially Americans, they utter honeyed words about "cooperation" and "division of labor" in a free, prosperous, and peaceful Europe. Actually, seeking to implement Hitler's promise of a regime lasting a thousand years, the Nazis are planning economic measures to hold down the Continent in perpetuity. They plan a self-sufficient Europe, independent of raw-material sources overseas, particularly in the United States and Latin America. They plan to move millions of people, to build large industries where none ever existed before, and to destroy industrial life where it has flourished for centuries.

Since the war began two years ago, German economists, soldiers, politicians, and engineers have been working on the economic blueprints for Nazi Europe.

Today these plans are completed, and many of them are already being translated into fact. Expulsion of the French inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine may seem just another chapter in the age-old fight over these border provinces. Yet similar large-scale expulsions have been going on in Holland, Poland, Czechoslovakia. The deported natives are being replaced by Germans. Altogether perhaps nine million people have already been forcibly moved; another ten million are still to be driven out of their homes under this plan, which is Hitler's contribution to "permanent peace" in Europe.

This is not just nationalist fanaticism. The main purpose is to "Germanize" the European steel and chemical industries. Almost all the heavy industry of Europe is concentrated in two narrow belts, one along the Rhine, the other beside the chain of mountains separating Bo-

hemia from Germany. The first of these areas takes in not only the tremendous heavy industries of the Ruhr Valley and the chemical works of Frankfort and Mannheim but the coal and iron mines and steel works of Lorraine, the highly efficient steel industry of Luxembourg, Belgium's metal-working industries, and the comparatively small but very up-to-date Dutch steel mills. The eastern sector comprises the great Czech armament plants at Pilsen and Vitkovice, the steel, coal, zinc, and lead industries of Upper Silesia, the great industrial prize of the Polish conquest, and the huge chemical plants of Leipzig, where synthetic gasoline is made for the Luftwaffe. Before the war, about half the area of these two industrial belts was within the German borders; now Hitler proposes to make all of them part of Germany—not only politically but racially as well. No one knows better than the Nazi rulers that modern wars are won at the assembly line in the factories behind the front. Consequently, only Germans will own and operate the basic industries.

Germany will have a monopoly of the production of airplanes, tanks, and mechanized equipment. The German engineers who arrived in France with the first army units carried complete inventories of French aircraft-plant equipment, all of which was promptly shipped to Germany. The Paris automobile works of Citroen, producer of one of Europe's most popular small cars, are being transferred to Metz in German-annexed Lorraine. In regions where a non-German population cannot be replaced by Germans, the blueprint calls for the destruction of heavy industrial plants. The French and Dutch chemical industry, unless it is in the same district as the steel industry, is to be scrapped. So is the Belgian automobile industry, the famous old shipyards of Rotterdam, Antwerp, and Brest, and the Dutch electrical and machinery industry. The very reliable Swiss *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* recently reported that much of the machinery of the great Philipps electrical works, which used to produce some of the finest electrical appliances in the world, had been shipped from Holland to Germany.

Germany is to be the only country on the Continent manufacturing steel, engines, or automobiles, owning chemical plants, or operating research laboratories. The *Schwarze Korps*, the organ of Hitler's Guard, has said, "We don't want even the tradition of heavy industry, of mechanical engineering, or of chemical research to survive outside Germany."

To supplement these monopolies, Germany will keep exclusive control of Europe's credit. A few weeks ago, tucked away on a back page of the *New York Times*, there appeared an official report that the Nazi government had given a new company a monopoly on all reinsurance business on the Continent. The few who saw this item probably dismissed it as of interest only to in-

surance people—which is precisely what the Germans wanted. Yet this is fully as important news as the Nazi conquest of yet another small country would be.

It has been the practice of European life-insurance companies for many years to reinsure about 50 per cent of their risks with a reinsurance company, which takes, of course, 50 per cent of the premiums and accumulates 50 per cent of the capital reserves. Before this war the reinsurance business on the Continent was equitably distributed among English, French, German, Italian, Swiss, Dutch, and Swedish companies; it had remained a truly international business, free from political fetters, even after Hitler's rise to power. Now by establishing a monopoly of reinsurance the Nazis have at one stroke got hold of a quarter to a third of the savings of all Europe's masses, which they can invest in German government bonds and use for German political purposes. This will make it almost impossible for conquered countries to shake off the German yoke without hurting thousands of their own small investors. So an ancient and beneficial institution becomes an instrument of permanent Nazi oppression.

Hitler's own *Völkischer Beobachter* recently published a plan to obtain a similar control of all savings by a measure as effective, and at the same time as obscure to the man in the street, as the reinsurance monopoly. According to this plan all commercial and savings banks on the Continent will be required to keep from 30 to 40 per cent of their deposits with an "international" central bank to be established in Berlin. The ostensible purpose of this institution will be the protection of depositors against bank failures. Actually, it will give the Germans direct control over bank deposits and enable them to invest these funds in any way they choose.

Even these controls are not sufficient: the Nazi planners do not regard German rule as safe so long as Europe is dependent on foodstuffs and raw materials from overseas. Unless Continental Europe becomes self-sufficient, any enemy of Nazism in command of the seas can threaten Germany's empire. Hitler, inland born and a stranger to the sea, does not put his trust in a German bid for sea power as did the Kaiser. Instead, the Continent must be reorganized so as to feed itself and obtain its raw materials from territories which can be defended by land and air. This is the most ambitious and revolutionary of all the Nazi designs, far exceeding anything Napoleon ever dreamed of.

Eastern Europe even today yields almost all the wheat, oil, and copper needed by the German war machine. It is also scheduled to become Europe's main producer of cheap industrial goods for mass consumption. Almost a hundred million people live in what used to be Poland, Slovakia, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria. About eighty-five of these hundred millions are engaged

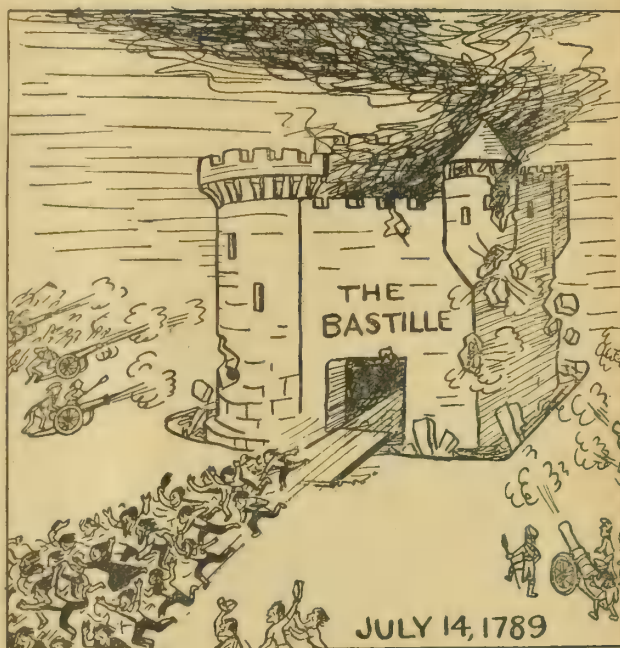
in agriculture. They have not enough land, and much of the soil is poor. Almost half of the population should either migrate or find employment in industry. The Balkan peasant is accustomed to long hours, a rigid working discipline, and a standard of living not much higher than that of the Chinese coolie. He is also one of the most intelligent workers in the world. The Nazi plan—according to Göring's paper, the *Essener National Zeitung*—is to use these peasants as labor to turn out cheap textiles, shoes, glass, china, hardware, and furniture for most of the 350,000,000 people in Continental Europe. The plants would operate on the assembly-line principle with the most modern German machines, but the labor would live in company dormitories, work twelve hours or more without unions or collective bargaining, and actually be forbidden to leave their jobs. This is not very different from the scheme Japan put into effect ten years ago, when cheap and shoddy Japanese goods suddenly began to flood the markets of the world.

The Nazis have told Danish makers of pottery and glass that when the war is over their business will be moved to Czechoslovakia, where the pottery and glassware for all Europe will be manufactured. Danish textile manufacturers have been told that they will be moved to Poland, because all textiles will be manufactured in Eastern Europe. According to an official German report, a large part of the textile machinery in northern France and southern Belgium has already been shipped to new plants in Slovakia and Hungary. We are not told how much of this industry, which traces its ancestry back to the twelfth century, has been transferred. But reports from Hungary indicate that the machines which have arrived there are the most modern and efficient ones.

While Balkan peasants go into the factory, the skilled factory workers of Western Europe will go back to the land. Before the war Western Europe consisted of two large agricultural areas, with the industrial districts of southern Holland, Belgium, and northern France sandwiched in between. These countries had a healthy balance between industry and agriculture, which the Nazis intend to change by "liquidating" all the important industries. The main motive behind this scheme is of course political. As one German officer put it, "By removing industries from France we will remove for all time any possibility of an attack against Germany." But the plan to convert France, Belgium, and Holland into agricultural countries has also an economic purpose. The great weakness of European agriculture is the shortage of fodder crops. For reasons of soil and climate the western coastal plains are the one part of Europe where additional fodder crops could be raised in quantity. To them, therefore, is assigned the task of producing Europe's fodder requirements—much of which the various

nations used to buy from Latin America and the United States. The Germans argue that the whole population of Western Europe, 60,000,000 people, will be needed for such intensive agriculture, so that there will be no labor available for industry. Under such a system, of course, the standard of living would be greatly lowered. But from the Nazi point of view that is no obstacle.

Cotton production in Hungary, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia, under German guidance and with German capital, is well past the experimental stage. And the Germans have sent some of their best specialists into Algeria to try out cotton and tobacco production there. Even if only actually known resources are taken into account, the Mediterranean region could be made to supply almost all the important raw materials that are not found in the temperate zone and that cannot as yet be replaced by synthetic substitutes.



From the point of view of economic technique, a water-tight and self-sufficient European economy is entirely possible. It would mean of course for most non-German Europeans a much lower standard of living than they had previously enjoyed, for the economic upheaval necessary to realize the Nazi plan would play havoc with the efficiency of economic production. But with modern methods of mass production and a ruthless disregard for human sacrifice the Nazis could achieve a regimented European economy fairly quickly. Neither Hitler nor Stalin, from whom Hitler has borrowed many of the ideas of his *Pax Germanica*, has ever placed much value on human life.

Yet before he could even begin, Hitler would have to control the Near East, Suez, and Gibraltar. He and his 70,000,000 Germans would have to police a continent stretching from the Persian Gulf to Normandy and containing 350,000,000 non-Germans—all of them forced down to the level of unskilled workers and all ready to revolt. Now he has taken on Russia, presumably both to remove it as a permanent military threat and with the intention of incorporating at least part of its territory in his system. Victory will bring him, theoretically, the riches of the Ukraine and the Caucasus. But before these riches can be utilized, economic and technical problems of tremendous magnitude must be solved. And his soldiers will have to protect still greater areas; his Gestapo hold down still more millions.

Would it be possible for Hitler to reorganize the

Continent with an unbeaten and fighting England at his back? Would the Nazis be willing to confine themselves to domination of Europe and European Russia or would they strive for world-domination? Would a defeated England be de-industrialized like defeated France, or would Hitler try to keep the British Empire together, as he has often proclaimed? To try to answer these questions by arguing from the Nazi blueprints is to show a complete misunderstanding of Nazi strategy and mentality. Hitler has found a powerful weapon in the fact that he never commits himself to any definite policy, and therefore is always free to do the opposite of what is expected of him. All he demands of the blueprints is that they lay the foundation for whatever his decision may turn out to be.

It may be argued that his decision to make the Continent self-supporting is an admission of defeat at the hands of British naval power, but it might equally well be a sign that Hitler thinks he has defeated Great Britain already. It may be argued that the "isolated continent" of the Nazi plan means surrender of all ideas for world conquest; it might just as well be said that fulfilment of this plan will give Hitler the economic basis for an offensive against any part of the world. But the Nazi blueprints show us one thing clearly and unmistakably—that in the event of a Nazi victory neither this country nor Latin America can expect to do a dollar's worth of "business as usual" with the continent of Europe.

Customs Union Now

BY F. EUGENE MELDER and RICHARD ELTON

AMERICANS support Britain and its allies because they feel that a British victory would at least leave open the possibility that a decent world order might emerge after the war, whereas a Nazi triumph would remove all hope and turn the United States into an armed camp. But with their memories of Versailles and the years after the last war, many Americans are asking for some clear-cut demonstration that this country and Great Britain sincerely desire a really new era. The action taken need not be anything so breath-taking as "Union Now," but it should provide a rational basis for the economic and political reorganization that must come with peace. It lies within the power of the United States and Great Britain to give the required demonstration of their purpose by the formation of a customs union.

A customs union is "an association of two or more independent tariff territories to form one customs area,

involving the elimination of all interterritorial customs barriers and the adoption of a common tariff policy." Since our Constitution forbids interstate tariffs and provides for a common tariff policy, the United States is, in effect, a customs union, and this fact has contributed greatly to the growth of American production and the development of national unity. The German Zollverein, formed early in the nineteenth century, was a customs union which served as the cornerstone of the German Empire. The creation of the political Union of South Africa in 1909 was preceded by the formation of a customs union. In Canada in 1867 and in Australia in 1901 political federation went hand in hand with the economic unification of states and provinces through the abolition of trade barriers. In 1931 Germany and Austria wanted a customs union as a means of improving their economic condition. Had the French allowed them to form one, it might have paved the way for a peace-

ful solution of the problem of disunity in Central Europe.

An Anglo-American customs union would be a turning-point in world history. Capitalizing upon the already existing economic and cultural interdependence of the world's richest nations, it would point the way to the peaceful cooperation for mutual benefit of less well-endowed states. To formulate a common tariff policy an Anglo-American commission could be set up. Great Britain would act for its colonies and other dependencies, but the dominions would have to enter upon separate understandings with the United States. The dominions would give up their imperial-preference status and assume positions of equality within the customs union. China, the refugee governments of occupied Europe, and South American countries might also be invited to join, and in the future other countries could be considered. Thus in war time national states would begin to yield some of their sovereign powers.

War-time surrender of sovereignty has many precedents. In 1918, when Marshal Foch was given supreme command of the Allied forces, American sovereignty was curtailed to further the common Allied aim of military defeat of Germany. In peace time treaty-making requires the relinquishment of a degree of sovereignty; without the international treaties by which nation-states limit their aspirations, there would be little international political order. A customs union would merely extend this relinquishment of sovereignty into the field of trade barriers. At the same time it would be a long step toward full federal union. Some peace-time abridgments of national sovereignty representing degrees of federalism are already in operation, as, for example, the International Postal Union, various agreements for the sharing of rights on rivers which form international boundaries, and the international allotment of radio frequencies. Other steps that may follow when time and circumstances are favorable include the establishment of a monetary policy based on common interests and the surrender of national military and naval establishments in favor of a common international defense force.

Anglo-American trade relations, fortunately, are such that one does not have to be a starry-eyed idealist to foresee the possibility of effecting a customs union. Because of war conditions, about two-thirds of American exports now go to the British Empire. But even before the war the Empire was by all odds our best customer. The United Kingdom and Canada took almost exactly 35 per cent of our exports during the period from 1926 to 1930, inclusive. In 1937 the United Kingdom alone absorbed \$535,000,000 of American exports, about the total of our sales to France, Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Sweden combined. Forty-seven million Britons regularly spend about \$200,000,000 more on

our goods than do the inhabitants of South America. We usually sell more than 40 per cent of our exports to British nations—the United Kingdom, the dominions, and the colonies.

The United Kingdom is a large importer of American farm products, especially pork products, raw cotton, and tobacco. In peace time it also takes large amounts of American manufactured and processed goods, such as electrical apparatus, industrial and office machinery, automobiles, chemical products, gasoline, and other petroleum products. From Britain we obtain large quantities of whiskey, fine linens and woollens, tin, books, and art objects. From the dominions and colonies we get tea, tin, rubber, nickel, gold, wool, and newsprint in large quantities. All these commodities are of great importance to the American economy. Although both the United States and Britain are leading producers of steel, metal products, and textiles, the apparent competition is more illusory than real. Britain is an export market for American machinery and iron and steel scrap, while the United States imports British cutlery, tin plate, and ferro-alloys. The British buy our cotton and sell us fine fabrics. We also take from them semi-manufactures of flax, carpet wool, and cotton yarns. Hollywood films enjoy a good export market in British territory, and at the same time America consumes British movies with considerable pleasure. Competition between the countries is in general less serious than is popularly supposed.

The United States and the United Kingdom stand high among the trading nations of the world. Their combined trade, with that of their possessions, amounts to approximately 40 per cent of the world's foreign trade. It is perhaps not generally known that mature industrial nations trade with one another much more than with under-industrialized states. Before the present war our leading markets and sources of goods, after the United Kingdom and Canada, were the industrialized countries of Japan, France, and Germany; our trade with agricultural and raw-material states was of secondary importance. The common notion that the undeveloped areas of the world furnish the greatest markets is erroneous; industrial nations have the products and the purchasing power with which to do business together.

A look toward the future shows very clearly the mutual advantages to be gained by a customs union now. As "all-out" American economic aid to Britain gets into full swing, Britain will find it increasingly difficult, under our present tariff policies, to pay for the goods. Had the Lend-Lease law not been enacted, Britain might have lost the war because of its lack of foreign exchange. As it is, unless the American taxpayer is to stand more and more of the cost of the aid Britain receives, we must revise our tariffs downward. A customs union would

have the immediate effect of making it easier for Britain and its allies to sell to the United States, and thus enable them to pay for more of the aid received.

To minimize the danger of post-war depression and revolution an Anglo-American customs union would be of inestimable value. With such a union in effect, other European states, after a British victory, could enter the trade alliance and begin hopefully the task of post-war reconstruction. Depression in America would then be short-lived. Nazi conquest has meant the systematic removal or consumption of the capital of the small nations. After the war the United States will be the natural source of the savings which will produce the capital goods to alleviate this shortage. Investment abroad, stimulated by the existence of the customs union, would increase greatly the demand for the products of our heavy industries, which are the ones that will suffer most from the dislocation occasioned by the cessation of demand for armaments. A program to facilitate international investment, aided and abetted by the safeguards of a customs union, would lay a much broader and sounder basis for post-war prosperity than would any domestic program of "made work."

The doubting Thomas may point to the unhappy plight of Americans who invested abroad in the twenties as a horrible example of what may be expected of another capital-export program. It must be emphasized, therefore, that investments abroad after the last war met a calamitous end because they were not linked to an appropriate tariff policy. Our high tariff was a death sentence to the successful participation of American capital in the economic reconstruction of the world. A customs union on a sufficiently broad base would prevent the repetition of such an episode.

If the world is to return to peace and prosperity the growth of economic interdependence must be promoted. Economic nationalism and high living standards are incompatible. Just as the American standard of living has been beneficially affected by the relative absence of trade barriers between our states, so the standard of living of all nations would be favorably influenced by the lowering of the customs barriers between them. The advocates of Federal Union are right in their contention that world peace ultimately rests upon a sacrifice of national sovereignty all around. And the chief hope of promoting Federal Union lies in uniting the world more closely by ties of trade. The Nazi idea that trade is a weapon of conquest will prevail unless the democracies can show in the immediate future that the links of trade can hold great nations together in peace. If the great nations were as dependent upon each other economically as the American states are, the danger of war would be remote, for war, under such circumstances, would be immediately and utterly dislocating to the world's economic life.

In the Wind

THE 1942 CAMPAIGN for the Minnesota seat in the United States Senate now held by Joseph Ball will be fought out between Governor Harold E. Stassen and Charles A. Lindbergh, according to well-informed Midwestern observers. Although Lindbergh has given no hint of political ambitions, some of his closest advisers and followers are already building a Minnesota organization for him. Senator Ball, a member of the Stassen Republican machine, will yield to the Governor, who is eager to find a place in national politics. Since Stassen is a Willkie interventionist, Lindbergh can use his America First connections to win disgruntled Republicans and his father's Farmer-Labor isolationism to win the progressives.

THE PROJECTED MARCH on Washington to secure fair play for Negroes in defense industries and in the army was halted largely by the intervention of Mrs. Roosevelt. The President himself had tried to dissuade the leader of the movement, A. Philip Randolph, by sending his anti-discrimination memorandum to the OPM on June 15, but Randolph and Walter White of the N. A. A. C. P. felt that the statement left much unsaid. Then Mrs. Roosevelt went to New York, and she and Mayor LaGuardia won over the Negro leaders in a private meeting. The fruit of that conference was the executive order to the OPM issued on June 26.

WALT DISNEY, the March of Time, and the Nelson Rockefeller Committee may jointly produce national-defense films for consumption here and in South America.

IN AN EFFORT to break the isolationist *Tribune's* monopoly as a morning paper in Chicago, Marshall Field, owner of *PM*, will publish a new daily in that city, starting sometime in September.

THE F. W. Woolworth Company is selling packets of stationery decorated with the official seal of the United States and the slogan "America First."

THE EDITORS of Scribner's *Commentator* have moved their journal to Geneva, Wisconsin, in order, they explain, to get away from "refugee-dominated New York."

IN BROADCASTS to the conquered countries the British are urging anti-fascists to make Beethoven's Fifth Symphony a theme song in the war of nerves against the Nazis. This is part of the campaign to use the letter, or Roman numeral, "V" as the symbol of anti-Nazism, to be chalked or penciled or shouted in public places throughout the Continent. The British Broadcasting Company points out that the opening bar of the Fifth Symphony, three short notes followed by a long one, is the equivalent of the Morse signal for the letter "V"—three dots and a dash.

[The \$5 prize for the best item received in June goes to E. W. of Provincetown, Massachusetts, for the story about the FBI published on June 14.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Crime and Crowding

SINCE they found the raped and murdered body of a young woman who had come from the Middle West to work in the expanding War Department in the present bulging Washington, the capital city of the United States has been, to use its own word, "terrorized" by crimes. There have been more attacks on women, hold-ups, assaults. Now the *Washington Post* reports a danger that imagination may run ahead of crime. The shocked indignation which stirred the police out of lethargy in inadequacy may create, the *Post* fears, a danger even of riots, which might involve the most innocent people. The danger may be there, certainly, but it might be worth facing if it would dramatize at last effectively the conditions in the old festering, crime-breeding slums behind the new wide avenues with their beautiful buildings—conditions which in recent years have made Washington almost symbolic of an America of extremes.

There is nothing new about the slums. There is nothing secret about them. One of the most disturbing photographs of this America—it was taken by the Farm Security Administration and used recently in a publication of the United States Forest Service—presents the dome of the Capitol of the United States just over the rim of an adjacent slum. The Defense Housing Coordinator himself has taken movies of these slums. They are not concentrated in any one place. On a map they look, as Mrs. Helen Dewey Hoffman, executive director of the Washington Housing Association says, like measles. But as Mrs. Hoffman says also, their effect is like cancer.

And into a city of old slums new people are being pulled by defense. Since the census of April, 1940, which found 663,091 people, careful estimators think the city has grown to between 715,000 and 750,000 people. There are a lot more new people than new houses. And that means a lot more people in the old houses. It means, housing authorities say, that slums are not only in alleys now but also along old-time elegant streets like New Hampshire and Massachusetts avenues, where girls are lucky to rent a bed in a room full of strangers.

"Occupation by three to six unrelated roomers of the parlor of a once fine private residence is not uncommon," Mrs. Hoffman said not long ago.

More than 80 per cent of the federal workers get under \$2,000 a year; most of them get under \$1,500.

Down below them, among the poorer people, white and Negro, who have joined in hope the movement to the growing capital, the situation is sadder still. The rents have gone up most steeply in the worst houses. Some of the poorest people, who have come to the place where the billions are being spent, live in a different house every month because they cannot afford to pay the rent out of what they earn. School authorities report children who have been in a different school every month.

A member of the Tolan committee of Congress, which has been investigating the movements of people around all the defense towns, asked Mrs. Hoffman about the children.

"Do many of them live in trailers?"

"No, they do not. They live in basements. Dr. Evans, principal of the Thompson School, told me that 35 per cent of his children live in the basements of those houses in the central area. There will be a mother and a father and from two to five children living in one room."

Worse, even, than conditions for the poorer whites are those for Negroes, who are associated chiefly with the crime wave. Down near the Union Station, which sits at one end of a plaza stretching to the Capitol, are four rows of very similar dwellings, all substandard, the Tolan committee learned. One row is occupied by foreign-born whites who pay \$12 to \$15.50 for a four-room house. The Negroes in the other rows pay \$35 for the same accommodations.

The crime in the District of Columbia did not begin when they found the body of that poor little murdered woman who had come to do stenography for defense. It has been there a long time, and for a long time also it has been disregarded. Yet not altogether disregarded. For years in Washington energetic and earnest people have been concerned about the alleys behind the avenues, about the still horrible houses for the poor close to the vaster and vaster, richer and richer office buildings. Some new housing has gone up, but also in recent years the opulent expanse of new government grass about templed government office buildings has torn houses down. The people are coming now faster and faster, and many of them are coming to live in filth. People still use privies in the city of the President.

Washington is the most beautiful city in the richest land in the world. But there is crime in it even when nobody is excited about a crime wave. And not all the criminals are running from the police.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

ERSKINE CALDWELL and Margaret Bourke-White present selected findings of a ten-thousand-mile trip through the United States in another of their collaborations of camera and typewriter, "Say, Is This the U. S. A." (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, \$3.75). It contains 86 fine photographs and a 30,000-word text which is sensitive to the tones and overtones of the American scene and amusing as well. The collaborators claim to have had a "background plan," but it scarcely emerges. The ground covered was too vast, and it is difficult to bring the varieties of life in this "standardized" country into a single focus. The book yields rather the sense of roving at random, which is pleasant enough in itself. Miss Bourke-White contributes a note on the photography, including a detailed description of the cameras used which fans will find interesting.

"THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE" (Viking, \$2.50), another picture book, concentrates on one remote pueblo in Mexico. It consists of 136 stills from a motion picture made by Herbert Kline and Alexander Hackensmid with a script by John Steinbeck. A Mexican boy, Juan Diego, is the central character. The story tells of an epidemic that strikes the village and of the struggle between old magic and new medicine for the minds and bodies of the villagers. It is a dramatic narrative in pictures with the natives as actors. In the end the doctors are driven out by the villagers under the sway of the Wise Woman and her spells. Juan himself is turned away from his father's house for going over to the "poisoners," who have put white powder in the well and tried to inject horses' blood into the children, and is taken to Mexico City by his new friends to go to school and learn how to help his people. Mr. Kline has caught the feeling of Mexico, with its thick undergrowth of ignorance and superstition and its thin layer of modernity. He has even managed to convey, as few photographers of Mexico do or care to do, the squalor and dirt. As a result the reality comes through—and the reality of Mexico is far more moving than any soap-and-water interpretation. The writing is typical Steinbeck—eloquent and sentimental but suited to the subject.

I HAVE NEVER READ the novels of G. B. Stern, but the second volume of her memoirs, "Another Part of the Forest" (Macmillan, \$3), reveals the qualities that have given her books their steady popularity. Here is deft, flexible, civilized writing about people and places, dogs and canes and toy horses. The book has the warmth and charm of a gracious house stocked with comforts, including books you've always meant to read, lovely landscapes, wines expertly chosen, and the conversation of talented and witty guests who drop in at all hours. No hint of a mad recluse in the upstairs bedroom; no gusts of loneliness from the study of a genius in travail; an impersonal book for all its personalities. It conveys mainly a pleasant sense of security taken for granted in a delightful

way of life. It might easily have become smug; it doesn't, first because of the author's humor, good sense, and understanding, second because that way of life is being heavily attacked at this moment. G. B. Stern's real house, with all its intimate treasures, was totally destroyed by an incendiary bomb as she was nearing the end of her book; and this fact throws a lurid endearing light on her picture of English life in her particular part of the forest.

To set beside G. B. Stern's volume: "This Realm, This England" (Hastings House, \$3.75), in which Samuel Chamberlain has gathered together 141 etchings, a small assortment of drawings, wood engravings, and lithographs, and 68 photographs of "This precious stone set in the silver sea, Which serves it in the office of a wall." The collection includes the work of the famous graphic artists of the past as well as the present. Turner, Whistler, Bone, Pennell, and many others are lavishly represented.

THE CAXTON PRINTERS of Caldwell, Idaho, issue many volumes each year dealing with the history and lore of the Northwest. They are doing a conscientious and valuable job of preserving the records of the last frontier. I was interested in "Cowboy Dances" by Lloyd Shaw (\$3.50) because they were news to me, though my young summers were spent in cattle country and I learned to dance—both square and round—at the Saturday night jamborees in the barnlike dance-hall or the Mormon meeting-house at Malta, Idaho. Mr. Shaw notes that a piano and a fiddle are regulation. Sometimes our piano was the church organ; the fiddler was the local veterinarian, and he was often detained by a patient at the other end of the valley. But nobody minded, least of all the babies, who were laid on the stage in serried ranks right up to the lively feet of the fiddler and slept peacefully through it all. Cowboy dances are modified, often simplified, forms of older dances. In many cases the names have changed in the cross-country trek and the calls reflect the frontier locale.

Rope your cow and brand your calf
Swing your honey an hour and a half

Mr. Shaw's 372-page book is designed for use. He gives minute directions and complete calls for seventy-five dances, with photographs and diagrams. I shall send my copy to a school I know where old-time dances are the rage among the younger progressive set.

"Ring-Tailed Roarers" (\$3.50) contains a very good selection of tall tales admirably presented and edited by V. L. O. Chittick. There are notes on authors and sources and a selected list for further reading. It includes "Davy Crockett" and a special mention of "American Humor" by Constance Rourke, whose name, in footnote or bibliography, has become a kind of hallmark for books in this field.

A FEW OTHER BOOKS should be noted in this miscellany. E. M. Delafield's "No One Now Shall Know" (Harper and Brothers, \$2.50) is a novel by another of that rather

impressive group of English women who are both prolific and expert, though not first-rate. In "No One Now Shall Know," Miss Delafield manages to incorporate the elements of the penny-shocker in sophisticated and finished prose. Not important but a pleasant evening's entertainment. . . . Speaking of English women writers and an evening's entertainment, you can buy now for twenty-five cents (Penguin Books) Stella Gibbons's "Cold Comfort Farm" a satire of agricultural novels and of novels in general. It has everything—including the mad recluse in the upstairs room whose madness is very methodical, the child of nature, and bumpkins named Seth and Reuben. Full of plot and point and very amusing. . . . Everyman's Library has reprinted "The Diary of a Nobody" by George and Weedon Grossmith (\$.90). It retails the daily doings of the Pooter family in a Victorian suburb and originally appeared in *Punch*. The jacket carries high praise of the book as a "gem" and a "comic classic." It seems to me somewhat less than either—burlesque, too often labored, rather than satire. The same library has issued at the same price Anatole France's "At the Sign of the Reine Pédaque" and "The Revolt of the Angels" in one volume. It needs no bush.

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Abstract Bicycle

THE NEW CRITICISM. By John Crowe Ransom. New Directions. \$2.50.

MR. RANSOM is a difficult writer to deal with objectively. His own avowed preferences are for high, philosophic, and complete objectivity in critics; and complete, stern, logical practice in poets. His preferences, however, are continually congealing into prejudice; and he has a special kind of critical insolence which he can turn, in the gentlest possible way, upon any subject. Then, too, in the present volume, he denies a good many of the tenets expressed in "The World's Body" (1938), and has acquired a whole new abstract vocabulary, to boot.

A new snobbery is rapidly attaching itself to abstract expression. To think, and to express oneself in images, is becoming rather vulgar. "Behind every percept lies a concept," and how tiresome and amateur to have percepts at all! In a period when science in every field, from higher physics to psychiatry and pianoforte technique, is coming round to the idea that truth and even "efficiency" lie on the side of wise relaxation rather than in determined "progressive" tension, it is curious to observe how nervously screwed up academic thought, by some time lag, remains. Mr. Ransom's is a very tense book. It is so tied up that no real definition and no cool exposition of "the new criticism" ever come through. Mr. Ransom is so determined to haggle with his material as he goes along that his neatly articulated "objective cognitions," his "structures," and his "textures" dissolve, in the end, into a confused blur. A few round, whole, firmly presented images would help enormously, but Mr. Ransom has passed through the "image" stage to presumably higher and purer air.

It was Mr. Ransom who, in "The World's Body," took down Shakespeare a button or two for being an amateur as opposed to a professional poet, disciplined at a university.

Here all the hair-splitting devices of the debating team are used to override I. A. Richards. Richards believes that emotion has something to do with poetry, and that is a heresy. Ransom "suspects that objective cognitions are the life and death of emotional states. . . . Emotions-in-themselves are fictions, and critical theory should not with a straight face have recourse to them. . . . I do not see why the critic needs to do more than talk about objective situations. The feelings will be their strict correlatives, and the pursuit of feelings will be gratuitous." And Ransom, the author in his previous book of essays of the immortal sentence (applied to the Macbeth soliloquy): "I do not know why *dusty death*; it is an odd but winning detail," proceeds to "salvage" some remarks of T. S. Eliot—who, regrettably, does not work upon theory—by shoving them into Six Concepts of Ransom manufacture. Yvor Winters is commended as a master of "structural analysis." But the crown goes to William Empson, whose "Seven Types of Ambiguity" is "the most imaginative account of readings ever printed, and Empson the closest and most resourceful reader that poetry has yet publicly had."

"Textual reading" is a favorite occupation of the "new criticism." Critics of the more scholarly modern sort never approach literature for "its unique power of expressing with every degree of directness absolute differences in men, and the subtle processes by which these differences are achieved." Stephen Potter, whose devastatingly irreverent study of the history and development of "English studies," "The Muse in Chains," should long since have appeared in an American edition, spikes many pretensions of what he calls "Littishness" by remarking that scholars are happy only when dealing with material which is presumably not only dead but written in a dead language. Certainly it is true, as Richards says, that "the capacity to read intelligently seems undoubtedly to have been greater in Coleridge's time than it is today," and there are reasons for this situation. But surely a criticism which bases its claim for precision and modernity on the variorum browsing and "surface creeping" taken over from the great days of the grammarians is neither truly modern nor precise.

Everywhere in "The New Criticism" we find ourselves "slipping," as Richards, who is never afraid of a good image, puts it, "through the treacheries of abstract language." Abstraction reaches a high point in Mr. Ransom's final chapter, entitled "Wanted: An Ontological Criticism," a chapter clearly requiring a kind of "ontological" literature to operate upon. Fortunately, this ontological literature does not exist, and the reviewer leaves this chapter willingly to the fiercest and most highly endowed logicians and system-makers among Mr. Ransom's readers.

After Ransom's structural and textual feats, one goes back, with a certain relief, to Richards. On page 196 of "Coleridge on Imagination" Richards—who is a delightful writer and a supremely clever man—says:

Our Neo-Classic Age is repeating those feats of its predecessor which we least applaud. It is showing ■ fascinating versatility in travesty. And the poets of the "Romantic" period provide for it what Shakespeare, Milton, and Donne were to the early eighteenth-century grammarians and emendators—effigies to be shot at because what they represent is no longer understood. So the Chinese student today bicycles gaily and ribaldly round on the Altar of Heaven.

LOUISE BOGAN

The British Labor Party

BEVIN AND CO.: THE LEADERS OF BRITISH LABOR. By Patricia Strauss. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

AT ALMOST any time within the reviewer's remembrance the rank and file of the British Labor Party have stood to the left of their leaders in Transport House. Or rather, since inner party attitudes have not often crystallized around articulated doctrines, the membership has shown far greater intuitive capacity than the leadership. The rank and file of the political party wanted action in Spain. At one time Transport House forbade parliamentary candidates even to mention Spain in their speeches. Yet the membership has rarely forced an issue upon the leaders, and no important split has ever developed within the party. Here and there Independent Labor Party fractions or near-Communist leaders such as D. N. Pritt have captured a local by better interpreting its sentiment. But disaffiliated locals have usually languished or rejoined the party. When Ramsay MacDonald betrayed the movement in 1931, Shinwell, the stormy petrel of the party, fought him in his own constituency and soundly trounced him, leaving "the great leader" without a seat in Commons. Once, over the Popular Front issue, Transport House expelled a few divisional parties when an absolutely loyal leadership would have legitimately pressed that issue. And the moguls received overwhelming support at the party convention, even though the membership was fully aware of the platform's maneuver in rigging the debate. A little later the punished locals reasserted their membership in the na-

tional party, and also preserved their left-wing militancy.

This phenomenon, so puzzling to the outsider and especially to the "class-war" theorist, is in part explained by Mrs. Strauss's book. In one important respect "Bevin and Co." does a better job than any other published account of the party, and that is in describing the party's local life. The peculiar, unequaled democratic atmosphere, the balanced eagerness, the "feel" of the party are all here.

And from the facts presented emerges the explanation of the phenomenon described above. It is the sense of party and of loyalty to it and of the party's connection with masses of ill-formed opinion outside it which gives it its deceptive appearance of pusillanimity. Had Mrs. Strauss possessed as intimate a knowledge of the trade unions as she does of the political side of the combined movement, yet another point would have been made clear. The reviewer was once an executive official of a branch of the National Union of Railwaymen. Out of three thousand members never more than thirty attended branch meetings. The branch leadership and the thirty stood well to the left of center, yet never presumed to commit the three thousand to policies which might have driven one hundred, a thousand, or two thousand out of the union and out of affiliation with the party, which received about nine-tenths of the three thousand votes.

Mrs. Strauss comments accurately upon the use by Transport House of the block union vote against the aggregate of the individual membership, liberals and labor men. Where the trade unions, which necessarily contain political conservatives, are affiliated to a political party, however, such apparently anti-democratic phenomena are inevitable. One uses the word "apparently" advisedly. The problem of the block vote is one of the most serious that can confront a working-class political party. I have never heard anyone even propose a wholly satisfactory solution. The British Labor Party, with which one is in perceptible contact throughout Mrs. Strauss's book, is a mass party. It cannot possess the acrobatic agility—or the readiness to stand upside down—of a tiny clique. It cannot manifest the doctrinal rigidity or the capacity for variable mendacity of a negligible splinter. And, to be fair to a dull and worn-out set of leaders, when one remembers old differences it is well to realize that had the Communists been allowed to enter the party, directly or through the Popular Front, the result in October, 1939, might well have been a catastrophic uproar that for a while might have split the local labor parties as it split those in New York. What Mrs. Strauss leads one to believe, none the less, is that a more radical and physically active leadership would have extended the party's influence. In that she is undoubtedly right.

The greater part of "Bevin and Co." consists of biographical accounts and character estimates of Labor Party leaders. Most of them are first rate, particularly those of Herbert Morrison and Emanuel Shinwell. Morrison, one feels, reflects the mentality and the psychological capacity of the party membership more accurately than any other leader. In addition, he is an indefatigable and immensely experienced administrator. Compare New York's political development with that of London! London is governed by a Labor Party majority, and Morrison, as secretary of the City Council, is that party's LaGuardia. Mr. Greenwood, the tired idealist, Mr. Dalton, the party's economic and foreign-policy specialist

What has actually
happened to Britain's
Labour Movement in Wartime?

Read—

BEVIN AND Co.

THE LEADERS OF BRITISH LABOUR

By Patricia Strauss

NO FEATURE of the present war is more astounding than the powerful role the leaders of labour are playing in Britain's government today. In the eyes of many it foreshadows a permanent change of vital importance not only to Britain but to the world. Who are these men; what are they like; what is their record of achievement? "A revelation of one source of the vitality of British morale," writes RAYMOND GRAM SWING of this brilliant book by the wife of the well-known Labour M. P. \$2.50

(and chief excommunicator), are well and justly described. Only once is Mrs. Strauss a little unjust in her portrait of Bevin. Bevin is a brutally powerful man, prodigiously competent and very conscious of the fact. He roars down, and sometimes clubs down, opposition. His arguments are hard to meet. But Mrs. Strauss's remark that he has never been a real recruiter is a mistake. Bevin's organization, the Transport and General Workers' Union, is the largest free union in the world. It was built, in its present form, by a process of confederation of smaller unions, and that in itself was a major feat of labor statesmanship. It brought within a powerful bargaining unit an old and weak organization of largely unskilled labor, the General Workers' Union, which immediately increased its membership. There are few such misestimates in this book, however, and for anyone seeking to understand the relation of the British democracy to the war, it should be compulsory reading.

RALPH BATES

A Maine Saga

THOMAS-THOMAS-ANCIL-THOMAS. By Robert Peter Tristram Coffin. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THE Coombses of Maine always were a manly lot, vibrant with lust for life; fighting their country's battles against the Indians, the Rebs, the Germans; hammering out their own private grievances with hard knuckles against a rival's skill; tomcatting around at night; raising strong sons, always sons, with blond hair and turned-out toes just like their fathers'. Great-grandfather Thomas Coombs begot an eldest son named Thomas, who in turn begot Ancil, who begot Thomas, and the four of them become the composite hero of Mr. Coffin's curious novel.

But in place of the usual four-generation saga, with maps on the end papers and a genealogy on the flyleaf, the author has compressed the four lives into one by an ingenious mechanism of flashbacks, dreams, ancestral memories, in which the present Thomas Coombs relives the fights and loves of his male forbears. Once you become accustomed to its rather startling four-dimensional approach, the novel takes shape as a warmly felt story of America's past and present, and a paean to manhood's prime vigor, written in a poet's prose.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

- DONATELLO.* Phaidon Edition. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.
- WHAT "MEIN KAMPF" MEANS TO AMERICA.* By Francis Hackett. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.
- ETHICS AND SOCIAL POLICY.* By Wayne A. R. Leys. Prentice-Hall. \$4.
- EUROPE AT WAR.* By David Low. Penguin. 25 cents.
- SODOM BY THE SEA.* An Affectionate History of Coney Island. By Oliver Pilat and Jo Ranson. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.
- THE CHINA OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK.* By Paul M. A. Linebarger. World Peace Foundation. \$2.50 cloth; \$1.00 paper.
- AMERICAN JOURNALISM.* A History of Newspapers in the United States Through 250 Years, 1690 to 1940. By Frank Luther Mott. Macmillan. \$5.50.
- LABOR CASES AND MATERIALS.* Readings on the Relation of Government to Labor. Edited by Carl Raushenbush and Emanuel Stein. Crofts. \$4.

Best Sellers

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RANDOM HOUSE, 20 East 37 Street, N. Y.

IN BRIEF

ROD OF IRON: THE ABSOLUTE RULERS OF ENGLAND. By Milton Waldman. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and Cromwell are presented as the outstanding successes among British rulers from Henry VII to the Restoration, with King John dragged in as an unsuccessful forerunner. This is a very readable book, ably summarizing the chain of events and the chief actors' parts. The "timely" angle is a little overemphasized, however. Portraits of the three great rulers and their foil, Charles I, actually illustrate the theme.

THE IMMIGRANT IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Marcus Lee Hansen. Edited with a Foreword by Arthur M. Schlesinger. Harvard University Press. \$2.50.

When these nine essays, five of which are here published for the first time, were written, the period of immigration was thought to be at an end. The refugee problem has reopened it and gives peculiar value to this calm historical view of its various aspects by a scholar who was also the son of immigrants. The book is readable and suggestive.

NORTHWEST GATEWAY: THE STORY OF THE PORT OF SEATTLE. By Archie Binns. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

The third volume in the Seaport Series does not possess the intrinsic fascination of its predecessor on San Francisco. Mr. Binns tells the story well, however, from the very beginning of the town down to the recent troubles of the *Post-Intelligencer*, showing Seattle's part in the exciting history of the Northwest. The volume is well illustrated.

THE AMERICAN MINERS' ASSOCIATION. By Edward A. Weick. Russell Sage Foundation. \$2.

The United Mine Workers of America is generally accepted as a powerful, well-disciplined union. Little is known of the enormous effort which preceded its formation in 1890. It was a bitter and heroic struggle, extending over almost half a century. Edward A. Weick, a former miner and now research associate of the Russell Sage Foundation, has devoted several years to gathering and compiling from original sources an excellent account of this period in the

miners' history. Students will find it invaluable. It is also recommended as compulsory reading for some present U. M. W. A. officials, as well as for labor leaders generally.

RECORDS

AMONG the July Columbia records that have not yet arrived is what should be Columbia's outstanding release of the month—the set of Mozart's Symphony in E flat made by Beecham with the London Philharmonic.

The orchestral releases that have arrived include a single disc (19004-D, \$.75) with Stokowski's transcription of Bach's "Mein Jesu, was für Seelenweh befällt dir in Gethsemane," which he recorded for Victor with the Philadelphia Orchestra and has done now with the strings of the American Youth Orchestra. The meaning of Bach's piece is pretty well lost in all the whispering and thundering string sonorities that are superbly recorded except for the coldness that is in striking contrast to the warmth of the sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra on Victor. Another single disc (11567-D, \$1) offers Tchaikovsky's Marche Slave, one of his less valuable works, well performed by Rodzinski with the Cleveland Orchestra, and recorded with a combination of hard brilliance and sonority that is at moments ear-shattering. Like balm to one's ears, after this, is the fine recording of excellent playing by the London Symphony under Weingartner that is wasted on Liszt's "Les Préludes" (Set X-198, \$2.50).

Listening to Schumann's Quartet in A minor in Columbia's new set (454, \$3.50) I have heard nothing to change my impression of the feebleness of Schumann's chamber music compared with his songs and piano music. The Roth Quartet's performance seems good; its recorded sound is unpleasantly nasal and metallic. Perhaps Columbia has knowledge of a great hunger for Schumann recorded by the Roth Quartet that I am unaware of; what I have knowledge of is an interest in Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, and Haydn recorded by the Budapest Quartet that Columbia seems to be insufficiently aware of or impressed by.

In another set (455, \$3.50) are a number of the children's pieces in Bartók's "Mikrokosmos." The accompanying notes tell us that children, because of their freedom from preconceptions, are the most receptive to the new

procedures of modern music. That children like the pieces in "Mikrokosmos" I find it difficult to believe; but I write as an adult to whom Bartók's procedures don't convey the sense that even exercises in modern procedures should convey.

It may be that Ernst Wolff's irritatingly mannered singing makes it impossible for me to appreciate some of the songs by Bach and his sons (Set 457, \$3.50) that I would find impressive or enjoyable if they were sung by someone with fine voice and art. Nor do I get any pleasure from Dvorák's "Songs My Mother Taught Me" and Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" as they are sung by Josephine Antoine (17276-D, \$.75).

On the other hand, Columbia offers Jerome Kern's songs from "Show Boat"—among others "Ol' Man River," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," "Make Believe"—well sung by Paul Robeson, Helen Morgan, James Melton, and others of the original stage production with Victor Young's Orchestra, but harshly recorded (Set C-55, \$3.10).

B. H. HAGGIN

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J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO was Foreign Minister of the Spanish Republic during the civil war. He is one of the founders of the newly formed Free World Association, an organization which will be devoted to revitalizing the international movement for collective security.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

The Shape of Things

ALTHOUGH THE TIDE OF BATTLE APPEARS still to be flowing against the Red Army, it is clear that the German invaders are encountering far stiffer resistance than they had expected. After the first rush across the frontier they received a definite check at the Stalin line. Now the panzer divisions are making a renewed effort to create gaps in the line and establish pockets from which to carry out their favorite flanking movements. The Nazi news agencies are making very large claims, asserting that the Russian armies are becoming demoralized and that the capture of Leningrad and Kiev is imminent; but the German High Command, after a burst of exuberance at the week-end, has returned to laconic declarations that the offensive is "progressing steadily." Moscow continues to express confidence that the drive will be halted, but its communiqués admit that fighting is taking place near towns which a few days ago were well behind the battle front. The possibility of further retreats must be faced. Loss of territory will not, however, prove fatal to the Soviets so long as their main armies remain intact. There is some reason to believe that the major German attack at present is aimed at Leningrad and forms part of a maneuver designed to break up the Russian right wing as a preliminary to a gigantic encircling movement which would block the retreat of the Red Army to the Urals. Both sides stress the bloody nature of the fighting, and Russia admits losses of 250,000. Those of the German army can hardly be less.

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WHEN BERLIN LABELS THE BRITISH-RUSSIAN agreement unimportant, that in itself is proof of the contrary. In jointly declaring that neither government will separately make peace London and Moscow have clarified both the military and political perspectives of the war. The truth of this is self-evident if one considers what a contribution to the Battle of the Mediterranean and the Near East a loyal French government could have made from North Africa and Syria. If the Soviet government is driven from Moscow it will fight on. It may be argued that it would have done so without the new pact. That is true. But the agreement implies also that the peace itself

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will be jointly negotiated. That is of profound significance. Excellent as the pact is, however, it appears to need further instrumentation. Moscow has committed itself to continued warfare in collaboration with Britain irrespective of the British government's political nature. In effect, therefore, the U. S. S. R. has contracted to defend the British Empire against "Hitlerite Germany." And Britain, on the other hand, has by implication recognized the Soviet frontiers as of June 22. At some time or other problems are sure to arise on both sides. Moreover, the relation of the two great allies, for such they now are in fact, to the Far Eastern problem needs clarification. At present Tokyo's tendency is toward the South. That movement might be reversed should the Soviets suffer serious defeat at the hands of Germany. In that case what would Britain do? It would be fantastic, but not more so than other things in this war, if Britain and Russia should be found fighting the Nazis while Russia alone resisted Japan. And this directly concerns the United States. The realism shown in London should prompt Washington to serious thought. There are now four great anti-Axis powers—Britain, the Soviet Union, China, and the United States. The coordination of their separate efforts is an urgent necessity.

✱

THOUGH IT KNEW THAT ITS SYRIAN ARMY had come to the end of its tether, the Vichy government delayed the inevitable capitulation by rejecting the generous British terms for an armistice. Then it handed the ball to General Dentz, who has negotiated an agreement with the British and Free French authorities. The conditions have not been published as we write, but presumably they are substantially the same as those which Vichy turned down as "contrary to national honor." Since, however, the original terms were not published in France, Pétain's government will no doubt claim that the new edition is far less severe and represents a diplomatic victory. In any case it is satisfactory to record the end of this unfortunate war between old friends, which has cost too much blood even though British tactics sacrificed speed to keep down casualties. The control of Syria is going to provide the British with some knotty political problems, but it greatly strengthens their position from a military point of view. It will now be possible for the Middle Eastern command to put increased pressure on the Axis forces in Libya. Already the tempo of air attacks on their supply lines and bases has risen sharply, and there is reason to hope that General Rommel's situation on the Egyptian frontier is becoming precarious.

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LARGE NUMBERS OF NAZI TECHNICIANS ARE busily engaged at Dakar, Casablanca, and other French African ports strengthening the fortifications and installing new anti-aircraft and coast-defense batteries, ac-

cording to reports in the London *Daily Express*. This newspaper received its information from a French Foreign Legion officer who before his escape to Lisbon had been in charge of labor gangs at several of these bases. At Casablanca, this officer said, Nazi submarines frequently enter the port, where a special dock appears to be reserved for them, refuel, and take on provisions before setting forth on new raids. At Mers el Kebir, on the Mediterranean coast, Nazi engineers are salvaging the vessels sunk there last year by the British fleet. The unfinished French battleship Jean Bart and the crippled Richelieu are both tied up at Casablanca, which is a central depot for many kinds of military equipment, including between three and four hundred planes. These are grounded by lack of oil at the present time, but our State Department, still striving to appease General Weygand, will soon provide a solution for that difficulty. French officials, in explaining the military preparations which are going forward under German direction, say that they are precautionary measures being taken to forestall an expected United States invasion of Africa. Yet the State Department is willingly cooperating with Vichy and Berlin by putting pressure on the British to lift the blockade of the French African colonies.

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THE ADMINISTRATION'S DESIRE TO AMEND the conscription law so as to make possible the retention of draftees and National Guardsmen beyond a one-year term seems likely to produce a bitter fight in Congress. The isolationists are gleefully sharpening their knives, and one of their number, Senator Reynolds of North Carolina, who unfortunately heads the Senate Military Affairs Committee, is threatening to turn the hearings on the amendment into a kind of public demonstration. Opposition from such quarters is to be expected, and it is regrettably being encouraged by the political fears of many Congressmen who normally support the President's defense policies. In a conference with Capitol leaders of both parties Mr. Roosevelt and General George C. Marshall have made available reports compiled by the Military and Naval Intelligence Service providing cogent reasons for the retention of the selectees. Such reports obviously cannot be published, but there are other good military reasons for the Administration's proposals which can be discussed. The release of hundreds of thousands of selectees who are only half trained, partly owing to the absence of adequate equipment, and their replacement with an equal number of raw recruits would set back the organization of a really effective army by many months. Since the selectees are mixed in with the regulars, numerous units which are just beginning to attain efficiency would be left in a state of dislocation. In the face of an ever-deepening emergency we cannot afford to take the risks this step involves. It would be equally dangerous, we believe, to retain the rigid geographical restric-

tions on the employment of our new army while the only limits to Hitler's sphere of action are those imposed by his opponents.

★

THE OPM HAS FINALLY AGREED TO GIVE labor as well as industry the privilege of having an advisory committee in each of the new commodity sections to be set up in the mechanism of defense. Our Washington office, after considerable inquiry, reports that labor committees were not omitted in the original plan against the wishes of Sidney Hillman but with his knowledge. Hillman and his aides seem to have felt that their direct participation in the commodity sections enabled them to protect labor's interests without advisory committees. Two recent events lead us to believe that Hillman may have been over-confident. One is his failure to obtain a full hearing for the Reuther plan; the other, his inability to bar the grant of another quarter-million-dollar shoe contract to the Endicott Johnson Company, although that firm has been held in violation of both the Wage-Hour and the Fair Labor Standards Act, and although smaller shoe companies complying with the law are working at less than full capacity. In a showdown between Hillman and Harold Florsheim of the Florsheim Shoe Company, the dollar-a-year man in charge of shoe purchases, it was Florsheim who won. Mr. Hillman's own powers all too often seem merely "advisory."

★

THE ADVANTAGE OF LABOR COMMITTEES IN the defense setup, even though their status is only advisory, seems to lie in the probability that their members would tend to air grievances and mobilize public pressure behind labor's objectives. Mr. Hillman has too often preferred to handle his disputes in private. He may have some difficulty in recruiting representatives for these committees, since the C. I. O., at the same rally which organized the lobby against the May bill, voted to take no part in advisory defense committees. Philip Murray feels that it would be wiser for the labor movement to stand aloof until he can win the Administration to his defense-council plan, in which labor would have a direct voice in industrial-defense decisions. The fear seems to be that advisory committees might put labor in the position of sharing responsibility for defense measures which it had no real part in formulating. In the meantime there is great confusion at the OPM about the setup of the new commodity sections. Mr. Hillman's division says a labor representative in each section will have a vote equal to those of the representatives of priorities, purchases, and production, while Mr. Knudsen's division says this has yet to be determined. Decisions may be made by the commodity-section chief, who will be a dollar-a-year man.

Mr. Ickes and Alcoa

THE House Military Affairs Committee, which sponsored the May bill to break strikes by labor, sprang characteristically to the defense of capital's strikers. Secretary Ickes, we are glad to see, made his usual straight-from-the-shoulder reply to the committee's defense of the Aluminum Company of America and its attacks upon himself.

The Military Affairs Committee, in a report made by Representative Faddis of Pennsylvania, of whom Mr. Stone provides an illuminating glimpse in his letter from Washington this week, sought to blame the Secretary for the lag in aluminum production, accusing him of having delayed expansion of aluminum by refusing to grant a certain block of Bonneville-Grand Coulee power to Alcoa and giving it instead to the Reynolds Metals Company. The truth, as shown by the testimony before the Truman committee, is that Reynolds Metals foresaw an aluminum shortage when Alcoa and Stettinius were still denying its possibility. The country is indebted to Mr. Reynolds—to the extent of an extra 100,000,000 pounds of aluminum a year—for his enterprise last summer in starting work on new aluminum-producing facilities and to TVA and Mr. Ickes for allocating electric power to him despite the adverse pressure mobilized by the OPM and the War Department. Jesse Jones shares the credit by his grant of a loan to Reynolds Metals for the construction of these new facilities.

Mr. Ickes points out in a letter to Chairman May of the Military Affairs Committee that in the Bonneville Act Congress wisely provided that electric power was to be distributed in such a way as "to encourage the widest possible use of all electric energy that can be generated and marketed and to provide reasonable outlets therefor, and to prevent the monopolization thereof by limited groups." Alcoa already has been granted 40 per cent of the power to be generated at Bonneville, but in pursuance of its dog-in-the-manger policy it would have liked to prevent any allocation of power to a competing company. "I submit," the Secretary of the Interior writes, "that competition will not keep down the supply but will increase it. Competition means that manufacturers are kept on their toes. . . . There is another aspect of this matter which perhaps you did not consider. There can hardly be any doubt that Alcoa has made outrageously high profits. The United States government ought to be interested in buying aluminum more cheaply." It ought to be but it isn't, and that is because the dollar-a-year men at the OPM and Congressmen like some of those on the House Military Affairs Committee are more interested in safeguarding the aluminum monopoly than in protecting their country.

Nothing could be more disturbing than the chorus of abuse in the press which has followed the plain speak-

ing of Mr. Ickes on the aluminum monopoly and its dangers to the defense program. The testimony before the Truman committee showed how expansion of aluminum facilities has been delayed by the Aluminum Company, although aluminum is a basic necessity of a war to be fought largely in the air. Yet newspapers like the New York *Herald Tribune* and the New York *Times*, which are for an all-out effort, attacked the Secretary furiously for criticizing Alcoa. We cannot win this war without planes, and we shall not have enough aluminum for our bombers until a few more men in high places have the courage to speak out as frankly as Mr. Ickes. When the Secretary said that if we should lose this war it would be because of lack of aluminum, he was not exaggerating. Yet the aluminum trust which permitted Hitler to expand his production while it held back expansion of our own aluminum facilities is treated as a sacred cow by newspapers which say they would have us hold back no sacrifice to win the war.

Louder Than Words

THE occupation of Iceland not merely marks a critical development in the military strategy of the world struggle, but is almost certain to result in something ultimately still more important—a vital development of American public opinion.

The President's step has encountered surprisingly little opposition, little, that is, compared with the volume of isolationist criticism heard during the past few weeks. The Wheeler episode is illustrative of the change. For the purpose of waging his partisan campaign against the President, Senator Wheeler was ready to approach very near to the betrayal of military secrets to the enemy; was ready, it would seem, to jeopardize American lives. Yet after the occupation was announced, he expressed no particular opposition to it; he stated, indeed, that he was ready to agree to it inasmuch as the purpose of the move was defensive.

This part of the story carries a vital lesson bearing upon leadership in a democracy. American democracy is better able to judge what *acts* are right than what theories or general principles are right when these are stated in the abstract. The public as a whole has approved the occupation of Iceland because that act brought home vividly what the situation would have been if the Germans had seized the island. If the destroyer-bases deal had been debated on grounds of theory and general principle, the debate would have gone on interminably. Now the advantage of the deal to the defensive strength of this country is so clear that ninety-nine Americans out of a hundred cannot conceive that this advantage could ever have been in doubt.

Britain's shipping losses showed a sharp fall in June

to 329,000 tons, but even if this improvement is maintained, sinkings this year will be beyond all hope of replacement. Churchill has never disguised the fact that a successful counter-blockade which would prevent American aid from reaching Britain could win the war for Germany. There, on the Atlantic highway, will come the supreme and final test. As Secretary Knox has well said: "Hitler cannot allow our food and war supplies to reach England—he will be defeated if they do. We cannot allow our goods to be sunk in the Atlantic—we shall be beaten if they are."

The occupation of Iceland is of itself less important than the President's accompanying order "to insure the safety of communications in the approaches between Iceland and the United States, as well as in the seas between the United States and all other strategic outposts." This means that the United States has assumed the task of protecting the cargoes destined for Britain over the greater part of the Atlantic passage. The calmness with which the public, including many of the isolationists, have accepted this latest step of the President's means that if tomorrow it became necessary to defend the delivery of supplies to Britain by "shooting," the country would accept that fact too. Not only would it accept the necessity, but if the Iceland episode is any guide, the event would sweep away the confusions by which the isolationists have in some measure managed to bemuse the country's purpose.

That purpose, however obscured by verbal fog, has never really been in doubt. It was and is to prevent a German victory which would enable the Nazis to control the resources of something like five-sixths of the world—of Britain, France, the rest of Europe, the British, French, and Dutch empires, Russia—and to use those resources to threaten the security of this country, making any free life, any concentration upon the sane ends of life, impossible.

Of course the country has hoped for peace, has hated the idea of being drawn into war, and has registered its desires in the various public-opinion polls. Every man "wants" things which are in conflict with other wants. He "wants," perhaps, to lie in bed in the morning and let the office go hang, and he would be ready doubtless to testify to that effect at the rate of about 99 per cent in the Gallup poll. But he also wants to keep his job and his career, and is willing to sacrifice the first want to the second. Asked whether Britain ought to go on fighting or negotiate, only 15 per cent were for negotiation; two-thirds of the people have pronounced for helping England "at the risk of war." There can be no doubt whatever that this country has made the choice as between a peace which would jeopardize its future security and acceptance of the risk of war for the purpose of establishing that security against the rising tide of Hitlerism.

A Scandal in the State Department

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

THROUGH occupied France to the Spanish border, through Spain and Portugal, twenty-one young Americans hurry to Lisbon to go aboard the West Point, which will bring them home. Enlisted for service as ambulance drivers with the Free French forces, they were captured by the Nazis when their ship, the old Egyptian liner *Zamzam*, was raided and sunk in the South Atlantic. And for three months they have been held in France as prisoners of war—or as something close enough to it to satisfy the niceties of Nazi legal etiquette.

But the State Department has never accepted Berlin's version of the affair. It has considered the ambulance drivers innocent casualties of the German war on the high seas and has steadily demanded that they be freed.

Their release was finally accomplished by a little effective bargaining. In the general exchange of consuls and other agents now under way between the two countries, the department made it clear that German nationals would be allowed to leave the United States only if Americans held as hostages or on minor political charges were freed in time to leave with the consuls. The ambulance drivers were promptly turned loose, and so were two American newspaper men, Jay Allen of the North American Newspaper Alliance and Richard G. Hottelet of the United Press, who had been in prison in Chalon and Germany.

The State Department has acted with vigor and decision. As one who has a personal interest in its outcome, I feel the deepest appreciation for the way the incident has been handled. My son is among the young men now free and on their way to Lisbon.

But it would be dishonest to pretend that gratitude and relief are not soured with less pleasant emotions. The very assiduity which the officials of the department applied to, the task of freeing the Americans from the clutches of the Gestapo and bringing them home throws into sharp relief the equal zeal with which those same officials, or their colleagues, apply themselves daily to the effort to prevent non-Americans from escaping the clutches of the Gestapo and finding safety and freedom in this country. The contrast is an ugly one, not to be ignored even by a parent of a rescued son.

In Europe—particularly in Germany and the captive countries—and in North Africa, are thousands of men and women whose need to escape from Hitler's prison-continent is a matter of life or almost certain death. And most of them have clung to the hope that they may finally obtain the one real guaranty of safety—a visa for the United States.

Few at best could ever have qualified for that most precious and elusive document. The requirements of the State Department, especially in the case of political refugees, have been exacting to the point of almost total exclusion. Only the thinnest trickle of proved safe and respectable anti-fascists have come through the department's fine-meshed sieve of affidavits and investigations. But a few weeks ago a new barrier was raised—the order which shuts out all applicants for admission to the United States who have close relatives in Germany or German-occupied countries.

This cruel, indiscriminate exclusion act was put through in the form of a ruling by the Visa Division, headed by one of the most reactionary, fascist-minded members of the department, Avra M. Warren. It was put through without consultation with Sumner Welles, the acting Secretary of State, without the knowledge of the Department of Justice, without the consent of the President. It was announced to these interested officials, as it was to the public, through the press.

The excuse concocted by the Visa Division was ingenious. It announced that refugees with relatives left in German-controlled territory were forced to act as Nazi agents in order to save their kinsmen from reprisals. This is a good story with which to win popular support for a brutal and unjust restriction; nobody wants Nazi spies and agents turned loose in the United States. The only flaw in the story is its absolute lack of verification. Two weeks ago *The Nation* asked the State Department to cite a single instance of the coerced espionage it pretends it is protecting us from. No answer has come yet. And as we said in that issue, not a refugee committee nor a refugee has ever heard of a case of this sort.

The State Department story is a canard. It was invented to cover one of the most shocking administrative rulings ever laid down by our most reactionary department. If it is not rescinded, the doors of the United States may be considered locked not only against the "huddled masses yearning to breathe free" but against the desperately endangered few who seek asylum in this ungenerous land.

By two recent acts of Congress the President has been given almost unlimited power over the entrance and departure of both aliens and citizens. Under these laws he can certainly establish regulations which overrule or modify any existing departmental orders—especially orders issued without the knowledge or consent of the higher responsible officials and without legislative sanction. He should promptly demand a full report from the Department of Justice, as well as the Department of State, on the circumstances which allegedly made the new restrictions necessary. Then, in the name of everything this country is struggling to defend, he should act to wipe out an intolerable injustice.

The young men who set out on their errand of mercy

to the soldiers of De Gaulle are coming home. But it isn't possible to take unadulterated satisfaction in their return; indeed such feeling would be treason to the spirit that sent them across the sea. I am certain that every one

of them, were he free to choose, would prefer that the West Point be filled with the enemies and victims of Hitler's terror than to sail on her himself. And with that choice I could not but agree.

F.D.R. and the May Bill

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, July 13

I KNOW of no army that marches with the rabbit as its emblem, and I know of no way for Mr. Roosevelt to exert his old magic until he abandons at home the appeasement he has opposed abroad. The role he played in the defeat of the May bill was equivocal and timid, and it was left to a conservative Republican from the silk-stocking district of New York City to oppose this strike-breaking measure in the inspiring accents we had a right to expect from the leader of the New Deal.

"We have a declared national policy on defense," Congressman Joseph Clark Baldwin of New York said in opposing passage of the May bill. "For that policy to be successful—and it must be successful if this nation is to survive as a free people—we need more than a passive national unity. We must have so burning a conviction as to the justice of our cause and so unanimous an enthusiasm for its ultimate success that no enemy within or without its borders will dare to stand up against us. Now I submit that we cannot legislate enthusiasm, and that on the basis of our experience, unnecessary, unwise, and unjust restrictive legislation, wherever applied, has produced but sullen acquiescence." Beside this stirring assertion of truths that need bitterly to be relearned, the President's attitude leaves his progressive supporters blushing.

Mr. Roosevelt's half-hearted support of the Connally strike-breaking bill in the Senate made him the ally and prisoner of the intellectual hookworms who infest the Southern end of the Democratic Party. His last-minute expression of opposition to the May bill, on the day after John L. Lewis attacked it and him at a C. I. O. rally, left him in as inglorious a position. Had the White House issued a statement against the May bill in advance of the C. I. O. meeting, it would have cut the ground from under Lewis and strengthened the pro-Roosevelt forces at that skilfully packed gathering. By waiting until the day after to let it be known that he opposed the May bill, the President handed his bitter enemy a triumph. White House aides had been asking labor lawyers to please help them pick the least objectionable of the various strike-breaking measures before the House. Mr. Roosevelt had told Philip Murray that the Administra-

tion had to make some concession to a "hysterical" Congress. The vote of 218 to 151 against the May bill, after vigorous C. I. O. lobbying, again demonstrated that the strength of the politicians from the poll-tax states is in inverse ratio to the volume of their ranting.

The Connally bill found its excuse in the need of the Administration to obtain some authorization for the seizure of the North American plant that would be less diaphanous than the legal opinion furnished by the complaisant Mr. Jackson. Mr. Jackson's discovery that an "aggregate of powers" enables a President to do what no one of his powers singly authorizes, transferred to our constitutional law the interesting proposition that two plus two equals five. The Connally bill was broader than it needed to be to provide absolution for the North American affair; the May bill was much broader than the Connally bill. The Connally bill authorized the President to break strikes not only in plants working on defense material but in those equipped to do so and in those "capable of being readily transformed into [plants] equipped for the manufacture of such articles or materials." The May bill authorized the President to break the strike but forbade him to seize the plant. It was designed to provide a maximum of strike-breaking with a minimum of interference with business.

The Connally and May bills were advertised as guaranteeing the right to work—the right to work of any man who was willing to walk through a picket line. The mentality which lies behind this kind of legislation may be gathered from a few sample specimens. Congressman Charles I. Faddis, the anti-New Deal Democrat from Pennsylvania who headed the House Military Affairs subcommittee in charge of the bills, told me he thought we should have shot Debs last time and that this time we would "handle fifth columnists in the American way—with a rope." Senator Bailey, in the debate over the Connally bill, which he favored, held up some strange examples for our emulation. "There are not any strikes in Germany," he said, "none in Japan." The Senator from North Carolina is prepared, with a suspicious alacrity, to make the ultimate sacrifice. "I," he declared, "would give up the Bill of Rights to save America." Some people think the Senator has been hunt-

ing an excuse for some time. "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina said the Connally bill meant, "You will either get out and go to work or I will stick a bayonet in you." These men are odd company for Mr. Roosevelt.

The defeat of the May bill shows what can be done by organized labor effort. Mr. Roosevelt helps those who help themselves, and the most fruitful period of the New Deal was that in which an organized and united labor movement kept the heat on the White House. It is hard for some people to recall the pressure it took to obtain the President's support for some of the measures which are now recognized as being among the great achievements of his Administration. It is also worth recalling that those were the days when Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Lewis worked together instead of at cross-purposes. The mine leader remains the ablest of labor's spokesmen. He has *fight* and he has style. His dark forebodings about what the defense program would do to labor have proved resoundingly untrue. Labor's gains in the past eighteen months are the proof. If Mr.

Lewis could manage to straighten out a case of mistaken identity with God, if he stopped confusing sycophancy to John L. Lewis with loyalty to labor, if he got over the notion he still cherishes that Hitler is just another hard-boiled employer who can be badgered and bargained into a world closed-shop contract, it might be possible to bring him and Mr. Roosevelt together again. The obstacles, 95 per cent personal, are enormous, but the outlook at the moment is slightly more hopeful. Hitler's blitz toward the east threatens to isolate John L. Lewis as well as the Pripet Marshes. Moscow will do nothing to offend Washington and the Communists will do nothing to offend Moscow. The best of friends may part. Mr. Lewis faces desertion on the war issue by the Communists, who alone remained faithful to him after the débâcle of the Willkie indorsement. He must, after a respectable interval, do a ponderous somersault into the pro-war camp and thus move closer to the New Deal, or he must slide farther out on a long, lonely limb with Wheeler and Lindbergh.

Litvinov Answers Stalin

BY LOUIS FISCHER

STALIN and Litvinov have spoken from Moscow. Stalin addressed the Soviet peoples in a bad Russian accent. Litvinov broadcast to Britain and America in a bad English accent. Stalin was on the defensive. He tried to justify the Soviet-Nazi pact of August 23, 1939, which Hitler tore up when he invaded Russia. Five days later Litvinov condemned the Soviet-Nazi pact and bravely championed his own earlier policy of collective security. Litvinov, of course, made the customary, and compulsory, obeisance to "our beloved leader Stalin." In all else the Litvinov utterance was a criticism of Stalin.

It may be asked [Stalin said]: How could the Soviet government have consented to conclude a non-aggression pact with such treacherous fiends as Hitler and Ribbentrop? Was not this an error on the part of the Soviet government? Of course not!

Of course, yes.

I think [he proceeded] that not a single peace-loving state would decline a peace treaty with a neighboring state even though the latter were headed by such fiends and cannibals as Hitler and Ribbentrop. But that, of course, only on one indispensable condition—namely, that this peace treaty did not infringe either directly or indirectly on the territorial integrity, independence, and honor of a peace-loving state. As

is well known, the non-aggression pact between Germany and the U. S. S. R. was precisely such a pact.

Wow! So the Soviet-Nazi pact did not infringe directly or indirectly on the territorial integrity of Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, and Finland? Or perhaps Poland was not a "peace-loving state." Didn't Hitler say that Poland planned to invade Germany?

What [Stalin asks] did we gain by concluding a non-aggression pact with Germany? We secured for our country peace for a year and a half and the opportunity of preparing its forces to repulse Fascist Germany should it risk an attack on our country despite the pact.

That is how Chamberlain and Daladier defended Munich: it gave them a breathing spell in which to arm. Apply Stalin's words, and acts, to the United States: Roosevelt signs a non-aggression pact with Hitler. To win Germany's favor, America thereupon delivers supplies to Germany but not to England. This gives the United States an opportunity of preparing should Germany risk an attack on this country. A perfect Stalin case for isolationism!

The Soviet-Nazi pact was stupid enough in its time. Its critics opposed it because it was bad for Russia and bad for the Soviet regime. But for Stalin to defend it now, when it stands revealed as a self-defeating piece of

appeasement, is the height of absurdity and exposes Stalin's fatal love of the crown of infallibility which he has set upon his own head.

But why should I indict Stalin? Litvinov has done it.

In order to fulfil his dream of world domination [Litvinov said] Hitler always has used the principle to divide and to attack. He uses the most invidious means in order to prevent his victims from organizing a common resistance, taking special pains to avoid a war on two fronts against the most powerful European countries. His strategy is to knock down his victims and strike them one by one in an order prompted by circumstances.

This states plainly that the Soviet government should have frustrated Hitler's strategy of "divide and attack." Instead of yielding to the "most invidious means"—the pact and the bribes of half of Poland, the Baltic states, and Bessarabia—Stalin should have organized a "common resistance" with England and France. For, Litvinov continues, "we always realized the danger which a Hitler victory in the west could constitute for us." Yet Stalin contributed to the Hitler victory in France and the Lowlands by remaining helpfully "neutral" after the pact. So did the American Communists by opposing aid to England and France, and the French Communists by sabotaging national defense.

"Each blow now," Litvinov pleads to England and America, "is ten times more effective and less costly than later, when each of us might be weaker." Strike Germany now, Litvinov urges England, while the Russians are engaging Hitler's armed forces. Strike Germany now, Litvinov would similarly have advised Stalin, while Hitler is invading France and bombing England; "later each of us might be weaker."

If it was right for Russia to remain aloof while France was being crushed, then it would be right for England to do nothing while Hitler is overrunning Russia. But Churchill promised to rain blows upon Germany now, and not wait as Stalin did. On the showing made by the Red Army in the first three weeks of its contest with Hitler, one is entitled to say that Soviet entry into the European war in May, 1940, might have saved France. If France were standing and fighting Hitler today, Germany could not now have concentrated all its strength against Russia. By dividing Hitler's forces in May and June, 1940, the Soviet regime might have prevented the recent disastrous assault upon itself.

Stalin says Russia is stronger now because it had a year and a half after the pact in which to arm. I think it is weaker because all its potential allies on the Continent have meanwhile been crushed by Germany, and today Russia faces Hitler alone. It is weaker because it has Finland, the Baltic states, and Rumania as bitter enemies, whereas in 1939 or 1940 it might have had them as allies or as protective buffers. It is weaker because since

1939 it has found it difficult to obtain the machine tools and non-ferrous metals without which it cannot modernize its airplanes and other weapons. It is weaker because the pact and the attack on Finland alienated many of its working-class friends in Europe and America.

When persons like myself contended that Moscow should not have signed the pact with Hitler in August, 1939, the Communists replied that Hitler, in such a case, would have taken Poland and marched on into Russia while France and England remained passive. The obvious answer was that if Hitler had wished to do so he would have done so. He had the long months of the "phony" war in which to do it. Now Litvinov completely refutes this old, and silly, Communist argument by declaring that Hitler "intended first to deal with the Western countries so that he would be free to fall on the Soviet Union." Litvinov thus implies that Stalin and the foreign Communists should have helped the Western countries so Hitler would not be free to fall on Russia.

Maxim Litvinov, the world's No. 1 anti-appeaser, can be pardoned for taking a side swipe at the Chamberlain and Daladier schools by reminding them that they ignored his appeals between 1936 and 1939 to "organize a resistance" to Nazi aggressiveness. Subsequent events in Britain and France have vindicated him, and current events in Russia likewise vindicate his doctrine of "indivisibility." No matter how secure a nation may seem, its only real security in the presence of world fascism lies in collective action against aggressors. Stalin ignored this truth, and Russia is paying the heavy cost.

Were it not for the background of burning cities and farms sown with dead and wounded members of a fine Soviet generation, Litvinov could celebrate a great personal triumph. While Moscow followed a course which Litvinov abominated, he could not be made to talk in praise of it. Now that the course has led to the gory battlefield, Litvinov is permitted to talk as he pleases. It is big of Stalin to allow that. It reflects the gravity of the crisis. The Soviet regime is fighting for its life.

The Soviet Union is fighting only because it was attacked. For Russia, Stalin asserts, this is a "national war." That is correct, and anything he adds about his interest in the "European peoples groaning under the yoke of German fascism" is so much bunk, for he helped to put them there. "Our war for the freedom of our country," says Stalin, "will merge with the struggle of the peoples of Europe and America for their independence, for democratic liberties." "Will merge with" means that the struggle of the European peoples for independence and democracy has been going on for some time. In other words, this has been from the beginning a war for independence and democracy and not an imperialist war.

A different and better Russia may rise from the ashes of the Stalin line. First, however, I can only see Russia bathed in blood.

The Iceland Salient

BY ALEXANDER KIRALFY

DIPLOMATICALLY profiting by Germany's pre-occupation on the Soviet front, the commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the United States dispatched warships and transports to the Icelandic port of Reykjavik. And there was possibly more diplomacy than sheer coincidence in the fact that the President announced this event at a moment when the Nazi spearheads were advancing fewer miles per day than had previously been the case. Otherwise the Axis protests against this American move would have been couched in considerably stronger terms. For the action taken by Washington strikes deep beneath the commonly observed surface, and in so doing touches totalitarian military ideology to the quick.

The obvious grounds for Axis displeasure are that an increased garrison in Iceland will eliminate the possibility of a Nazi seizure of the island, and that American warships, operating from its ports, will lighten the strain of convoy now burdening the Royal Navy. But it is a hidden factor that has probably shocked the militaristic powers most—the realization that a great democracy has trespassed upon a sound military doctrine hitherto reserved as a secret monopoly by the autocracies of the world. Since military movements are an extremely practical matter, the advancing of a hemispheric defensive arm to Iceland was motivated by the preceding apparent reasons. None the less, significance attaches to the manner in which the Iceland operation pried open a militaristic monopoly.

This monopoly may best be described by saying that it is the composite totalitarian conception of the physical obstacles that lie between it and the enemy—deserts and mountains, rivers and seas. By the democracies such barriers have always been regarded as *protective* bulwarks, as "Maginot lines," while despotisms have viewed them as obstacles that they must overcome in order to *strike* at the enemy. However many times they may have been frustrated, militaristic powers have never abandoned the attempt to level mountains and "freeze" oceans into veritable "concrete platforms" for the armies they intended to hurl at the enemy's very heart.

These facts have been overlooked because the autocrat of the modern world, Germany, has not as yet been able to "freeze" wide areas of the seas. By its use of submarines, however, Germany has tried to deny the democracies the retention of an oceanic highway, and the Luftwaffe has successfully frozen important sea areas into safe roadways for Nazi soldiery. In the meantime by

overrunning long strips of the European coastline German armies hope to achieve the double goal of securing additional points from which to strike at their enemies and of interdicting more of the world's waterways to democratic employment.

By this process of "coast creeping" the Nazis have protected their borders in the same way that the United States stiffened its in-shore defenses by acquiring bases from Great Britain. But the Nazi procedure differed from the American in that its bases prepared the way for such offensive action as the High Command might think advisable. From Norway the Reichswehr could assault Scotland or the Soviet Union; the French coasts lead to England; from southwestern France a totalitarian highway runs via Cadiz to West and South Africa. The Nazi foothold in Thrace points toward Turkey—and the rest of Asia. Protection is afforded by the offensive threat inherent in the Nazi strategic positions.

By similarly spreading its own defensive system to the east—thus far to Iceland—Washington has passed beyond the conception of passive resistance which has always been so disastrous to the democratic cause. It has, in fact, adopted the totalitarian "concrete-ocean" point of view. By insisting that communications will be kept open with this new outpost by means of naval forces based upon Newfoundland, Greenland, and Iceland, Washington has gone a long way toward constructing a "concrete" roadway to Reykjavik. By promising that supplies will reach Britain—to be assured by the sea and air arms stationed in Iceland and by similar British forces operating from Scotland and the Faroes—the well-guarded lane is extended to England. And since it is no farther from Reykjavik to Berlin or Norway than it is from Boston to Miami or from New York to Chicago, respectively, Iceland is seen to possess certain offensive potentialities—comparable to those of the Nazi bases—which can be exploited when the need arises. The threat to the Americas, today and tomorrow, can only come from the aircraft factories and shipyards of an autocrat-dominated Europe, and these cradles of danger may be more effectively reached from Iceland—and Britain—than from Bermuda and Newfoundland. Timely preventive action can now replace the customarily tardy and costly democratic attempts to remedy intolerable situations.

Iceland provides a strategic base for American reactions to such contingencies as a Nazi invasion of Britain or of Eire, a severe Russian reverse, a British offensive stalled in some part of German-occupied Europe, or

events compelling actual American participation in the conflict. Then, of course, there is the value of Iceland as a diversion. Since the Germans may never know the number of United States troops landed in Reykjavik, they will be forced to strengthen their garrisons in Norway lest a large British expeditionary force, released from the task of guarding the sub-Arctic outpost, attempt to eject the Nazis from Oslo or to attack the rear of their forces engaging the Soviets in the Murmansk region. For such an enterprise the number of British divisions on the island could naturally be increased.

Another measure of the value of Iceland would be a consideration of the consequences of its hypothetical conquest by the Germans. If the Royal Navy were unable to base its anti-submarine formations on Iceland, the losses of British merchantmen, staggering as they have been, would undoubtedly be increased. Bombers and U-boats would force convoys to follow the more southerly shipping lanes, where they would be delivered to raiders based on French ports. Moreover, the Icelandic fjords are probably giving better temporary shelter to various units of the British navy than is provided

by the anchorages of Scapa Flow. Concentration of such warships in home waters might expose them to serious damage. From the economic standpoint the fisheries of Iceland are unquestionably an important source of food for Britain. Everything considered, the loss of the island would be a serious blow to the surviving democracies.

As to the defensive problem of Iceland, the rugged fjords biting into the barren plateau on every side but leading nowhere do not invite large-scale invasion, especially since communications around and across the island are exceedingly meager. But the lessons of Norway and of Crete make it advisable to keep a sharp lookout and to take no chances. Iceland is, of course, relatively distant from hostile bases, and American warships in its deep, long inlets would be well protected from submarine attack. Perpendicular cliffs, narrow beaches, rock-infested inlets that require expert pilotage, lagoons and quicksands, deserts and icefields, combine to assist the defenders.

Those against whom the occupation of Iceland is directed will appreciate the full significance of this historic move.

New Allies, Old Issues

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

WE MAY laugh at the tortuous logic by which the comrades and fellow-travelers transmute the imperialist war of yesterday into the holy crusade of today, and we may be irritated by the conviction of the isolationists that Americans ought to regard the victory of either side in the German-Russian struggle as undesirable, but even those of us who have had a fairly consistent policy in regard to this war have to confess to an embarrassing shift of sympathies when we read the day's news of fighting on the Finnish front.

Do these inconstancies and inconsistencies in the realm of strategy make the world struggle as meaningless in terms of principle as some of our cynics contend? If we probe into the whole problem of the relation of political-military strategy to political-moral principle we must conclude that this relation is governed by a basic and perennial characteristic of human history. There is an absolutely clear distinction in history only between political and moral principles which transcend political institutions and the actual life of nations. There is a clear distinction between democracy and tyranny, but there is no unambiguous distinction between democratic and tyrannical nations and political systems. No disembodied political ideals or systems of culture are found in human history. Systems of culture and of civilization are always

embodied in particular states, nations, or geographic-political organisms. And the embodiment of ideals in institutions has always been ambiguous. No "democratic" civilization has ever existed, or will ever exist, without contradictory elements of tyranny and imperialism in its life; and no tyrannical political system is without minimal achievements of "justice." Consistent injustice would be completely self-destructive.

These ambiguities are always enhanced in times of conflict by alliances of the two sides with political forces which do not embody with any clarity the dominant ideas and principles of the conflict. The alliances are determined by considerations of strategy, and the strategy is prompted by geographic contiguity and military exigencies. Finland is not a totalitarian power, though it is now linked with Germany, nor has Turkey shifted from communism to fascism because the occupation of Crete forced it to alter its diplomatic orientation. It is always possible, of course, that alliances prompted by momentary necessity may, if maintained long enough, lead to common political ideals, and it cannot be denied that the ambiguities of strategy partially obscure the contrast of principle which lies at the center of the struggle. But they obscure that contrast wholly only for those minds which have no understanding of historical reality.

There is, in fact, a type of rationalism in the democratic world which does not understand history at all, because it believes in the possibility of reducing historical facts to a simple moral logic. It is scornful of the necessity of political and military strategy and cynical about the inconsistencies between strategy and principle. It does not understand that in history all treasures of the spirit are borne in earthen vessels, and that no such vessel is ever a perfect vehicle of the treasure which it bears. Some moral idealists would like to defeat Nazism in the abstract, as a system of tyrannical political principles, without defeating Germans. Or they would be willing to defeat Germany if they could find a nation "pure" enough to deserve to be the protagonist of freedom and justice. But they are blind to the fact that meanwhile the German army is a very efficacious instrument of tyranny, and that military impotence before that army leads to military defeat, and military defeat leads to spiritual capitulation.

More purely spiritual factors are of course present in the situation. Military defeat alone would not have required the kind of spiritual capitulation of which Vichy is a pathetic example. The spiritual resistance of the Norwegians proves the point. History actually combines physical and spiritual factors of bewildering complexity and endless variety. Sometimes physical slavery produces immunity to spiritual capitulation. On the other hand, Sweden may slip into the Nazi orbit spiritually by its desperate effort to avoid physical surrender.

In every conflict in history certain elements on each side have belonged logically to the other side but have been prevented by contingent factors either from knowing where they belonged or from acting in accordance with their convictions. Not only in military but in every conceivable kind of moral and political strategy we make use of allies who do not share our dominant purpose but who, for purposes of their own, serve our ends. We shall scorn such help only if we mistake mathematical-moral abstractions for the real world. To be sure, common purposes are a firmer basis for common action than divergent ends. But we do not scorn help on the road from those whose paths transect ours, or even on occasion from those going in the opposite direction.

In the present world conflict problems of principle and strategy have led to more than ordinary confusion because of the peculiar character of the political systems engaged in it—Nazism, communism, and democracy. Nazism, having no principle but the self-justifying character of its own power, avails itself of a strategic freedom which has been enjoyed by no other political system in the modern world. Yet it has a cynical awareness of the fact that normal men think of life in terms of principle as well as strategy. Therefore it invests each new turn of strategy with an "ideological" content. When it was allied with communism, it made use of the pathetic illusions of the

Communists to sow disaffection among the workers of the democratic world. When military strategy prompted the attack upon Russia, it sought once more to interpret its struggle as a crusade against Bolshevism, and it has not been wholly unsuccessful in gaining acceptance for this implausible pretense among religious and reactionary elements in the democratic world. Mr. Hoover, Colonel Lindbergh, and certain Catholic clergymen rose to the bait immediately. The Pope was wiser than they.

Communist shifts in strategy are almost as notorious as the Nazi shifts, but they have a slightly more complex basis in principle. In Communist thought the pride and power of Russia are not a self-justifying end. Communist strategy is determined by principles. These principles are the belief that a Communist society is the final end of history and that this society is embodied in the Russian state. If one can believe both of these propositions—implausible as they are to most of us—the Communist strategy appears logical enough. If Communist strategy has seemed unprincipled to most of us, this was because we did not share the principles which informed it. The Nazi-Soviet pact, for instance, was partly prompted and justified by military necessity, and the mistakes of the democratic world contributed to the situation which seemed to make the pact necessary. But the readiness of the Communists to declare fascism a "matter of taste" was possible only because communism did not hold tyranny in the same abhorrence as the rest of us did. This judgment was prompted not by lack of principles but by wrong principles, for communism has no understanding of the value of liberty but believes that the socialization of property, no matter how much liberty is lost in the process, is the final solution of the problem of injustice.

In so far as the Nazi-Soviet pact was prompted by military necessity it was not without logical justification from the standpoint of the Russian state. What was ludicrous was the "ideological" support which world communism gave the pact; communism was betrayed into this error by a fault in Marxist thought. Orthodox Marxism regards the sentiment of nationality as a passing feeling which is overcome in a socialist society. It regarded Russia, not as a nation-state with a natural inclination to subordinate ultimate loyalties to the desire to live, but as a kind of incarnation of the socialist ideal. Marxist orthodoxy does not understand that there is always an element of contradiction between the principles embodied in a political organism and the mere survival impulse of that organism, that there is always "a law in my members which wars against the law that is in my mind."

In contrast to the unprincipled freedom of strategy in Nazi politics and the utopian illusions behind Communist strategy, the democratic world is still filled with a type of idealism which would bind strategy slavishly to principle and which would rather be overwhelmed by

the contingent factors of history than bend them to a dominant political and moral purpose. Fortunately, the men of action do not make this mistake. Winston Churchill adapted policy to the new situation created by the German invasion of Russia quickly enough; and we shall not know for some time to what degree his strategic imagination actually created the situation which brought about Russian resistance rather than capitulation without resistance. But our "idealists," our men of thought and "conscience," are always distressed by flexibility in strategy and morbidly fearful lest it obscure the basic issue and make a struggle meaningless. So the ridiculous

idea that we are being asked to fight for the "Russian way of life" gains credence among us. The obvious fact is that if Hitler can gain the grain of the Ukraine and the oil of the Caucasus, he will be able to dominate the Western world in a few years if that world remains confused, and to defy us for many years even if our confusion is resolved into a robust will to resist.

If our Western world perished before the onslaughts of an unprincipled strategist because its "idealism" lacked strategic flexibility, history might regard the outcome as a just punishment for our blindness. But such a judgment would not make the result any more tolerable.

100,000 Political Footballs

BY ALDEN STEVENS

THE California legislature adjourned on June 16 without appropriating funds for the continuation of the State Relief Administration. The last checks went out later in the month. Then the 2,200 employees of the administration were dropped and the 76 offices closed, without any attempt to work out a transition program. The Governor blames the legislature, and the legislature blames the Governor. Meanwhile, 100,000 Californians are wondering about their next meal.

For this callous and shameful neglect of the state's needy, both Governor Culbert L. Olson and the predominantly Republican legislature must be held responsible. The legislature, it is true, has been gunning for the S. R. A. since 1937 and finally "got" it simply by adjourning without appropriating funds, but it is necessary to look behind this to get the whole picture. In fairness to the legislators it should be emphasized that they have never refused to appropriate money for relief, though sometimes they have not appropriated enough, and that they did not refuse this time. What they did was to charge Governor Olson with using the S. R. A. for political purposes, and to demand that the agency be liquidated and relief turned back to the counties. This done, they were willing to distribute state money—the state is in good financial condition—among the counties and to allow the State Social Welfare Department a measure of supervision over its expenditure. Olson refused to consent to this compromise.

The Associated Farmers and various other California tory groups have long wanted to see relief turned back



Governor Olson

to the counties, partly because they have sought to strip a liberal Democratic governor of power, but even more because in many cases they control the county officials, and all through that control can more easily have people thrown off relief at harvest time. As the *Pixley Enterprise*, which represents these interests, put it, "The way for the taxpayers of Tulare County to assist in this 'back-to-work' movement on the part of the continuous reliefer is to see that the able-bodied are denied county welfare aid as long as there is work to be had in the San Joaquin Valley." The *Enterprise* is

being pretty frank. Efforts to force down agricultural wages by impressing relief clients into the fields are often made but seldom talked about. Relievers are wanted in the fields, not because they make good workers—most of them are not in good enough physical condition—but because a large number of people looking for work has a psychological effect that makes it possible to hire labor at a lower rate.

What is talked up a great deal more is the charge that Governor Olson made a personal political machine out of the S. R. A. Unfortunately this accusation is by no means baseless, and the Governor's stubborn refusal, even though it meant the death of the agency, to cease using the S. R. A. for his own political advantage makes him share responsibility for the present situation. Olson made the S. R. A. serve political purposes almost as soon as he got into office, to the consternation of his liberal supporters. His own administrator, Dewey Anderson, chose to resign rather than approve the Governor's purely political appointments to jobs in the agency. The Cali-

California civil-service laws leave a governor with little patronage, and in 1939 thousands of job-hungry Democrats were clamoring for their share of the spoils. The S. R. A. was one of the few agencies not under civil service, and at that time it had more than 5,000 employees. In yielding to the pressure of his supporters the Governor also strengthened his own political position. When he moved the S. R. A. offices from San Francisco to Los Angeles in the face of administrative reasons against the change, he gained enough patronage and power to dominate the Los Angeles Democratic machine, and this gave him control of the state machine.

Olson flatly rejected a compromise measure, offered in the Senate, which included an appropriation of \$36,000,000 for relief for the next biennium and provision for the liquidation of the S. R. A. over a period of one year, with the transference of its functions to the Social Welfare Department. By this transfer relief was to be placed 100 per cent under civil service, and thus political use of it was to be effectively damped. The scheme also provided a means by which counties wishing to handle their own relief problems could do so. Governor Olson spurned this proposal, in part at least because he could see it would put an end to his machine. It may be that he also saw an opportunity to make things uncomfortable for the legislature, which had overridden his veto on many occasions. The legislators certainly experienced a rude shock when they discovered that Olson had no intention of calling them back into special session and that a terrific load would be plumped into the laps of the county commissioners.

What will happen now to the 100,000 persons who were receiving aid from the S. R. A.? Since the pressure exerted by some elements for a general return of relief to local agencies is nation-wide, California's forced experiment is going to be closely watched. Some of the 100,000 will get jobs, for California has more defense contracts than any other state, and the S. R. A. case load had been gradually declining for some time. In thirty of the state's fifty-eight counties the relief load is less than 100 cases—about 350 individuals—and most of these can be absorbed by the county welfare organizations. In some of the big counties, such as Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Alameda (Oakland and Berkeley), strong efforts are being made to work out substitute programs, with a fair chance of eventual success, although the problem of raising funds is giving officials nightmares. However, a great many families formerly dependent on the S. R. A. in all parts of the state will find it extremely tough going; the tightest pinch may be expected in the large agricultural counties, where the Associated Farmers are influential. In Santa Clara County, of ninety-three ex-S. R. A. clients who applied for aid before July 7, only eight were granted it.

The S. R. A. is probably permanently dead, although

state money may later be made available to the counties in some way. Ham-and-Eggs and the other highly imaginative socio-economic schemes that have characterized California politics in the past are inactive and, except for a little fund-raising flurry at the Townsend headquarters, show few signs of revival. No other organizations seem prepared to take up the cause of the 100,000 Californians who have been booted back and forth between a reactionary legislature and a stubborn governor. As things have turned out, neither side is the gainer: the S. R. A. is wrecked, and the legislators will suffer politically for having increased the tax load on their home counties.

In the Wind

LABOR NOTES: Ever since the Soviet-Nazi pact was signed, Vicente Lombardo Toledano, Mexico's pro-Communist labor leader, has been in virtual retirement. He was succeeded as president of the C. T. M. by Fidel Velasquez, an anti-Stalinist, and his political influence vanished when President Cárdenas went out of office. A few days before the outbreak of the Soviet-Nazi war Toledano attempted a comeback by publicly charging Velasquez and President Avila Camacho with being in the service of "Anglo-American imperialism." The attempt failed dismally, but Toledano has now managed a real comeback—as leader of a new organization pressing for Latin American support of the Soviet Union and Great Britain. . . . At the meeting of C. I. O. leaders on June 7 Harry Bridges made a plea for speedy and uninterrupted defense production. At the last gathering of the same group he spoke against all attempts at speed-up in defense work.

THE COUGHLINITES are campaigning against General Robert E. Wood, head of America First, who, unlike ex-Colonel Lindbergh and Senator Wheeler, is opposed to having Coughlin followers affiliated with the committee.

GEORGE SELDES'S news letter, *In Fact*, reports that it is "able . . . to state as a fact" that Chief of Staff Marshall is the source of recurrent newspaper stories credited to "high military authority" which predict almost immediate capitulation of the Red Army.

THE UNION JACK appeared alongside the American and Soviet flags at the recent Communist mass-meeting in Madison Square Garden—but it was displayed upside down.

A PUBLISHER in Clarksburg, West Virginia, owns a morning Democratic paper and an evening Republican paper. A recent report by the NLRB held that the two constituted one bargaining unit. In his appeal the publisher's attorney held that "since the *Telegram* is Republican and the *Exponent* is Democratic it will affect the traditional policies of these two organs of public opinion and destroy their independence if the editorial employees of both are organized as a single unit."

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Soldiers' Pay

"YOU mean the duck, duck, duck," said the sergeant. He grinned. The selectees had not grinned about the deductions. Veterans of the last war remember them, but men in the new army who thought their \$21 pay, while not much, was \$21 clear are still surprised by them. The soldiers on the street corner said that after they got through paying out money for expenses they had only about \$10 left to spend. "If they keep on deducting, I'll be owing the government fifty cents."

Among the expenses they griped about were cleaning bills, laundry, shoe repairs, shoe shines, haircuts, anything broken or lost, a 25-cent fee for recreation, 25 cents more for the old soldiers' home. In addition low-cost government insurance, while voluntary, had to be taken in the first 120 days after induction or not at all, and it cost 65 cents per \$1,000 on a soldier twenty years old. There is not much money left in soldiers' pockets for fun.

When the sergeant and I went over their complaints, we figured that for a man carrying \$1,000 of insurance on his life, which he is being drilled to risk, the deductions would come to \$3.35 a month in the summer time, when no winter uniforms need cleaning but when laundry costs about \$1.50 and a couple of necessary haircuts will set the soldier back 70 cents. It is not a great deal, but it cuts quite a hunk out of the supposed velvet of soldier's pay above his living. If he smokes—which certainly cannot be called an obligation of Uncle Sam's—that would take, say, \$3.55 more. A soldier has personal necessities, such as razor blades, shaving soap, stamps, a lot of little things, which we might call \$5, unless the post exchange has sold him something special on the instalment plan. Add \$5 to \$3.55 to \$3.35 and subtract it from \$21. That leaves \$9.10 for all the off-post recreation and everything else a selectee wishes to buy for himself. And such recreation, as the army has stated in justification for the building of the recreation centers, is what the soldier wants. He can't buy a lot of it in thirty days for \$9.10.

Perhaps the smallness of that sum saves him from the sin which has engaged the energies of the morale officers and the medical corps and a special division of Paul McNutt's Federal Security Agency. Beer sells for 50 cents a bottle in the better bat houses, and it costs 25 cents to get a tune out of the nickelodeon. There are

other expenses. Maybe morale is promoted and health preserved by keeping the soldiers poor.

But what most of the boys want is a date with a nice girl. At home that might have been cheap enough. He could take her for a walk down to the common or just sit on the porch and talk about his chances of promotion at the mill. But a new nice girl costs more than the nice girl cost at home. A soldier is human, and he does not like to show up acting poor. At the very least he wants to take her to a movie and afterward to the drugstore for a drink. In my town that would cost him \$1.10, not counting any kind of transportation. It is not much, but it is still a sum when it is for one evening out of thirty over which \$9.10 has to be spread.

There has been a good deal of silly talk by people who are more interested in low wages for workers than better morale for soldiers about plumbers getting as much for working one day as a soldier does for maneuvering for a week. As the comparison is used, it makes very little sense. But in terms of morale, in terms of good natural recreation, the little pay from which the "duck, duck, ducks" must come is one of the chief things which stand in the way of a contented army.

As a philanthropic and patriotic people we've just been giving \$10,000,000 to operate recreation centers in the towns to which the soldiers go for some change from the sight of the hideous but healthy barracks and for a little fun. Sailors and defense workers are going to share in that fund. And however it is spent, it cannot mean more than \$5 per man. I don't think that is enough to make them all happy.

Obviously nobody goes into the army to get rich. There is a song about that, hitched merrily to the most American epithet. But for everything else in defense there is more money than almost any of us can understand. I am not interested in pulling plumbers' pay down because soldiers get less. But I doubt that \$9.10 per month is enough to buy a man much recreation far from home, including the transportation to it. I'm sure that the recreation the soldier wants is that which he can choose for himself. He wants to go to see nice girls, but he doesn't want to go feeling like a bum. The best way to put more morale in our defenders would be to put a little bit more money in their pockets. It may be a crude suggestion in a patriotic time, but I doubt that it would shock the young men who have been selected to save us.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Notes by the Way

I HAVE just gone through the complete file of *Horizon*, an English literary magazine which was launched in mid-war and is still going strong. It is a monthly edited by Cyril Connolly, who has packed an extraordinary amount of lively reading into sixteen issues. It is interesting not only in itself but for the intimate, unposed portrait it affords of writers and artists under fire. The policy of *Horizon* has been what Connolly calls a literary policy—of printing all the good writing it can find and of encouraging artists to stick to their lasts. Mr. Connolly sets the tone of the paper in his monthly Comments, which are bright, irreverent, witty, and informal. *Horizon* gives critical support to the war, and the following notes, though written a year ago, still sum up its view of the writer's predicament and function:

It is a war which seems archaic and unreal, a war of which we are all ashamed—and yet a war which has to be won. . . . it is a war which dissipates energy and disperses friends, which lowers the standard of thinking and feeling . . . which inaugurates an era of death, privation, danger, and boredom, guaranteeing the insecurity of projects and the impermanence of personal relations. But there it is. We are in it: for as long as Hitler exists we must stay there. The war is the enemy of creative activity, and writers and painters are wise and right to ignore it. . . .

But they must also realize that their liberty and security are altogether threatened, that fascism is against *them*, and that the war, although not as anti-fascist as they could wish, is much more anti-fascist than anything else that has happened. The artist and the intellectual are lucky to be alive. They must celebrate by creating more culture as fast as they can. . . .

A few of the literary items that stand out in my mind are a short story by Elizabeth Bowen, Stephen Spender's September Journal, a discussion by an American, Clement Greenberg, of the significance of commercial culture—slick magazines, movies, and the like—to which he applies the expressive German word *Kitsch*, reminiscences of James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Henry James, a number of good poems, a stinging little essay by Catherine Andrassy on Henri de Montherlant's hero, Costals. Miss Andrassy, among other things, documents my own observation that Costals is careful to select for his brilliant and amusing exercise in woman-baiting—though it is much more than that—only those types of women which suit his purpose; and she draws a shrewd, unsparing portrait of Costals as male. Needless to say, I read with particular interest, in the May issue, an article on our own Hemingway—an intensely interesting, and devastating, analysis by a Spaniard, Arturo Barea, of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" as a picture of Spanish life. Mr. Barea was especially scornful and specific on the unreality of Maria.

Though it has followed a "literary policy" *Horizon* has also published many excellent articles on the political and social aspects of the war—and the peace when it comes. They offer vivid proof, first of all, that freedom of expression and of

vigorous criticism still prevails in Britain at war, and they are interesting in themselves. The March issue contained, among other things, a brief, trenchant statement on the need for peace plans now by J. B. Priestley, whose arguments should be put under the noses of those who think it presumptuous if not rude to ask what of the future. The same issue had an excellent account and criticism, by a private, of the unimaginative treatment of recruits. It is headed Ours Not to Reason Why, and would no doubt serve as a picture of our own new army's life.

As Herbert Read says in the May issue, one realizes after a walk from the Bank of England to Piccadilly that the phrase "going about his business" has come to mean "picking his way among the ruins." Though *Horizon* has not turned up any great new writers, its pages reflect the astounding equanimity with which writers are going about their business, even if it be a discussion of Wilde at Oxford, the plays of Racine, or Some Notes on English Baroque. Many of the literary contributions carry no hint of having been written, posted, and printed in a city blasted by bombs; others, and their number is naturally increasing, reflect the war situation.

I agree that war is the enemy of creative activity, but I must say that Mr. Connolly's sad remark about the lowering of the standards of thinking and feeling does not apply to *Horizon*. The British writer, as he appears in its pages, has managed to maintain a miraculous sense of proportion, despite bombs and the boredom which from many accounts is the most grueling factor in this most sensational of wars.

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Nazis Day by Day

BERLIN DIARY. By William L. Shirer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

THE profound moral indignation of this book is the thing one first remembers in sitting down to review it. Mr. Shirer, because he has seen Nazism at close quarters, is angry and scornful. No brooding over political tactics and no querulous speculations about the worth of democracy. Nazism is a macabre indecency. It is good to read such a book.

Then the excitement! There are cumulative power and tension in these concentrated entries, which in a most impressive way reduce the whole daily hash of news, rumors, and conjectures to the one essential fact. What one gets from this diary is only to be described as a sense of fate, the remorseless evolution of a doom that constantly threatens to escape the control even of those who contrive it. That is the striking thing. Mr. Shirer does not prophesy and he does not speculate. Yet all the foreboding that made Rauschning's first book so impressive is here. One is watching the time-table of tragedy. One sees the genie of evil that brooded over the early Nürnberg conventions rapidly take concrete form, to bewilder and mock the pitiful nations. And among those nations the German people make one. The account starts

with superb descriptions of the Nürnberg rallies, the pageantry and the hysteria, the gorgeous show and the religious mysticism, the immense symphony orchestra playing a potboiler of Beethoven's, the crazed expressions and distorted faces, the tic-afflicted messiah, Putzi Hanfstängel, the "immense, high-strung, incoherent clown" gesticulating over the sweating multitudes, the "21,000 flags unfurled in the searchlights like a forest of weird trees."

The account goes on, missing nothing, to the very end of 1940, its gravity increasing and its judgments always vindicated by events.

We have been given very few extended reports on Germany in war time, and not one with such authority. Of a hundred speculations which Mr. Shirer's book provokes, the most interesting, perhaps, is that concerning German morale. It is odd how clear is the agreement among the people of Germany, Britain, the U. S. S. R., and the United States upon one vital matter, the desire for peace. Hitler sold himself upon a program of conquest and peace; not of conquest by peace, but peace with conquest. Chamberlain fooled England with the idea of the status quo and peace; the people of the U. S. S. R. wanted peace. We are still hoping to avoid war in this country, when we should declare it and wage it.

It was so in Germany right up to the inevitable outbreak of the war. It is so now. The Russo-German pact was popular with the German masses. Gone was the fear of war on two fronts. The German editors sat with Shirer, "gloating, boasting, sputtering that Britain won't dare to fight now." On August 26, 1939, Mr. Shirer says, the institution of ration cards struck a heavy blow at German morale. Even the Nazi propaganda machine had to step up its promises of peace. On August 29 the average German looked dejected. "Almost a defeatism was discernible in people." On August 31 everybody he talked to was against the war. Why bring up the Polish corridor after all these years? On September 1 there was no rejoicing. Hitler himself seemed discouraged. On September 3 at 11 a.m. the people were stunned. There was no hate for the British and the French. And during the so-called "phony war" everyone was hoping that the war clouds would somehow pass away. Reactions to British bombing raids disclosed the same phenomena. Nervousness, apprehension, and lowering of morale were apparent whenever the raids were effective. How the German press gloated over Borah's and Lindbergh's isolationist speeches! After the defeat and surrender of France there was no rejoicing, only dull assent to the inevitable and relief that the costs of war were still low. What is the feeling today when the casualty lists and the time perspective both lengthen?

There is an exception to this generalization. I rarely meet young people, but I know that in this country youth is on the whole pacifist and isolationist. In Germany, Mr. Shirer causes one to fear, the reverse is true.

None the less, "Berlin Diary" heartens one, now that Hitler's maneuvers, one hopes, are at an end. Hitler has not blundered in attacking Russia. That desperate enterprise was always a logical necessity. It was in the mechanical fate of this war. And what propaganda shall he use to sustain morale? A holy war against communism? Already Goebbels is finding it less holy, for two reasons. The trick did not work this time with the outer world, and while the German

people will "defend" Germany for a long time, why should they want another war, however holy? If Mr. Shirer's estimate of earlier states of morale is correct, then today many more Germans must be affected.

I have not mentioned most of the merits of "Berlin Diary." The things Mr. Shirer could not say over the air from Berlin are here, and some of those things are terrible. They should be known. Apart from the excitement of the theme, the book gives an engrossing picture of the emergence of a new profession. One sees Shirer and his colleagues burning up wires to place reporters on the air in ordered series during war time, entreating someone in Rome to speak, imploring another in Berlin and Paris, haggling with governments for the use of radio stations, shunting a speech delivered in Rome through Geneva to another capital for radio transmission. No wonder the telephone bill for one week-end alone came to a thousand dollars. And what journalistic scoops! To get in alone at the signing of the armistice between France and Germany ought to satisfy any man. The competence that implies is in every part of this book.

RALPH BATES

Five Directions

FIVE YOUNG AMERICAN POETS: Mary Barnard, John Berryman, Randall Jarrell, W. R. Moses, George Marion O'Donnell. New Directions. \$2.50.

ONE book for five poets cuts down on production costs but puts a burden on the space-serving reviewer, obliging the odium of comparison. Of these five, Mary Barnard seems least affected by "trends." What she records is her own "cool country." If the adjective characterizes as well as locates her poems, if in general they seem to reflect upon rather than be possessed by their subjects, there are signs of growing intensity, as in the strong contrast between fear and lustiness in *The Axe*. Her form tends to a rather vague free verse, not always well-enough articulated for the longer poems, suggestive of material rather than product. There is also a tendency to "give away" her poems by preliminary statement rather than to develop them dramatically. But it would be a mistake to underestimate her effectiveness merely because it is quiet.

John Berryman's prose note is the most directly related to his work. He paraphrases his own poem, *On the London Train*, to show how much more economically its complex of ideas is contained in the verse form. It is quite successful as far as it goes; but its success is its limitation. Confining itself to the association of ideas and to particularities of phrasing—a valuable method which may in time reveal to Mr. Berryman why certain of his lines seem thin, especially after explanation—it avoids considering the poem as a whole made up of related parts, with their intended cumulative effect. Persisted in exclusively, it would reduce poetry to solvable cryptograms; there is more than a suggestion of this in his very interesting and individual poems.

Randall Jarrell's versification is at once the most proficient and the most affected by *au-courantism*. His preface starts off on a "modernistic" tight-rope ramble and ends up by snarling both reader and himself in rather disparaging comments on "romanticism," "neo-classicism," and "historical processes." It is hard to tell for whom the irony is intended.

"Auden is the only poet who has been influential very recently," he says; and the statement is backed up by a number of his poems: by their form, their use of words like "lucky," their contrasts of "the private guilt, the general grave," and their repersonalized abstractions—"love's logical obsessive face." He has taken a leaf from Dylan Thomas, too, in *A Little Poem*. The marks of these influences are undoubtedly not unconscious but the result of deliberate discipleship, and he is very expert at them.

If some of W. R. Moses's poems seem fragmentary, with a filler of "strong" adjectives; if phrases are twisted for the sake of rather obvious beats and rhymes; if the weight occasionally congregates (as in the three lines ending "wind-tipped stem," "ice-racked bay," "manhood's phlegm"); he is working toward effects quite distinct from those of the other poets: toward the highly charged lyric of Hopkins, the packed mysteries of Hart Crane, a more massive style, with phrases, like the stones of an arch, exerting pressure both ways.

George Marion O'Donnell's best work concerns the predicament of our time, with its "special signs of terror." His *Evening to Morning*, a very moving poem although it seems to continue beyond its end, asks the question: "What action now means act as a man should?" None of these poets tries to answer it. Their sincerity consists in acknowledging the riddle. Yet one significant attempt has been made in their untried direction. I refer to W. H. Auden's "The Double Man," which should interest all poets and readers involved in the same despair.

LLOYD FRANKENBERG

The Forgotten Islands

CROSS WINDS OF EMPIRE. By Woodbern E. Remington. The John Day Company. \$3.

THE thesis of this book can be stated very simply: after three centuries of Spanish and American rule the Philippines, with their mixture of peoples and cultures, face the prospect of being overrun by a dynamic, Oriental Japan. But the statement of the thesis gives hardly a clue to the interest and value of this remarkable volume. For the author has combined two purposes with rare skill. His first objective clearly is to describe life in the Philippines as it appears to an observant Westerner, and his second is to go as far as he dares, as an officer in the United States army, in arousing Americans to the danger of abandoning the islands when the present transition period comes to an end five years hence.

The descriptive chapters are magnificently done. The heat, the smells, the color, and the romance of the tropics have rarely been more effectively painted. Colonel Remington is best acquainted with the regions of the islands inhabited by the Moros, and a large part of the book is devoted to their customs and views of life. But even in these sections, which on the surface seem to have little to do with the white man's world, the author has his second objective clearly in mind. Without avowedly pleading the cause of the Moros, he shows that they would suffer if placed under the domination of the Filipinos. And he makes it quite evident that the Moros provide a fertile field for Japanese propaganda. Similarly, without coming out and saying that he is opposed to giving the Philippines their independence, he gives a graphic descrip-

tion of their incapacity for self-rule, as he sees it. He pictures the Filipino social structure as "a patchwork of native tribal and Spanish feudal remnants . . . the local cacique . . . a mixture of Spanish grandee, American ward politician, and English squire, saturated with a devious Malayan inheritance . . . with the almost complete absence of . . . those substantial citizens who should normally form the solid basis of a democracy."

Concerning Colonel Remington's primary thesis there cannot be much doubt today. The Japanese threat is too real to be disregarded as it was a decade ago. Nor can it be denied that our attitude toward Philippine independence needs re-examination in the light of his trenchant analysis of internal social, economic, and political forces. But it is unfortunate that such an interesting and skilful work should be marred by the outworn "white man's burden" approach. This is no "new imperialism" that Colonel Remington offers but the old imperialism in a much more attractive wrapper.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

RAINER MARIA RILKE. By E. M. Butler. Macmillan. \$4.50.

LANDMARKS IN PHILOSOPHY. By Irwin Edman and Herbert W. Schneider. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$4.

DEMOCRATIC FRANCE. The Third Republic from Sedan to Vichy. By Richard Walden Hale, Jr. Coward-McCann. \$3.50.

GOOD NEIGHBORS. By Hubert Herring. Yale University Press. \$3.

CONCLUDING UNSCIENTIFIC POSTSCRIPT. By Soren Kierkegaard. Princeton University Press. \$6.

THE UNTAMED BALKANS. By Frederic W. L. Kovacs. Modern Age. \$2.

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN BASIC ENGLISH. Dutton. \$2.

AMERICAN ISSUES. Vol I, The Social Record. Vol. II, The Literary Record. Edited by Willard Thorp, Merle Curti, and Carlos Baker. Lippincott. \$3 each.

GOVERNMENT IN WARTIME EUROPE. Edited by Harold Zink and Taylor Cole. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.

THE DEFENSE OF FREEDOM. Four Addresses on the Present Crisis in American Democracy. By Edmund Ezra Day. Cornell University Press. \$1.25.

TWO SURVIVED. The Story of Tapscott and Waddicombe, Who Were Torpedoed in Mid-Atlantic and Survived Seventy Days in an Open Boat. By Guy Pearce Jones. Random House. \$2.

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IN BRIEF

ANN CARMENY. By Hoffman Birney.
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

A hearty novel about America's growing pains in Utah and Montana in the 1860's, when the Mormons and the Indians and the no-count whites all added up to a passel of trouble.

LINCOLN ON THE EVE OF '61.
A Journalist's Story by Henry Villard.
Edited by Harold G. and Oswald
Garrison Villard. Alfred A. Knopf.
\$1.25.

Henry Villard was sent by the New York *Herald* to cover Lincoln between his election and his inauguration. His day-to-day dispatches not only give a fascinating picture of Lincoln's private life but provide an estimate of his character that is little short of astounding from an inexperienced reporter writing of an untried man. Few would wish to alter it now in any important particular. This little book is interesting and valuable.

ROBESPIERRE AND THE FOURTH ESTATE. By Ralph Korngold. Introduction by Crane Brinton. Modern Age Books. \$3.75.

The Fourth Estate in France is not the press, it should perhaps be explained, but the proletariat. Even liberal historians have failed until lately to sympathize completely with the proletariat, and most historians have come from the more or less privileged classes, who were the principal sufferers from the Reign of Terror. For even the most liberally inclined, therefore, Robespierre has always been at best a modified monster. Carlyle, with his "sea-green Incorruptible," gave a slightly comic turn to Robespierre's admittedly greatest virtue. As Professor Crane Brinton points out in an introduction full of historical wisdom, "Robespierre's personal integrity . . . has withstood the most careful investigations of historians by no means predisposed in his favor." Mr. Korngold's clearly conceived, solidly grounded, and finely written biography is one of those really impartial books, concealing nothing on the one hand, condemning nothing on the other, which open a door in the mind. He seeks only to explain, and for one reader at any rate he is the first writer in English to present a Robespierre who is completely credible. More than that, as Professor Brinton says, on account of the persistence of the revolutionary tradition in France, Mr. Korn-

gold sheds light not only all around, but backward and forward—forward into 1940 and, let us hope, beyond.

RECORDS

COLUMBIA'S new set (456, \$3.50) of Mozart's Symphony in E flat has arrived, with a performance by Beecham and the London Philharmonic at once so powerful, so sensitive, so just and right in its contours and tonal values and in the effect these give to the unending wonders of the work, and with the contours and values of the performance reproduced with such breath-taking spaciousness, clarity, cleanness of definition, and fidelity as to make the set one of the finest of all time. My review copy had one side with slightly wavering pitch and another with a noisily swishing surface; and the same swish occurred in two other copies that I heard.

With this set have arrived two other Columbia releases: Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brillant* for piano and orchestra, well played by Joana Graudan with the Minneapolis Symphony under Mitropoulos (X-197, \$2.50), and Turina's "Oracion del Torero," well done by the Gordon Quartet of a few years back (68505-D, \$1). I can discover nothing in the Mendelssohn piece to explain the recording of it; the Turina is a sophisticated playing with Spanish idiom that tickles the ear pleasantly.

There is little to get excited about in the July Victor records that I have heard so far. Bach's *Clavier Concerto* in F minor (Set 786, \$2.50) is one of his uninteresting products of craftsmanship and routine; the performance is one in which the pianist Edwin Fischer is concerned chiefly with pianissimos and with the beautiful technical finish of the playing of his chamber orchestra. And Mozart's *Violin Sonata K. 376* in F major (Set 791, \$2.50) is one of his less interesting products, which gets no help from the performance of Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin. The musical quality of Yehudi's playing is shockingly bad, and even his tone, at least as it comes off these records, is unpleasant; but the worse shock is the playing of Hephzibah, which used to be so incisive and sparkling, and which in this performance is a fluent murmur.

Tchaikovsky's gifts are evident in some of the passages of his early Symphony No. 2 in C minor (Set 790, \$4.50); but it remains a lesser work that one is content to hear once. Goossens's excellent performance with the

Cincinnati Symphony is recorded with excessive brilliance and some reverberation. The enjoyable music in the Gluck-Mottl Ballet Suite (Set 787, \$2.50) gets a fair performance of "Pops" concert caliber by Fiedler with the Boston "Pops" Orchestra which is recorded with harshness. Two of the best Strauss waltzes, "Wiener Blut" and "Frühlingsstimmen," get full-blooded and gorgeous-sounding performances by Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra (18060, \$1). But Moiseivitch's record (18050, \$1) of Weber's charming "Invitation to the Dance," heavily laden with piano pyrotechnics by Taussig, is something to avoid.

The art of Povla Frijsch is wonderful and exciting in itself even when applied to the slight material in her album *Art Songs Volume 2* (Set 789, \$4)—some finely wrought French songs by Hahn, Dupont, Duparc, Chausson, Fauré, and Debussy; one of Ravel's recitatives; three of Dvorak's Gypsy Songs; and three songs in English by Rebecca Clarke, Randall Thompson, and Charles Naginski. And the performances that are exciting include the beautiful playing of accompaniments that Celius Dougherty makes so integral a part of what Frijsch does.

Bruna Castagna sings the *Gavotte* "Me voici dans son boudoir" from "Mignon" well, but her tremolo is excessive and her style unimpressive in the *Chanson bohème* from "Carmen" (2161, \$1.75).

B. H. HAGGIN

CONTRIBUTORS

ALEXANDER KIRALFY, an authority on military and naval strategy, has contributed to *Asia* and official publications of the army and navy.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary, has written many articles for *The Nation* concerned with the conflict of morals and politics. He is the chairman of the Union for Democratic Action.

ALDEN STEVENS is working on the National Defense section of *McCall's Magazine*.

RALPH BATES is the author of "The Fields of Paradise."

LLOYD FRANKENBERG is the author of a book of poems, "Red Kite."

[Keith Hutchison's fortnightly column, *Everybody's Business*, will not appear during the summer months.]

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Letters to the Editors

The Sacred Right to Strike

Dear Sirs: An example of the presumably wilfully obstructive tactics being pursued by certain labor leaders in this national emergency was provided by a statement by Milton Kaufman, executive vice-president of the American Newspaper Guild, as quoted in the *New York Times* of June 20. In a letter to R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers and national vice-president of the C. I. O., in explanation of his public support, voiced through the newspapers of the nation, of the outlaw strike at the North American Aviation Company, Mr. Kaufman said, "There can be no justification for the use of troops against strikers."

Such a theory uttered by a corner soap-boxer might be ignored, but coming from a high union leader able to disseminate it widely to uninstructed readers, it must be regarded seriously. For what Mr. Kaufman is saying is that the right to strike is absolute, is never to be qualified by law. He is saying, indeed, that the right to strike transcends all law. In asserting this Mr. Kaufman is in agreement with Communist propaganda outside Russia, which continually stresses the erroneous theory that all civil rights are absolute rights, standing above law. The fact, of course, is that civil rights, including the right to strike, are all projections of law, and are subject to qualification by law.

In Mr. Kaufman's theory labor leaders like himself stand above the law. Sovereignty resides with the labor leaders who call strikes, even though they call them against the wishes of members, as in the North American Aviation case. Such a claim is as mischievous as would be a claim by employers that they had the right privately to determine wages and hours, prices, and the terms of the marketing of commodities.

Since putting forward this claim Mr. Kaufman has embroidered upon it at the annual convention of the American Newspaper Guild, where, in effect, he held that all strikes, without any regard for the facts concerned, should be regarded as sacred. According to this theory strikes provoked by labor racketeers and totalitarian saboteurs should be accepted without questioning. No picket line must be violated; it must not even be analyzed.

Is it not obvious that Mr. Kaufman has disqualified himself, formally, as a representative of American labor? Is it not clear that his philosophy is totalitarian?

FERDINAND LUNDBERG

New York, July 8

No "Authorized" Biography

Dear Sirs: The review of my book "The Soong Sisters" by Nym Wales, published in your issue of April 19, contains one or two statements which I feel bound to question. The material for the book was not "collected with the co-operation of Madame H. H. Kung and Madame Chiang Kai-shek." It was with the greatest difficulty that I persuaded either of the ladies to read my script before publication, and that is all they did, ultimately. There was no promise, implied or otherwise, on my part to allow them to censor what I had written, and, what is more important, they made no attempt to censor it.

The only corrections they suggested were those of fact. Neither lady made the slightest attempt to change any of my expressed opinions or interpretations, and they were scrupulously careful to speak only of the parts pertaining directly to themselves. I have in my possession a letter from Madame Kung in reply to mine asking her for information about herself. She wrote: "You can go ahead and write anything you please about me, for it seems that certain authors who have written 'best-sellers' have been able to make fortunes for themselves by describing my personality, activities, and mentality without having even seen me. If they, why not you, who have at least met me." I cannot feel that Miss Wales is correct, therefore, when she speaks of "The Soong Sisters" as an "authorized biography." I have been careful, indeed, not to call it authorized.

In the second place, I did not fail "to make the most important point about Madame Kung, which is that her financial wizardry has built up what is probably the greatest personal fortune in modern Chinese history." Like Miss Wales, I had heard the treaty-port rumors, and I investigated this allegation to the best of my ability. I discovered that the Kung family was one of the richest in China long before Dr. Kung entered government service. In fact, our

own Minister to China, Dr. Reinsch, as far back as the 1920's, wrote a book about China in which after a visit to Dr. Kung's Shansi home he pointed out that the Kung family were the Morgans of China. Madame Kung is a clever business woman, though I would not call her a financial wizard. She makes no secret of her deep interest in business and finance, but I have not found any evidence beyond the usual hearsay which always accompanies prominent names that she amassed an "enormous fortune" for her family.

EMILY HAHN

Hongkong, May 28

Dear Sirs: Methinks the lady doth protest too much!

NYM WALES

New York, June 25

"So Long as It's Red"

Dear Sirs: If you happen to look over your list of subscribers you will see that I am among them and have been for a great many years. I always looked upon your paper as being either ruby red or a gentle pink. I always read the writings of Heywood Broun and Villard and the other articles because I think it a part of wisdom to know what the enemies of our nation are publishing and writing, but lately your "liberal weekly" has got so extremely conservative that I feel sure I shall cancel my subscription before long.

Meanwhile, what could you recommend as a real "red" publication that I, an old ultra-conservative, should read in order to keep myself reasonably well posted? Judging from the articles printed in your paper lately, you would die in the defense of the United States instead of dying to destroy it.

F. R. BURNHAM

Los Angeles, July 9

CORRECTION: In *The Nation* for May 10, in the column In the Wind, it was stated that the Continental Rubber Company of Erie, Pennsylvania, was engaged chiefly in the manufacture of non-defense materials and that a strike at the plant was therefore not a stoppage of defense production. We have since learned that the Continental Rubber Company is engaged in vital defense work and was at the time of the recent strike.—EDITORS THE NATION.



THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

THE FIFTH WEEK OF THE GERMAN-RUSSIAN war finds the two huge armies still battling in the general neighborhood of the Stalin Line. The Nazi invaders retain the offensive, but their rate of progress has been reduced week by week since the campaign opened. They claim to have smashed through beyond Smolensk on the road to Moscow and to have cut the Russian central army into several fragments which can be destroyed in detail. But these claims remain as unsubstantiated as the German reports, now more than a week old, that Kiev and Leningrad were about to be captured. Parts of the Red Army may be in serious danger, but it seems to be putting up a stout fight, and behind the front Russia's huge reserves of man-power are being mustered into new lines of defense. Watching this tremendous struggle through a haze of censorship, many of us fear to forecast a favorable outcome, partly because of distrust of Soviet leadership, partly because frequent disappointments in the course of this war have made us lean backward to avoid wishful thinking. But it begins to be possible to ask questions which suggest hopeful answers. Can the Nazis before the snows come achieve a conclusive victory? Can they outlast Russia in man-power, shatter its means of resistance, and destroy it as an organized state without sacrifices of men and material which will leave them too weak to exploit their conquest? Is the decreasing news of tank battles, the increasing emphasis on infantry, a sign that oil reserves are getting low?

★

THE MINISTERIAL CHANGES IN BRITAIN bring into greater prominence some of the younger Tories who followed the Churchill line long before Munich, and should help to promote a more energetic prosecution of the war. But they leave unchanged the direction of civil defense and production, two departments which friendly critics of the government feel are not operating with maximum efficiency. Everyone agrees that the continued leadership of Mr. Churchill is indispensable, but he is being urged in many quarters to delegate some of his authority to a minister capable of supervising the home front with the same kind of energy

and vision which he himself devotes to the general diplomatic and military conduct of the war. The importance of the change at the Ministry of Information depends on whether Brendan Bracken, who succeeds Alfred Duff Cooper as its chief, has been given guaranties of greater freedom of action. Mr. Cooper was definitely not a success, but hamstrung as he was by the service departments and the Foreign Office, he hardly had a chance. Mr. Bracken has a great deal of drive and has the advantage of being close to the Premier, whose enthusiastic lieutenant he has been for years. As a publisher he understands news and newspapermen. Under his direction the London *Financial News* was resurrected to become a model of financial journalism—critical, courageous, and objective. It was one of the first British newspapers to grasp and explain the military character of Nazi economics. The appointment of Harold Nicolson to be a governor of the British Broadcasting Company should also strengthen British propaganda. It comes at a moment when Britain has scored a real success in the war of nerves with the imaginative "V" campaign.

★

THE NEW JAPANESE CABINET IS PERHAPS designed to give an appearance of strength and determination, heavily weighted as it is with army and navy officers, but even if its members are strong men they do not hold strong cards. The German invasion of Russia—launched, it is now believed, without any warning to Japan—left Matsuoka's policies in ruins. The Tripartite Pact has been exceedingly useful to the Axis in keeping British and American forces pegged down in the Far East. But up to date it has brought little benefit to Japan. By signing the non-aggression pact with Russia, Matsuoka hoped to neutralize the latent threat of Vladivostok and, perhaps, to enlarge the breach between the Chungking government and the Chinese Communists as the prelude to a conclusion of the "China incident." Now Tokyo finds Russia, China, Britain, and America lined up in one camp. It is rumored that Hitler is putting pressure on Japan to attack Russia, and that may well be so. But the Japanese know that the Soviet Far Eastern army is still large, that it has hundreds of bombers capable of reaching Tokyo, and that there is a large Russian submarine fleet based on Vladivostok. On the other hand, Japan may well hesitate to turn south so long as Britain's new ally constitutes a threat to its rear. No wonder Japanese commentators suggest that a more independent policy will now be followed and that foreign observers foresee a cautious interval before any new move is made. If Hitler is successful in destroying Russia's western armies and disorganizing the Soviet government, then the gamble of an attack on Eastern Siberia might be tried. But until the situation in European Russia is clearer it seems likely that Tokyo will mark time, unless it attempts to regain face cheaply by occupying Indo-China.

MAYOR LAGUARDIA WILL RUN AGAIN IN response to a demand from all the reform and liberal groups in New York politics. This is good news. The Mayor has provided an example of vigorous, honest, non-partisan administration. The campaign this year will be a real one because Tammany is putting its strength behind an effective and appealing candidate—District Attorney William O'Dwyer. But if the Mayor gets the Republican nomination as well as that of the Labor Party, he should win. We cannot, however, record our indorsement of his candidacy without expressing regret at his refusal—and the refusal of the Labor Party—to support the reelection of Stanley Isaacs as Borough President of Manhattan. Mr. Isaacs's record has been excellent. His only sins are honesty and courage. He is being sacrificed chiefly because he refused to dismiss the Communist, Simon Gerson, from the position of confidential examiner. Mr. Isaacs contended that Gerson was hard-working and efficient and that his political connection was not a legal bar to his employment. It is a sad day when a fine public servant like Isaacs is repudiated by the liberal elements in the community for standing by his liberal principles.

★

FOR THE FIRST TIME THE ADMINISTRATION has openly recognized the fact that Franco is on the side of the Axis and that appeasement has not worked. Sumner Welles's announcement that Germany is contemplating action in Spain fits all the known facts—facts which have been frequently pointed out in *The Nation*. Mr. Welles is wrong only in describing the prospective move as an "aggression." When the time comes, Hitler's troops will simply walk through Spain, while his ally, Franco, spreads flowers along the roads to Gibraltar and Portugal. In the speech to which Mr. Welles objected Franco went much farther in enmity to the United States than the Acting Secretary revealed. He not only accused this government of sending help to Spain only to support the British position, but announced boldly that the United States was mistaken if it thought it could "buy ideas with food." Although Mr. Welles insists that the food was sent purely in a humanitarian effort to save the Spanish people from starvation, we believe Franco's interpretation is closer to the facts. But it is worth pointing out that the bribe was accepted, however indignantly its terms may now be rejected.

★

BOLIVIA'S SUDDEN ACTION IN DECLARING a state of siege, expelling the German minister, and arresting pro-Nazi Bolivians to forestall an attempt at a putsch dramatizes the constant threat of such movements to the unstable regimes of many Latin American countries. The President of Bolivia says he has documents to prove that the attempt was directed from the German

legation. The coup was prematurely launched, according to reports, because the Nazis were losing ground and the American blacklist decreed last week threatened to weaken them still more. Sumner Welles has promptly assured Bolivia of full American support in any complication resulting from the expulsion of the German minister. The Bolivian episode shows the effectiveness of such firm and specific moves by Washington, not only in checking Nazi activities but in giving the harassed heads of Latin American nations a "pro-American" policy they can actually use as a stick with which to beat the Nazis. One of the objectives of the attempted putsch was to cut off the supply of Bolivian tin for the United States—which makes the ostriches of isolation, who repeat over and over again that Hitler has no designs on this or that part of the universe, look even sillier than their feathered models.

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AN EXAMPLE OF ADEQUATE PLANNING FOR defense is provided by Leland Olds, dynamic chairman of the Federal Power Commission, in his report to the President outlining a coordinated program of private and public power expansion for each of the years 1943, 1944, 1945, and 1946. The plans made by Mr. Olds after consultation with both public authorities and private companies call for an additional annual production of approximately 2,500,000 kilowatts by new steam generating-station units and 1,000,000 kilowatts by new hydro units. They would also place orders for new steam and hydro turbine generators sufficient to guarantee capacity operation of a portion of our electrical-equipment industry to be reserved for that purpose. This would cost from \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 a year, but the expenditure on turbines as on power expansion as a whole would be self-liquidating, and Mr. Olds proposes that the RFC do the financing for both private and public companies. The stations generating 1,000,000 additional kilowatts of hydroelectric power to be installed in each of these years would be planned by the United States Engineering Corps, the Bureau of Reclamation, and the TVA at potential water-power sites as yet unused.

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CIVIL LIBERTIES HAVE STOOD THE STRAIN OF rearmament and war extremely well during the year ending June 1, according to the report of the American Civil Liberties Union. Two general facts emerge: first, that the Administration has been more intelligent and liberal in its attitude than either the general public or Congress; and, second, that despite an international policy aimed against fascism, public opinion and the authorities have been far more concerned with the activities of labor and the left. Unfortunately the Administration's record has now been broken, and the public's red-baiting tendency encouraged, by the indictment of a small Trotskyist

group in Minneapolis for "seditious conspiracy"; this is discussed by I. F. Stone on another page. Before June 1 no federal prosecutions for opinion had been undertaken, and only five had been brought under state laws. Despite the newspaper excitement over strikes no worker had been prosecuted. The principal casualties of the year were the Communist Party, which was barred from the ballot in fifteen states, and Jehovah's Witnesses. The report prints a "Balance Sheet of Civil Liberties," listing, as condemned or commended, the main events of the year having to do with civil rights; it also contains a useful list of the chief issues pending in Congress and the courts.

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TOM GIRDLER IS STILL PRESIDENT OF THE Republic Steel Corporation, and it was Girdler who declared four and a half years ago that "he would go back to the farm and dig potatoes before he would sign with the C. I. O." But on July 15 Republic Steel, the National Labor Relations Board, and the Committee of Industrial Organizations signed a stipulation settling all charges of Wagner Act violations against the company. Moreover, if the NLRB certifies that the C. I. O. has a majority, the company will sign a contract with the union. Mr. Girdler explained his about-face with the simple remark that Republic is operating at top speed, much of its output is defense work, and "we want to avoid any letdown in production from any cause." Profits and patriotism work wonders, especially profits. Girdler's surrender marks an important victory for collective bargaining—and Republic workers reinstated by the agreement will receive tens of thousands of dollars in back pay; but the price of the victory included the lives of eighteen workers killed during the strike in Little Steel in 1937.

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AMONG THE MANY COURAGEOUS WOMEN and men who have carried on the hard fight to legalize birth control—risking personal and even professional attack in many cases—none won more general admiration than Dr. Hannah M. Stone. Her death robs the movement of one of its bravest and most useful workers. But, more than that, it robs this generation of one of its finest spirits. Dr. Stone was far less widely known than some of her colleagues. Public propaganda and the more sensational aspects of the crusade she left to others, though she never shunned necessary public action and was arrested after a raid on the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau in 1929. Dr. Stone's contribution to the movement was made in the laboratory and the clinic, where she combined the highest scientific skill with a profound, quiet understanding of the emotional factors in successful family relationships. Her simplicity and candor and the clear fine quality of her mind made themselves felt in even the most casual personal contacts.

Shall We Declare War?

BY FRED A KIRCHWEY

THE New York *Post* and other advocates of more vigorous intervention are urging the President to ask Congress for a declaration of war. It is a natural desire. If this country declared war on Hitler, a dozen cords constricting action would be cut at a single stroke; the problem of coordinating our effort with that of Britain would be easily solved; and the rather confused but strong anti-Nazi feeling of the country would be concentrated and precipitated in action. War is the great catalyst.

But a declaration of war is a political act, not merely a military one. To ask for such a declaration today would precipitate a battle in Congress and the country that might stall rather than accelerate the program of defense and help for Britain. The war between the isolationist and interventionist forces would distract the public mind from the greater war in which, without any declaration, we are inextricably and actively engaged. Lines would be drawn even more bitterly than now, and the country would present a scene of division that, for all the world, would obscure the true, all-but-unanimous sentiment in favor of unlimited resistance to Hitler. Many supporters of the present policy of the Administration would swing over to the opposition. And even if a declaration of war were finally voted, its value would have been diminished by the fight that brought it into being.

I think the President is wise beyond his pro-war supporters. He has sensed the fact, pointed out editorially in these pages last week, that the people will accept the logic and necessity of a specific act where they would dispute endlessly the general theories on which that act was based. Public opinion has supported unfailingly every step this country has taken in defense of its interests. But the people still hesitate before the ultimate commitment of war. Or rather, if war is necessary, they prefer to look upon it as a last resort, to be arrived at only after all other means have been tried, even if some of those means are themselves probable forerunners of war.

It is this preference that the President defers to in laying down his policy. It is a preference that I believe he shares. It fits in with the quarterback theory of government and with the Roosevelt temperament. I do not quarrel with it or urge that it be abandoned. On the contrary, I believe it is strategically necessary. But its dangers are many and obvious. It means that too little may be done at any one time—when time is as precious as tanks or bombers. While Russia carries on its titanic resistance, the anti-Nazi forces of the world are given a brief but tremendous chance to turn the war against Hitler. The alternative is the chance that Hitler will

swing back against the West, reinforced with vast new resources of material and power and with new security. The hour demands action on a great scale, not bit-by-bit increases in tempo and effort. It demands a series of moves designed to put the unlimited energy and resources of America more fully and quickly into the struggle.

The occupation of Iceland was one such move. Its effect has been to convert the Atlantic patrol into an armed defense of the ship lanes between our coastline and the longitude of Iceland—three-fourths of the way to Britain. The blacklist of pro-Axis concerns in Latin America was another. The dislocations in trade occasioned by this boycott will be offset many times over by its effect as a clear statement of American policy. It is an act of economic and political war which will speak louder than all the moral utterances of statesmen or the resolutions of conferences and in a language that the Nazis understand. They understand, too, the arrest of agents and spies and the expulsion of Axis consuls. Without breaking diplomatic relations the United States has moved to wipe out a large part of the undiplomatic relations carried on through propaganda, sabotage, and subversion.

On Monday the President took still another important step which served at once to strengthen the defense effort and announce the nation's determination to carry out its proclaimed purposes. Facing strong opposition in Congress, he demanded legislation to extend the service of drafted men and of various categories of reserve forces and to remove the limitation on the number that may be called. This took courage. Both in the ranks of the new army and in the greater ranks of their relatives and friends an extension of service will cause hardship—in spite of efforts to avoid it—and create ill-feeling. The men were drafted for one year. The isolationists have already cried out against this "breach of faith," although the law clearly provides that their service can be extended if Congress finds that a national emergency exists. The President not only stressed this point but expressed his sober belief that a far greater emergency exists today than at the time the law was passed—or at any time since then. He placed upon Congress the responsibility of facing the situation and taking the necessary steps.

All this is good. But it must be said in behalf of those who demand the full and final measure of war that we have arrived at each moment of action after delays which seemed sometimes to threaten the success of the whole anti-fascist struggle. And the steps taken have been inadequate as well as late. Axis consuls and agents should have been thrown out months ago; the firms in Latin America should have been blacklisted when their pro-Nazi activities first became apparent—and that was long before Nelson Rockefeller's committee was heard of. To this day the defense setup, as we have said in almost

every issue of *The Nation*, is riddled through with business executives whose whole outlook is distorted by the private interests which "lend" them to the government. The State Department is filled with men whose sympathies are hostile to every democratic ideal we hope to defend—men who are anti-alien, anti-Semitic, and reactionary, however honestly they may desire the military defeat of Hitler. Our refugee policy is a mockery of democratic principles. The neutrality law still throttles necessary action in the use of both ships and men. Our pretended neutrality permits the continuance of such dangerous anomalies as the shipment of foodstuffs to Spain and oil to Vichy and Japan. Our attempts at propaganda, especially in Latin America, are at best amateurish and ineffective.

A coordinated, uncompromising, democratic struggle can be waged only if these obstacles are rapidly overcome. And so far the President, whose purposes no one could doubt, still draws back from the drastic measures necessary to put those purposes into effect. A declaration of war is not what this country needs. It needs instead a course of action broadly conceived, honestly explained to the people, and courageously carried out by men and women who know what the fight against fascism means and what it demands of American democracy.

Revive the Reuther Plan

THE NATION is fully in accord with Leon Henderson's order for a 50 per cent cut in the production of automobiles, mechanical refrigerators, and electric washing machines. It was time someone in Washington had the courage to put a stop to the boom which has been going on in these industries at the expense of the defense program. Whether the "order" is carried out or not depends in large part on the President, for the line of demarcation between the Office of Production Management and Henderson's Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply is not clear. An executive order clarifying the conflict between them has been awaiting Mr. Roosevelt's signature at the White House for some time, and until it is signed the automobile manufacturers may find it as easy to defy Mr. Henderson as it was to disregard similar orders by Mr. Baruch in the last war.

The controversy over continued boom production of automobiles goes to the heart of the problem raised by the present setup in defense. Automobile executives, most of them from General Motors, play a dominant role in the OPM but have so far shown themselves, from Mr. Knudsen down, more anxious to defend their industry than to turn its facilities to defense purposes; and there have been mutterings in Washington for more than a week that the automobile crowd would "get" Mr. Henderson if he interfered with their "business as usual."

Although Mr. Knudsen some weeks ago asked the industry for a "voluntary" 20 per cent cut in automobile production, this widely ballyhooed sacrifice would leave Detroit's volume of motor-car output at above-normal 1940 levels. Automobile production has in recent months been running a third above last year's, and a 20 per cent cut might be no sacrifice at all, for most dealers suspect that this year's sales have eaten into next year's market. Mr. Knudsen would cut car production by 1,000,000; Mr. Henderson by 2,500,000. The principal need for the cut derives from the high proportion of alloy steels consumed by the motor-car industry. These alloy steels are of particular importance to defense. Every 1,000 cars, as Mr. Henderson explained to the press in Washington, uses 31,598 pounds of nickel steel, 1,491 pounds of nickel, and 1,493 tons of steel.

The automobile industry is also a heavy consumer of other raw materials vital to defense, notably aluminum. Every 1,000 cars uses 1,104 pounds of primary aluminum and 4,599 pounds of secondary aluminum, that is, scrap aluminum. Every 1,000 cars also requires 18,630 pounds of zinc, 5,040 pounds of chromium, 48,613 pounds of copper, 33,854 pounds of lead, 3,409 pounds of tin, 17 pounds of tungsten, and 14 pounds of magnesium. There are serious shortages in every one of these metals.

The automobile industry has been the pampered darling of the dollar-a-year men at the OPM, absorbing vital materials badly needed for defense and for civilian goods of greater importance than automobiles. The decision made by the President in the coming tug-of-war between Mr. Henderson and Mr. Knudsen will reveal whether he is really prepared to adopt stern measures or is still intent on appeasing the business men. His decision will be watched not only by liberals but by all in favor of all-out aid and in particular by the War and Navy departments, which have grown more and more rebellious over conditions permitting vital defense orders to be held up for lack of alloy steels and aluminum while the automobile industry gets all the steel and aluminum it needs.

In this connection it becomes all the more important to resume the campaign for adoption of the Reuther plan, first described in the pages of *The Nation* last December. Curtailment of automobile production without corresponding plans for diversion of the industry's facilities to the production of planes and other instruments of war would be doubly wasteful. It would leave valuable machinery idle and it would waste a huge reservoir of skilled man power. Moreover, diversion of facilities is important not only for the speedup of defense production but to prevent unemployment. Nothing could be more dangerous to morale than the spectacle of increased unemployment at a time when the need for greater defense production is more urgent than ever.

The G-String Conspiracy

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, July 20

I DO not think I am expounding a novel proposition when I suggest that you cannot kill an idea by putting its spokesmen in jail. The indictment obtained by the Department of Justice against the leaders of the Trotskyist Socialist Workers' Party and Local 544 in Minneapolis indicate that this is one of those platitudes better understood in the writing than in the making of history. The indictments say that the leaders of the Socialist Workers' Party, unless placed in jail, may overthrow the government of the United States, a task which would seem to call for more than a handful of men. The party claims that it has but 3,000 members. The department promises at the proper time to bring forward evidence to prove that the Socialist Workers' Party has all of 5,000.

Against this political gnat the government is about to let go with both barrels. One count of the indictments is based on the Smith Alien and Sedition Act, which Congress passed last year over the objections of such radicals as Paul Scharrenberg of the American Federation of Labor. The other count is based on Section 6, Chapter 18, of the United States Code, which makes seditious conspiracy a felony. "Off the record" at least one official engaged in the prosecution is prepared to admit that the Supreme Court may find the sedition provisions of the Smith act unconstitutional. For the first time in peace since the Alien and Sedition Laws of John Adams a mere expression of opinion is made a federal crime. Under these provisions a man might be sent to jail for ten years because he circulated such un-American documents as the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Second Inaugural, for both "advocate, abet, advise, or teach the duty, necessity, desirability, or propriety of overthrowing or destroying any government" by force. It is felt in the department that though this may be too much for the court, the convictions will stand under Section 6. There can be no doubt that Section 6 is constitutional. It was written to cope not with mere opinion but with an actual uprising. It was enacted in 1861 to deal with the Rebellion. The question is whether the courts will find it possible to equate the faint cannonading of Trotskyist popguns with the firing on Fort Sumter.

The rebellion of which the Trotskyist leaders of Local 544 are guilty was leaving the A. F. of L. for the C. I. O. Since the Trotskyists have been for revolution for a good many years and the Dunne brothers have been in control of Local 544 for a decade, one is entitled to wonder why

no action was ever taken against them so long as they were content to carry on their subversive activities within Dan Tobin's International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Wendell Berge, assistant attorney general in charge of the Criminal Division in the Department of Justice, told me that while the actual decision to prosecute came after the union decided to leave Tobin's union for the C. I. O., the timing was a "fortuitous occurrence." The New York and Minneapolis offices of the FBI have been collecting material on the Trotskyists and on Local 544 for some time, and it may have been a happy coincidence which enabled the case to be filed in time to do a political favor for Mr. Tobin. The liberals in the department are either unhappy or confused about the case. Shrewder and more determined influences see in this prosecution of an easily isolated and unpopular minority a chance to establish precedents which can be applied more broadly. If the leaders of Local 544 can be convicted for their opinions, so can others, and the National Maritime Union and the American Communications Association are next on the list.

No one questions the right of a government to protect itself, not only against overt acts but even against the expression of ideas, when there is really, in the formula of Justices Holmes and Brandeis, "a clear and present danger" that they will precipitate disorder or revolutionary action. Though the indictments allege that the Socialist Workers' Party is preparing to take over the government, officials of the department look pained when one asks them about this charge. On the department's estimates, 1/260 of 1 per cent of the people of this country belong to the Socialist Workers' Party. In the Twin Cities, the party's stronghold, the ratio is much higher. There the party membership is 1/18 of 1 per cent of the population. No minority is too small to cause some trouble, but the burden of proof is on the Justice Department.

To Acting Attorney General Biddle, to Mr. Berge, and finally to Henry Schweinhaut, who is in charge of the prosecutions, I put the same questions: "What did these people *do*? What were they *about* to do? In what way did they menace Minneapolis?" All three were kind enough to discuss the case at length with me, but Mr. Biddle said he was not familiar enough with it to answer these questions and suggested that I ask Mr. Berge. Mr. Berge was also unable to provide particulars and suggested that I ask Mr. Schweinhaut when the latter returned from Minneapolis. Mr. Biddle, as Acting Attor-

ney General, had to approve the prosecution before it could be begun. Mr. Berge heads the division in charge of the case. Without allegations as to overt acts or some clear and present danger these prosecutions are prosecutions of opinion. Yet Mr. Biddle and Mr. Berge were willing to take responsibility for them without the full inquiry warranted by a step so out of accord with our free traditions. If I understood Mr. Biddle rightly, he thinks a government need not wait for an overt act but can punish men for the probable consequences which would result if they tried to put their ideas into action. This reasoning is no different from that on which Trotskyists are jailed in the Third Reich or the Soviet Union. On this basis Thoreau could have been kept in jail for life.

From Mr. Schweinhaut I obtained a bill of particulars. They were not impressive. He is a well-meaning young man who headed the moribund Civil Liberties Division of the department until recently. He is now in charge of Commercial Frauds. He brought out pamphlets

and quotations from speeches to prove that the Trotskyists do not believe in democratic processes and are opposed to participation in the war. He charged that party members were favored in the distribution of jobs through Local 544 and that every effort was made to place party members in key positions in other unions. He said the union had organized a defense guard of from 200 to 500 members—estimates vary. He said the defense guard had from ten to fifty guns to practice with and that its members did calisthenics regularly. The government has evidence that on one particular evening there was a test mobilization which brought all members of the guard to union headquarters within an hour. "What did they do when they got there?" I asked him. Mr. Schweinhaut said they went to the Gaiety, a local burlesque house. He said each admission cost 75 cents, and the government wants to know who paid for the tickets. This was told me in all seriousness. I have heard of the Gunpowder Plot. Maybe this will go down in history as the G-String Conspiracy.

Volcano Under Vichy

BY LOUIS DOLIVET

ALMOST unnoticed, a profound political crisis is shaking the puppet governments of Europe, especially Vichy. An immense movement coming from the very soul of the French people is destroying every kind of collaboration suggested by the Pétain government.

In a little French village in unoccupied France, in the department of Corrèze, lives M. Spinasse, formerly Finance Minister of the Popular Front government. At present he is head of a notorious paper, *l'Effort*, which advocates collaboration between the French Socialists and the German National Socialists. Pétain and Laval were particularly proud to win this man for their pro-German policy, for they hoped through him to penetrate the ranks of the French Socialist movement. Their experience with him, however, as with so many others, has been a severe disappointment. During the first weeks the workers bought the paper, attracted by the names of prominent members of the Popular Front government which were printed on the masthead. But after they had read its contents they organized a real boycott against it. This boycott was extended to include Spinasse himself. In his own village every house is closed to him. In the evenings one can see a sad man walking through the streets of the village. Nobody has a friendly word for him; nobody replies to his greeting.

Another "collaborationist"—I mentioned him in an

earlier article in *The Nation*—is Georges Dumoulin, head of the important Northern Trade Unions, who has been the leader of a pro-German labor group. He edits, with the help of the German authorities and for their benefit, a paper called *l'Atelier*. Two months ago this old labor leader became the object of such hostility from the union rank and file that he was forced to resign.

One after another, the leading supporters of collaboration are being silenced by the hostile attitude of the people of France. They are one and all regarded as traitors and ruthlessly barred from every honest family. The Vichy government, powerless against this wave of popular feeling, is trying its best to change the situation. The Marshal himself addresses the workers, but he does not speak their language; he uses words which they never understood and never liked. He says to them: "Follow me blindly. The wrong policy of the previous government led you into this situation. I will save you." The French workers, with their strong political traditions, do not like to be told to follow blindly. They do not believe that Pétain will save them, for he never belonged to them. For many years they have feared that he would one day become a dictator, and they hate him.

René Bélin, a former secretary of the trade-union movement and now Labor Minister for Vichy, having been informed of this situation, decided to pay a visit to the unions of unoccupied France. His trip had few results.

When he spoke, three or four hundred workers came to listen to him, in hostile silence. One of his secretaries made a speech pointing out the differences between occupied and unoccupied France, and emphasizing the better condition of the workers in the unoccupied zone. A heckler retorted sharply that there was no difference at all, for the German authorities in effect dominated the whole of France. This attitude is characteristic not only of the workers but also of the intellectuals and peasants. Even strongly religious groups are showing more and more determined resistance to the Germans and their French supporters.

Controversies between different groups of collaborationists are being publicly aired in the newspapers. A great press battle is being fought between the Monarchist paper *l'Action Française* and the Socialist collaborationist paper *l'Effort*. Apparently it started with the question of who was responsible for the war and the defeat, but in reality both papers are trying to justify the policy of collaboration.

The political crisis within the collaborationist group is even better illustrated by the letter in which M. Tixier-Vignancourt, who for years advocated fascist policies in the French Parliament, resigned as associate secretary-general of the Central Committee of Social Propaganda. "Rhetorical declarations against the trusts," he wrote, "are contradicted by the allocation of raw materials. The organization committees [governmental committees to organize French industries] are giving their full support to the big industries, but they allow the artisan and the little enterprises to die. Suppression of news about proletarian conditions does not prevent salaries from being reduced to a famine level or mitigate the general misery."

The situation to which he refers is largely due to the control over big French industries which has been obtained by German firms. The Nazi authorities, with the cooperation of Vichy, have forced French owners to sell their shares to German competitors, often by methods amounting to blackmail. One result has been a wave of speculation exceeding the worst days of the financial crash of 1929. Another is that every Franco-German firm is trying to obtain the greatest possible quantity of raw materials, no matter what the cost, by bribing the members of the organization committees.

But the economic confusion is overshadowed by political problems. The Pétain policy as explained to the French people was based on two principal arguments. The first was that the war had already been won by Germany and that American help would come too late to save England. But this argument is not borne out by events; the French people know that Great Britain is receiving more and more help from America. And they know that the British, instead of being ousted from the Near East by July as predicted by the French press, have

succeeded, on the contrary, in forcing the capitulation of the German and Vichy troops in Syria.

The second argument consisted in saying that only by collaboration with Germany could the vital interests of France be secured. Daily life proves the contrary to the average Frenchman. He sees that the Germans are taking almost everything from France and giving almost nothing in return. Thousands of pamphlets distributed in France denounce the speakers of the press and radio as liars when they say that the economic difficulties of France are due to the British blockade. The pamphlets state correctly that France never imported wheat or eggs or other products of primary necessity. "Let us only expel the Germans," they conclude, "and we will have plenty to eat."

The French people are refusing to accept the fascist conception of the state, though the German and Vichy police and military machinery are crushing ruthlessly every attempt at resistance. Arrests are becoming more and more numerous, and concentration camps are filled with priests, workers, peasants, and political leaders. The situation is entirely different from that prevailing in Germany. There the National Socialist Party has millions of followers and nationalist arguments can be used in support of Hitler, who has made so many conquests for Germany. In France all the fascist parties together have only 150,000 members. They were negligible before the war; they are insignificant now. The Germans are foreign enemies imposing upon the French people a regime against which the French people have fought steadily for 150 years. No propaganda can overcome the profound popular opposition to fascism.

Resolutions presented by the trade unions to the provincial governors on May 1, 1941, contained not a single sentence approving a policy of collaboration with the Germans. On the contrary, they demanded the complete independence of France, and all ended with the words, "Long live the General Confederation of Workers" (the French national trade-union organization dissolved by the Vichy government). In a secret pamphlet distributed throughout the country, the French Socialist group officially accused the leaders of the ruling class of participation in an international conspiracy against the French Republic, and of having preferred Hitler to the Popular Front.

The German invasion of Russia changed the situation for the whole of Europe but especially for France. The policy of alliance and cooperation with Russia is a tradition in French history, whatever the Russian regime may be. In the years before the war the middle-class Radical Socialist Party, the Socialist Party of Léon Blum, the trade-union membership of 5,000,000, the agricultural societies and cooperatives with a membership of 200,000 families adopted at their conventions innu-

merable resolutions in favor of an alliance with Soviet Russia. The Communist Party, a strong political force in France, naturally advocated the same policy. During the Spanish war and at the time of the Munich crisis many important voices in France, from the most diverse quarters, warned against an anti-Russian policy. Especially from 1938 on, the best French minds strongly advocated this alliance. It is difficult to speak for those who are still in France and, naturally, in danger, but I may mention men like Pierre Cot, member of seven different French governments; Henri de Kerillis, former editor of a conservative paper; Pertinax, the well-known French journalist; Henri Laugier, former chief of the French Institute for Scientific Research. Despite ideological differences, all agreed that the military interests of France demanded an alliance with Russia against Hitler.

The Russo-German pact was naturally a great disappointment to the French people, and the Communist Party lost most of its followers. But now the situation is completely changed. The Russians are putting up a splendid fight; they are again the allies of the democracies. Consequently it is the Germans who now have to reckon with the hostility of the 1,500,000 followers of the Communist Party. The radical elements are concentrated in vital industrial areas around Paris. The large automobile, tank, and aircraft factories, the railways, and the chemical industry are strongly impregnated with them. Intensified sabotage is certain.

Immediately after the attack on Russia, Germany and the puppet authorities launched an openly reactionary policy. All talk of socialism receded into the background, and the purely fascist character of the new order became much clearer, even to men of little political education. But the appeal of the aristocrats and fascists for the formation of a French Legion to fight "against Bolshevism" met very little response from the public, and the government dropped the entire plan. Pétain's reactionary trend is plainly seen in his nomination of Pierre Bucheu, representative of the Comité des Forges (the French steel and iron trust), to be Minister of the Interior, with full control over the police forces of the country.

The Russian war introduced into the situation a new factor injurious to Germany and Vichy just as the Germans were withdrawing their best troops and air forces from France and as Vichy was meeting defeat in Syria and contemplating the bankruptcy of its diplomacy in the Far East, where Indo-China may be lost completely very soon. At the same time the R. A. F. was intensifying its bombing of military and industrial targets in France, and the United States was demonstrating its determination to help defeat Hitler. The question now is whether the Allies will utilize this situation to create a new threat to Germany. The latest news from France shows a daily increase of popular resistance. From Belgium and Holland, where the Communists are far from having as much

importance as in France, reliable information indicates that the people are awaiting decisive Allied action. In considering the advisability of a British counter-invasion of occupied Europe, the opportunities that such a move would create for other offensive actions should not be neglected. Allied strategists must of course reckon with the Nazi forces remaining in Western Europe and must expect that Hitler would promptly rush reinforcements against an invasion army. But the reinforcements would come chiefly from the Russian front, and the withdrawal of large units from that line would offer new offensive possibilities to the Russians. A counter-invasion would be the first act to create great difficulties for the German High Command. The risks which were taken for Crete, Greece, and Yugoslavia should certainly be taken for Europe. They should be taken in order to utilize a great potential ally, the 200,000,000 people of occupied Europe, who would have the chance to engage in guerrilla warfare on a scale heretofore unknown in Europe.

Such action presupposes a military and political strategy able to exploit without any ideological prejudice a unique situation in Europe. This unique situation will not last forever. The self-appointed rulers of France have tied themselves definitely to Hitler. Their game is subtle, and they are using old friendships in order to create confusion in the interest of the Germans—and to delay decisive action. Strong Allied pressure and the creation of a democratic Free French government would have an immediate effect. Many persons in important positions who are now hesitating would never allow themselves to be identified with German fascism. They are undecided at present because Vichy still says that it is "on excellent terms with the British and Americans."

Democracy can lose no more time—too much suffering is involved for the entire human race. Once the French people are in movement, the other peoples of the Continent will join them. They will follow France's initiative in launching the fight for freedom, as they did in 1789 and 1848. There can be no stronger appeal to humanity than the appeal to fight for liberty, independence, and democracy.



Marshal Pétain

Federal Union in Britain

BY BARBARA WOOTTON

London (by air mail)

THE Federal Union movement in Great Britain began, as every political movement must begin, by somebody having an idea. That idea was, to quote the first of the society's minutes, to give "practical effect" to the "ordinary citizen's desire for the rule of an international law based on individual liberty." It was not, perhaps, a very new idea. Nevertheless, it remains as sensible and important as any political idea that was ever conceived; and any movement that does actually succeed in giving practical effect to this desire will indeed have accomplished something.

Federal Union was founded by two young men, Derek Rawnsley and Charles Kimber, six months before a great stimulus was given to the whole federal idea by the publication of the London edition of Streit's "Union Now." For a time English Federal Unionists multiplied rapidly; crowded meetings were held; pamphlets were issued. W. B. Curry's popular booklet, "The Case for Federal Union," sold 100,000 copies. Parallel movements sprang up on the Continent and in the British dominions.

Throughout the *Sitzkrieg* and the first blackout winter such progress continued steadily. It seemed that there was a real stirring of public opinion. But the setbacks began with the disastrous campaigns of 1940. Even then, Churchill's offer of union to France showed that the most realistic and responsible statesmen could think in terms which, only a year or two before, would have been dismissed as the dreams of woolly-minded utopians. But during the anxious months of late summer the demands of the war effort upon the time and energy of the public-spirited grew ever heavier and heavier. Then came the winter blitz, and first in London, then in other great cities it became impossible to arrange meetings.

At a critical moment the movement was lucky enough to get the services, as chairman of the directors, of R. W. G. Mackay, who is known to federalists on both sides of the Atlantic—and of the Pacific too, since Australia is his native land—for his "Federal Europe" and "Peace Aims and the New World Order." Mackay undertook the urgent job of overhauling and piecing together the somewhat shattered remains of the society and of grappling with the desperate need for money. These developments came to a head with the adoption of a new statement of policy by a delegate conference held at Oxford last January.

The new policy is a three-headed affair. It is an at-

tempt to bring together all the essential elements in a twentieth-century conception of what democracy means, or must mean, if it is to be taken seriously and valued highly. The nineteenth-century notion that a 100 per cent satisfactory democratic way of life would be realized in a world of independent national states, each with a government elected by popular, or fairly popular, suffrage, is clearly quite out of touch with the ordinary requirements of ordinary folk. A state of brigandage would be a polite name for the habitual relations of these states; and the citizens of the democracies, much as they value their political freedom, have discovered that votes are poor food for empty bellies.

The new Federal Union policy is therefore a call for democracy on the international, the economic, and the political plane. International democracy is interpreted as the establishment of a common government with definite but limited powers in the fields of defense, foreign policy, and to some extent economic affairs, over states now independent of one another. Here the dividing line between the Federal Unionist and those who think only in terms of a revived League or some other looser form of international organization is the fact that the former will not be content unless the new international authority exercises power directly over individuals, and not merely over states as states. In his view a federation is not a federation unless it passes that test. That is not to say, however, that English federalists contemplate a world federal government emerging from the peace settlement. They are realistic enough to restrict their immediate objectives to limited federations, which, it is hoped, may be linked together in some less exacting and less ambitious form of world association.

That of course immediately raises the question of who is to federate with whom? Recent events on both sides of the Atlantic have naturally set people thinking about what might be made of the ever closer cooperation between Britain and the United States. There are those who drink quietly to Great Britain—the forty-ninth state. And now comes Streit again, this time with his "Union Now with Britain." A good many English federalists will support Streit's case, though they will not see it quite as he does. Others, less ambitious, are thinking in terms of the closest Anglo-American cooperation short of union—of common defense during the war and of at least the beginnings of common citizenship—as, for instance, by the release of Americans in England from the restrictions to which other aliens are subject.

But when full weight has been given to the eager and friendly eyes that the British federalist now turns toward the west, it still remains true that Europe is our problem and our destiny. Fortunately or unfortunately, we cannot tow this island away from its present situation and hitch it to the great continental democracy across the Atlantic. It was as a contribution toward a stable and peaceful order in war-torn Europe that the British Federal Union movement came into being; and it is in those terms that, ultimately, the British, or indeed any European, federalist still thinks and must continue to think.

And there the federalists have the field pretty much to themselves. For very little other thinking has yet been done about the possibilities of *long-term* political settlement. Many minds are already at work upon the probable immediate post-armistice needs of our unhappy continent and upon how best these may be met when the time comes. But beyond that point things are, generally speaking, left to take care of themselves. Perhaps this is inevitable for the present. The federalist, however, sticks to his thesis, repeating always that in the age of aviation and radio the independent states of Europe are an anachronism, and that we shall never have settled peace as long as their mere restoration is the limit of our vision.

The second strand in the new Federal Union policy is labeled economic democracy. The greatest challenge to the whole conception of democracy as a political idea is the apparent inability of the professing democracies to provide simple economic security for every man. Nobody is going to give much for reconstruction plans which do not successfully answer that challenge; and the man in the street is quite ready to be cynical about a democracy which does not care whether its citizens have work to do, food for themselves and their children, comfortable and healthy homes to live in, opportunity to develop their talents for their own pleasure and for the common good, and leisure which they may do what they like with. The Federal Union statement of policy demands, therefore, that these primary needs shall be the first charge upon the work and the resources of the community. To the question how this can best be done it does not attempt to give any simple or uniform answer. The obligation to lay down and enforce minima is recognized as the duty of an international authority. Methods must be adapted to the particular experience of particular countries.

The third section of the policy statement deals with political democracy. Here we have a demand for really representative government, together with the civil and political freedoms without which the mere business of voting is but a cruel mockery of real political choice. In England this aspect of democracy has a rather special significance owing to the peculiarities of our electoral system. It is now more than twenty years since there has been any general revision of the distribution of parliamentary seats. During those twenty years the population has been

extensively on the move, and it may now easily happen that of two constituencies each of which is represented in Parliament by one member, one has three times as many electors as the other.

The policy as a whole, it will be seen, runs close to President Roosevelt's Four Freedoms. It is an attempt to think out some of the institutions, particularly in the sphere of international relations, which would be necessary to establish those freedoms securely. The Federal Union policy statement does actually incorporate a declaration that international government must rest upon a fundamental charter of rights and needs, which must include freedom of faith, association, and speech; the rule of law in both national and international affairs; the general advancement of standards of living; and a denial of privilege based on class, nationality, or other sectional interest and not justified by function.

None of this derives directly from the program of any political party. The Federal Union movement is not a political party in embryo, nor is it affiliated to any of the existing parties. It seeks, rather, to work in and through all parties. The present would, indeed, be an extremely unfavorable moment at which to launch a new party in Britain. Any such move would naturally incur all the odium of an attempt to disrupt national unity at ■ most critical moment. On the other hand, the times may prove to be as favorable to the germination of new political ideas as they are unpropitious for building new political organizations. Opinion generally is very fluid, and many old formulas begin to have a somewhat unreal sound in the rapidly changing world with which we are frantically trying to keep pace.

There is thus an unusual opportunity for an organization like Federal Union to arouse the interest of all parties by sending speakers to address their local meetings. Moreover, the Federal Union movement has, from the first, attracted a large number of people who have never before taken any active part in political life. This is itself indicative of the stirrings that are everywhere perceptible, even if they have not yet made much mark upon the surface of things. In the end it will be the large mass of the silent public without party affiliations whose opinions will determine the political pattern in Great Britain, and elsewhere, after the war.

The Federal Union movement has, as a matter of fact, found supporters in Conservative, Liberal, and Labor ranks. At least two members of the present government gave it public support before their lips were sealed by promotion to more exalted responsibility. On the whole, sympathizers are more often found in the Labor and Liberal parties than among Conservatives, since Federal Union runs in a stream of internationalism which is more conspicuous in the tradition of the left than in that of the right. Federal Unionists are attacked in about equal measure on the ground that their purpose is to make the

world safe for socialism, and on the ground that they wish to do the same for capitalism.

At the time of writing a strong drive is afoot to interest the trade-union world in the idea, and the appearance of the chairman of the Trades Union Congress on a Federal Union platform will no doubt give an impetus to this. But neither here nor anywhere else are dramatic

results to be looked for in the immediate future. The vast majority of the people of Britain are too busy, and living under conditions of too great strain, to have much energy to spare from the demands of their daily occupations. Only when these strains are eventually relaxed shall we be able to learn what has been going on underneath the busy surface of civil and military duties.

Lindbergh Eyes Minnesota

BY DALE KRAMER

WHEN the New York *Daily News* recently suggested a Hoover-Lindbergh Presidential ticket for 1944, the ex-President promptly and publicly renounced any such aspiration. Lindbergh remained silent. Undoubtedly he and his advisers considered the suggestion ridiculous on two counts: that he should be relegated to second place; and that Hoover should be considered fit for a leading role in American politics of the future.

From Minnesota comes news of a possible strategy more in keeping with these blitzkrieg times. Political circles there feel certain that Lindbergh will seek the Republican nomination for the United States Senate in 1942—whether we enter the war or not. It would be an audacious move, but Lindbergh, whose father was a Minnesota Congressman, would stand a reasonably good chance of success in both primary and general elections.

The seat in question is occupied now by Joseph Ball, the youthful newspaper reporter who was appointed by Governor Harold E. Stassen after the death of Ernest Lundeen, Farmer-Laborite. It is expected that Ball, who had no political strength of his own at the time of his appointment, will make way for Governor Stassen, forcing Lindbergh to face a formidable opponent at the outset. But Minnesota politics are complicated. Governor Stassen and the Old Guard Republicans have never been particularly friendly, and the relationship has steadily worsened. Republican National Committeeman Roy Dunn manipulated the last legislature, of which he is a member, in a manner calculated to humble the Governor. Dunn and Lindbergh are reported to be very close, with Dunn expected to seek the nomination for governor should Lindbergh enter the senatorial primary. It is interesting that in the 1938 campaign against Governor Elmer A. Benson, Farmer-Laborite, Dunn, with other Old Guard leaders, was guilty of fairly extensive Jew-baiting. The strategy was to charge domination of the Farmer-Labor Party by Jews—and, *per se*, Communists.

Lindbergh would stand an excellent chance of cutting across party lines. Meddling in some one else's primary

is an old custom with Minnesota voters. A large number of Farmer-Laborites might rally to Lindbergh in memory of his father, who in 1918 was their first gubernatorial candidate, or to injure Stassen, or because of strong isolationist opinions. Even more important, a large section of the population probably believes that Lindbergh, who seems to have had out of life about all one man ought to expect, is above "partisan politics." That is a factor anywhere, and particularly in the Middle West.

If Lindbergh obtained the Republican nomination, the Roosevelt Administration would have difficulty in coming to grips with him. The Democrats, in a minority anyway, are hopelessly split. The Farmer-Laborites are also badly disorganized, with the leader of the "conservative" wing, Hjalmar Petersen, candidate for governor in 1940, a Lindbergh admirer.

Entrance of the United States into the war would of course reduce Lindbergh's support, and his Nazi decoration would haunt him. But the stakes are enormously high. A victory in the primary election would be a blow to the Wendell Willkie faction of the G. O. P., since Governor Stassen has in general supported President Roosevelt's foreign policy. A victory in the final campaign would not only establish Lindbergh as a tremendous vote-getter but, since the President would of necessity bend every effort to defeat him, be a vindication of his policies. He would be standing on an excellent spring-board for a jump to the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1944.

The Middle West is certain to see some turbulent battles next year even though Lindbergh decides against placing his name before the voters. (He must establish residence within the next seven months in order to qualify.) Phil LaFollette will probably attempt a comeback in Wisconsin. The miserable failure of his National Progressive Party with its echoes of National Socialism seems to have disappointed but not to have chastened him. He has a large following in Wisconsin still, and of late he has spent a great deal of time in organizing a youth movement. Senator Wheeler and Senator Nye

are not required to defend their seats next year and will be free to stump for isolationist candidates in other states. Probably William Lemke, Father Coughlin's old candidate, who ran unsuccessfully for the Senate last year with Nye's support, will try to regain his seat in the House.

The outcome of these struggles has an importance far beyond the issue of aid, peaceful or shooting, to Britain and Russia. A desperate national battle may be beginning over what kind of society the United States is to have after the war. There can be no doubt that Lindbergh and a number of the men around him see the isolationist movement as a means not only eventually to overturn the New Deal but to usher in the American wave of the future.

As a testing ground the Middle West has advantages for both sides. It is a region to which Vernon Parrington in his "Main Currents of American Thought" credited the largest contributions to American democracy. With its pioneer emphasis on individual liberty, the Middle West could not but view the establishment of European dictatorships with loathing. It hates and fears Hitler to a greater degree than does perhaps any other section of the nation. But the very same instincts are the cause of conflicting feelings. The bogey of all agrarian movements has been Wall Street. Even small-town bankers, at heart twice as conservative as J. P. Morgan, look askance at Eastern financiers. Convinced that the last war was fought for Wall Street, the Middle West is fearful that this one, if we get in it, will be, too. There never has been popular opposition to aid for Britain, but the argument that each step is a forward one in a plot to take the United States into war has been effective.

One movement, sometimes overlooked as a political factor, must be taken into account. Having failed in their bids for national political power, the farmers quietly built powerful and secure cooperatives which now embrace a considerable majority of the rural population. And a principal item in the extensive educational program of the cooperators is the study of fascism. Hatred of Hitler is not enough—the cooperators learn the causes of fascism and the subtleties of its language.

In the end, the question will be whether the old spirit of agrarian revolt which was responsible for the Australian ballot, the recall and referendum, the direct primary, popular election of Senators, the income tax—to mention a few democratic advances—can be perverted to other uses. Lindbergh has indicated some capacity for the necessary cunning. He hints at chaos and change, frightening small-town business men and well-to-do farmers—here he is aided by the German-Russian war, which opens a new avenue for the charge of communism against the Roosevelt Administration. To the poorer folks Lindbergh speaks of sinister forces at work and demands that home problems be solved—problems in which he has heretofore shown no interest.

The approach is, of course, a fascist one. A Hitler victory would undoubtedly benefit Lindbergh's side, but a Hitler defeat would not automatically destroy it. Americans hate fascism in its tangible European form, but there is no assurance that they understand it well enough to avoid seduction by a native variation. If he is as determined as he appears, Lindbergh is certain to lead, or at least act as spokesman for, a powerful movement in the Middle West.

In the Wind

FLIP-FLOP: On May 14, as reported in this column, fascist leader Joe McWilliams said of Stalin: "I do not ask you to admire the man, but you cannot deny that he has put his country first and has accomplished tremendous things for the Russian people, and no doubt will rid the country . . . of the Jews." On June 27 McWilliams had this to say: "Already Hitler is at the gates of Minsk. . . . Russia—that great religious country—will welcome Hitler as the liberator . . . the Soviets never fulfilled their promises of bread, peace, and land. . . . Now Hitler will win them over. . . . Hitler is the Sir Galahad of white Christians fighting for freedom against the international Jews."

THE KEYNES PLAN for compulsory savings, or its equivalent under an American name, will be put before Congress sometime next winter.

IN THE NEW State Department affidavits which must be signed by those sponsoring the admission of refugees into this country, the signer must declare that the person in question has never been a Communist or an Anarchist. Nowhere in the entire form is there a question pertaining to Nazi or fascist sympathies.

TWO DEFENDANTS in last year's trial of sixteen members of the Christian Front in Brooklyn are now in the armed forces—one in the navy, one in the army.

THE FOLLOWING HEADLINES appeared in the New York *Enquirer* for July 14: "Interventionism Violates Monroe Doctrine" (editorial); "Roosevelt Violates Monroe Doctrine, Say Nazis" (page 9).

FLANDERS HALL, the publishing house which has released several openly Nazi books, is trying to cash in on the publicity of the America First Committee. Its most recent book, "We Must Save the Republic," by Representative Stephen Day of Illinois, is described on the cover as "a Flanders Hall-America First book."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Virginia Democracy

IT PROBABLY isn't polite any longer to laugh at any aspect of democracy. Maybe it isn't even patriotic to smile. But if it isn't, the patriots ought not to be funny. And they are.

There's Virginia, God bless her. Out of her past Patrick Henry, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson march in the heads of patriotic politicians everywhere. John D. Rockefeller has spent millions recreating Williamsburg, the colonial capital, as a sort of backdrop for the American dreaming about the American democracy. In the Norfolk area today the arsenal of democracy has one of its chief sources of supply. There are new public-housing projects for defense workers along the shores of the rivers where the colonial mansions stand. Smithfield hams are shipped by the thousands north and west now from a town just across the river from the place where Captain John Smith's lazy gentlemen starved. But this month Virginia is engaged on two projects.

Item one is a private civil war with Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina over the right to use in tourist advertising the phrase "where America was born," or variants of it.

Item two is the Democratic primary on August 5, in which, according to all indications, politicians who will preserve the poll tax will be elected.

This business of the American birthplace is undoubtedly an important matter when you are advertising for tourists. And tourists are still important, as well as defense contracts. Two hundred thousand tourists go annually to Williamsburg, and the pull which brings them is this contested American cradle plus Mr. Rockefeller's reerected capitol. Such a cradle is worth defending.

Historians may well agree that that first permanent settlement in 1607 at Jamestown established what Virginus Dabney in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* calls "the indisputable, ironclad, triple-plated, copper-riveted, twenty-four-carat fact that Virginia is the one and only cradle of the republic." Though a citizen of one of the contesting states I'm inclined to agree. I even hope that Virginians are right when they say, as they said in their own state guide, that "the weary travelers who disembarked at Jamestown established not only the first permanent English settlement in America but a democratic ideal that may wane but will never die."

I still think it is funny for Virginia officials to start

arguing about it in the month before the election in which once again Virginians are going to preserve the poll tax, leaving in effect the control of government in a state of nearly three million people in the hands of not many more than a hundred thousand voters. Party primary and poll tax together make that a fact. I have nothing against Virginia, but I am afraid that after all I am not amused by those who in great solemnity make a joke out of democracy. And that seems to me to be what Virginia has done.

In 1901 without a vote of the people Virginia adopted a poll-tax constitutional amendment which has disfranchised not only Negroes but quite as many poor white people. Today a good many Virginians, like Virginus Dabney and members of the Southern Electoral Reform League, which has its office in Richmond, want to get rid of the poll tax. And what procedure in their democracy does that require? As a Vermonter might say, it's real cute. Repeal of the poll tax must be first approved by two legislatures, each elected by voters who have paid their poll taxes. Then the repeal must be approved by the people—but "the people" will be only those who paid their poll taxes (cumulative for three years) six months in advance of election.

The Virginia pattern shows that it is easy for the people to lose their liberties in this American democracy, but even in democracy it is hard as hell to get them back. Those politicians who talked at home about George Washington, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson fixed that in 1901, and they fixed it in an "ironclad, triple-plated, copper-riveted" way. They have had plenty of assistance from patriots in Virginia politics ever since. Carter Glass, who has just been unanimously elected president pro tem of the United States Senate and who is ardent in his desire for American aid in defense of democracy, was almost papa of the poll tax. He hasn't said anything against it yet. Nor has Virginia's boss, Senator Harry Flood Byrd—who is afraid democracy is going to be permanently damaged by the New Deal.

Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and any other infringers on Virginia's claim to be this democracy's cradle ought to be ashamed of themselves. Virginia, it seems to me, has a first-class claim on democracy's cradle and also on democracy's jail. It's a joke, but at this time in the world's history it isn't so funny in this country as it would be perhaps in Berlin or Rome. There they could laugh and laugh.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Unlamenting

BY ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Even the sweet and gentle find
Some tinge of acid in the mind,
Some small residuum of scorn
To use on men who never mourn;

Who never sorrow, never doubt,
Whose pasteboard fiber does without
The normal salt, the simple tear,
Breathing in arid atmosphere;

With fretfulness and petty rage
An unrewarding heritage,
And with no angel to relieve
Their inability to grieve.

Tate Versus History

REASON IN MADNESS. By Allen Tate. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

THESE are critical essays: some are literary criticism in a narrow sense, some in a broad, and some are not literary criticism at all. The essays are disconnected and occasional, the preface says, but that is not one's impression; Mr. Tate's style, method, and point of view give the book a surprising unity. The style will please anyone: few people write English with so much strength, ease, and wit. The method is what Mr. Tate confesses it is—the attack. The point of view—well, most of this review will be about that; roughly, it is an American variant of Eliot's, more downright and logical, not so religious, evasive, or "humble."

Mr. Tate's criticism of critics—Arnold, Coleridge, Richards, Daiches—is sound, brilliant, and crushing; he altogether avoids the filial relaxation of standards that is our customary tribute to the distinguished dead. His criticism of poetry, less intensive, is generally quite as good. His critical standards resemble Blackmur's, Winters's (minus Winters's incomparable neo-classical excesses), or Eliot's (minus Eliot's unconscious residual passion for the experimental). As a critic of poetry he has the initial advantage of being one of the four or five greatest living poets; his judgments are occasionally perverse, always acute, and usually simply right. He rarely amplifies or justifies these judgments; consequently he misses the advantage critics like Blackmur and Empson get from showing the reader exactly what they are saying, and why. He has an odd habit of conclusively demonstrating the quality of a poet by means of a little metrical analysis: it is an idiosyncrasy that almost assumes the proportions of a vice. Most of the literary criticism in this book is obviously first-rate; and there is, besides, the most brilliant attack on scholarship—PMLA variety—that I have ever seen.

Mr. Tate, fighting desperately to preserve traditional European culture, is part of an old and growing campaign against science, progress, humanitarianism, Economic and Perfectible Man. The movement has had two wings, both right: the irrational, which has attacked in the name of intuition, blood, the folk; and the rationalistic, which has attacked, with remorseless scholastic logic, in the name of the religion, art, philosophy it has seen being destroyed. Men like Mr. Tate have denounced the evils of what they call finance-capitalism; they have denounced the scientists and industrialists who, discarding art, religion, and philosophy as meaningless luxuries, have tried to throw away half our culture. But they are themselves eager to sacrifice the scientific, mathematical, and technical half of European culture, in order to return to the good society (traditional, theological, based on property, the "primary medium through which man expressed his moral nature") that is the womb from which the rest of us have struggled to get free. They approximate to that familiar limit, the thirteenth century, by means of an odd neo-Cartesian program of Systematic Belief. They are more hard-hearted than hard-headed; about their attitude there is something conscientiously partial, pre-scientific, provincial in both space and time—they can believe so much more and ignore so much more than other people. It is not so much the truth as the necessity of religion that impresses Mr. Tate; his theology is a blank and hypothetical quasi-Catholicism—the Christianity of *as if*. The education he wants is Latin, Greek, and philosophy. (He is a dualist—the Carnation or contented kind.) He writes: "I may look at English history with Hilaire Belloc—as I happen to do with reservations—as the decline of moral standards and human liberty from the twelfth century to our day." Well—such men are a distinguished and very forlorn hope; what they are fighting is history. Their attitude seems to me mistaken as truth and badly mistaken as tactics: they are all campaigning for the philosopher-king Stork. It has been later than they think for four hundred years.

But today, when everybody realizes that what we have been needing wasn't a change of system but a change of heart, that it wasn't economics we should have been studying but ethics (or should I say military tactics?); when all the fellow-travelers lie home with their heads under their pillows, dreaming of democracy and liberalism and religion—today one gets a perverse pleasure from a confirmed old reactionary like Mr. Tate, who sticks to his opinions for all the worst reasons, instead of deserting them for all the best. He calls his book "Reason in Madness," a light surviving in the "mad abstract dark"; we can get nowhere by retorting that we are reason, and Mr. Tate and his fellows the mad concrete dark. We must manage, somehow, a climate of opinion in which both are varieties of reason—and of madness too. A good many things are going to be taken from us; really to be reasonable, to be *willing*, to get where we can; what good we can, is something we must lose for ourselves.

RANDALL JARRELL

Wavell's War

WAR IN THE DESERT. By Raoul Aglion. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.75.

THE Middle East is a military term for a vast area perhaps twice the size of the United States. It stretches from Malta to Aden and from Central Africa to Greece. The defense of this tremendous territory, recognized as vital to British Empire economy and the Allied war effort, depended at the beginning of this war on General Weygand's large French army and the British and French fleets.

France withdrew from the war as Italy entered. With a handful of troops and a reduced navy England faced Italy's much-advertised navy and its huge African armies, totaling over 500,000 men and referred to by Il Duce as the Invincibles. These original Italian armies and most of the fleet have been wiped out by the British, who, up to last April when I left the Middle East, had never had more than 300,000 men as effectives available for General Wavell in all of that huge area.

Those 300,000 men were the strangest conglomeration of soldiers ever brought under one command—Australians, New Zealanders, Poles, Free French, Free Belgians, Indians, Dutch, South Africans, Czechs, Austrians, Canadians, Jews, and Arabs, as well as some crack Scottish and English regiments. Now there are also Serbian and Greek units. Just before I left, a Free Italian corps was in formation and doing a brisk enlistment among the anti-Fascists in the military prison camps of General Graziani's veterans.

Raoul Aglion, an expert on Near Eastern affairs for the French Foreign Office, saw the war in the Middle East unfold while he was serving as a soldier in Syria and later as a member of the staff of the French legation in Cairo. Finally the Nazi leanings of Vichy drove him into the Free French movement and General de Gaulle's army. He is now in the United States on a lecture tour for the Free French. Certainly all this constitutes an ideal background for writing the story of the Middle East in this war.

Unfortunately nearly a third of the book is spent in describing wars in the same theater ranging back to the time of the Pharaohs, over 5,000 years ago. However valuable this may be, it is tiresomely long and only serves to reduce the space available for the anecdotal narrative of contemporary events at which M. Aglion excels.

Accounts of Free Frenchmen who dared both death and the safety of their families to get out of Syria, the tale of the attack on Taranto, episodes of Wavell's miracle campaign in Libya, a stirring story of how a British unit spontaneously "surrendered" its colors to a Free French regiment—these are so excitingly told as to make us want many more. Here is definitely "untotal" war, and these tales restore one's faith in the existence of ideals, loyalty, and duty at a time when such concepts are unfashionable in America, though we need them badly.

For the first time, except in *The Nation*, M. Aglion tells America who the German nigger in the Middle Eastern woodpile is and calls him by name—Otto von Hentig. This amazing man led an anti-British crusade in Afghanistan during the last war. He rode a horse from there to Peiping. He was ejected from Poland as a kidnaper and from South

America as an attempted murderer. He has been twice accredited to the United States as a diplomat. He has posed as an archaeologist. He is said to be Dr. Haushofer's No. 1 fifth-column organizer. His career would certainly have made a more interesting chapter than that on the Crusaders.

Whatever miracles British arms have accomplished in the Middle East have been accomplished in spite of the obstacles erected by the stupid policy of the Foreign Office, a policy which might be called "cricket for Islam." M. Aglion glosses over far too much of this, but he does say of Egypt's absurd neutrality: "When the Fascists were established deep in Egyptian territory and were struggling for the conquest of the kingdom, Egypt still remained neutral. The British did not seem to exert the slightest pressure to bring her into the war, as if that had no importance. Is it not extraordinary that some of the greatest battles of this war were fought in a country which today is a neutral?" It is far more than extraordinary—it is stupid—for England to allow a pro-Fascist king and government to exist in the rear of its armies. Arabs hold cricket morality in the greatest contempt and mistake it for mere weakness.

It has been the same story in all the Middle Eastern countries—silly cricket diplomacy. In Bagdad until last winter the British had as ambassador Sir Basil Newton of unsavory appeasement fame. He insisted on dealing with the Iraqis as if they were a visiting Rugger team at Eton. This played directly into von Hentig's hands, and the Iraqi revolt of April resulted. British arms saved a dangerous situation, but had the Germans not had their eyes already on Russia the result might have been disastrous.

That Wavell has been able to muddle through with few men and fewer machines is both romantic and glorious. That it was made necessary by stupidity in London takes away a good deal of the glamor. There are signs that Mr. Churchill has begun to change all this. He has finally entered Syria, and he has sent a great and realistic Arab expert to replace Newton in Bagdad, Sir Kinahan Cornwallis, head of the Arab Bureau in the last war and thus Lawrence's boss. He knows definitely that cricket is not an Arabic game and will be more of a match for von Hentig.

As a picture of the theater of the Middle Eastern war this book is good. As a collection of stirring episodes it is even better. As a criticism of British diplomacy it is far too easy on Mr. Eden and his predecessors in the Foreign Office. For this M. Aglion must be excused; this is war time, and the buttons on his Free French uniform are British.

PETER STEVENS

The Massie Ore of British Letters

THE CAMBRIDGE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by F. W. Bateson. The Macmillan Company. Four Volumes. \$32.50.

LONG awaited, these volumes will be long discussed and longer used by all who cherish the unsearchable riches of English letters. The reasons for the continuing and abundant use of the work are implicit in its clearly expressed purpose. In the words of the editor, the Bibliography "sets out to record, as far as possible in chronological order, the au-

July 26, 1941

thors, titles, and editions, with relevant critical matter, of all the writings in book form (whether in English or Latin) that can still be said to possess some literary interest, by natives of what is now the British Empire, up to the year 1900." Volume I covers the years from 600 to 1660, Volume II the period from 1660 to 1800, and Volume III the nineteenth century. Volume IV is an index. Such a record supplies a significant mass of material nowhere else conveniently available. The book will be an occasional reference work for the general reader, an inspiration to or the despair of the young student, and an essential tool for every scholar in English literature or cognate fields. In taking all British letters for their province, Mr. Bateson and his collaborators, among whom are some of the leading scholars in England and the United States, have essayed a task of the first magnitude. Neither they nor the users of the book can be expected to be completely satisfied with every detail of so massive a compilation. This fact is not important. The walls, the roof, the entire superstructure of even the loftiest structures can be repaired or rebuilt if the foundation has been well designed and strongly constructed. So it is with a compilation of the magnitude of the Bibliography. No one who examines it thoughtfully can doubt that it is the foundation upon which all subsequent work in English literary bibliography will be based. The work contains many errors; these can be corrected. Its arrangement by types within literary periods seems to many unnecessarily confusing; this order can be entirely changed in later editions. The index is inadequate; it can be expanded to any desired length. In brief, the disorders of the work are functional rather than organic. A few treatments by a literary family doctor, with occasional advice from scholarly specialists, will easily cure all the ills from which the book now suffers.

In order to make detailed comment on every section of the Bibliography one would need to have special knowledge of every author and literary trend found in thirteen centuries of British letters. Obviously no person possesses such knowledge. It is possible, therefore, to make specific criticism of only a few sections.

It is stated that the lists of relevant critical matter are selective. Though one accepts the necessity of this selectivity, serious questions nevertheless arise. It is rash to doubt the judgment of Professor Renwick concerning Spenserian scholarship, but even so one wonders whether three-quarters of a page suffices to list an adequate selection of the biographical and critical papers on Spenser. Similarly, one hesitates to question the decisions of David H. Stevens, the editor of the "Reference Guide to Milton." It must be said, however, that many highly important papers on Milton are omitted from the list of articles given in the Bibliography. Saurat's "Milton and the Zohar," Fletcher's "Milton and Yosippon," Wolfe's "Milton and Mirabeau," Bank's "Miltonic Rhythm" are only a few of the papers essential to any *apparatus criticus* of Milton which do not appear. It is surprising also to note the omission of any reference to the editions of "Areopagitica" by James Thomson (1738) and by T. Holt White (1819), with a translation by Mirabeau.

Some of the cross-references are disturbingly faulty. On page 458, under Cowley, there is a note "See pp. 655-87"; on page 655 there is a note "vide p. 459." The important

essay by Herbert Cory, "The School of Spenser, the Fletchers, and Milton," appears under both Giles and Phineas Fletcher but is not listed under either Spenser or Milton.

The "Current Lists of English Studies" omits the following valuable bibliographical compilations: Annual Bibliography, in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association*; Renaissance Bibliography, in *Studies in Philology*; The Romantic Movement, in *English Literary History*; English Literature, 1660-1800, in the *Philological Quarterly*; and the Shakespeare Bibliography in the *Bulletin of the Shakespeare Association of America*.

The *Yellow Book* (1894-97) is listed merely as a periodical in a long list of occasional and enduring magazines. Its significance is not suggested, and the considerable critical literature about it is entirely omitted. Although John Oliver Hobbes (Pearl Craigie) is included, her more important contemporary, Henry Harland, is left out.

Admitting all these errors of omission and commission, however, the Bibliography remains a great and brave achievement. All who love letters must be grateful to the editors and publishers for the vision and fortitude they have displayed in making such a book, and for the gift of it in this dark hour of hate and destruction. Within these volumes is the matter of Britain, which neither time nor the fury of bestial strife can destroy.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

The Western Democracy

ROBERT DALE OWEN: *A BIOGRAPHY*. By Richard William Leopold. Harvard University Press. \$4.50.

THE INCORRIGIBLE IDEALIST. By Elinor Pancoast and Anne E. Lincoln. Principia Press. \$2.

THIS country has fathered many personalities, colorful, quixotic, and rich in their contributions to our history. Many of them have been eulogized in song and story and are now a part of our folklore. The popular interest in one or another of these figures waxes and wanes with peculiar historical coincidence. On the other hand, there is still a host of personalities who remain unsung and unnoticed, until an accident brings to light one of these unknown actors. In these days a menacing threat to our democratic institutions is responsible for a resurgence of interest in the men and women in our history who helped those institutions come into being.

Thus two biographies of Robert Dale Owen have recently appeared; the one by Richard Leopold is the first full-length portrait of a man whose long life of seventy years spanned the political and economic ferment of American development. It is a scholarly book of interest not only to historians but to sociologists and psychologists. Robert Dale Owen, the eldest son of Robert Owen, industrialist and socialist reformer, started life with the disadvantages—and advantages—of a guinea pig in an experimental school. His Pestalozzian education at Hofwyl, Switzerland, equipped him with an unorthodox curiosity about human beings, their ideas, and institutions. In 1826 he was his father's representative at New Harmony, Indiana, that extraordinary adventure in communal living and progressive education. He became the editor of the *New Harmony Gazette*, a paper dedicated to

free thinking and the discussion of all human matters—among them religion, morals, and sexual relationships. Together with Frances Wright, the social reformer who was concerned with reeducating Negro slaves to prepare them for freedom, he embarked upon a career of radical journalism. As editors of the *Free Enquirer*, the name of the *Gazette* after it was brought to New York City, he and Frances Wright became the protagonists there of the bitter struggles of the first Workingmen's Party. It was at this time that Robert Dale Owen valiantly espoused birth control, free public education, and a revolution in the social and legal status of women—a period in his life which Mr. Leopold characterizes as that of "the reformer." It is also the period which marked the differences between Robert Dale and his father, for the former, always the more practical person, was interested in results and did not find it too difficult to exchange his old ideals for new ones.

Robert Dale Owen's marriage marked the beginning of another era for him. He settled down in New Harmony and became closely identified with the political development of the Middle West. He was elected to the Indiana legislature from Posey County and played an important role in the construction of the Indiana constitution of 1850 and the establishment of the public-school system for the state. He became absorbed in a campaign for election to the United States Congress, and every radical utterance he made in his youth confronted him. He was defeated, but four years later this "upstart, foreign demagogue and disorganizer," the man who "would disgrace the gallows," was elected to the national legislature.

Interested in the philosophy of Manifest Destiny, which sanctioned the expansion of this country to the Northwest and the Southwest, he was one of those eloquent orators who made an astute plea for expansion regardless of its implications with respect to the burning slavery question. Despite his early affiliations with Frances Wright at Nashoba, Owen was never a rabid abolitionist. Primarily he was, at this stage of his development, an opportunistic reformer.

He fathered the law establishing the Smithsonian Institute as an educational center, and even though that institution

fell short of his aspirations for it, he became an industrious regent, using his eloquence and journalistic ability in its behalf. His career as the Western Democrat terminates with his political defeat. With his appointment to Naples as American consul, his career as a lawmaker and reformer ended. His new life and interests were centered in the field of diplomacy and, curiously enough, of spiritualism. He justified the latter interest to Cornelius C. Felton, president of Harvard University and a bitter enemy of spiritualism, in a long letter. "Desiring after twenty years of public life some more tranquil and philosophical field of labor," he wrote, "I discovered none which appears to promise more useful results than this."

Modern psychologists might explain this interest in many ways. Certainly the last years of Owen's life might be characterized as an intellectual anticlimax. His writings on spiritualism, his séances, his strong mysticism culminated in a short stay at the Indiana Hospital for the Insane. He was dismissed, and then started writing his autobiography.

The two biographies are in a nature complementary. Dr. Leopold has performed a monumental job of compilation and annotation. Miss Pancoast and Miss Lincoln, in their brief presentation, do an intriguing job of interpretation and analysis. We are grateful for the portrayal of a personality "which illuminates the social and political scene during a half-century of America's most stirring history."

THERESA WOLFSON

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

ECONOMIC SHANGHAI: HOSTAGE TO POLITICS, 1937-1941. By Robert W. Barnett. American Council Institute of Pacific Relations. \$2.

THE AIRMEN SPEAK. By the Officers and Men of the Royal Air Force. Selected by Wing Commander Bentley Beauman. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF LIBERIA. By George W. Brown. Associated Publishers. \$3.

CHRISTIANITY IN A CHANGING WORLD. By Shirley Jackson Case. Harper. \$2.

SAVAGE MESSIAH. By H. S. Ede. Knopf. New Edition. \$2.50.

I WAS A NAZI FLIER. By Gottfried Leske. Edited by Curt Riess. Dial Press. \$2.50.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. By Josephine Miles. New Directions. \$1.

IOWA: THE RIVERS OF HER VALLEYS. By William J. Petersen. The State Historical Society of Iowa. \$3.

THE POETRY OF FLIGHT. An Anthology Edited by Selden Rodman, Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.50.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS IN 1940. By Whitney H. Shepardson in Collaboration with William O. Scroggs. Harper. \$3.50.

DIGGING FOR MRS. MILLER. Some Experiences of an Air-Raid Warden. By John Strachey. Random House. \$1.25.

FISHERMEN AT WAR. By Leo Walmsley. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

SELECTED POEMS. By John Wheelwright. New Directions. \$1.

DEMOCRACY IS DIFFERENT. A Series of Lectures at Oberlin College by Carl Friedrich Wittke, Oscar Jaszi, Jan Blahoslav Kozak, John Donald Lewis, Giuseppe Antonio Borgese, Henry Russell Spencer, Eduard Heimann, Carl Joachim Friedrich, Ernest Hatch Wilkins. Harper. \$2.50.

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IN BRIEF

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM. By A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown. \$2.50.

Drawing on a time-tested store of sure-fire characters—the poor orphan, the grasping aunt with the spoiled son, the benevolent, free-thinking doctor, and so on—Dr. Cronin has built up another of his competent, heart-warming, but hardly memorable stories: this time about a Scottish Catholic priest who serves for many years as a missionary in China and finally returns to face and overcome the narrowness and provincialism of his church at home.

BRAZILIAN SKETCHES. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.

This small book of sketches not previously published in this country in book form describes a whirlwind visit to the Brazilian cities of Pernambuco, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and Sao Paulo. With his usual skill Kipling has revealed the essential characteristics of the towns and their inhabitants, giving impressions at once exact and intense.

RECORDS

THE remaining July releases of Victor include Alfvén's "Midsummer Vigil," a slight but enjoyable piece for orchestra, well played by Grevilius with the Stockholm Concert Association Orchestra (Set 788, \$2.50). Slight also, with a few amusing moments, is Saint-Saëns's "Carnival of the Animals," which gets a glitteringly streamlined performance by Stokowski with the Philadelphia Orchestra and assisting pianists (Set 785, \$3.50). And quite dull are the Five German Dances of Schubert that Barbirolli performs with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony on two single discs (2162/3, \$1.50).

The Adagio K. 261 for violin that Mozart wrote as an alternative slow movement for the Concerto K. 219 is one of the three pieces of Mozart that I found uninteresting when Milstein played them with the New Friends of Music Orchestra; and I find it uninteresting now again when played by Ossy Renardy on another single disc (18032, \$1). Nor do I like the piece on the reverse side—the movement which Brahms contributed to the sonata that he wrote with Schumann and Dietrich. Renardy's performances are simply phrased. Still other singles offer two finely wrought

and enjoyable settings by Duparc of poems by Baudelaire, "L'invitation au voyage" and "La vie antérieure," beautifully sung by Panzéra (18051, \$1); Robert McBride's briskly arid Quintet for oboe and strings, well played by the composer and the Coolidge Quartet (2159, \$.75); and Bach's great D minor Toccata and Fugue for organ, with the Toccata played effectively by E. Power Biggs, but with the polyphony of the Fugue at certain points the confused jumble of brilliantly recorded organ sound that Biggs so often has given us (18058, \$1).

The Columbia University Bookstore has issued three more ten-inch records (\$1 each) of vocal polyphony sung by the Columbia University Choir under Lowell P. Beveridge. I like Sweelinck's "O Seigneur, loué sera ton nom," Dowland's "As Pants the Hart," Hassler's "Verbum caro factum est" (105); and best of all Gibbons's "O Lord, in Thy Wrath," Pitoni's "Cantate Domino," and Eccard's "O Lamm Gottes unschuldig" (107, on which the labels should be transposed). Marenzio's "Gaudent in coelis" and Palestrina's "Dies sanctificatus" (106) I find less interesting. The singing is good and excellently recorded; but the wide frequency-range extends to surface noise.

In the Decca album of Kansas City Jazz (Set 214, \$3.50) I have enjoyed Mary Lou Williams's piano-playing in "Baby Dear" (18122); but the best thing in the set is the coupling (18125) of two old Basie Orchestra sides—"Good Morning Blues" and "Doggin' Around." In the Decca Anthology of White Jazz (Set 183, \$2.60) are two fine performances—the Jimmy McPartland "Panama" (3522), with Dick Clark on tenor sax and Joe Harris on trombone; and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings "Tin Roof Blues" (3523), with Wingy Mannone on trumpet, George Brunies on trombone, and Sidney Arodin on clarinet. Decca also offers Reginald Gardiner's monologue "Trains" (Set 215, \$2), which is amusing the first time, and which I did not try a second time. And another amusing record offers Danny Kaye's performances of "Jenny" and "Tchakovsky" from "Lady in the Dark" (Columbia 36025).

B. H. HAGGIN

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. Price 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year \$5; Two years \$8; Three years \$11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, \$1; Canadian, \$1. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index. Two weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

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The Momentous Issue!

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Letters to the Editors

Van Paassen vs. Rosinski on Geopolitical Planning

Dear Sirs: In his review of my booklet "The Time Is Now" in *The Nation* for June 28 Herbert Rosinski applies the terms "grotesque" and "falsification of history" to my statements to the effect that the world-domination ambitions of the German General Staff under the influence of the geopolitical movement are not a Hitler development but have been in existence for almost half a century. When he says that "German foreign policy has had no such continuity," he is right. I have never charged the German foreign policy with consistency. It is my contention that, irrespective of that foreign policy's orientation, military planning commissions have been working out blueprints for world-conquering wars—and this whether Germany was a Kaiserreich, a republic, or a totalitarian state.

If Mr. Rosinski does not believe me, he might read some of the papers published by the late Robert Lansing, who marshaled an impressive array of facts to prove this very statement.

Mr. Rosinski might also read with real interest the article by Alfred Vagts in the *Political Science Quarterly* of December, 1939, and March, 1940, in which the author offers amazing evidence that back in 1897 German naval authorities expressed the view that Germany's future navy would have the task of abolishing the Monroe Doctrine.

If Mr. Rosinski thinks that I am falsifying history he makes me an accomplice of President Theodore Roosevelt, who unequivocally stated that he had positive information, based on German General Staff documents, of a contemplated German attack on this country.

Finally I should like to cite, as evidence that Hitler is not the first German ruler to have sponsored planning academies for world conquest, the oceanographic and geopolitical books of Friedrich Ratzel (who died in 1904), Josef März, Walter Schmidt, Karl Haushofer, and others who in the last forty-five years have nursed the present geopolitical ideal.

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

New York, July 15

Dear Sirs: In his attempt to refute my criticism of his fantastic statements about the influence of the Geopolitical

Institute of Munich on German foreign policy since 1897, Mr. van Paassen is compelled to undertake a complete withdrawal from his original position. The points in his booklet against which my criticisms were primarily directed were: first, his statement that for nearly half a century the successive German governments, "whether a Kaiserreich, a republic, or a totalitarian state, enthusiastically sponsored a planning academy whose function was to develop a long-range project for the domination of the world"; second, the contention that such a long-range planning academy existed; third, his identification of it with the Geopolitical Institute, which he expressly asserted had "existed since 1897."

Mr. van Paassen now drops the first and last of these points, forswearing any intention of ascribing such continuity of planning for world conquest to the German governments and ascribing the actual planning no longer to the Geopolitical Institute but to some conveniently anonymous "military planning commissions," organs of the world-domination ambitions of the German General Staff and under the influence of the geopolitical movement for almost half a century.

Unfortunately for Mr. van Paassen, this marked recession from his original position in no way improves his situation. For not only did no German government prior to 1933 ever sponsor such long-range planning for world domination, but no such independent military planning commission, in any form, ever existed, and a "geopolitical movement," which now replaces the "Geopolitical Institute," was as non-existent in 1897, and for almost three decades thereafter, as the institute. As for the "world-domination ambitions" of the German General Staff, I can scarcely do better than to refer Mr. van Paassen to the article on Land and Sea Power in the Second German Reich by Alfred Vagts, in the *Journal of the American Military Institute*, Vol. III, p. 213. Mr. Vagts writes:

Nothing could be more false than to characterize the pre-war Junker as imperialistic. The army, whatever territorial and kindred appetites it developed during the war, however misleading the march through Belgium must seem to the outside, was non-aggressive before 1914 except in its strategy. As the great General Staff put it in 1902, in a state-

ment not intended for public use, "We want to conquer nothing, we merely want to defend what we own. We shall probably never be attackers but rather always be attacked. The necessary quick success can be brought us with certainty only by the offensive."

Nor do I find in Vagts's article on the German navy the "amazing evidence" that back in 1897 German naval authorities expressed the view that Germany's future navy would have the task of abolishing the Monroe Doctrine. The truth is, as I happen to know from a searching and comprehensive investigation of the German navy's policy, that that policy in 1897 was predominantly directed against Great Britain, that the United States was envisaged, if at all, only as a very remote opponent, and that far from aiming at world domination its objectives were almost exclusively confined to the North Sea.

Mr. van Paassen, however, in his booklet supports his contention about the continuity of German planning for world domination by the following summary of the "formula" of Friedrich Ratzel, the great German geographer:

If the Germans are to fulfil their destiny and become the masters of the world, they must reinforce their invincible army with just as powerful a fleet. This means that they must either make Britain their ally and partner, or, if that should prove impossible, compel the British to surrender their fleet and their shipbuilding yards. Nothing can prevent the Germans from accomplishing this task except a failure to recognize that the capture of the road to world conquest leads over the waterways.

In the whole of Ratzel's voluminous writings there is not a single paragraph, not even a single sentence, that would justify Mr. van Paassen in imputing these ideas to him. They are a pure invention of Mr. van Paassen's, made all the worse by the fact that they are tucked into a genuine summary of Ratzel's famous pamphlet "The Sea as the Source of the Greatness of Nations," thus creating the impression that they constituted the argument of that pamphlet. In reality the only direct reference to the purposes of the German navy I have been able to find in the pamphlet is a statement which confines the role of the navy to that of a battle fleet capable of keeping open the North Sea.

HERBERT ROSINSKI

Princeton, N. J., July 21

THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

IN THE FEW DAYS SINCE THE LAST *NATION* appeared, a new turn in world events has modified the policy and perspectives of the United States. Japan is moving an army of occupation into French Indo-China, and the President has announced economic reprisals against Japan. The order freezing Japanese assets in the United States, supported by parallel action in Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Dutch East Indies, was a direct answer to Tokyo's move, and it followed by one day a formal statement by Acting Secretary of State Welles denouncing Japan's aggression in the South Pacific as a threat to American interests and possessions. The full consequences of the freezing order have not yet been revealed; it is only known that from now on Japan will presumably have fewer dollars to spend on oil even if the government permits its sale. And the President's supplementary order bringing the armed forces of the Philippines under United States command are a sign that we may mean business. Perhaps by the time this issue is read the courageous example of the Dutch East Indies in canceling its trade agreement and embargoing oil sales to Japan will have been followed by the United States.

★

WE HOPE SO. WE HOPE THE PATIENCE OF the Administration, which has seemed almost inexhaustible since the invasion of China in 1937, has at last run out. We warmly support the urgent recommendations of Nathaniel Peffer, appearing on another page of this issue, that a complete boycott on trade with Japan—a policy of absolute non-intercourse—be substituted for the appeasement of the last four years. But we are inclined to wait for events to demonstrate the reality and extent of the new policy. We have too often heard thunderous pronouncements that are looked upon in high places as safe and satisfactory substitutes for action. And in the case of Japan we have good reasons for suspending judgment. On the very day Mr. Welles issued his statement denouncing Japanese aggression, the President made an impromptu speech in which he said that "if we had cut off oil they, the Japanese, probably

would have gone down to the Dutch East Indies a year ago and you would have had a war." By the same reasoning if we cut off oil today they probably will go down to the Dutch Indies tomorrow—especially since by their present aggression they have taken a long step in that direction—and then "you will have war" even more certainly than a year ago. That, at least, seems the logic of the President's argument. And it suggests the possibility that the beginning of economic warfare may not mean the ending of appeasement. Until we hear an official announcement that not one more barrel of oil will be allowed to go to Japan from the United States we shall sit back and wait—hopefully but with our fingers crossed.

★

THE BATTLE OF SMOLENSK, ACCORDING TO the latest German reports, is drawing to "a successful conclusion," but such claims have ceased to be impressive. It is now nearly two weeks since the capture of this key city and a decisive break-through on the road to Moscow were first announced in Berlin. Since then the German High Command has daily reported progress without being able to present any evidence as to its nature. At the same time Nazi news agencies, "official spokesmen," and "soldier-reporters" have been busy concocting alibis. We hear much of rain, mud, and bad roads handicapping the mechanized forces. There are admissions that the Soviet guerrillas are proving a serious menace to communications, and Berlin is commenting bitterly on "unfair" Russian tactics. A few weeks ago we were told by the Nazis that Red soldiers were being driven unwillingly into battle and were surrendering in droves; now these same sources tell us that the Russians are fighting with fanatical bravery. The general picture is still vague and incomplete, but the quality of Russian resistance has evidently surprised the Germans, as, indeed, it has surprised most of the rest of the world.

★

GERMANY NEEDS A DECISIVE VICTORY IN Russia during the next few weeks for political as well as military reasons. Only such a success could induce Japan to provide the kind of diversion in the Far East, whether by attacking Siberia or the East Indies, for which the Nazis are looking. Again, the least indications of a German setback cause stirrings in the occupied countries and magnify the effects of the heightened propaganda campaigns being carried on by both Britain and Russia. Even Germans are not immune from uneasiness as the Gestapo paper, *Das Schwarze Korps*, testifies by attacking "stupid Germans" who "dare to ask why Hitler suddenly discovered that Stalin and Molotov are criminals." If it becomes certain that Germany must face both a winter campaign in Russia and intensified British bombing, a sharp deterioration in domestic morale is inevitable.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SEEMS TO HAVE WON his fight to prevent the demobilization of the still only half-trained men of the new army by adroitly shifting the issue from the question whether or not the son of a Congressman's constituent should stay in camp to the question whether or not a national emergency exists. Especially since the new Japanese development even the isolationists are finding it difficult to deny that the United States may conceivably be affected by a war that has already spread over half the world's surface, and the final passage of the service-extension resolution seems assured. Senator Robert R. Reynolds was the only one of ten members of the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate to vote against reporting the resolution. Reynolds, who has made no bones about his admiration for Hitler's efficient methods, says that our national interest is not imperiled "unless we continue the policy of challenging certain nations of the world to conflict." "Great fear has been instilled into the minds of the American people," he went on, by "false propaganda," and he cited as examples such films as "Mortal Storm" and "The Great Dictator." Obviously, in the view of Robert Reassuring Reynolds, the tales of Nazi brutality that have poured out of Europe since the escape of the first refugee are also "false propaganda"; and any resemblance we may see between ourselves and the people living or dead, in these accounts is purely coincidental.

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THE NATION HAS MORE THAN ONCE PRINTED stories describing the system of forced labor on the new trans-Saharan railway now being built under Nazi supervision to serve as a military link between French North Africa and Dakar. Thousands of Spanish republicans have been shipped to the construction camps in the Sahara along with many ex-legionaries—men of various nationalities who volunteered for the defense of France against the Nazi invasion. An article by Heinz Pol in *The Nation* for May 3 discussed in detail the hideous working conditions and disciplinary measures endured by this slave labor. In answer to a query by the *New York Times* the Governor General of Algiers has denied *The Nation's* charges, dismissing our reports as "absolutely inexact." We do not question the motives of the *Times* in inviting an answer from this Vichy official, but its value is obviously just as great as would be the comment of Heinrich Himmler on stories of cruelties inflicted in German concentration camps. We have seen many documents—several in the form of desperate appeals for help from prisoners themselves—reiterating every charge made in *The Nation*. And in the face of mere official denials we believe them. But even the statement of the Algerian governor bears out our main charge—that thousands of innocent men have been sent to Africa against their will to work under military discipline at a grueling task. This is slavery, no matter what the Vichy officials may call it.

IN REPORTING THE NEW TAX BILL WHICH, it is estimated, will bring in an additional \$3½ billion of revenue, the House Ways and Means Committee expressed the belief that "this burden will be borne cheerfully in the light of the overwhelming importance of national defense." We believe the committee is right on this score, but we are much less certain that the result of its three months' deliberations is the most satisfactory bill possible under the circumstances. The sharp increases in income tax imposed on the lower and middle brackets will no doubt appear to be severe to those called upon to pay them. But they will seem even more of a load if prices continue to rise. And one of our chief criticisms of the bill is that it does not take sufficiently into account the urgent necessity of using the tax system to maintain a balanced economy. As Charles E. Noyes points out on page 91, it is essential, if inflation is to be avoided, to keep total spendable income in line with the total volume of goods and services available for consumption. To achieve this end, spendable income must be cut more drastically than it is by the present bill. It is not possible to curtail the spending of those at or below the subsistence level—and far more of our people are in this category than comfortable editorial writers like to admit. Still higher taxation of the very rich may be possible, but its effects on total consumption would be negligible. This leaves the middle-bracket families, who account for some 50 per cent of the total national spending power. Neither the direct nor the indirect levies in the new bill are calculated to cut sufficiently the expenditure of this group.

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IN VIEW OF THE GROWING CONCENTRATION of control of the means of disseminating information, the Federal Communications Commission is rendering a public service in beginning an investigation of the relations between the press and the radio. The authority for the inquiry rests on a provision of the Communications Act of 1934 directing the commission to grant radio licenses only after a determination that "public interest, convenience, or necessity" would be served thereby. The occasion is the inauguration of the new frequency-modulation, "FM," radio broadcasting. More than a third of the applications now pending for FM licenses come from stations affiliated with newspapers, and the commission wants to know "whether joint association of newspapers and broadcast stations tends or may tend to restrict or distort the broadcasting of news, or to limit the source of news to the public, or to affect adversely the relation between news-gathering services and broadcasting stations." Elisha Hanson, for the publishers, has attacked the inquiry as an interference with the freedom of the press, and newspaper owners of radio stations have raised a \$200,000 war chest to fight the investigation. Arthur Robb, editor of *Editor and Publisher*, has already refused to testify "on advice of counsel."

THE REAL INTERFERENCE WITH FREEDOM of the press and radio comes not from the commission but from the growing monopoly in both revealed by the expert testimony at the first hearings. Of 1,426 cities with daily newspapers, there is a local press monopoly in 1,245. The depression years that followed 1929 intensified the trend toward monopoly, and since an unsuccessful attempt by the press to fight the radio in 1932 and 1933 there has been a growing tendency toward the interlocking of newspapers and local radio stations. The publishers, finding themselves unable to block news and advertising competition from the radio, decided to try to take it over. In 1933 only 9.5 per cent of all radio stations were affiliated with newspapers. In 1941 the ratio is 33.2 per cent. Newspaper-affiliated stations in 1940 sold 35.3 per cent of all radio time and owned 37.5 per cent of all tangible property devoted exclusively to broadcast services. The hearings are expected to show a close connection between newspaper wire services like the Associated Press and the various radio news services. Little can be done to halt the wiping out of independent papers, but the government should refuse radio licenses to newspaper interests in cases where such control would result in a local information monopoly. The maintenance of competition between press and radio is one way to preserve greater freedom in the spread of news and ideas.

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GOVERNOR TALMADGE'S LATEST EXPLOIT IN driving two "furriners" out of the state university system of Georgia on charges of having tried to establish racial equality in the schools is described in all its Hitleresque detail on another page. It is only the most recent of a series of actions by which the terrible Talmadge has seized virtually absolute control of the state government. In the last session of the legislature he obtained the passage of a bill authorizing him to handle all state funds; he also maneuvered a resolution extending the governor's term to four years and specifically extending his own present term. Talmadge had packed the Board of Regents which dismissed the professors. He already has control of the secondary-school system. Needless to say, the issue of racial equality is a "white herring" designed to appeal to the backwoods vote. Atlanta's two daily newspapers, the *Constitution* and the *Journal*, have denounced his actions and his motives, and even some papers which have supported him are now in opposition or refuse to defend him. For his part, Talmadge has threatened to shut off the supply of government news from the leading Atlanta papers unless they "change their attitude." Talmadge, like O'Daniel of Texas and the other little Southern dictators since Huey Long, casts a shadow no bigger than Goebbels's hand; but he reminds us again that the South will continue to sprout demagogues until its economic health is established.

The Abasement of Vichy

BY FRED A KIRCHWEY

THE Japanese occupation of Indo-China will have some diverse and useful by-products. It will undoubtedly help inform doubting Americans of the interlocking nature of the world struggle and will hurry several important defense measures toward enactment. It has already ended the long, and ultimately futile, effort to buy peace in the Pacific by selling Japan the tools of war. It has also exposed beyond further concealment the status of Vichy and has demonstrated again the dangerous absurdity of treating Hitler's French functionaries as if they were the heads of a government.

The abasement of Vichy is complete. Further acts of subservience can reveal no new depths. And the elaborate pretense of independent action in regard to Indo-China only serves to dramatize and add a note of cynical humiliation to the surrender. The Pétain government invites the government of Japan to help it defend the integrity of Indo-China and protect the colony from the expected aggressions of unnamed aggressors. Japan generously agrees. Indeed, its warships and convoys are on the way to Saigon before the Vichy request is even framed. Thus the political and moral regeneration of France asserts itself; thus Vichy defends the inviolability of the French Empire.

Translated, the formula sounds a little different. Hitler has decided that the time for a diversion in the Pacific has come. If Japan dare not attack Siberia, it can at least threaten the British position at Hongkong and Singapore, the American at Manila, and the war supplies of both powers in the Dutch Indies. By the same move it can gratify its own desire for expansion at a moment when a move in some direction has become an acute national necessity. So Hitler hands over the richest colonial possession of his western province, France, to his greedy eastern ally. And the puppet governors of the province of France provide the cynical camouflage required to satisfy Hitler's pathological delight in legal formulas.

But if Vichy acted under "duress," as Mr. Welles gently put it, what moral does that carry for the United States; what policy does it prescribe? Does it not prove again a fact that needed no further proof—namely, that since the French government does not exist in any real sense, attempts to purchase its favor or give it help are nothing more than attempts to appease Berlin?

If Vichy surrendered Indo-China under duress, on what theory could we continue to sell oil to the Vichy forces in North Africa? Do we have reason to think that they will "defend the empire" there by tactics different from those applied in the Far East? Let us turn to Syria for our answer. The forces of Marshal Pétain defended

the empire by fighting the British and Free French troops in Syria—which was not even a part of the empire but a mandated territory supposedly on the verge of independence. In the Far East they defend the empire by delivering Indo-China to the Japanese. But Syria was useful—and was being used—as a jumping-off place for Hitler's aviators; so it had to be fought for. And Indo-China is about to be used as a jumping-off place for Hitler's ally; so it had to be surrendered. The logic of these actions is as plain as the Nazi plans for world conquest, into which they fit like fragments of mosaic.

And the rest of the French African possessions will be made to fit in too, in exactly the same way, unless British and American force prevents it as British force prevented it in Syria. Already the German-controlled press of Paris is busy explaining the need of full military collaboration with Germany—Marcel Déat describes it charmingly as "the indispensable brotherhood in arms"—to assure protection of the French Empire in Africa. The agreement with Japan, it unanimously says, has pointed the way, and the threat of aggression by the United States against Dakar has proved the necessity of such "joint" measures of defense.

The question this country should ask itself is not the imbecile, self-answering question, Is Vichy independent? What this country should ask is the question, Is there still time to prevent the full utilization of French African possessions by Hitler?

Nazi technicians and officials are already established at all the important French bases from Oran to Dakar. In Casablanca Germans supervising the construction of the new harbor works occupy all the hotels. The town is closed by a tightly enforced curfew from six in the evening to six in the morning while the construction work is pushed under Nazi police direction. In many centers Germans have occupied the airdromes and refuse to permit access to them by the French themselves. Even where French officials are in ostensible control, they are forced to report to Gestapo agents who exercise final authority. But in spite of this rigid supervision Nazi armed forces are not yet entrenched in numbers anywhere in French Africa. Nor can Hitler move large bodies of troops into that region as long as Russian resistance holds 151 German divisions and many thousands of planes and tanks on a 2,000-mile front.

Hitler's press in Paris has indicated clearly enough what is going to happen as soon as Hitler's hands are freed. Vichy will find that Dakar and other key points are threatened by the United States, which, as the Paris newspapers point out—and their contention is backed up by such helpful American observers as Senator Wheeler and Mr. Lindbergh—is now assuming the role of "aggressor" in the eastern Atlantic. Vichy will beg its good neighbor, Germany, following the generous example of Japan, to assist it in defending these outposts

of empire. And the British and the United States will then be faced with an accomplished fact which cannot be met effectively by any measures "short of war."

Vichy is a little worse than Berlin, because it is Berlin in disguise. The State Department has been dealing with the disguise, placating it, honoring its representatives, snubbing its opponents. The President has said that the era of appeasement is past. He has said that Hitler and his whole program of world conquest and domination must be resisted and will be resisted. But he has not put an end to the appeasement of Hitler's disguised agents in Vichy—even though the covering has worn so threadbare that the State Department acknowledges the existence of "duress."

Until the President takes military measures, not alone in the Pacific, where today's accomplished fact stares us in the face, but in the Atlantic, where the real menace lies, the policy of appeasing Hitler will not have been ended. While Russia holds Germany locked in furious struggle, Britain and the United States should combine with the De Gaulle forces in a vigorous drive against the Nazi-Vichy bases in North and West Africa. American planes and tanks are already arriving in Egypt. More material aid to the British and Free French troops in the eastern Mediterranean may turn their resistance into a counter-offensive. And at the same time prompt action should be undertaken with American naval help to secure the chief bases in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic against Nazi control.

Nazifying Our Law

WE HOPE that the labor movement, fresh from its victory in defeating the May strike-breaking bill, will again muster its forces to block passage of the Hobbs "concentration-camp" bill. This measure, first introduced in 1939 before the war broke out, was passed in the House but failed of enactment in the Senate. It has now been reintroduced.

"This is not a national-defense measure," Congressman Sam Hobbs of Alabama told a House judiciary subcommittee on April 18 of this year. "It has nothing to do with espionage, sabotage, kidnaping, or any other crime. What we are talking about is the policy of our immigration and deportation service." When Alexander Holtzoff, counsel to the FBI, who helped frame the present measure, was asked whether the bill was intended as permanent legislation, he answered, "This is permanent legislation."

The character of this legislation was eloquently summarized by Congressman Emanuel Celler of New York, ranking member of the House Judiciary Committee. He submitted a minority report in opposition to the bill when it was first reported out, in which he said:

This bill would, if enacted into law, introduce into the American system of jurisprudence the anomaly of providing prison terms which in some cases might amount to life imprisonment for persons who, through no fault of their own, are unable to obtain travel documents to foreign countries. It contemplates the creation of detention camps in this country release from which becomes dependent entirely upon the whim of an administrative officer, since the bill provides no legislative standards for administration. It sets up a procedure for the arrest and in some cases permanent detention of persons in a way which contravenes well-established principles of the United States Constitution. . . . Such provision for concentration camps or stockades should only be invoked when gravest danger threatens the sovereignty of the United States.

The Hobbs bill represents another step in the campaign since the last war to make America as unpleasant a place as possible for aliens, to discourage immigration, and to use limitations on the rights of aliens as an entering wedge for restriction of the rights of citizens. It is significant that one of the principal witnesses in favor of the "concentration-camp" bill was Captain John B. Trevor of the American Coalition of Patriotic, Civic, and Fraternal Societies, who spent most of two days on the stand and objected only that the bill did not go far enough. The Coalition brings together under one organizational roof some of the most reactionary associations in the country, with a plentiful sprinkling of fascists and anti-Semites. Trevor, with a long record as an alien-baiter, boasts that he was responsible for the adoption of the quota system, and it was he who appeared for the Coalition in 1935 to protest against the plans of the German Jewish Children's Aid to bring 250 child victims of the Hitler terror to this country. "The time has come to put America on guard," Trevor wrote in a letter opposing admission of these children.

When the provision for detention in concentration camps is coupled with such recent loosely drawn legislation as the state "model" anti-sabotage law, its possibilities for union-busting and strike-breaking are obvious. Fundamental is the need to maintain the basic rights of all classes of people in this country, alien or citizen, for if we become accustomed to the arbitrary and the despotic in dealing with one, we make it easier to apply the same methods to another. The Constitution itself makes no distinction between alien and citizen in its provisions for jury trial, double jeopardy, due process, habeas corpus, and similar safeguards. It is only in recent years that protection of the alien has been weakened by court decisions ruling that deportation was a "civil" and not a criminal process and therefore not hedged about with the same constitutional restrictions. The "concentration-camp" bill would take another long step away from the ideas of the founders of the Republic toward the ideas of the founder of the Third Reich.

A Test of Mr. Roosevelt

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, July 27

THE quarrel over curtailment of automobile production is more than a feud between Mr. Knudsen and Mr. Henderson. It will decide whether the productive machinery of this country is to be mobilized for its defense, or whether defense is to continue to be operated by, and for the benefit of, a little clique of big businesses. The decision is in the hands of Mr. Roosevelt, and the action he takes will disclose whether he has the mettle to prepare this country adequately for total war.

Total war appears often in the speeches, but rarely in the calculations, of the men running our defense program. When the New Dealers asked expansion of steel capacity, the big-business crowd argued that it would be better to cut civilian consumption. The same men who opposed the production of more steel now block adequate curtailment of steel consumption by the automobile industry. They want to wage war without disturbing the monopoly in steel or the boom in automobiles. This can only be done by fighting the war as a part-time job.

Mr. Henderson's order for a 50 per cent cut applies not only to automobiles but to mechanical refrigerators and electric washing machines. These three are among our largest consumers of the raw materials needed for defense. It is on automobiles alone that Mr. Knudsen has joined battle with Mr. Henderson. On paper, Mr. Knudsen and Mr. Hillman are the directing heads of the OPM. In actuality, defense production is managed by a triumvirate made up of Mr. Knudsen, Mr. Stettinius, and Mr. Biggers. Mr. Stettinius is in charge of priorities, Mr. Biggers of production. This is not a trio from which the automobile industry need fear harsh treatment. Mr. Knudsen is from General Motors, Mr. Stettinius from U. S. Steel, Mr. Biggers from the Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company. The automobile industry is one of steel's best customers. Libbey-Owens-Ford depends in large part on sales to the automobile industry. Mr. Knudsen helped Mr. Stettinius in the fight against steel expansion; Mr. Stettinius helps Mr. Knudsen oppose adequate curtailment of automobile production.

If General Motors prefers to concentrate on civilian business, the least it can do is to stop hoarding defense orders and let some of them go to smaller business men who need them badly. A compilation issued yesterday by an OPM stepchild, the Bureau of Research and Statistics (statistics can be embarrassing), indicates that defense is being operated on the monopolistic principles common to the businesses from which most of the dollar-a-year men

come. Six favored companies have a third of the total dollar volume of war orders. These, in the order of their backlogs, are Bethlehem Steel, New York Shipbuilding, General Motors, Curtiss-Wright, Newport News Shipbuilding, and E. I. du Pont de Nemours, which controls General Motors.

The compilation was as of the end of May. At that time General Motors had \$490,000,000 in defense contracts. Mr. Sloan's report for the second quarter of this year reveals that at the end of June "the aggregate of defense orders assigned to General Motors or under negotiation" amounted to \$1,200,000,000. Yet in the second quarter General Motors turned out but \$75,200,000 of defense work, less than 11 per cent of the total sales for that quarter. Only 14.4 per cent of its workers were engaged on defense orders, and the bulk of these orders was for ordinary trucks and cars for the army. Defense has been subordinated to the production boom because there is more profit for General Motors in civilian business. It has been averaging 25 per cent a year on its net worth. It cannot make that much on defense.

When a delegation of automobile workers went to Mr. Henderson earlier this week to protest that a 50 per cent cut in automobile production would deprive a quarter-million workers of their jobs, he said to them, "This wouldn't have happened if we had adopted the Reuther plan last fall." General Motors has benefited doubly by the failure of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hillman to put up a real fight for the Reuther plan. By letting Mr. Knudsen bury the plan without a fair hearing or tryout, they put the automobile industry in a position to muster worker support against curtailment of civilian production. Had some such program as Reuther's been launched last fall, tools and dies would now be ready for a shift to defense production, and labor delegations would not be here in a strange alliance with the automobile manufacturers. The Administration, by appeasing the manufacturers, who will be with the New Deal only so long as the New Deal is with them, lost the support of its natural allies in automobile labor. This is the recurring pattern of appeasement, whether at home or abroad.

There is no easy way out for the President. A declaration of war will not solve the problem, as can be seen from Baruch's unsuccessful attempts to curtail automobile production in the last war. The companies will neither stop producing automobiles nor divert their facilities to defense unless they are forced to do so, and they will never be forced to do so as long as their own business associates

are at the controls of the defense program. The President has an inescapable responsibility.

Although Mr. Sloan is anxious to give the impression that automobile factories can turn out only automobiles, Walter Reuther tells me that Chevrolet's Tonawanda plant is beginning to make Pratt and Whitney airplane engines, and Fisher Body is producing wing and fuselage sections for planes. Necessity will force the 50 per cent cut in automobile production sooner or later, but no necessity requires the shift of automobile plants to defense production. It is hoped that the manufacturers will turn to defense work of their own accord, and it is planned to circulate a "shopping list" of defense work among them. To keep the diversion of facilities on this haphazard basis is to court disappointment. The big companies will prefer to divert as little of their facilities as possible to defense work; a 50 per cent cut would still give them a respectable volume of business and leave their precious production lines ready for quick resumption of automobile manufacture as soon as the

war is over. They will prefer to confine their defense work as much as possible to the new plane, engine, and tank plants being financed for them by the government. If this course leaves workers jobless, their resentment can be turned against the New Deal.

The efficient operation of our economy for defense and the maintenance of morale in a large section of American labor demand the establishment of an automotive defense board with power to draft and pool the productive facilities of the industry for defense. Only so can its full resources of machines and man-power be mobilized, duplication of effort eliminated, and idleness avoided. This can be done in a democratic way, with full compensation for owners and representation for workers. It cannot be done so long as the OPM is a standing testimonial to what Mussolini means when he calls us a "pluto-democracy." The President never faced a graver test, for we cannot hope to conquer Hitler if we do not have the energy and will to conquer monopoly and business-as-usual.

Squeeze Japan Now!

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

THE basic fact that must now govern every decision made by the anti-fascist countries with reference to the Far East is that Japan is leading from weakness, not from strength. That fact can and should be taken advantage of.

The change in the Tokyo Cabinet two weeks ago signified that Japan was threshing about in the hole it had dug for itself. The present threat to the south is another sign of the same thing. The next move for Great Britain and the United States is plainly indicated. Dig the hole deeper for Japan and squeeze in from all sides.

By joining the Axis Japan mounted the tiger of European war diplomacy. Then it found itself afraid to stay on and afraid to get off. The British would not collapse. America would not conveniently move into the Atlantic, leaving the Pacific free for Japanese adventuring. Soviet Russia was still too robust to be tackled with impunity. China was prostrate but clinging so tight that Japan could not get up and move freely about the continent. Japan sought belatedly to hedge by making the so-called non-aggression pact with Russia. And then Germany attacked Russia.

What then? It was too early to attack Russia and too late to conciliate Great Britain and the United States. The maximum price that Japan could offer was less than Great Britain and the United States would take. The least that they would take—since it had to do with China

—was more than Japan would give. In Europe as in Asia Japan had gone too far to retreat and not far enough to do any good. But it was too risky to go farther.

In chagrin it looked for a scapegoat, and the mouthing Matsuoka was jettisoned. That did little good, either. To cover its mortification and prove that it still was to be feared, Japan had to do something more. Hence its occupation of bases in southern Indo-China. That was relatively safe, since it did not menace Great Britain or the United States enough to invite retaliation with force. Moreover, it might be useful later, for it brought Japan one step nearer British Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, and it was psychologically satisfying. But in the strategy of grandiose Japanese diplomacy, as a means of effectuating the so-called New Order in East Asia, it advanced Japan very little. Singapore still stands. So do the Philippines. Until at least the first is reduced, Japan is worse off than before. It is dangerously extended, and it has given both Great Britain and the United States an irrevocable challenge. Essentially Japan is still where it was before its latest adventure and has gained nothing material in return, either economic or military.

Here is an opportunity for Great Britain and America. The initiative now is theirs if they desire it. They should seize the offensive; for the first time they can do so with a minimum of risk.

Concretely: Japan should be put in chancery economi-

cally. Half measures are of little avail. Freezing of economic assets is not enough. All economic relations with Japan should be severed. Nothing should be bought from Japan, nothing sold to it. No loopholes should be left through which trade might slip by means of technical eva-



Foreign Minister Toyoda

sions of exchange control. There must be complete non-intercourse—joint Anglo-American economic blockade at first, with the weapon of naval blockade held in reserve. If Japan retaliates by confiscating American property and assets in Japan and China, then Japanese property in this country should be confiscated, dollar for dollar. Whether Japanese assets in this country are greater or

less than American assets in Japan or China is beside the point. America can afford the loss, while Japan cannot. Americans in the Far East whose property is expropriated can be compensated by being allotted pro rata the proceeds of the sale of Japanese property here. Thus domestic political complications can be avoided. It is manifestly unfair for certain groups to be penalized by the execution of a policy held to be in the national interest. Furthermore, all imports from Japan should be shut off. Thus Japan's principal source of free exchange, the sale of raw silk to the United States, can be dried up.

At the same time air reinforcements should be sent to the Philippines, and sent ostentatiously. They already have been moving from Great Britain to Singapore. It must be made clear to the Japanese, beyond the possibility of doubt, that now both Great Britain and the United States mean business.

It is too late for official statements denouncing aggression. It is too late for verbal warnings from President Roosevelt or Sumner Welles or Winston Churchill. The Japanese will take protests, caveats, and denunciations as so much rhetoric—which, at the present juncture, they are. Nothing will deter the Japanese now except concrete material reprisals as a foretaste of sanctions by force. Nothing can now prevent the European conflict from spreading to Asia—and thereby involving America in two oceans—except terrorization of Japan by the levying of penalties in advance, as token of what else may come. Such a course may entail risk, but the risk is inherent in the situation. It cannot be eliminated; it can only be minimized. This can be done only by giving Japan pause

—by instilling fear or, rather, by accentuating the fears that already make it hesitate.

Until recently there may have been some reason for caution. Something was to be said for the argument that it was better not to deprive Japan of oil and thus give it an excuse for advancing on the Dutch East Indies. For that would have put America in a tragic dilemma. If we tried to stop Japan our energies would be diverted from the Atlantic and German victory would be made easier. If we did not, Japan would get an empire by default, and British communications in the East be severed. Britain of course would have been helpless, or all but helpless. Thus it may have been better to evade the necessity of choice; much of the loose talk of appeasement in Washington has been unwarranted and unfortunate.

All that was changed, however, by two events—the reinforcement of Singapore by the British and the German attack on Russia. British reinforcements, combined with the coordination of defense plans by British, Dutch, and American staff representatives in the Far East, have so strengthened the anti-Japanese position in the South China Sea as to make a Japanese sally at least a risky enterprise. The German attack on Russia has given Great Britain—and therefore America—a breathing space. Three months ago the deflection of America's product of armament from the Atlantic to the Pacific might have doomed Great Britain; England had to be fortified against an attack that appeared to be impending. It is now safe for at least as long as Russia can hold out. Therefore America has a margin of time in which it is a free agent. Until now Japan could blackmail both countries. Now Great Britain and America can blackmail Japan. Now Japan is on the horns of a dilemma.

What can Japan do in retaliation? Attack the Dutch East Indies and Singapore? Attack Russia through Siberia? The first it will do in any case whenever it thinks it is safe to do so, that is, if and when there is evidence that Great Britain is about to go down. That will not be affected by what America does now. If Japan is not moving on Java, Sumatra, and Singapore now, it is only because it is not certain that Great Britain will be defeated and America thereby immobilized in defense against Germany. Until Great Britain does fall, Japan's hesitation will be in direct ratio to its belief that Great Britain can come through. America could not have better insurance coverage than is provided by maintenance of the battle fleet in Hawaiian waters. In so far, then, as the attenuation of Germany's strength by the war in Russia enhances the chances of British survival—and American freedom of action—Japan's disposition to strike at Singapore and the Dutch East Indies is diminished, no matter what America does now. For always there is the possibility that while Japan is engaging Great Britain and perhaps America in the South China Sea,

Russia may be able to withstand the German attack, in which case Japan would be doomed. Against that contingency it must husband its resources. In short, Japan may or may not attack Singapore and the Dutch East Indies, but if it does it will not be because of any reprisals America may make now. It will be because it thinks it can do so safely. It is less likely to think so if America issues a warning now in the form of concrete action.

Will Japan join Germany outright, in retaliation, and then attack Russia through Siberia? That is not very likely unless there is clearer evidence that Russia is being crushed, in which case Japan will move into Siberia no matter what America does. It will hesitate to do so only because a hostile Britain is strongly entrenched at the Singapore base and America is disposed to help Britain. If Japan should expend itself against Russia and then Great Britain should survive after all, Japan would practically have committed suicide. By the same reasoning it cannot stake everything on an attack upon Singapore and the Dutch East Indies until it is sure Russia is crushed. Even if Japan really were "driven into the arms of Germany" and did attack Russia through Siberia, that would not necessarily mean Russian defeat and German victory. With respect to Russia Japan has nuisance value at best. Russia will stand or fall west of the Urals. It has sufficient force in Siberia to withstand the Japanese until the campaign in western Russia is determined.

Of all this Japan has been fully conscious since the German invasion of Russia, if not before; hence its hesi-

tation and its unwillingness to risk more than a token occupation of bases in Indo-China. If it is kept in a state of hesitation, that is, if it does not go beyond Cam-Ranh Bay and make an outright attack on British Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, no harm will have been done. Then it will stand or fall according as Germany wins or loses in Europe. If Germany loses, Japan can be dealt with as a side issue.

The first essential is to keep Japan inactive now; to keep it suspended between the horns of the dilemma on which it has hung itself. There is only one chance of doing this—by frightening Japan. And that can be done only by America, and only if America acts quickly. America must penalize Japan at once, cut it off from the American—and the British—market quickly and completely, and give it to understand that if it indulges in any more adventurings in the belief that it can bring them off cheaply it will have to face the combined might of Great Britain and America. Time is of the essence. Japan has given the pretext by occupying bases in Indo-China. America and Britain should now crack down. On any equation of risks in the Far East this is the lesser. There is only one defense in the Far East now. It is to take the offensive. For the first time since 1931 there is a practicable opportunity to stop Japan. We should seize it. A beginning has been made. It should be followed through. We should neither desist nor relax. And we must always be guided by the principle that whatever we do will be effective in proportion as it is done quickly.

Hague on the Run

· BY WILL CHASAN

THEY are laying no bets on Frank Hague's political future in New Jersey. The Boss has just gone crashing to defeat and has abdicated as state leader of the Democratic Party after one of the bitterest fights in his career. The issue was a proposal for railroad tax reductions introduced by Governor Charles Edison, a Democrat, supported by the Republican-controlled legislature, and bitterly opposed by Hague. Hague came close to victory, but in a dramatic twenty-hour session of the legislature, during which party whips kept shaky Republican members in the cellar of the State House, enough votes were finally rallied to beat him.

The passage of the tax reductions is expected to have disastrous repercussions for the Hague machine. The first and immediate effect will be a great diminution of Hague's prestige. The Mayor of Jersey City made the fight one between himself, cast in the role of "defender of the peepul," and an unholy trinity of "boodle sena-

tors," railroad lobbyists, and the Governor. He posted billboards all over the state, circularized voters, and ran full-page advertisements in New Jersey papers. They all began, "Mayor Hague charges the railroad deal of \$121,000,000 of the people's money has been signed, sealed, and is now ready for delivery," and went on to accuse specific legislators of being in the railroad lobby's pay. The violence of Hague's attacks overshadowed the tax issue, and for most Jerseyites the question was simply whether the legislature would yield to the Boss or roll him in the dust. Now they feel, in Tony Galento's epic phrase, that the Boss "has dirty pants."

The effect of the tax reductions on Jersey City's precarious finances and hence on Hague patronage will be even more serious. Padded pay rolls and political graft, the fuel on which the Hague machine runs, have made Jersey City the most heavily taxed municipality in the country and at the same time have piled up an enormous

debt and brought it to the edge of bankruptcy. The new tax structure will cut the city's income an estimated \$1,500,000 a year and cause it to forfeit several million dollars in delinquent taxes, against which it has already borrowed. Jersey City's bonded indebtedness is now close to the statutory limit, and its tax rate is so high that droves of people have surrendered their real estate or moved their business to other cities. Under these circumstances further borrowing and further tax increases seem equally unfeasible. The only alternative is rigorous

economy through wholesale wage cuts or dismissals. Any such curtailment of patronage will inevitably cripple Hague's machine, perhaps irreparably. Some of Jersey's political leaders believe that even stringent economies cannot save Jersey City from bankruptcy and look forward to this contingency with great relish. A prominent Republican,



Mayor Hague

in a recent conversation with the writer, made no bones about the fact that he wanted "to see Jersey City put through the wringer." It is hardly likely that Hague could survive the city's financial collapse. His frantic opposition to reduced tax rates is therefore easy to understand, and the dimensions of his recent defeat are apparent.

As a matter of fact, the tax revisions are quite reasonable. New Jersey railroad taxes were exorbitant, owing largely to Hague's unbridled desire for revenue to finance his political ambitions. One of Hague's first steps on becoming mayor in 1917 was to increase assessments on railroad properties from \$67,000,000 to \$160,000,000, and he has been boosting assessments and taxes ever since. The state's whole tax bill has been similarly handled. Some of these increases were undoubtedly justified, but in the end they became uneconomic and punitive. A report of the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1937 revealed that tax accruals in New Jersey were \$9,902 per mile as compared with an average of \$1,475 for the United States. Another study shows that in the years 1932-38 the average annual tax for five New Jersey lines was greater than the average net operating income.

The new tax measures, drawn up by a four-man commission appointed by Governor Edison early this year, provide for payment in full of \$34,000,000 back taxes that have been in litigation since 1932, waive \$18,000,000 in interest and penalties (assessed at the

rate of 12 per cent a year), and set up a new tax structure based on the roads' ability to pay. According to members of the commission, the new system will penalize only those municipalities in which taxes have been unreasonably high. These include, of course, Jersey City and other towns in Hague's Hudson County domain, where about 80 per cent of taxable railroad property is concentrated. Hudson County as a whole will lose at least \$2,000,000 annually, possibly more. That may be taking enough mortar from between the bricks to topple the building.

Probably the most exciting phase of the tax fight came when Hague, as the line goes, snatched defeat out of the jaws of victory. On the afternoon of Saturday, July 19, forty-eight hours before the railroad measures came up, two influential Republican legislators admitted to the writer that they did not have the votes to pass them. And they expressed the belief that the proposals would not come to a vote until two weeks later, at which time they would be amended to meet some of Hague's criticism. At the last minute, however, Hague's attacks on Republican leaders became so libelous that any withdrawal would have appeared to be a confession of guilt, and the tax reductions were jammed through. Hague had overreached himself.

The New Jersey boss had other than economic reasons for opposing railroad-tax reductions. He saw the fight as a chance to rehabilitate his waning influence in state politics. The recent newspaper headlines heralding a "break" between Hague and Edison were misleading in that they implied a former alliance. Edison was never Hague's man. His nomination was dictated by Washington, and his election meant the end of Hague's control over state patronage. Without contemplating an anti-Hague crusade, Edison wanted to relegate him to the status of "another county leader." It was his strategy to undermine Hague's importance by strengthening Democratic organizations in other counties, notably Middlesex, Mercer, and Union. The Hudson County machine was given no additional state patronage, and Hague's advice on appointments outside his own precincts was not solicited.

This treatment kindled intense resentment; Hague at one time phoned Edison from Florida and for an hour cursed, blustered, and threatened "to ruin" the Governor unless his recommendations were obeyed. When there was no change in Edison's attitude, Hague sought to exploit popular feeling against the railroad lobby, which in New Jersey has an unsavory record, and drive Edison into a corner. His spectacular effort has now proved a boomerang. It is still too early to predict whether Hague's surrender of state leadership is the beginning of a limited retreat or of a rout, but Edison's active hostility and the ravages of the tax fight are carrying him closer to defeat than he has ever been before.

Taxes and Consumption

BY CHARLES E. NOYES

THE tax bill prepared by the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives is a stiff dose for the people of the United States to swallow. But although it takes a number of steps in the right direction, it is not a good bill, for the lawmakers have failed to grasp, or even to consider, the fundamental fiscal problems of a war economy.

The fault lies partly with the Administration, especially with the Treasury, although the original bill sponsored by Treasury officials was considerably better than the one now presented to Congress. For some reason which has not been clearly explained, the Treasury selected the arbitrary figure of \$3½ billion as the amount which should be raised by tax increases in the coming fiscal year. This amount, in addition to existing taxes, was supposed to raise about two-thirds of the money which the federal government would spend during the same period. The defense program has been so increased since the Treasury estimate was made that the proposed taxes are not likely to yield over half of what the government will spend, but there has been no proposal to raise more money by taxes.

In the coming year the national income of the United States should reach \$90 billion, perhaps more. Of this amount about \$20 billion will be spent for defense and aid to Britain, if the Office of Production Management succeeds in stepping up the program according to plan; about \$70 billion worth of goods and services, at current prices, will be available for civilian consumption and normal government services. But money income payments to individuals will be at least \$90 billion, and probably more. If the government takes only \$12 billion or \$13 billion in taxes, which is what the new tax bill should raise, the people will have a lot more money to spend, even after they have paid their state and local taxes, than there will be goods to buy. If they try to spend it, the inevitable result will be rising prices, so that they may find themselves buying \$70 billion worth of goods and services for \$80 billion or more. Then the total amount of money income payments to individuals will obviously rise even higher, and the cycle of inflation will be well under way.

The government hopes to reduce the amount of money people will spend by borrowing part of their income. But why? If the total amount of goods and services available for consumers is only \$70 billion, why should net money income payments to individuals be any more than that? The reasonable and sensible thing

for the government to do would be to take away all the rest of the money in taxes. The people would not be any worse off. They would still have the \$70 billion worth of goods and services—if that estimate turns out to be correct—which is all they can have anyway. The only difference would be that the potential lenders to the government would lose the claim on future national income which their purchases of government bonds would represent. It is hard to see why anyone should gain a claim on future national income as a result of the defense program. The sale of government bonds to individuals in a war economy comes very close to being a measure of the extent of war profiteering.

The only possible argument in favor of it is in line with the Keynes plan now being used in England: that repayment of what the government borrows, after the emergency is over, would provide purchasing power to cushion the shock of post-war readjustments. However, unless our taxes are brought up to the level of England's, the government could not pay back the money borrowed now except by further borrowing, which would merely mean post-war inflation. England is raising very nearly all it possibly can by taxation and still has to borrow; there is no such justification for current borrowing in the United States. Taxes considerably less drastic than England's should be sufficient to raise the \$20 billion which the United States government hopes to spend on defense next year.

The problem of taxes is not, of course, merely to raise enough money to pay for government expenditures. When government expenditures consume a substantial part of the total national income, the incidence of taxes plays a large part in determining the distribution of real income to individuals. In a war economy, when the amount of real income, other than munitions, is limited to such an extent that it becomes necessary to cut down civilian consumption, it is imperative that taxes should be levied in such a way as to cut consumption where it will cause the least hardship. The tax bill now under consideration does not do that.

People are only beginning to realize that national defense will actually require serious cuts in the available volume of consumers' goods. Leon Henderson said on July 14 that during the first months of 1941 American consumers bought 40 per cent more automobiles, 35 per cent more refrigerators, 20 per cent more vacuum cleaners, 20 per cent more radios, 50 per cent more electric stoves, and 50 per cent more furniture than in

the corresponding months of 1940, which was a very prosperous year. Taking into consideration both the differences in prices and the growth in population, the people of the United States have been better off in goods and services in the latter part of 1940 and the early part of 1941 than they were in 1929. This high level of consumption should be remembered when percentage cuts in the production of consumers' goods are discussed.

It is neither necessary nor desirable for the United States to sacrifice its standard of living to the extent that is necessary in England. On the basis of studies made some years ago by the Brookings Institution and the National Survey of Plant Product Capacity, and taking into account increased productivity since those surveys were made, a national income of \$120 billion should be easy to achieve within a year or a year and a half. If we were then using half of it for war, instead of the 17 per cent we are using now and the 20 to 22 per cent we may be using by the end of this calendar year, the volume of goods and services left for civilians would still be about the same as in 1935-36, when the national income was about \$60 billion.

In those years the pattern of spending on consumers' goods by family income groups, as revealed in a government study, looked like this:

SHARE OF EACH DIVISION OF NATION'S CONSUMER UNITS IN
AGGREGATE DISBURSEMENTS, 1935-36

Major Items	Aggregate Disbursement (millions of dollars)	Percentage of Aggregate Spent by:			
		First Quarter (Over \$1,715)	Second Quarter (\$1,070 to \$1,715)	Third Quarter (\$635 to \$1,070)	Fourth Quarter (Under \$635)
Food	16,865 ..	40.1 ..	26.7 ..	20.5 ..	12.7
Housing	9,506 ..	47.1 ..	24.3 ..	17.5 ..	11.1
Household Operation.	5,285 ..	50.5 ..	24.1 ..	16.4 ..	9.0
Clothing	5,261 ..	53.5 ..	23.4 ..	15.4 ..	7.7
Automobile	3,781 ..	65.2 ..	21.8 ..	9.6 ..	3.4
All Consumption Items	50,214 ..	48.3 ..	24.8 ..	17.1 ..	9.8

A companion study made at the same time revealed that the percentage of family income taken by taxes was almost exactly the same for families in each income group from \$500 up to \$10,000. Below \$500 the percentage taken by taxes was actually larger, and above \$10,000 it was also larger, but in between it was close to 18 per cent in every bracket (including state and local taxes, direct and indirect). Only families above \$2,500 paid income taxes at that time, but the weight of sales taxes, excise taxes, and property taxes paid directly or in the form of rent was correspondingly heavier in the lower brackets.

These figures provide the frame in which the picture of consumption and taxes in a war economy must be placed. They show beyond a doubt that if consumption has to be reduced, it is the consumption of families in the upper-quarter income group which must be cut, not only because they are best able to stand it, but because they do such a large part of the consuming. The contention made so often in conservative newspaper editorials that, to be

effective, cuts in consumption must be made by the lower-bracket families is exactly the opposite of the truth. If the consumption of families in the upper-quarter income group were reduced by one-half—merely to the level of the upper middle quarter—it would have nearly as much effect as if the poorer one-half of American families were to stop consuming entirely. In terms of a war economy it would actually have a greater effect, because the upper-quarter families are especially heavy consumers of automobiles and other durable goods which compete directly with defense production.

For families with incomes below \$2,000, overall taxes are probably heavy enough now. The consumption of durable goods by the poorer families should be reduced somewhat by excise taxes on specific items whose production competes with defense, and to some extent the proposed tax bill will accomplish that result. Heavier manufacturers' sales taxes on photographic equipment, radios and phonographs, rubber products, and electrical appliances, as contained in the new bill, are all to the good. Probably they should be even more drastic, and should at least include all household appliances made of metal. If families in the lower income groups are forced to spend more of their income on food during the next two or three years because other things are too expensive, the effect on both national health and national economy should be beneficial. But certainly it would not be beneficial to reduce their income below present levels.

Taxes on income above \$10,000, as proposed, are fairly heavy. Perhaps they could be increased somewhat in the brackets between \$10,000 and \$20,000, but that is a matter of general policy and money-raising; such an increase would not have any very important effect on consumption.

The crux of the whole problem of taxes and consumption lies in the families with incomes between \$2,000 and \$10,000. They number less than one-fourth of all American families, but they receive only a little less than half of all income payments, and they do only a little less than half of all consumer spending. If one-quarter of their incomes were taken in taxes, they would still have about one-third of the national money income. The increases in income-tax schedules in the proposed bill would reduce the present purchasing power of a childless married couple with an income of \$2,500 a year by only about 1 per cent. If the income is \$5,000, the increase in the tax would be only about \$200, or 4 per cent of gross income, and for an income of \$10,000 the tax would be increased from \$528 to \$1,166. While this seems like a heavy tax in comparison with what the American people are accustomed to pay, the increase would reduce the purchasing power of \$10,000 families by only about 7 per cent. And the proposed new excise taxes would amount to only about 1 per cent of the total national income. Even taking state and local taxes into

consideration, this tax bill is wholly inadequate to effect a serious reduction in purchasing power in the brackets where consumption is greatest.

There has been too much vague talk about the sacrifice necessary for national defense without any clear understanding of what such sacrifice really means. Primarily, it means that because the nation is producing more airplanes and tanks and guns it cannot produce as many automobiles and radios and gadgets. To some extent the munitions can come from an increase in the overall volume of production, and to that extent they involve no sacrifice at all. But to the extent that they do cut into normal pro-

duction of consumers' goods they involve a reduction in the standard of living now. In that sense they are being paid for now, and there is no possible way in which payment can be put off to the future. While the emergency exists, it would be quite possible to devise a tax law which would spread the sacrifice fairly without any real hardship for anyone. But if that is not done now, there is no practicable way in which it can be done later. Some of the people will have been made a lot richer, and others a lot poorer, just as they were by the last war, and it will be too late to do anything about it short of revolution.

Witch-Hunt in Georgia

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

THIS Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, who demagogues in Dixie now, is tough and loud but no fool. You can't understand him without understanding the poor rural counties of Georgia, which Talmadge as governor understands so well. He does not represent that Georgia which in Atlanta is beginning to appreciate decency to the Negro and the dignity of freedom for a university. He believes he can destroy the state university by shouting "nigger" and get into the United States Senate in the process. Maybe he's right. He knows Georgia better than I do. And now that Huey Long is six years dead, maybe Gene Talmadge deserves more attention in the United States.

He put on a show for the country voters of Georgia when on phony racial grounds he and his packed board of regents ran Dean Walter Cocking and Dr. Marvin S. Pittman out of the university system of Georgia. The hearing was a circus, designed as one and presented as one. The Governor of Georgia, crushing his cigar in a grim mouth under hard, bespectacled eyes, was listening for noisy whooping from rural Georgia. He didn't care in the least what *The Nation* and the Civil Liberties Union and the association of college professors thought. He directed his show for the people he counted as his audience and his constituents.

"Tell 'em about the niggers from Tuskegee visiting here in Georgia at Statesboro," he ordered his stooge on the Board of Regents, who was conducting the prosecution. "Hit the chair and holler," he advised him again when the audience seemed to be growing a little restive.

But the perfect detail came at the last, after the professors had been legally lynched, when the well-dressed W. L. (Chip) Robert got up and pulled out of his pocket a typewritten resolution thanking the Governor for what he had done. Robert is no poor red-neck from

the Tobacco Road. He is equally at home in the Piedmont Driving Club in Atlanta, the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, and the Cloud Club in New York. He was secretary of the Democratic National Committee until, as contractor-engineer-promoter, he was clearly overburdened with defense contracts. He has sent a whole staff to build our base in Bermuda. He has nice connections in national political and financial fields. He helped organize the Southern Governors' Conference, and his name is on its stationery still. He rose to thank Talmadge and, unintentionally perhaps, made the pattern clear. It is a pattern by now familiar, and it scares me, when I see it in Georgia, more than it does when I look back on it in Germany and see how it has grown.

For a lot of you Georgia is a long way off, and it is easy to dismiss this show or misunderstand it. After all, Talmadge seems just another crazy Southern Governor on the loose. Huey Long, Theodore Bilbo, E. H. Crump, and others have taught us to expect such antics. Sometimes they even seem funny at a distance. The trouble is that they are not very far distant.

"Old Gene" Talmadge has shouted "nigger" to his country supporters again. But the Negro is not an important party in this matter. Talmadge has kicked out the professors, which is sad for them but for the rest of Georgia, and for us beyond Georgia, is chiefly important in being symbolic. Here is a 100 per cent American use of the formula of phony race attack as a means of destroying the intellectual integrity of a state—which is a first step in destroying the freedom of everybody in the state. Add suave "Chip" Robert, the promoter and politician in business, and you have something to frighten a country. It would be terrifying if from the same Georgia there were not encouraging signs also. Not to be missed in this case are those people in Georgia—important

people, as native as Gene Talmadge even if they do not parade their galluses—who understand him and his show and are raising some hell of their own, unwilling any longer to let a ruthless politician in power get away with everything by raising the “nigger” cry.

“The witches flew high over Georgia yesterday,” said the *Atlanta Constitution* in covering the story. Plenty of other Georgians feel the same way. There were Georgians who had to be pushed off the Board of Regents before Talmadge could arrange his verdict against the professors. Even on the packed board five regents were against the railroading. The president of the university, aware that his board was packed, stood with his professors. Leading newspapers have not run with the mob in which Talmadge hopes to find support not only for his firing of the professors but also for his election over United States Senator Richard B. Russell in 1942. And leading papers have printed their fear: Talmadge moves the same way Huey Long once moved, and Huey Long seemed heading North—and East and West—out of Louisiana when young Dr. Carl Weiss shot him in his capitol. It is time other people as well as Georgians faced this fear, and it is time both realized that the problem is not simply one of smacking Talmadge but of dealing with the conditions on which he rides.

Talmadge is no fool. There will be plenty of Georgians on his side. The power of patronage has a special force in a poor state—as the power of prejudice has also. And the appeal of prejudice to the poor in a democracy is not limited to Georgia any more than the lunatic fringe was concentrated in Louisiana.

This case in which the politician and the promoter and—they hope—the poor are arrayed against the professors does not draw a line between an enlightened North and an idiotic South. It does indicate that the failure of democracy in the South in terms of human decency makes a natural seed ground for the dangers of democracy everywhere. Such a South may be a place from which contagion will spread to other men in America who have not found democracy entirely sweet.

Talmadge is not saving the poor Georgians. In 1934, when he was governor before, he put textile strikers in concentration camps. He has almost consistently opposed New Deal measures. But neither the New Deal nor anything else has eliminated the poverty where, as the Governor knows, prejudice still flourishes. Liberal Arthur Raper of Georgia not long ago asked a poor man about the New Deal.

“Oh, yes suh. It’s pretty good I guess, pretty good. It’s done been by here.”

For a lot of people it just passed by. You can’t blame the New Deal for not saving Georgia in eight years. But neither does it make sense to give such a blatant demagogue as Talmadge credit for destroying democracy. He only works where it has failed.

It is not going to help much to cuss him across hundreds of miles. But I do want to say that Talmadge and the conditions out of which he rises, the confidence with which he cries “nigger” to the poor white masses in such a land, and the thanks directed toward him by Chip Robert represent something more than the disagreeable dramatics of a politically comic South. Talmadge is no Hitler. But he is a symptom which should be disturbing, North and South. Certainly this is not a case which involves only a university and a couple of professors. Here is a dirty sign in a dark Southern sky, and it is at least as big as Hitler’s funny mustache looked ten years ago.

In the Wind

DEPARTMENT OF APPEASEMENT: A group of Free French sympathizers escaped to this country en route to Canada to join the British forces training there. In spite of a British request that they be given transit visas, the State Department refused; said any help to the De Gaullists would “offend Vichy.”

A SLOGAN COINED by Albert Parry, assistant director of the local Fight for Freedom Committee, has made a great hit in Chicago. It is “Billions for defense, but not two cents for *Tribune*.”

THE STEEL CITY Industrial Council of Pittsburgh is planning an elaborate Labor Day affair. A parade will halt at a park near Homestead, and the exercises will include dedication of a memorial to the heroes who died in the Homestead Steel strike of 1892. “Ironically enough,” says the notice, “the dedication ceremonies will take place at Frick Park.” This park was donated to the people of Pittsburgh by Henry Clay Frick, who played so prominent and sinister a part in that strike.

“A **LIFELONG SUPPORTER** of Romanov legitimacy,” writing to the San Francisco *Chronicle* from Bakersfield, California, is astounded by reports that Hitler plans to place Prince Louis Ferdinand Hohenzollern on a restored Russian throne. He points out that the Grand Duke Vladimir, son of the late Grand Duke Cyril, has like his father always looked to restoration by German arms and has “consistently supported the Hitler government.” If he is now passed over in favor of a Hohenzollern, writes this loyal czarist, “it seems poor repayment for having stood by Hitler staunchly, even during the trying period when he was allied with the Kremlin.”

ON THE “V” FRONT: Colonel V. Britton, broadcasting from London on July 21, commented on the desperate Nazi effort to annex the “V” campaign. If Dr. Goebbels wanted to collect V’s, he said, he had three to offer: the New Testament, Book V, Chapter V, Verse V—“And Ananias, hearing these words, fell down and gave up the ghost; and great fear came on all them that heard these things.”

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

P. G. WODEHOUSE, who has been, as he puts it, "the guest of the German government at a series of their justly popular internment camps" for the past year, has written an article about his "war with Germany" for the *Saturday Evening Post*.

On the lips of everybody today from Berlin to Vladivostok, from Peebles to Mattahamquehasset, Maine [he writes], there is a question. It is the question "Afterwards—what?" . . . It may be, of course, that these groups were discussing the future of Europe, but the probability is that they were referring to me. . . . In short, putting the thing in a nutshell, whither Wodehouse?"

He then canvasses, on this "humorous" level, the effects his war with Germany will have on Wodehouse the man, Wodehouse the Englishman, and Wodehouse the idol of society. The first section tells us that owing to his efforts to keep a stiff upper lip he has become so bright and sunny that the "*Lagerführer* now has to shade his eyes when he passes me on parade," and also warns us inimitably to be prepared for a bearded Wodehouse. The third celebrates German potatoes and beer, which, combined with the magnificent air of Upper Silesia and nine hours' sleep every night, presage the return of twice as much Wodehouse as we had before, but one, alas, with deplorable table manners. The second section, however, is the funniest:

In the days before the war I had always been modestly proud of being an Englishman. . . . But some of these Britons here who cannot speak a word of English make one doubtful. . . .

The fact is, if you throw a dragnet over France, Poland, Norway, Belgium, and Holland, scooping in everything with a British identity card, you get an odd catch. . . . I am pretty sure that several of us are baboons, and it is here I feel that a line should be drawn. The authorities ought to release at least anything that goes on all fours.

A trained body of men like the Gestapo could easily weed out the doubtful cases. If an internee has a tail, he should be given his freedom.

The Germans seem to have agreed with Wodehouse; they gave him the freedom of the country and a room in the Hotel Adlon in Berlin. They let him broadcast to the United States and even allowed him to reveal his tale to the *Saturday Evening Post*.

FRANK LUTHER MOTT'S "American Journalism: the History of Newspapers in the United States Through 250 Years, 1690 to 1940" (Macmillan, \$5.50) is the record, in 731 large pages, of the satisfaction—and stimulation—of "the wayne and curious desiere to see newes" which has given us the doubtful distinction of a newsprint culture unparalleled in the civilized world. Professor Mott has performed an extraordinary feat of compilation which covers every period and phase of the development of the American newspaper. Its arrangement, in chronological sections, entails repeated breaks in the continuity and suspense of the

accounts of long-lived journals and journalists, but it is difficult to see how the complete story could have been encompassed otherwise. It is a book of facts, not a critique—the fact, for instance, that the press has become a part of big business emerges clearly from Professor Mott's account; the deeper social implications of that fact do not much concern him. He discusses the freedom of the press only in its limited legal context. But his book will be indispensable to the writers of critiques.

Few laymen will read the book consecutively, as a reviewer must, but opened at any page it provides interesting reading, first because the story of the rise of journalism in America is a continuously fascinating one, and secondly because Professor Mott has managed to cram in so many of the picturesque and leavening details of newspaper-making in every period. Threads of violence and tall humor run through the whole story—the sometimes fatal fisticuffs of fighting editors and the quips with which they flayed each other in the lustier days when libel actions came in dozens. "So and so denies that he murders the truth. He never gets near enough to the truth to do it any bodily harm." The epic of Hearst is here in detail—including his notorious part in the Spanish-American War; and the beginnings and climax of yellow journalism.

It may seem a little ungrateful, but I closed Professor Mott's book with a perverse nostalgia for a four-page sheet of "publick occurrences" devoid of comics, columns, murders, two-column think pieces spun out of one line of fact, and the story in pictures, repeated ad nauseam, of the girl who lost her sweetheart because she was out of Lux. I know of no more depressing sight than a subway train in mid-summer jammed with men and women wallowing in the "private occurrences" of gossip columns, the brutal language of the Peglers and the Johnsons, the foul details of murders and rapes which cannot by any stretch of the imagination be construed as public business. Reports from England indicate that the shortage of paper, among other things, has raised the level of the press there by eliminating that part of newspaper making which consists of transforming pulp into pulp at great expense. The news that the OPM expects a shortage of newsprint here therefore leaves me unalarmed.

One of these reports—by George Orwell in the current *Partisan Review*—has other interesting things to say about the British press in war time. "The tone of the popular press," he writes, "has improved out of recognition during the last year." The papers which used to comprise "the most lowbrow section of the press" have all grown politically serious. "All of them print articles which would have been considered hopelessly above their readers' heads a couple of years ago. . . . Nearly the whole of the press is now 'left' compared with what it was before Dunkirk—even the *Times* mumbles about the need for centralized ownership and greater social equality—and to find any straightforward expression of reactionary opinions, that is, reactionary in the old pre-fascist sense, you now have to go to obscure weekly and

monthly papers, mostly Catholic papers." Mr. Orwell thinks this is partly due to the fact that the decline in the trade in consumption goods has robbed the advertisers of much of their power over editorial policy—the advertisers are out of Lux now. Ultimately, he continues, this will bankrupt the newspapers, "but at the moment they are in an interim period when they are controlled by journalists rather than advertisers."

SERGEI EISENSTEIN'S anti-German film, "Alexander Nevsky," was withdrawn when the Nazi-Soviet pact was signed. But on March 18 of this year, so Leon Dennen informs me, the Soviet press reported that Eisenstein had been given a premium of 100,000 rubles for "Alexander Nevsky," which was again allowed to be shown. The Soviet-Nazi war began on June 21.

MARGARET MARSHALL

"... the Poison They Name"

THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM. By Edmund Wilson.
The Colt Press. \$2.50.

Set 'em up for the boys in the back room
And give them the poison they name.

"THE strongest literary medicine the West has ever had to take," Edmund Wilson's publishers term this brief book of Notes on California Novelists. And there is no question of the astringency, the penetration, the potency of the poison to which Mr. Wilson sets the boys up. Natural enough, after "a long submergence in the politics and literature of the nineteenth century," that this emergence into the Klieg lights, slightly distorting Mr. Wilson's vision and perspective, should result in a less orderly method, a less logical approach than is customary in his work. For one can't help feeling, after reading this book, that Mr. Wilson the moralist, deeply resentful of the waste of talent, the lack of self-respect and intellectual integrity of "the boys in the back room," has chosen this rather glib title to serve as vehicle for his generalizations on the influence of Hemingway and of Hollywood—only to be confronted by Steinbeck and Storm, who are not fellow-travelers at all and, whatever their limitations as artists, are as morally aware as Mr. Wilson himself.

The book, then, falls into two parts: a discussion of scriptwriters imported to Hollywood and an analysis of native California novelists. Residence in Hollywood no more makes a man a Californian than residence in England made Henry James an Englishman. Moreover, Hollywood isn't California. It isn't even Los Angeles. And in climate, both actual and intellectual, it is as different from San Francisco as Westport, Connecticut, is from Bangor, Maine, although they both lie in New England. Because of lack of space, therefore, I shall restrict this review to Mr. Wilson's remarks on native Californians, omitting Saroyan, who has publicly refuted Mr. Wilson's criticism, explaining that his work is without benefit of influence, an immaculate conception fertilized by the beam of Narcissus.

That leaves us Steinbeck and Hans Otto Storm, with whom, ■ Mr. Wilson puts it, "we get into more ambitious writing."

The choice of the word "ambitious" here seems to me invidious. The difference between these men and the Hollywood boys is not a matter of more or less ambition but a question of moral or ethical approach. If the movie novelists "are preeminently the poets of the tabloid murder," they are dealing with death and decay. Life is the subject matter of Steinbeck and Storm, however invalid artistically their treatment of it appears to Mr. Wilson.

"Steinbeck," the blurb informs us, "considers Wilson's study the best interpretation of his novels he has ever read." Mr. Storm, I should imagine, would not feel similarly. For although in concluding his essay on Storm Mr. Wilson admits that "Pity the Tyrant," an earlier book, "belongs to the top layer of this tradition of American story-telling," he disposes of "Count Ten," Storm's latest and longest work, while admitting "it is not uninteresting to read," in a manner hardly calculated to attract the possible reader. If there is in the book "an uncertainty about idiomatic English . . . the proclivity," is not, as Mr. Wilson suggests, for "German locutions."

"My first influence," Storm has written, "is Veblen, my second Conrad; that way in importance, the reverse chronologically. For a long time I thought Veblen's carefully fused damnations were, matter of course, the last word in all-purpose style and couldn't understand why they didn't go off when a lesser *dinamitero* tried it."

It is not then, as Mr. Wilson implies, to his German refugee ancestors of '48, but to a Polish sea captain writing in English and a Norwegian farm boy turned social philosopher that Storm owes a few of his defects and some of his virtues.

The Conrad resemblance Mr. Wilson notes, but the Veblen influence he failed to detect, to the regret of the reviewer, who, having known many intellectual radicals but never a left-wing workingman or skilled craftsman, found in "Count Ten" the same sort of clarification of the socially aware worker's relation to his class as she had discovered for herself some twenty years earlier in an undergraduate reading of Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class."

In his final chapter Mr. Wilson discusses briefly the tradition of the labor novel in California. "Here the Californians know what they are talking about," he admits, "and they have something arresting to say." He attributes this special knowledge and ability to the long labor strife in California: the McNamaras, Mooney and Billings, the Wobblies and the vigilantes. But take Massachusetts's history of labor violence. Is it any less longstanding or significant? What about the Lawrence strikes, the Boston police strike, Sacco and Vanzetti? Yet the most successful Massachusetts novelist writes chiefly of Boston Brahmins and North Shore eccentrics. It took Upton Sinclair, a Californian, to write the only novel about the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

The reason that labor is the California writer's natural subject is more obvious than Mr. Wilson realizes. With the exception of Frank Norris, these writers—Jack London, Steinbeck, Storm, even Saroyan—have at one time or another been manual laborers. For when a Californian works his way through college he doesn't, as would an Easterner, tutor in summer camps or sell magazine subscriptions. Between terms he becomes an itinerant laborer, a fruit or vegetable picker, ■ mechanic or an electrician, riding the rails from one job to

another. He may well have been simultaneously an undergraduate and a union member. In a Californian's education there is nothing to cause the relegation of reading and writing to a separate intellectual realm.

Frank Norris, in an essay called *New York as a Literary Center*, published in 1899, wrote, ". . . all this fuss and feathers of 'New York as a literary center' should be for him [the novelist] so many distractions. It is all very well to say, 'Let us keep in touch with the best thought of our line of work.' . . . The best thought is not in New York; and even if it were, the best thought of other men is not so good for you as your own thought, dug out of your own vitals by your own unaided efforts." From a literary forerunner of Steinbeck's this is a provocative answer to Mr. Wilson's contention that the weaknesses of California novelists are due to their remoteness from the East, from New York, where "all the wires of our Western civilization are buzzing and crossing."

Plenty of wires buzz and cross in San Francisco. The Pacific Ocean is not so "void," the California sun so "empty," the rain so "incessant" as Mr. Wilson remembers. Nor, as far as the American novel is concerned, would it matter if they were. Whatever its weather, San Francisco has had for nearly half a century an intellectual climate stimulating to the tradition of novel writing, whether by sailors like Jack London, engineers like Storm, or sublimated biologists like Steinbeck. The Flowering of California may produce less permanently nourishing fruit than did the Flowering of New England, but the quality of neither can be ascribed to the vagaries of their respective climates.

MINA CURTISS

From the Anglo-Saxon

TEN OLD ENGLISH POEMS. Put into Modern English Alliterative Verse by Kemp Malone. The Johns Hopkins Press. \$1.25.

THE impulse to establish new translations of the classics is a sign of a healthy interest in literature; but, to paraphrase Housman, the capacity does not always match the readiness. The risk is especially great when it is a question of translating in one's own tongue from the archaic to the modern; too often the result is only a reduction, dilution, or annihilation of the original values. We have seen this happen, for instance, with Chaucer, and frequently and dreadfully with the King James Version.

The translator must not be pedantic in his affection or affectation for the old; he must be able to distinguish between the essential vigor of modern speech and its frivolous or vulgar fashions. He must have the skill to dissect the anatomy of language and the sense to admire its sinewy ways; he must have an ear, taste, and insight; and the more he has these, the more likely he will be to speculate on the value of letting well enough alone.

Within the modest scope he has set for himself Professor Malone meets the requirements. He has undertaken to give us ten old English poems, from the seventh century to the tenth; "six of the poems are taken from the 'Exeter Book,' the earliest anthology of English poetry." In his prefatory

note Professor Malone says that his modernizations, made as a labor of love, "are now put into print in the hope that they may lead some lovers of poetry to the old poems themselves." All right; but the reader who lets himself be drawn on in this way will find he has set himself a good many hours of study, presumably including registration in a university course or two. At any rate, Professor Malone's versions are worth reading for their own sake. The weight of the language is here, its heft, its nice balance, the original rhythms and characteristic effects, the quadruple beat of the regular line, and its curious longer extension, counterpoint and sprung rhythm considerably antedating the discoveries of Father Hopkins.

These poems of devotion and reflection, of love and battle, are grave and strong with virtues worth our study and assuring our delight. Their force is positive; it would, as a matter of fact, require a master marplot to misrepresent them entirely. Nobody with the least sense could do an entirely bad job in working them over, but the merit of Professor Malone's work is readily apparent if one compares his versions with those made in the "Exeter Book" by Professor Mackie of the University of Capetown. The latter set out, by his own testimony, to avoid not only archaisms but what he called "poetic diction"; the poetic quality and all-around readability of the Malone versions are of much higher excellence. As to accuracy, scholars will have to do the deciding; there seem to be occasional variations in such matters as tense of verbs, gender of pronouns, and sometimes also vocabulary, not mere choice of words.

In what they say, as well as how they say it, these poems are good to have; and not so obsolete either. Listen; take lines like these, from the lament of Deor—

We asked and learned Ermanaric's
wolfishness of thought: wide shires he held
of the Gothic realm; he was grim, that lord!
Many a wight sat bewound in sorrows,
in ween of woe; they wished much to see
that king in his realm overcome and fallen.
That now is gone; this too will go.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Refugees into Citizens

TODAY'S REFUGEES, TOMORROW'S CITIZENS: A STORY OF AMERICANIZATION. By Gerhart Saenger. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

THE author, himself a refugee from Germany, is today director of research for the Committee for Selected Social Studies set up by the Sociology Department of Columbia to study the economic effects of immigration. With the assistance of forty students from several New York colleges he has made a thorough study of the "new" immigrants who have entered the United States since 1933, the year Nazism came to full power in Germany. The result of these studies and researches is now published in an illuminating and exciting volume.

There are many essential differences between the immigrants of the periods before and after that fateful year. Prior to 1933 the European *Auswanderer* was lured to America

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chiefly by the prospect of material gain; those who have more recently fled from persecution and the wrath of the dictators have stepped down from relatively high social and economic levels. To be sure, every period of persecution in Europe brought similar refugees to America, but before 1933 they came during times of economic and political expansion—it was easy to find a job, often one had not even to look for it. The "new" immigrant on arriving has been greeted, or was until a short time ago, with unemployment figures of more than ten million. How has he behaved in a difficult situation full of cruel and subtle problems? Is there justification for the exclamation of one correspondent in the *Washington News*, "Down with immigration forever!"—based on the charge that refugees take jobs from Americans, who therefore will have to depend on relief?

The author destroys the myth of refugee competition by analyzing the reports of the Immigration and Naturalization Service for the decade between July, 1931, and June, 1940. In this period 528,432 immigrants were admitted, 459,738 aliens departed. That means that in the last ten years the total increase in the alien population by immigration amounts to 68,694. If one considers that in the same period about 800,000 aliens died and more than 1,400,000 became citizens, then the fact emerges that today we have more than two million fewer aliens than in 1931, despite a total population increase of approximately ten million.

The study shows the occupational distribution of various refugee and earlier immigrant groups with convincing statistics and understandable charts and then proceeds to the more difficult task of picturing the psychological situation of the refugee after his arrival: who he was in his homeland, what he becomes here, what he knows about America. The author closes this part of his inquiry with the conclusion that the refugee is faced with a situation here for which he is not prepared. Many a well-meaning American would spare himself disappointment and discouragement if he would understand the full meaning of this simple understatement.

It takes the average refugee about two years to settle and to start the real process of Americanization. No aspect of this process from the "boy meets girl" problem to the economic and cultural contributions of the refugee to America is neglected by the author. Illustrating his findings by many "true stories" of topical interest, he manages to present his material in very readable form without sacrificing its scientific seriousness.

The study is chiefly concerned with refugees in general and makes no differentiation within the group between forced refugees and volunteer refugees—who are rather martyrs of their convictions than victims of racial theories. A special study of the situation of the true political refugees and of the impact of American ideals on their European consciousness—developed mainly in opposition to a feudalism which never existed in the United States—should be of great value and interest. The rich Clipper immigrants who come to continue their appeasers' existence in first-class hotels also deserve some attention, for purely negative reasons. Yet "Today's Refugees, Tomorrow's Citizens" seems destined to be for a long time the general handbook of the latest chapter of immigration. Americans and refugees alike will read it with great profit.

FRANZ HOELLERLING

MUSIC

PRESSURE of other matters has kept me from commenting on an article in the *New York Times* last September in which Olin Downes criticized certain practices of the American Federation of Musicians, including its mistaken insistence "on the most . . . that the traffic will bear." This was not the first time: whenever in the past ten or fifteen years the union has argued with the symphony orchestra managements about weekly minimum pay there has been a harumphing by Mr. Downes about the mistaken exaction "of all that the traffic will bear." Nor has it been only about the exactions of performing musicians: commenting a few years ago on the decision of the Philadelphia Orchestra Association not to play contemporary music, Mr. Downes attributed it in part to "the rather grasping attitude of the publishers" who "exact of orchestral associations about as heavy payments as the traffic will bear." Mr. Downes did not say what the extortionate royalties were; trying to imagine, one thought of one or two hundred dollars—the composer's share of which was little enough if one considered how long it had taken him to produce the work and how many performances it was likely to receive. In effect, then, what Mr. Downes contended was this: the orchestra players were to receive a minimum salary of \$80 a week for 29 weeks; the conductor was to get \$70,000 for the season; the newspaper reviewer was to get several thousands a year—to say nothing of the additional thousands for the comments that he broadcast; but the composer, for whom theoretically all this apparatus functioned, was to be very humble. How ignorant and silly Mr. Downes's statement was did not appear until a week or two later, in a reply by Mr. A. Walter Kramer which began with a bow to Mr. Downes's "highly stimulating" and "very able" article and then gave the actual royalty fees for performance: except for a celebrity like Schönberg or Stravinsky the average was \$50, with many works offered at \$25 for a single performance or \$35 for a pair—this, it must be remembered, being shared by the composer and the publisher.

And so in the present instance. Nothing in my present article should be construed as meaning that I regard Mr. Petrillo as an engaging or wholly admirable union president. I disapprove as strongly as Mr. Downes of the union's making it difficult for a conductor to

import from another city a sufficiently competent player whom he cannot find in his own city; and I disapprove of other practices—for example, the treatment of Negro musicians—which Mr. Downes apparently isn't bothered by. But I am aware that the union has secured good conditions of work and pay for its symphony orchestra members; and about this Mr. Downes makes some questionable statements.

The anti-union Boston Symphony trustees maintain that the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra do not need the union because it would give them no more than they get without it. And Mr. Downes says the same thing: "The Boston Symphony not only gives concerts of finest quality; it also pays a bigger yearly wage, and [though] a somewhat smaller weekly stipend than the best union orchestras." But it is conceivable that if there were no union in other cities to set schedules of pay that must be matched to keep the union away from the Boston Symphony, the Boston trustees would be less generous. And actually they are less generous than they and Mr. Downes contend.

I have obtained the actual 1939-1940 figures—those of the Philadelphia Orchestra from the Philadelphia local of the union, those of the Boston Symphony from a dependable source that I am not at liberty to reveal. The player in the Philadelphia Orchestra who gets the minimum earned \$80 a week for the 32 weeks of the main season; he earned \$80 a week (plus a \$7.25 per diem allowance) for the two weeks of the post-season tour; he was probably one of the 90 men who earned \$60 a week for the eight weeks of the Robin Hood Dell season. The analogous Boston Symphony player earned \$70 a week for the 30 weeks of the main season; he was probably one of the 90 men who earned \$60 a week for the ten weeks of the "Pops" season; he earned \$70 a week for the three weeks of the Berkshire Festival; and he may or may not have been one of the 50 men who earned \$50 a week for the three weeks of the Charles River Esplanade season. The Philadelphia man worked 42 weeks for \$3,200; the Boston man worked either 43 weeks for \$2,910 or 46 weeks for \$3,060.

To Mr. Downes the Philadelphia man's average weekly income of \$61 may look like something to call indignantly "all that the traffic will bear" (I would give something to hear what the Philadelphia man would call Mr. Downes's income); but instead of lux-

uriating in the ease which this enormous amount brought him he went after additional jobs and teaching to earn even more, and for mere necessities! And as a union man he was in a better position to do this than the Boston Symphony man. For the union's contract with the Philadelphia Orchestra specifies the number and length of rehearsals; and since an extra rehearsal must be paid for there are normally no extra rehearsals, and our man's time is his own to devote to his greedy pursuit of money. But our Boston Symphony man may be called to an extra rehearsal without pay whenever Koussevitzky thinks it is necessary; and this interferes with the man's commitments outside.

Among the extra jobs for orchestra players are broadcasting and recording, which are no longer open to our non-union Boston Symphony man. But in 1939-1940, when the Boston Symphony was still recording, he was paid \$15 for a session of three hours which included a rest-period of twenty minutes (higher-ranking men received \$20; soloists more). And if he had been a union player he would have received—to Mr. Downes's indignation—\$14 for each hour, of which only forty minutes would have been used for recording, the remaining twenty minutes being available, however, for rehearsal.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Why Do We Wait?

Dear Sirs: The most harmful doctrines with which the American spirit has ever been drugged are those asserting that we must not fight until we are attacked and that American men must not be sent away from our shores to fight.

The course of the war has shown the folly of relying on such counsels of cowardice. Of all the countries that have faced Hitler, England alone has fought wherever it could find the enemy, and England alone remains free and fights on. The other countries, which waited for Hitler to bring the war to them, are now Nazi provinces. The Germans' cardinal principle is to fight in any country but their own.

Must we wait until the bombs rain down on New York and San Francisco, or shall we send our forces now to meet Hitler wherever he is vulnerable? Must we wait until the millions of people in the rest of the world who would gladly fight with us have all been conquered? Risking a few American lives now will save hundreds of thousands of American lives later.

CYRUS S. EATON

Cleveland, Ohio, July 21

Farmers Need Leadership

Dear Sirs: Farmers are among the hardest-working people in the world. There is no question that we are not getting enough money for our milk, but we can't expect to get very far without the right kind of leadership. Owen D. Young may or may not be all that is claimed for him. We have no guaranty of the sincerity of purpose of the so-called "plan of unity" worked out at Van Hornesville at a conference of representatives of producer organizations. In accordance with this plan, the Dairy Farmers' Union voted to recess the milk strike pending a petition for a federal hearing on a price increase. But I am suspicious of any "unity" for dairymen sponsored by men on the pay roll of large groups that serve dealer interests while masquerading as "farm" organizations.

The Dairymen's League and the Eastern Milk Producers are certainly no true farm organizations. Most farmers realize that the "bargaining agency" in practice amounts to little more than a combination of these two, and now the main

office of the D. F. U. joins what is commonly known as the stooge crowd. It is to be hoped that the trial of the milk trust in September will bare the relationship of these "farm" organizations to Borden and Sheffield.

Suspicion of the so-called "unity" is further aroused when these organizations and their lawyers stress a demand for a heavy increase in the price of Class 1 (bottled) milk. A report states that 40 per cent of the New York City milk supply now goes for Class 1 use. Further increases in the Class 1 price will reduce this percentage and nullify any benefit. How can we believe in the sincerity of the parties to such a proposal?

Why is there no mention of increasing the price of milk for manufacturing purposes? This so-called "surplus" milk is usually priced so low that the blend price to farmers is dragged down. What is the object of boosting the price of Class 1 so high that more milk will be pushed into the low-priced class? It won't help farmers to let dealers buy an increasingly large amount of our milk at a low price. Investigations show that distributors make exorbitant profits on this "surplus."

Milk consumption is now below minimum health requirements. Military defense will be of little use to a people made unfit because food is priced beyond their ability to buy it. To bring real benefit to the farmer without injury to the health of the people, raise the price of milk for manufactured products and leave the fluid class alone.

RUTH E. HILL

Jamesville, N. Y., July 23

In Defense of Stalin

Dear Sirs: In his Litvinov Answers Stalin (*The Nation* of July 19) Louis Fischer says that "Stalin should have organized a 'common resistance' with England and France." Yet Fischer must know that the rulers of England and France at that time were very reluctant to enter an agreement with Russia for common action against the Nazis. Chamberlain preemptorily rebuffed Stalin at the time, and Daladier was already in the "ethical meshes" of Hitler. Stalin was ready to aid Czechoslovakia, but France and Britain refused to take joint action.

Stalin may have made political and

diplomatic mistakes; he may have been ruthless against his enemies and political opponents in Russia; but he has been consistent in one respect—in studiously avoiding war. His attack on Finland and his absorption of the three Baltic states and Bessarabia, it turns out now, were for the purpose of protecting Russia's borders against just such an attack as Hitler has perpetrated.

Reinhold Niebuhr, in the same issue, says in reference to the same matter: "The Nazi-Soviet pact was partly prompted and justified by military necessity, and the mistakes of the democratic world contributed to the situation which seemed to make the pact necessary. . . . In so far as the Nazi-Soviet pact was prompted by military necessity it was not without logical justification from the standpoint of the Russian state."

Thus Niebuhr successfully checkmates Fischer in this matter. As to which is the more astute and philosophic thinker and writer I have my own opinion.

AUG. RUEDY

Cleveland, Ohio, July 23

We Want Good Olive Oil!

Dear Sirs: With the foreign sources of olive oil closed, California olive growers are in position to render themselves and the nation a great service if they see to it that their products are handled honestly. It is astounding, therefore, to learn that Milton P. Duffy, State Food and Drug Inspector, has had a bill introduced in the California Legislature to reduce from \$500 to \$25 the fine for adulterating olive oil without informing the consumer of the adulteration.

If passed, this bill will be a setback to the good repute of nearly all California products throughout the country. It will encourage adulteration and consumer deception and thereby affect not only Californians but consumers all over the nation. Californians and others should protest vehemently against such a travesty of public-health administration.

HARVEY LEBRUN

Chapel Hill, N. C., July 19

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The Shape of Things

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY HAS MOVED IN THREE directions during the past week. It has applied more—but not much more—economic pressure to Japan in the hope of discouraging further obviously planned aggression. It has thrown its full weight into the effort to prevent Vichy from yielding to Hitler in Africa as it yielded to Hitler-plus-Tokyo in the Far East. And it has pledged all "practicable" economic aid to Russia in its resistance to Hitler. We have far more confidence in the permanent value of the last move than of either of the others. The State Department's handling of Japan has been, and still is, fatally weak, as events are proving. The combination of bribes and warnings applied to Vichy may for the moment strengthen the elements which oppose full and complete collaboration with Hitler in Africa. That it will fail in the long run we are certain. Vichy will yield to Hitler when it must, as it yielded in Indo-China. The weight of American diplomatic pressure is imponderably light compared with the weight of the German army on the soil of France. But help to Russia is an investment in strength, not weakness. The Russian army has not only revealed amazing power and determination but has survived without any material outside support. The promise of American help will stimulate democratic resistance in every part of the world more effectively than any measure taken since the lend-lease bill was passed.

✱

THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN THE SOVIET Union and the Polish government-in-exile ending the war between the two countries and providing for the establishment of a Polish army on Soviet soil is an event of considerable political importance. It eliminates one of the most serious obstacles to effective cooperation between the British and Soviet governments. It destroys an important prop in Hitler's anti-Russian crusade. Above all, it minimizes, if it does not altogether remove, one of the gravest problems to be faced in making the peace after Hitler's defeat. The pact itself is, as the *New York Times* describes it, "a miracle of conciliation." Both sides make far-reaching concessions. The Soviet Union withdraws its claims to the boundaries established after the partition of

1939, while Poland agrees not to insist on the pre-1939 frontier. This leaves the way open for new boundaries based more clearly upon ethnic and strategic realities than those established either by the Treaty of Riga or the defunct Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939. Some Polish leaders are reported to be holding out against the new agreement, but it is to be hoped that their differences will be resolved.

★

THE "GREAT NEUTRAL," AS THE LONDON *Times* once called General Franco, has succeeded in disappointing the last of the British appeasers. From the Conservative benches of the House of Commons a roar of approval rose when Mr. Eden, still too softly, warned the Spanish dictator the other day that all kinds of economic help from Great Britain would cease unless his foreign policy showed less dependence upon the Axis. Now that the Foreign Office is finally considering Franco if not as an enemy at least as a candidate for the blacklist, it is to be hoped that our State Department and Ambassador Weddell will give up trying to use Spain as a card in the hand of the democracies. Franco's scandalous note to the Latin American countries inviting their support for Adolf Hitler's "holy war" against Russia is new evidence of the degree to which the Spanish dictator and his Phalanx have become the real agent of Nazi propaganda in that part of the Western Hemisphere. Madrid and Berlin today work hand in hand in Latin America to sabotage Washington's attempts to reinforce intercontinental solidarity. Only eight hours after this note was delivered, a note from the Wilhelmstrasse was circulated in the same countries blaming the United States for the Belmonte case in Bolivia. According to Berlin, the whole Bolivian Nazi plot was an invention forged in Washington with the purpose of "taking advantage of the poisoned atmosphere created by this kind of incident to obtain concessions of military and naval bases in South America." Exactly the same words were used by the Phalangist press in Madrid in commenting upon the abortive attempt in La Paz. One can hardly see what advantages are still expected in Washington from maintaining a diplomatic situation whose only appreciable result is to provide Hitler with a group of consuls and agents who represent themselves as members of the foreign service of Spain but in reality do the job of the German and Italian consuls expelled from this country.

★

NAZI ACTIVITIES IN THIS HEMISPHERE HAVE been set back by fresh disclosures in a number of Latin American countries. The crushing of the Nazi putsch in Bolivia and the expulsion of the German minister to that country for improper activities were followed by Argentina's seizure of German diplomatic pouches containing an illegal short-wave radio-sending set and various documents in code. A few days later five persons were arrested

in Paraná, charged with plotting against the Argentine government, and in Rosario, Argentina's second largest city, the headquarters of the German Welfare and Cultural Association were raided and found to contain considerable stocks of propaganda material. In Cuba four Nazis have been arrested on the charge of fifth-column activities, and President Batista has sought to check the activities of the Spanish Phalangists on the ground that they are Hitler-inspired. An Axis newspaper has been suppressed in Brazil for propaganda against the United States, and the German-owned Transocean News Agency has been shown in federal court to be the spearhead of Nazi propaganda in Uruguay, Peru, and several other South American countries. There are indications that these revelations have finally awakened Latin America to the danger of Nazi methods of penetration. Experienced observers who have recently returned from countries south of the Rio Grande speak glowingly of the progress which has been made toward hemispheric solidarity during the past year. They agree, however, that the battle is far from won. Distrust of "Yankee imperialism" lingers and is easily fanned into flame by a statement like that recently made by Senator Clark of Idaho, suggesting that we follow Hitler's example and seize the whole of Latin America. Fortunately, President Roosevelt lost no time in putting Senator Clark in his place.

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DELEGATES TO THE SIXTH CONVENTION OF the United Automobile Workers at Buffalo are riding in Ford cars put at their disposal by the company. This merry fact symbolizes the union's greatest victory of the year, or of any year—a signed contract with the Ford Motor Company which increased the U. A. W.'s membership by 120,000. That membership now stands at more than 500,000, representing an increase of 93 per cent over last year. The main issue before the convention is the proposed cut of 50 per cent in automobile production. As President R. J. Thomas pointed out in a radio address, it is cold comfort to be told by Leon Henderson that if the C. I. O.'s plan for mass production of airplanes had been followed, the automobile industry would not now be in a quandary and 200,000 workers would not be facing unemployment at a time when all available man-power should be utilized for defense. Mr. Thomas proposed a joint conference of automobile management, labor, and government experts to devise a program that would prevent dislocation. We hope the U. A. W. presses this demand with all its strength.

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ANOTHER ISSUE BEFORE THE CONVENTION is that of Communist domination in certain sectors of the union. There is a strong administration move under way to bar Communists, Nazis, and Fascists from any official position on the plausible ground that no one whose first

loyalty is to a foreign government can be trusted to hold office in the union or serve its best interests. It is reassuring to note that the recent flop in the Communist Party line has not made the leaders of the U. A. W. any more trustful of its faithful followers. The issue will no doubt be squarely faced when the convention discusses the Inglewood walkout, which was denounced by the union executive as an outlaw strike instigated by the Communists, and which resulted in the use of troops to reopen the factory. One of the primary motivations in the Inglewood strike, according to an authoritative report at the time, was the hope of the Communist group that this show of "militance" would consolidate their strength in the fast growing aircraft locals of the U. A. W. and give them a chance to regain a controlling vote at the present convention. The showdown should be interesting.

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THE BLACKOUT OF GASOLINE FILLING PUMPS between 7 p. m. and 7 a. m. has been successful so far as compliance is concerned, but most reports agree that while some saving may result from the experiment, it is certain to fall far short of the one-third which Secretary Ickes declares to be necessary if rationing is to be avoided. The experiment illustrates the difficulties inherent in voluntary curtailment of consumer buying in the interest of national defense. Although an overwhelming majority of the American people are prepared to make sacrifices for defense if necessary, they are disinclined to make them unless they are sure that everyone else is doing the same thing under patriotic compulsion. Voluntary curtailment of the use of gasoline, such as Secretary Ickes called for, places a premium on unpatriotic action because it is virtually impossible to organize social sanctions against those who fail to comply. Rationing also has its drawbacks. It will be difficult to set up a system which makes full allowance for the necessary uses of private motor cars and yet prevents mere pleasure driving. But the hardships of rationing are certainly to be preferred to any curtailment in the shipment of oil to Britain.

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TO PASS A BILL PERMITTING THE SOLUTION of labor problems by bayonet would be to encourage every recalcitrant and greedy employer to refuse wage demands and call for troops instead. We are glad the House, by a vote of 255 to 114, has again rejected the Connally bill, even in its revised form. The bill, as Philip Murray said, was "not intended to exercise any compulsion against management, but only against labor," and it is not to be confused with the property-requisition bill which is still before Congress. Both Under Secretary of War Patterson and Edward F. Grady, Labor Adviser to the War Department, asked for passage of the revised Connally measure; they should know better next time. We are sorry to see that House Democratic Leader John

W. McCormack voted for the bill, thus indicating that it had Administration support. Of seventy-eight Congressmen from the poll-tax states, sixty voted for the bill and twelve abstained. Progressives and Republicans generally joined against the bill, and Congressman Martin Dies, fresh from defeat in Texas, observed, "Now that the Republicans have gone over to the C. I. O., maybe I'd better start investigating them." The line-up again indicates that the Administration is keeping strange company in Congress. Congressman Healey of Massachusetts deserves mention for the outstanding part he played in the fight against the bill.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE NEW FM RADIO is more likely to be stunted than furthered by permitting newspapers to control it. Testimony before the Federal Communications Commission last week that FM broadcasting would be delayed "for years" if the commission refused licenses to newspaper interests is economic nonsense. A field so lucrative as that of a new means of radio transmission can attract all the capital it needs. A good deal more enterprise will probably be shown in developing it if FM is kept free from the influence of newspapers which fear its competition. Leaving it to the newspapers to develop FM is like leaving it to the Aluminum Company to develop the competing metal, magnesium. With the growing press-radio monopoly at stake, the American Newspaper Publishers' Association is digging in for a long fight when the hearings resume in November. Elisha Hanson, counsel of the A. N. P. A., admitted that he has been advising newspapermen subpoenaed by the FCC to ignore the subpoenas on the ground that the investigation was illegal. This puts the A. N. P. A. in the position not merely of upholding the legality of press-radio monopolies but of denying the right of a government agency to hold an investigation to determine whether such combinations are in the public interest.

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COAL MINING IS STILL A SICK INDUSTRY, and contrary to the trend in the rest of business the first six coal companies to report second-quarter earnings show an annual increase in net loss rather than an increase in profits. This is the best excuse John L. Lewis can offer for his shortsighted opposition to the St. Lawrence seaway. In the greatest single power and navigation project on this continent, which would enormously increase our capacity to defend ourselves in war and lower the cost of production in peace, Lewis sees only a means whereby "any tramp steamer will be able to come through this projected waterway and dump this coal at any price at Cleveland, Buffalo, and Chicago." The opposition of Lewis, which springs from his instinctive urge to cooperate with big business in the maintenance of favorable price and competitive conditions, is a serious matter. It adds to the collection of special interests opposed to

the seaway, and it makes its fate in Congress more precarious than ever. There was a time when British workers smashed machinery and a time more recently when German workers thought their safety lay in partnership with industrial cartels. Lewis stands in that fatal tradition. It is time labor leaders learned that labor stands to gain in the long run by any measures which lower the cost of producing the necessities of life. Cheap St. Lawrence power is one of them.

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SECRETARY OF WAR STIMSON WOULD HAVE to go far to find a worse adviser than Major General John F. O'Ryan. Until July 14 he was registered at the State Department as a representative of the Japanese Economic Federation. His record as a red-baiter when he was Police Commissioner of New York is even more disquieting. He resigned amid gales of laughter after the New York *Post* discovered that he was using Mrs. Dilling's "Red Network" as a guide. The *Post* printed the fact that the Police Commissioner's own boss, Mayor LaGuardia, was one of the suspects in the Dilling list. This is the man Stimson has chosen as his senior adviser!

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AN INTERESTING TEST OF THE SUPPORT accorded the government's foreign policy will be offered by the special election to be held on August 29 to choose a successor to the late Representative Stephen Bolles of Wisconsin. At present ten men—seven Republicans, two Democrats, and one Progressive—have filed for nomination. Of the ten, nine hold the same isolationist views as the former incumbent. The tenth, however, is a man of national reputation and tested political strength—former Representative Thomas R. Amlie. Amlie has been a genuine liberal ever since his entry into politics during the Hoover era, and he was one of the few with vision enough to perceive the fascist menace in the days when it masqueraded as the Franco crusade in Spain. For his wisdom in such matters Amlie paid a heavy price. A few years ago he fell out with the La Follette Progressives, and the break cost him his seat in Congress. Later the President appointed him to the Interstate Commerce Commission, but Senate Tories caused enough unpleasantness to force him to withdraw. This time he is running for Congress as a regular Democrat, with Administration support. If, as seems certain, he beats his opponent in the Democratic primaries, he will have to face more than the two isolationist candidates, for it is reported that Wheeler and Lindbergh are planning to stump the state in an effort to lick Amlie at any cost. The opposition will be formidable, but there is reason to believe that sentiment in the Midwest is shifting; a victory for the Administration's foreign policy in Wisconsin would be certain evidence of its support everywhere.

"In Rising Wrath"

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

WINSTON CHURCHILL last week described the "temptations to optimism" that today assail the British people. "It is a fact," he said, "that mighty Russia, so treacherously assaulted, has struck back with such magnificent strength and courage and brought prodigious and well-deserved slaughter on the Nazi armies. The United States, the greatest single power, is giving us aid on a gigantic scale and is advancing in rising wrath and conviction to the very verge of war."

In those words, in the juxtaposition of Russia's successful resistance and America's "rising wrath," Mr. Churchill's magnificent sense of realism momentarily faltered. To those who watch the reactions of the people in this country at first hand, a contrary fact is apparent which offers no temptation to optimism: The greater the resistance of Russia, the more complacent becomes the attitude of the United States. Public opinion is not yet awake to the unchanging, fundamental dangers in the Nazi onslaught on civilization; it is still subject to vagaries, to sudden spurts of indignation and lapses into indifference. Today one can feel in the press and among people one meets a relaxation of tension, almost unconscious. Things are going pretty well; we have time to turn around and not too much immediately to worry about. This is the mood, not universal but general. The bloody and courageous resistance of Russia has created in America, not a determination to resist with equal courage and to take every advantage of the time offered by the struggle on the eastern front to increase the power of Britain and push the war in the west, but rather a sense of detachment. If Russia had gone down before the Nazi drive, this country would be far closer to the "verge of war" than it is today.

The American mind is itself the ready victim of optimism. If the Nazis and the Japanese were as clever as they sometimes seem, they would quit their propaganda of threatening invincibility and stick to their other theme of peace and harmlessness. Every time they have waved a fist under our nose—as when Japan joined the Axis to the accompaniment of threats against the United States, or Germany promised to sink American cargoes and American patrols—this country has moved to meet the challenge. Every time they have appeared to be stopped, however briefly, we too have stopped, adjusting quickly to the role of bystander and fixing our binoculars for a better view of an interesting but far-off spectacle.

This tendency is perhaps natural. Other nations have manifested it at other crucial moments of history, though never, perhaps, at a moment when all the forces of aggression and resistance were so fatally engaged. But if natural, it is also unutterably stupid and dangerous be-

yond exaggeration. To allow even an hour's illusion of security to deflect us from the course necessary to win this war is more reckless than the most extreme act of violence. It is a paradox of the times we live in that complacency, not anger or alarm, is a sign of insanity.

I want to call the attention of our readers to Donald W. Mitchell's article in this issue of *The Nation*. Mr. Mitchell agrees with most other military observers that the decisive action of the war is still the battle to control the sea routes to Britain. And he marshals incontrovertible figures to show that "the war in the North Atlantic is still being lost." Ships bearing food and war supplies are being sunk faster than they can be replaced. Not only are the democratic nations failing to use this interval for aggressive counter-action, *they are not even holding their own*.

If Americans require danger to rouse their fighting spirit, to create the wrath out of which strong action emerges, let them consider this fact in all its implications—for us and for the world. What is necessary is a view which embraces the Russian front, and even the fast-gathering threat in the Pacific, along with the record of lost tonnage and insufficiently defended sea lanes in the Atlantic.

Toward the end of his discussion Mr. Mitchell asks the most pertinent question that faces this country today. He asks whether we can possibly act with sufficient energy and direction to save Britain—and so ourselves—without the spur of an actual declaration of war. He does not answer his own question, and indeed the answer does not exist. No one knows, not even the President, whether without a declaration of war the necessary measures, military and naval as well as economic, can be taken in time to save a day which is already drawing in.

So far the President has been able to command the instant support of the people for every major step he has taken. I believe he could go much farther and faster without losing that support. The apathy which attacks this country is not a symptom of fear or reluctance. It arises from lack of understanding, an inability to follow remote and complicated events without explanation and to arrive at bold positions without leadership. It is my profound belief that the President can create the necessary enthusiasm and support by merely exposing, continuously and very honestly, the dangers that lie immediately ahead. The people want and have a right to demand frankness; they need guidance. That is what political leadership is for in a democracy.

It is possible that nothing short of a declaration of war will awaken the country to an understanding that we are in any case involved in war and, as surely as Britain, face victory or defeat. If this is so, then a campaign should be undertaken to bring the truth home to the people. But before such a course is determined upon, the other policy should be fully exploited. The President

should explain and then act; or act and then explain. He should adopt his own bold words in proclaiming an unlimited emergency as the animating force of his day-by-day policy.

He should tell the people what the situation of Britain demands of this country. And he should act upon that demand. If it means a system of full convoy instead of a patrol, he should order convoys. If it means shooting, he should order the navy to shoot. If it means the occupation of the Spanish and Portuguese islands or of Dakar, he should collaborate to that end with the British and the Free French. If it means the blockade of Japan or the defense of Thailand, he should act in the Far East. Whatever steps are required for the defeat of Hitler should be taken, as the strategy of the hour demands.

But the President will have to buttress his acts with the sort of courageous honesty that has made Churchill's leadership a work of genius. Under such leadership this country could be quickly brought to realize what we face and what we must do. Without it no effective measures can be adopted—least of all a declaration of war.

Call Japan's Bluff

JAPAN has taken over the military and economic resources of the whole of Indo-China as a result of last week's agreement with Vichy. Correspondents report that the military and naval forces sent to Saigon and other important points in the southern part of the country greatly exceed the numbers required for occupation and "protection" of this region. It is obvious that the Japanese have no intention of stopping there. Demands have already been made for bases and economic concessions in Thailand. Beyond Thailand lies Burma, the chief gateway for supplies for Free China.

In the weeks that have followed the setting up of Tokyo's new super-militaristic Cabinet, speculation has concerned itself chiefly with the direction of Japan's next move. Actually there has been only one direction in which it could move. A full-dress war against the Soviet Union is unlikely as long as the Soviets maintain an air force near Vladivostok capable of bombing the chief Japanese cities. And an attack on the Dutch East Indies, bringing Japan into open conflict with the United States and Britain, appears even less likely in view of the even greater air threat to the Japanese islands which this would entail. Indo-China was invaded because the Japanese reasoned correctly that such a move would not be taken as a cause of war by either the United States or Great Britain. Thailand is next on Japan's schedule because of a belief, which may be similarly well founded, that the democracies will still not resort to war unless Thailand itself resists. And Japan has already gained a sufficient political foothold in Thailand to make such

resistance unlikely. The recently announced economic accord under which the Thai government has agreed to extend several million dollars in credits to enable Japan to purchase Thai products may be taken as an indication of the extent of Japanese influence over the little kingdom. An important pro-British group also exists in Thailand, but it is not likely to gain the ascendancy unless Britain and the United States show that they are prepared to stop Japan.

That neither the freezing of Japanese funds nor the recent stoppage of the export of aviation gasoline is intended to be such a step is indicated in I. F. Stone's Washington letter on page 109. Japan will continue to get the oil and other war materials necessary for its invasion of China. Restriction of exports to the level ordinarily required for civilian uses merely means that civilian supplies will be diverted to military purposes. Our Far Eastern policy is still one of appeasement. Despite all the evidence to the contrary, it is assumed that Japan will fight if we really clamp down economically. This interpretation may be traced to one or two State Department "experts," men who profess to understand the "mysterious" workings of the Oriental mind. To the credit of the State Department as a whole, it must be said that not all the "experts" agree on this interpretation, but the appeasers still have the inside track.

A fully effective embargo on oil and other war supplies would stop Japan for the simple reason that it cannot fight without these strategic materials. There is not the slightest evidence that if these supplies were stopped, Japan would go berserk and provoke a war with the United States. On the contrary, Japanese policy during the past year and a half has been marked by increasing caution, particularly with regard to a clash with the United States. The Japanese-inspired press of Indo-China has taken great pains to point out that the United States is sympathetic with Japanese aspirations and that Britain alone is responsible for the threat to the French colony. The speed with which the Japanese government met American demands in the Tutuila case is indicative of Japanese terror of strong American action.

The United States could still prevent the seizure of Thailand if it would join with Great Britain in making it clear that further Japanese penetration would be resisted by force. Great Britain is undoubtedly ready for such a step. Its defenses in Singapore and Burma have been strongly reinforced by Australian troops and powerful R. A. F. units. Recent London dispatches indicate plainly that the British are considering the possibility of a counter-move in the event of a Japanese invasion of Thailand, but that they hesitate because of uncertainty about the United States. The same uncertainty in the minds of the Japanese may encourage the military to take risks which would find few supporters. A clearly announced firm stand by the two great Western democracies would in

all probability stop Japan in its tracks. But if the appeasers are right and the Japanese militarists are mad enough to provoke war over Thailand, the democracies would still be in a far stronger strategic position if they resisted than if they allowed Thailand to suffer the fate of Indo-China.

Control Prices Now

THE attempt to control prices by ballyhoo has broken down. The stream of bright stories out of Washington about the "crackdown" on this or that group of producers has proved as misleading as similar stories on the records being set by the defense program. Mr. Roosevelt has long been the victim of a propaganda campaign intended to use the bogey of inflation against the spending policies of the New Deal. Now we find the President himself saying, in a plea for price-control legislation, "Nothing will sap the morale of this nation more quickly or ruinously than penalizing its sweat and skill and thrift by the individually undeserved and uncontrollable poverty of inflation."

Defense spending has increased demand; defense production has curtailed civilian supply. Inflation today is a danger, but the President may meet the most stubborn opposition from those who have talked most about it in the past eight years. Congressman Wolcott, ranking Republican member of the House Banking and Currency Committee, has attacked the Administration bill as "in line with the Tugwellian idea of socialization of industry." A Price Control Study Committee has been organized at the direction of House Republican Floor Leader Martin, and it will present its own program.

The Administration, leaving both farm prices and wages alone, seeks to establish price ceilings in industry. The huge rise in second-quarter profits—23 per cent for the first 250 companies to report—shows that neither increased taxes nor increased wages have interfered with profiteering. In steel, for example, despite wage increases, profits were up more than 50 per cent in the quarter. The Republican program is headed in a different direction. It seeks to take advantage of the fear of inflation, not to curb the prices and profits of industry, but to repeal the credit and monetary reforms of the New Deal and restore control of credit to private bankers. The measures suggested by the G. O. P. committee look toward higher interest rates and curtailed government spending to bring prices down. Though this can and will be defended by references to Adam Smith, the situation we face is as unlike that of classical economics as a Garand rifle is unlike a flintlock musket. Financial interests support this program because higher interest rates would increase their earnings. The Republican program would have no effect on either rising industrial profits or rising living costs. It

would add enormously to the cost of financing defense and war, and it would hamper the government's ability to act without consulting the wishes of the money market.

The figures cited by the President in his price-control measure are frightening, but they do not give an adequate picture of the rise in prices which affect the ordinary housewife and consumer. The basic-commodity index is up 50 per cent since the start of the war and 24 per cent since the first of the year. The wholesale-price index has risen 17½ per cent since August, 1939, and 10 per cent since January. These indices understate the impact of defense spending and defense production on the ordinary buyer. Retail prices have risen more sharply than wholesale. Many recorded prices of basic commodities—like aluminum—are deceptive, for premium prices must often be paid to "bootlegging" brokers to obtain delivery.

Mr. Roosevelt's price-control bill may not be ideal, but it is probably better than any that can be obtained from Congress. It is a pity that a "farm bloc," in which great corporate canning, sugar, and packing interests hide behind the overalls of the poor farmer, has already exacted 110 per cent of a fictitious "parity" in the bill as presented. As for wage controls, the experience of steel indi-

cates that capacity operation for defense cuts unit labor costs so sharply as to more than take care of higher wages. It is quite true, as Mr. Roosevelt said, that "labor has far more to gain from price stability than from abnormal wage increases," but there is still leeway for a good many "normal" wage increases before that point is reached.

The control of prices is at once the most important and the most difficult task in the successful mobilization of our economy for defense or war. No nation, democratic or totalitarian, has entirely succeeded in eliminating price bootleggers, black bourses, and illicit dealings, but some form of price control is better than none at all. It may be that a combination of farm, Republican, and labor pressure will delay, denature, or even block the present measure. We think it will serve the best interests of both farmer and worker to place a ceiling on industrial prices and to do it quickly. This bill is a test of the ability of representative government to act with intelligence and foresight. Failure to control prices will create the suffering that goes with increased living costs, the disgust that accompanies the appearance of a new crop of "war millionaires," and the reaction that great capitalist interests know so well how to manipulate.

London—First Look

BY LOUIS FISCHER

London, August 3, by Cable

I SPENT twenty-four hours in Bermuda, twenty-eight in Horta, seventy-two in Lisbon, and arrived in London the Friday after the Saturday I had left New York. When I landed at the British airport a corporal inquired whether I had had a smooth flight, a sergeant brought out chairs, an officer insisted that we have a spot of tea, and all in all I felt as if I had arrived at a country estate for the week-end. This spirit prevails everywhere. My outstanding impression is one of excessive normality, friendly calm, and mutual solicitude.

As for air-raid destruction, I've seen one provincial town and London, both harrowing sights. The quietest residential sections have apparently been hit the most severely. I only have to walk down the street to see ample evidence of the deliberate bombing of civilians. Indeed, if the blitz, as air raids are called here, had continued with the ferocity of September, 1940, and May, 1941, perhaps the only thing left intact would be military objectives. Nevertheless, the air-raid damage is less than I had expected.

The British behaved magnificently during the raids, and they are proud of themselves. Each person has acquired a higher sense of his value. At my publisher's

office the filing clerks, stenographers, and charwoman regularly stand fire-watch with the executives. A new camaraderie has developed. The corner newspaper vendor, with hairs growing from her warts, is air-raid warden and the heroine of her street. It all reminds me of the tonic effect of the first years of the Soviet revolution, when every man began to believe he was the salt of the earth, equal to all tasks, sharing all responsibilities, and therefore entitled to all rights.

Juan del Vayo, son of J. Alvarez del Vayo, tells me that during one raid he and another Spaniard ducked under a restaurant table. When they came up, an Englishman asked why they had done that. They replied that they thought it would be safer. "But what about your dignity?" the Englishman asked.

Owing to the exigencies of the war the quality of most things has deteriorated, but not that of the human being. Yet when one views the hideous effects of the bombings and watches millions groping through the blackout, one is bound to say that man is good but what a rotten world! Perhaps this partially explains why the high morale, the increased self-esteem, and the unfolding of new virtues and new capacities for resistance are not accompanied by any elation or release

of a national passion for change. Man is on the defensive against forces he cannot control. On several occasions when I asked what the British were thinking, I got a laugh as a reply. "We aren't thinking, we are surviving," I was told. This country is not future-conscious, and old-style politics bore even the professional politicians. At most people know what they don't want, but they have not given it much thought. These hundred weeks of war have been a terrible nightmare; they have been better than was anticipated but bad enough. Yet through it all it has never occurred to the average citizen that England could lose the war. They don't know how they will win, but they are sure they will.

Although, as Churchill said in this week's debate on production in Commons, the army is carnivorous and civilians herbivorous, the civilians feel that it is they who have been fighting this war so far—with the exception of the beloved R. A. F. They tell the story of a soldier who received a letter from his grandmother saying that she had just extinguished six incendiary bombs. London's "To the Trenches" signs shock one into the realization that all England is one huge Flanders battlefield with women and children and men in mufti in the front line. The army, however, and also the Home Guard are training intensively with good equipment. It is hoped that they will some day take the offensive. Churchill's warning of the necessity of continued vigilance against invasion is regarded here as his "No" to those who are demanding a large British military diversion on the Continent. I assume Churchill turned down this idea soon after the Russo-German war started, but that does not mean that the R. A. F. will not continue to blast Germany whenever the weather permits or that England has not sent direct aid to Russia.

Russia's participation in the war was enthusiastically welcomed here. At the moment of Britain's greatest trial and tragedy—after Dunkirk and during the big blitzes—when Britain's every effort was bent on keeping alive, the Communists scoffed, called it an imperialist war, and paid Hitler the compliment of comparing him with Churchill and Roosevelt. This left an indelible mark on the national psychology, and there is no mood even among the most radical Laborites to form a popular front, but the country is very happy that the Russians are fighting so well. The BBC's broadcasts are not simply pro-Russian but pro-Soviet, praising Soviet methods; and so are the news reels, which, however, leave the audiences silent.

Churchill's speech of June 23 embracing Russia as an ally garnered for him a mountain of congratulations. There was not and is not the slightest trend toward calling off the anti-Nazi war because the Nazis are fighting the Bolsheviks. Churchill's popularity is as high as Everest. He seems to know it, for various M. P.'s tell me that he has been manifesting an intolerance of par-

liamentary criticism. On the other hand, the Commons regards criticism as its God-given function. Churchill's appointment of his son-in-law, Duncan Sandys, to government office provoked many private and some public attacks. Churchill's speech this week on production was not his best, and he failed to reply to the charge of the Conservative member, Sir J. Wardlaw-Milne, that Britain was still 25 per cent short of its maximum war effort. The spirit of Dunkirk, when men and women remained at their factory lathes until they dropped from weakness, has not been recaptured, although labor leaders are cooperating whole-heartedly with the government. This reflects a good mood in the working class. My Labor friends in Parliament, both left and right, tell me that the workers are satisfied, that only the unemployables are now unemployed, and that working-class families are earning more money than ever before. Although rationing limits consumption, the M. P.'s declare that their Labor constituents are better situated than they were before the war.

Even those who defend Churchill passionately and would be distressed at any change in the premiership, nevertheless indulge in the altogether human sport of speculating on Churchill's successor. Anthony Eden is the first choice, Ernest Bevin second, Lord Beaverbrook third, and Sir Stafford Cripps fourth. But some put Cripps first. His prestige has risen enormously since the Russian war. He would be more acceptable to the ruling class than Bevin, whose sentences in the Commons are ungrammatical and who at a dramatic moment in the debate on production the other day said he would be proud to be an "unskilled laborer." "This is the people's war," Bevin added, and then turned to a Tory M. P. who had run down the dockers and called him a "cad." The fact that Bevin and Cripps are mentioned for the prime ministership when Labor is in a minority confirms the impression that party lines have been blurred by the war and that the present coalition is more than a political makeshift.

Meanwhile London is still guessing at the identity of the European neutral which, according to Sumner Welles, will soon be involved in the war. My first thought was Turkey. Hitler would attempt to induce the Turks to take Batum and Baku. But Spain is the second possibility. It is obvious now that Hitler seriously believed England would withdraw from the war if he attacked Russia. With this expectation dashed and military difficulties accumulating, Hitler needs some propaganda trump which will show that Europe as a whole is, nevertheless, fighting Bolshevism. Spain's entry would be such a trump, and Franco might consider this a favorable moment because it would not bring a Nazi invasion of Spain. Portugal, however, has been evacuating its tiny army to the Azores, the Cape Verde Islands, and Angola so that it won't get hurt.

Oil on the Pacific

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, August 3

TO ALL those fellow-Americans ashamed of the part our exports have played in fueling the Japanese war machine I offer here a few words of warning and suggestion:

1. Do not take at face value the headlines and the talk of our having imposed an oil "embargo" on Japan. The forces of appeasement are as strongly entrenched in the State Department as ever. When Sumner Welles was asked whether the freezing of Japanese credits in this country meant an embargo on oil, he replied that every transaction would be considered individually and on its merits. This may sound like "hut sut" gibberish to you, but Japanese diplomacy understands it. It means that there will be licensing and bargaining and that we are still receptive to a "deal" of some kind in the southern Pacific.

2. It is important that the greatest possible pressure be brought to bear for an embargo on all war materials to Japan because the President committed a historic blunder when he told civilian-defense volunteers we had to sell oil to Japan to keep it from seizing the Dutch East Indies. This translates bitterly into Chinese, for it says that we were content to fuel the bombers that mangled China's children as long as Japan kept out of the rich imperialist preserves in the Indies. This was the "plague o' both your houses" of our Far Eastern diplomacy. I know the President, a humane and good man, does not feel that way, but no one can deny that this is exactly what his policy toward the Sino-Japanese struggle has been. If Japan wins in China, its propagandists will use this against us. If China wins, it will leave an ugly memory. China's 400,000,000 people will some day play a great role again in world affairs, and their friendship will be worth far more to our children than the wealth of the Indies.

3. One way to make amends for a callous statement that does not reflect America's feelings toward China is to write your Congressman and Senators and the White House to give China the thirty-five transport planes promised it. Our appeasement of both Vichy and Tokyo has smoothed the path of the Japanese army to French Indo-China, from which the Burma road can be blasted. These 35 transport planes could do the work of 850 trucks, and they could be obtained at once by requisitioning them from American airlines. That would be a sacrifice, but it is time we made some little sacrifice for the millions who have been fighting our battle in the East

while our oil, copper, and steel barons made a profit on the blood they lost.

4. Don't worry too much about the Dutch East Indies. They are quite a handful, and the Japanese cannot just pick them up for the asking. Yokohama is as far from Batavia as New York is from Cherbourg. If the Dutch East Indies were laid across the United States they would reach from New York into Wyoming and from the Canadian border at Montana south into Mexico beyond El Paso, Texas. The task of conquering these huge and populous isles would be a heavy strain on Japan. Unfortunately, the longer we appease Tokyo the easier we make its task of seizing the Indies, for with every step it comes closer to them and is better supplied with war materials for the attack.

5. Mr. Roosevelt's rationalization of our oil sales to Japan is subject to heavy discount. We have been supplying about two-thirds of Japan's oil; a fourth has come from the Indies. Japan seems to have been taking most of the islands' oil output. Even if Japan seized the islands and the American and British-Dutch oil companies which own them were too unpatriotic to destroy the wells, possession of the Indies would not undo the crippling effects of an American oil embargo. Oil is only one of the four principal imports from America which have been essential to the Japanese war machine. The other three are scrap iron, machine tools, and copper. None of these are available in any quantity in the Indies. We are now suffering from serious shortages of all three. If we sold oil to Japan to keep it from seizing the Indies, why did we sell it scrap iron? To keep it from seizing Pittsburgh?

6. An embargo on these and other war materials is now necessary, not to defend the Chinese people, but to defend the American people. Further licensing provisions are useless. Machine tools were on the first list of articles placed under license in July of last year, but in March of this year we sent Japan more than \$1,000,000 worth of machine tools. Full priorities have just been imposed here by the OPM on copper, and there is a great to-do in the press about our buying up Chile's copper to keep it out of the hands of Japan. Yet in the first quarter of this year we sent more copper to Japan and Manchoukuo than in the first quarter of last year.

7. There is no way of knowing what has happened to our exports to Japan since March. Neither State Department nor Export Control has ever given out the details, and one has had to wait for the Commerce Department's figures. On May 29, five days after the publication of the

quarterly report on Far Eastern trade from which my figures were obtained, the Commerce Department ceased publication of commodity exports by countries. Since publicity alone has forced the State Department's hand in the past, secrecy will encourage further appeasement. A nation-wide fight must be organized against this most vicious kind of secret diplomacy.

8. I have listened to complex strategical explanations by the hour but remain convinced that our failure to impose embargoes goes back to the simple proposition that there was too much money to be made on the Japanese war trade. The United States Socony-Vacuum and the British Rising Sun Petroleum Company control the major oil-distributing companies of Japan under idyllic circumstances which permit them, in the quaint language of a Japanese publication, to "avoid the inconveniences of competition." An oil embargo would have disrupted their business, and the truth is that the real argument put forward in our State Department by our oil companies has been that "if we don't sell this oil to the Japanese, the British will." It is well to remember that the British are in danger of losing their empire because they so long per-

mitted this kind of business-as-usual to interfere with their war effort.

9. It is true that we need rubber and tin from the Indies, but that fact is a sour reflection on the Administration's delay in building stockpiles of rubber and tin (as of silk) while Japan built up stockpiles of American oil and scrap. The one way to assure a supply of rubber and tin is to establish bases at once in the Indies and prepare to defend them against Japanese attack.

10. Remember finally that the responsibility for this mess of flabby thinking and bloody profit rests on the President. I am reliably informed that at the joint meetings of OPM, Export Control, Army-Navy Ordnance, and State Department the votes have been almost always three to one against licensing more exports to Japan. The one vote for Japan has been cast by the State Department, and Secretary Hull has usually gone to the White House and obtained the President's support and licenses have been approved. America's honor and America's defense are at stake in the embargo question, and only a roar of disapproval from the country can put a stop to the appeasement shame.

Britain's Danger Grows

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

IT IS one of the ironies of the present war that its most vital front rarely makes the headlines. The Russian campaign is undeniably important news, and success on the eastern front would make Germany infinitely stronger economically and much less vulnerable to blockade, at present Britain's strongest weapon. But the Russian campaign will not be the decisive campaign of this war. The lines which must be held if Britain is to win are those followed by commercial shipping over the three-quarters of the globe covered with water. The most vital sector of British sea communications is the area within a few hundred miles of Ireland, where sea lanes from all parts of the world converge into a narrow bottleneck before entering various English ports. From 60 to 75 per cent of Britain's food and industrial supplies comes from abroad, and success in the unspectacular, grinding war of attrition being waged by German submarines, surface raiders, and airplanes would so diminish Britain's powers of resistance as to conclude the European phase of World War II.

Therefore the most important question of the war is simply: What do Britain's losses of merchant tonnage mean in terms of its staying power? Can present losses be reduced; and if not, how long can the British Empire stand?

The monthly figures of ship sinkings, now no longer available, have been an incomplete index to the progress of the struggle at sea. Prior to the beginning of 1941 losses were kept within controllable limits by replacements: ships of defeated allies were pressed into service, old ships were bought from the United States, and new ones were produced in English yards. The toll of destroyed submarines was high, and World War methods with their improvements gave promise of being effective despite the much smaller naval forces available.

Then, early in 1941, a change occurred; the Germans began to make use of bases in all parts of Europe, and the new Folke-Wulf bombers, especially designed for Atlantic operations, came into quantity production. The increased number of U-boat bases decreased the effectiveness of the mine fields, blockade, and other counter-measures employed in 1918, and the British were largely reduced to bombing bases from the air, a line of action which attained only moderate success owing to the wide dispersion of the targets. The German raids on shipping became much more difficult to cope with. Losses for 1941 threatened to reach 3,500,000 or even 5,500,000 tons at a time when expected replacements from British and American yards did not amount to 2,000,000. In April even these expected losses were left far behind as the

Germans destroyed 581,000 tons of shipping, bringing the rate to between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 tons a year.

During the past three months conditions have favored the British. Driven by fear of an imminent German victory, the United States has enormously enlarged and speeded up its shipping program, formed a pool of domestic shipping for transfer to the British, extended its so-called neutrality patrol over most of the North Atlantic, and forestalled possible German moves in the direction of Greenland and Iceland. Against the advice of many of his admirals President Roosevelt has almost certainly transferred powerful units of the Pacific fleet to the Atlantic to aid in reporting submarines and raiders. More American patrol planes have been delivered to the British to deal with German bombers in the waters of the war zone. The destruction of the *Bismarck* and the crippling bomb attacks on the *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, and *Prinz Eugen* have greatly decreased the threat of surface raiders. The British shipbuilding program, as well as our own, has been speeded up to the point where the Maritime Commission audibly hopes for 3,000,000 tons this year. Also, as Americans now realize, German air activities and industrial production have mainly been keyed to the Russian campaign rather than to the destruction of British shipping.

Yet despite these favorable conditions the war in the North Atlantic is still being lost and by about as large a margin as was the case six months ago. Ship losses for April and May were among the highest of the war. It is true that figures for June showed a considerable drop, but they were not complete and under the new British policy of secrecy will not be made so later. In short, losses are quite likely to reach 6,000,000 tons a year or even more—and this on the basis of the usually accurate British figures, which run far below the claims of the Germans. Despite greatly increased British and American defense activities, the margin of losses above replacements, the figure which best indicates how fast Hitler is winning the war, has remained about the same or even been slightly increased. And no military or naval expert believes that the German offensive has reached its climax.

We have no absolutely accurate indication of what these losses mean to the British. Perhaps not a dozen men in the world could authoritatively answer the question: How long can Britain stand? But despite a censorship which conceals most of the pertinent facts, certain signs point to the extremity in which Britain finds itself.

To some extent it is possible to judge its staying power by World War experience. Up to May, 1917, merchant ship losses totaled 7,500,000 tons, and both British and Germans expected sinkings of 1,000,000 tons a month. Experts calculated that 6,000,000 more tons lost, 4,500,000 to 5,000,000 in excess of replacements, would spell British surrender—to prevent starvation—by November, 1917. The situation existing today is not entirely dis-

similar. Again total sinkings have reached approximately 7,500,000 tons. With losses of about 350,000 tons a month over replacements, Great Britain will face an increasingly hard time through 1941 but should last into 1942, by which time both replacements and other forms of American aid can be obtained on a rising scale. This estimate is more optimistic than that made by some experts, who have seen British resistance lasting only to the late fall of 1941, or at most into early 1942.

There are, needless to say, many ifs involved. History never repeats itself in exact detail, and the present setup does not offer a complete analogy to 1917. The United States has been more conscious of the British plight and has offered more aid; much Allied tonnage has fallen into British hands. Has it merely replaced similar tonnage trading with the British Isles prior to the war? Has it more than afforded compensation, or is it inadequate? No one has given an answer. On the other hand, the problem of routing shipping for trade purposes is infinitely more serious than in 1917 and 1918 because the Mediterranean is closed and the usual markets and sources of raw materials in Europe have had to be replaced by others more distant and less convenient. Not included in loss figures are damaged ships which are out of use for varying lengths of time. Disablements are more numerous now than actual sinkings, for aerial bombs, unlike torpedoes, are more frequently damaging than fatal. The tonnage temporarily unavailable because damaged is certainly greater than in the World War.

Possibly reports of shortages of raw materials afford a better indication of approaching exhaustion than figures on ship losses. As far back as February the *New York Times* reported that the British were dipping deeply into reserve stocks of certain raw materials and that current monthly imports were failing by as much as 20 per cent to meet consumption needs.

About the only war essential whose shortage is accurately revealed in the news is oil. During 1917 and 1918 the Germans sank enough tankers to threaten gravely the British oil supply. At one time the stored surplus was so small that old coal-burning battleships rather than modern ships consuming oil were sent by the United States as reinforcements to the Grand Fleet. Apparently this oil crisis was not discovered by the German Intelligence Service, for no special effort was made to sink tankers, nor did the German fleet engage in operations designed to force the Grand Fleet into a heavy expenditure of oil. It is absolutely certain that a similar shortage is being felt at present. Transportation of oil from the Near East through the Mediterranean has become impossible and has aggravated an already acute problem. The recent transfer of fifty United States tankers to British registry, at the risk not only of antagonizing Latin American countries, some of which may find them-

selves entirely deprived of oil, but also of creating a shortage on our own East Coast, shows very clearly that Britain is again desperately hard up for oil. The impending transfer of a hundred more tankers, for which Britain has asked, is a step which only an emergency of the first magnitude could justify.

Food rationing can be overestimated as an indication of British collapse. Yet the new restrictions have gone beyond discomfort and inconvenience and, according to physicians, are coming dangerously close to the point of reducing war and industrial efficiency.

Much controversy has taken place in and out of Congress with regard to the percentage of American aid which has failed to reach its destination. An estimate of 40 per cent sunk is of course ridiculously high. If 40 per cent of all shipments across the Atlantic had gone to the bottom, Great Britain would long since have been knocked out of the war. But even the 4 per cent sinkings claimed by isolationists would as certainly, if more slowly, spell British defeat in the present war, for the slower freighters make at least half a dozen trips in the course of a year and most ships considerably more. If we multiply the 4 per cent losses by eight, as the average number of trips a year, we have a third of the British merchant marine being destroyed in the course of a year. And this, strangely enough, is almost the exact proportion of British losses. On some routes losses or diversions of tonnage due to losses elsewhere have been even greater. Prominent New Zealanders in the United States assert that over 40 per cent of the ships normally plying between Great Britain and Australasia have been either sunk or diverted to other routes.

Clearly, debate about the proportion of American aid lost in the Atlantic is of little present value. The basic figures upon which Britain's power to survive and ultimately take the offensive are dependent are the twin indices of losses and replacements. Unless the two lines, now far apart on the shipping graph, are brought closer together and ultimately cross, as actually happened in consequence of the mass production of American shipyards in 1918, the war will be lost, whether in 1941, 1942, or still later.

Preliminary signs of a coming British defeat will be seen in a reduction in imports of steel and oil and planes, a gradual decrease in the intensity of the war effort, and an increasing inability to take the offensive. To some extent symptoms of this sort are already visible. Sufficient shipping has simply not been available to supply a large army in the Near East with the tools of mechanized warfare. The *Times* reports instances in which steel has been left on American docks by British vessels which have loaded food instead. In all recent campaigns by British troops the final margin of strength needed to turn defeat into victory has been lacking.

Luckily, we are very far from having reached the ulti-

mate high point of our aid to Britain. In the past few months we have done some of the things needed to save the democratic cause. We have hesitated to take other steps which in view of the present situation appear indispensable because they would mean the end of a war of limited liability and would definitely bring shooting.

To be effective, our shipbuilding must be even further hastened and expanded. The existing program is really better than it looks, particularly from the standpoint of quality. Even the "ugly ducklings" will be faster, handier, and better built ships than some of the steel, wood, and concrete "ninety-day wonders" turned out in 1918 and 1919. But despite recent improvements ships are still not being built fast enough. Lack of shipways need not be an obstacle, for granted a suitable waterfront and requisite materials, ways can be constructed almost overnight. In fact, even now the Great Lakes yards are largely unused. Today we are short of skilled and supervisory labor and somewhat short of steel; in 1917 we were short of everything, and our industrial and shipbuilding capacity was much more limited than in 1938. Yet in 1918 and 1919 we turned out nearly 8,000,000 tons of new shipping, a feat then regarded as an industrial miracle. It may be necessary to perform a second miracle of rapid shipbuilding if World War II is not to be lost.

In providing naval aid most of the more obvious steps have been taken. The President at considerable risk has transferred most of the navy's patrol vessels to the Atlantic, replacing them in the Philippine Islands, British Malaya, and the Netherlands Indies by a force of formidable long-range bombers. The Norfolk navy yard is busy converting merchant ships into plane carriers for the Atlantic patrol. Our increased production of big bombers and patrol flying boats will make existence increasingly miserable for German U-boats, though the use of these same ships to stiffen convoys would give greater results. The British have employed patrols in both wars, but until they also adopted the convoy system they were losing the First World War. Unless we are willing to take the risks implied in convoys, ultimate victory may well elude us.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle to adequate aid to Britain and to our own defense is psychological. Our people are not emotionally united; some see little danger, others are unwilling to pay the price of a genuine all-out effort. Throughout our history we have often revealed this attitude, refusing to take war or defense very seriously unless actually engaged in hostilities. If, then, only the spur of conflict will goad us to supreme effort, we should be much better off today if formally at war. For unless a united America makes a supreme effort, we may have to defend ourselves by fighting, not in the enemy's territory, where Hitler, unlike Lindbergh, prefers to fight his wars, but in the Western Hemisphere, against the might of a united Europe led by a resentful and victorious Germany.

My Friend Marx Dormoy

BY PIERRE COT

MY FRIEND Marx Dormoy is dead. The former Minister of the Interior in the Popular Front government, the Ickes of the Third Republic, has been assassinated in his "forced residence"—that is to say, his prison. He was killed by the explosion of a bomb which could not have been placed under his bed without the complicity of his guards.

For those who know French politics the crime bears a signature. There can be no doubt that it was committed by the Cagouards, the famous Hooded Men whose fascist plot Marx Dormoy exposed in 1937 and whose leaders he had arrested. Their arrest followed a criminal bombing of the headquarters of the French Industrialists' Organization, in which two policemen were killed. Employing the well-known Reichstag-fire tactics, the fascist press placed the blame on the Communists. But an official inquiry launched by Marx Dormoy led straight to the Cagouards, an organization which brought together, under the direction of General Dusseigneur and Colonel Deloncle, the most active fascist elements. For this the Cagouards swore vengeance.

Today the leaders of the Cagoule are in power. General Dusseigneur, whom I dismissed from the air force, is dead; but Colonel Deloncle has been charged by Marshal Pétain with organization of the "Legion," the new official fascist party. Another leader of the Cagoule, Dumoulin de Labarthe, has become the director of the Marshal's civil cabinet, while still another, Commander Loustalot-Lacau, holds the post of director of his military cabinet. Everywhere the new fascist police has been organized under the direction of the hooded men.

Certain distinguishing marks on the bomb used by the Cagouards in the 1937 affair enabled Marx Dormoy to expose their plot; today Marx Dormoy, the enemy of the Cagoule, lies dead, killed by a bomb. The crime bears a signature!

The time is not yet come to write the history of this secret organization, which had powerful protectors in high military circles and which played the most important role in the betrayal of France by fascism. Today I want rather to tell a little about Marx Dormoy and discuss the questions his death has raised.

The Cagouards hated Marx Dormoy not only because he had caused the arrest of their leaders. Even more, they hated him because he was one of the most influential leaders of French democracy. He entered public life as mayor of a great industrial town, an office in which he

demonstrated his talents as a skilled administrator, a sound thinker, and an uncompromising leader. In June, 1936, he became Under Secretary of State in the Blum Cabinet. In 1937 the fascist press began the ignoble campaign that drove Roger Salengro, Minister of the Interior, to suicide; I witnessed the slow agony of that unhappy man who at last, exhausted by the struggle against calumny, preferred death to the wickedness of the French fascists. Marx Dormoy was chosen to fill his place in the Interior. In this post he not only fought with all his strength against those who were preparing to betray French democracy, but in the Popular Front he proved himself one of the



Marx Dormoy

supporters of the Spanish Republic. If his policy had been followed—resistance to fascism at home, support of democracy abroad—France would not have fallen so low.

The murder of Dormoy calls for other reflections of a more general nature. This assassination is no doubt only the first in the series of political crimes which the new masters of France have mapped; before the whole story is told, France will have known all the shames and ignominies of fascism. After the concentration camps and anti-Semitic crusades will come the political assassinations—the murder of Dormoy follows the familiar pattern of the Matteotti killing. Still later will come the settlement of accounts between the rival "gangs" who are fighting for power. And lest you think I am exaggerating: in November, 1940, Pierre Laval was already planning to have Marshal Pétain kidnapped; in July, 1941, Marshal Pétain ordered the arrest of Tixier-Vignancourt, one of his close collaborators, because he had dared to criticize the age, the policy, or the lack of policy of the Marshal.

Thus by the murder of Dormoy the moral decadence of the Vichy regime stands exposed. It is not only to Hitler that the Pétain government has delivered France; it is to hatred. Hatred is rising everywhere. The military dictatorship in France, as in Spain, is rooted in hatred;

in both countries one of the most delicate problems of the post-war period will be to prevent an outburst of vengeance, to teach the people once again that there is no justice without pity, no democracy without tolerance.

But the assassination of Dormoy is proof as well that the democratic spirit and the anti-fascist flame still live

in France. Marx Dormoy was murdered not for vengeance alone; he was murdered because the fascists feared him and the forces of which he was a symbol. Even in the midst of my grief at the death of my friend I see a ray of hope. The very fact that the fascists must murder its champions is proof that democracy will live again.

Conscience Under the Draft

BY ROGER N. BALDWIN

ALTHOUGH throughout the past year conscientious objectors to military service have received surprisingly sympathetic treatment, the conflict between conscience and the state still presents unsolved problems. These problems could have been wholly avoided, as they were in England, where not a single genuine objector has been imprisoned, if Congress had been willing to recognize the uncompromising opponents of war and exempt them from any compulsory service. There is only a handful of these objectors, but they dramatize out of all proportion to their number the conflict between conscription and conscience.

Two hundred of them have been tried and sentenced to prison for refusing to register, some for the maximum of five years, and about twenty more await trial. While most of them rest their refusal on the irreconcilability of conscription with Christian teaching, a few are war-resisters on socialist or internationalist grounds. Many are Protestant ministers and theological students who spurned the exemption given them in the law and insisted on being treated like other objectors.

It was the announced intention of the draft authorities that no genuine objector should be sent to prison. But there can be no question that every one of the 200 men sentenced or awaiting trial is the most transparently genuine objector that could possibly be found. It is argued that the men courted prosecution by an unreasonable obstinacy in refusing the simple requirement of registration. But that overlooks the fact that theirs was a protest at the initial point of conflict against a law which allowed no exemption from some form of compulsory service.

Before the day of registration last October the authorities were urged to avoid the issue of refusal to register by accepting the identification and statements of men who presented themselves to the draft boards. Attorney General Jackson was at first of a mind to do so, as was the director of the selective-service law, Clarence Dykstra. But fear of criticism and reluctance to encourage objectors overcame their inclinations. Now after a year's experience the authorities have come around to the wisdom

of their original view, and in the regulations for the registration of men reaching twenty-one have provided that those presenting themselves and refusing, as objectors, to register shall be automatically registered anyhow. Thus the government at last virtually confesses error in its prosecutions of 200 men. The error is somewhat mitigated by the undoubted necessity of prosecution for further non-compliance in filling out questionnaires, but the initial conflict over the technical point of refusal to register could have been avoided.

All along the authorities have been uneasy over the presence in prison of obviously sincere war-resisters and have done their utmost to get them out by special and early paroles designed to fit their consciences. Most of the prisoners have accepted the government's offers of parole to work camps for conscientious objectors run by the historically pacifist churches, reckoning that service as part of their sentences, but some have resolutely refused to leave prison on any terms. A few will probably be paroled to individual service outside the work camps, in accordance with the law's provision that they may be assigned to any work of national importance. One minister, sentenced to three years for refusing to register, has been paroled to another pastorate in the same state.

Further prosecutions are in the offing. More than 600 men have appealed from their local boards' refusal to recognize them as objectors, and most of those whose objections are found not genuine by the reviewing authorities of the Department of Justice will doubtless continue their resistance to military service. Prosecution is the government's only recourse under the law, though continued resistance is in favor of the objector's good faith and will tend to bring a reconsideration of his case.

Another group that appears likely to face prosecution is made up of men who oppose their assignment to work camps under private religious auspices because they are obliged to maintain themselves there at \$35 a month or to accept charity for their maintenance. They argue that the government has given them a legal status, and that, like soldiers, they should receive maintenance and pay from the government while they do work of national im-

portance. The government was originally willing to make such an arrangement but accepted instead the project of the religious bodies, whose members objected to government-controlled services. Some men are non-religious and do not relish the atmosphere of religious work camps, and a number have indicated their intention of declining this form of service.

The area of conflict could be much reduced if the authorities would provide more individual service outside the work camps. During the First World War several thousand objectors were furloughed from the army under civilian control to jobs of national importance in agriculture or with the Friends' reconstruction work abroad. They found their own jobs and were permitted to receive pay equal to a soldier's. In England objectors are permitted to find their own work in certain prescribed occupations regarded as of national importance, and to retain their earnings. Many are allowed to continue in their own jobs if these are held to be of national importance. Fear of adverse criticism from the parents and friends of drafted men has prevented any such solution here, though it is entirely practicable under the law.

But however liberal the authorities may be and however anxious to make adjustments, not all genuine objectors can be kept out of prison until Congress provides for total exemption, as in England, for the few who cannot in conscience accept any conscripted service. Congress would presumably be less hostile to this suggestion now than it was a year ago, when it opposed such a provision for fear that Communists and Bundsmen might take advantage of it. Not a single Communist or Bundsman is registered as an objector. No slacker has turned up as one. The absolutists are mostly modernist Christians with high social ideals. Pressures for conformity are so great, objectors are so few, absolutists are so obviously genuine, coercion is so plainly futile that every consideration of public policy should impel a reasonable way out of the present impasse. The government has done so well that it ought to be able to do better.

The new system is an improvement over that in force during the World War in that it removes objectors from contact with the military authorities, affords protection by the machinery of appeals, generously interprets "religious training and belief" to cover all sorts of conscientious scruples (except opposition to particular wars), and attempts to avoid prosecutions. Both Mr. Dykstra and his successor, Brigadier General Lewis B. Hershey, have sought all possible alternatives to prosecution, though they have often been caught in situations which they could have avoided by anticipating them. Assistant Attorney General Linton Collins, in charge of appeals under the supervision of the Assistant to the Attorney General, Matthew F. McGuire, has enlisted the volunteer services of distinguished civilians in hearing the often difficult cases of objectors not recognized by their local boards.

In prosecutions the Department of Justice has inclined to leniency and has recommended maximum prison sentences of a year and a day, comparable with army service. Some intemperate federal judges, however, have ignored the recommendation and fixed sentences as high as the law allows, namely, five years; a lenient judge, on the other hand, pronounced a sentence of one hour for refusal to register, and other judges have limited the term to a few months. This disparity of sentences for what is in fact the same offense can be corrected only through commutations by the President.

Every man sentenced, whether to an hour or a day or a year, loses his rights of citizenship as a felon and can have them restored only by Presidential action. In the World War no man lost his rights of citizenship through a conviction in the courts for violation of the draft act, since this was only a misdemeanor, with the maximum penalty of a year. Now, in days more intolerant of dissent and more fearful of non-conformity, it has been raised to the status of a major crime. No slacker seeking to save his skin could be treated more severely under the law than have been the earnest Christians—and a few others—who have received the maximum five-year term.

For the great majority of objectors the system works to meet their scruples. Of the estimated 6,000 objectors registered in the first draft, most indicated their willingness to accept non-combatant service in the army; those called to service have put on the uniform and been assigned to kitchen police or hospital work. Some 2,000 who refused non-combatant service have gone to the private religious work camps or are awaiting assignment to them; another 600 who were refused recognition by their local boards are in process of examination by the appeals machinery of the Department of Justice. Conflict as yet is limited to the 200 men who have been tried or are awaiting trial for refusal to submit to conscripted service of any sort.

Will our government continue to treat such objectors as felons or will it, as the British government has done in this war, recognize that they are entitled to dissent and to undertake voluntary social service in lieu of military service? The argument for a total-exemption provision has a sounder basis than the necessity of accommodating a few consciences. Conscription is always regarded in democratic countries as a deplorable necessity. The force of the arguments against it is lessened by a recognition of the moral right to exemption from all conscripted service of those who on conscientious grounds would resist to the point of prison. The essence of freedom of religion is the right of men to follow the dictates of an authority higher than the state. Total exemption alone leaves room for duty to God. Imprisonment of men for placing duty to God above the demands of the state is an unanswerable indictment of our professions of religious freedom. Such considerations won the total-

exemption provision in the British conscription act; they should enlist like support here.

Already the draft act provides for total exemption of one class of men—the clergy and theological students. If exemption is valid for them on the ground of their

relationship to higher sanctions than the state's, it is valid for men who do not happen to follow their calling but who are equally bound by conscience. We have recognized the principle in law. It remains only to apply it fully and logically.

Hitler and the Decalogue

BY RUSTEM VAMBERY

ACCORDING to a Latin proverb, if two people are doing the same thing it is not the same. In spite of the resemblance between the Kaiser's and Hitler's "drive to the East," the methods by which Hitler hopes to achieve his ends are very different from those used by the Kaiser. It is true that the Kaiser, in observing the precepts of international law, may have been hypocritical, but his hypocrisy was a compliment paid to virtue. Hitler, by refusing to recognize Christian civilization as the basis of the law of nations, denies virtue itself.

In the Nazi doctrine honor is an exclusively Germanic attribute, and if the dictator breaks his solemn promise, he asserts that the rupture of any pact or treaty is justified when the interest of the state requires it. Fascist-Nazi ideas of law, particularly of international law, differ essentially from those of more backward forms of government, including the "pluto-democracies." For the democracies all law ends where violence begins; for the dictators might and right are identical, and their "international law" merely puts into traditional shape the results of violence. Kant ridiculed the jurists, who were unable to agree upon their concept of law, but whatever it may be, law makes no sense unless it is the self-restraint of power, the protection of the weak against the strong. All power may have originated in violence, but it became law only when the memory of violence faded away. In the Fascist-Nazi order violence is still synonymous with law. Law cannot dispense with coercion—at least coercion must be in the background—because, as the French adage has it, "*Le juge sans le gendarme serait un pauvre sire.*" But coercion, having a legal background and a moral objective, must not be equated with violence. The Nazis have left the goddess of justice only her sword and have knocked from her other hand the scales. The only "moral" objective which they recognize is the unbridled, omnipotent state. This results in a legal code which the omnipotent state uses purely to protect its own omnipotence. In such twaddle ends the definition of what is termed law in Germany.

There is still less reason to accept the Nazis' false conception of international law. Whoever wants peace has to submit to German domination—this is the essence

of Hitler's international order. The problem confronting any theory of international law is how the disorder created by "totalitarian" aggression can be fitted into a legal settlement. Peace treaties are instruments of international law and make sense only if the contracting parties recognize their binding moral force. It is an age-old question whether the rules of international law are legal or moral rules, whether international law is, indeed, law at all. The answer to this question depends entirely on the definition of law we wish to accept. In John Austin's opinion international law is not positive law at all but a branch of positive morality; Hans Kelsen finds its legal character in the unity of the system, in view of which the lack of coercion is but secondary; a leading German authority, G. A. Walz, insists that it is genuine law, but law presenting "strong peculiarities."

Whatever view we accept, we must admit that morality and cultural background are of paramount importance in the fulfilment of any obligation entered into under the terms of international law. "Only a very gloomy pessimist," says J. L. Brierley, "would fail to recognize that common moral and cultural standards do exist internationally, that they influence conduct between nations, and that this community of sentiments, imperfect though it is, affords some basis for law." This international morality includes, according to Charles G. Fenwick, those principles of justice to which the rules *should* conform whether they actually do or not. Secretary of State Hull, therefore, touched the heart of the whole problem when in his address before the Bar Association of Tennessee in 1938 he stressed the fact that international law depends for its effectiveness primarily upon the two great moral forces of self-restraint and public opinion.

It would be wasting words to prove that the Nazi *Weltanschauung* is absolutely different from that of Western civilization. Not even the Nazis themselves claim that what they call morality is in harmony with the ethical system which has evolved from the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount. They admit the triumph of sovereignty over the law and uphold a "moral" order the aim of which is submissiveness to "a nation of Jesuits serving, not the Vicar of Christ, but the

Führer." Our morality is based on the principle of "love thy neighbor"; theirs declares *mors tua vita mea* unless you are a member of the Nazi Party or willing to be enslaved to further German dominance. The numerous and flagrant violations of recognized principles of international law of which the Nazis have been guilty are not so important as the fact that their moral rules are entirely different from the code of civilized nations. Such a fundamental difference would make a peace treaty with Hitler wholly illusory.

In a recent book by Henry M. Wriston we are told that this objection to a negotiated peace is not new. Churchill simply repeats what Wilson said of the Kaiser and what Metternich said a century before: "Peace with Napoleon is not peace." However, Napoleon and the Kaiser, military-minded believers in force though they were, still lived on the same spiritual and moral plane as their enemies. President Roosevelt, therefore, had better justification than Metternich or Wilson when he declared last December: "We know that a nation can have peace with the Nazis only at the price of total surrender." Those who are clamoring for a negotiated peace should at least openly confess that they are ready to indorse the only peace Hitler would accept on the basis of his present military triumphs—the surrender of the world to the domination of the master-race. And, further, they should declare that they are prepared to be responsible, as accessories after the fact, for the murder of human dignity and civil liberty.

Madariaga in one of his misleading books reminds the readers of "Don Quixote" that even in an association of brigands the virtue of justice is indispensable in the distribution of the spoils. This kind of justice will do when peace has to be maintained among brigands, but the problem is more complicated when brigands have to be reconciled with their victims. Law is possible not only among robbers but, as we know from the "Jungle Book," in the animal world, too. Yet not even Kipling's imagination went so far as to suggest a negotiated peace between men and the beasts of the jungle.

In the Wind

A NEW SOURCE of Nazi propaganda will be an international labor front modeled to a large extent on the League of Nations' International Labor Office. A labor review similar to the one issued by the I. L. O. is now being distributed in several of the conquered countries and will soon appear throughout Latin America. It is reported that Henri de Man, renegade radical now proselytizing Belgium and French workers for the Nazis, will play an important part in the organization that is being built.

ACCORDING TO the food columns of the New York Times, the expelled Italian consuls who sailed on the West

Point recently took home with them 400 pounds of American-made spaghetti.

FROM THE CURRENT ISSUE of *Scribner's Commentator*: "Soldiers of Finland! In your hour of trial you may continue to count on the loyal friendship of the Christian American majority. . . . America will not betray her future generations by joining hands with godless Soviet Russia against your democracy and our own. Thumbs up, Finland!"

FROM THE GERMAN BROADCAST of August 4, 1940: "Even the greatest skeptics will now have to understand that nothing in this world will be able to sever the friendship existing between Germany and Russia."

OPIUM ON THE CORNER: The following classified advertisement appeared in the *New Masses* for July 8: "House—3 yrs. old, 6 rooms, 2 porches, finished basement, garage, 40 by 100, all modern equipment, 1 block from Catholic church, parochial school, all transportation."

GENEROSO POPE, pro-fascist publisher, was scheduled to read a speech at a Marconi memorial dinner last week. He dropped the prepared version, however, for whoever wrote it had inserted criticism of Italy and the Axis.

TO HEAL THE SPLIT in the American Newspaper Guild, administration leaders have offered to withdraw some of their candidates in favor of those of the opposition group. The most probable reason for the offer is that the administration, once militantly isolationist, is now strongly interventionist and wishes to work closely with the large number in the opposition who have supported aid to Britain since the outbreak of war. Opposition leaders who have been informed of the offer have unanimously rejected it, preferring to fight the election on the issue of continuing Communist control of the union.

AMONG THOSE ARRESTED in Cuba's recent house-cleaning of Falangists was Genaro Riestra, formerly the Spanish consul general in Havana. Riestra was charged with having in his possession fifty-two boxes containing 110,000 Falangist medals.

THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY last month conducted a campaign to obtain gifts of books for soldiers in the Sixth Corps Area and for sailors of the Ninth Naval District. When the Chicago Civil Liberties Committee was solicited, it responded with an offer to supply several copies of "The Story of Civil Liberties in America." Major C. C. Gregg, however, declined the gift, writing to the executive secretary of the committee as follows: "The patriotic spirit which prompted your generous offer is greatly appreciated, but there is no demand for books of this type in army libraries. For this reason your offer is not accepted, and sample copy of the book has been returned under separate cover this date." Major Gregg added that he could not speak for the navy.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Confusion on the Potomac

THE strangest spectacle I meet on the trains these days is that of people going to Washington patriotic and coming away puzzled. Somehow the capital, where unity is designed, is for most visitors—and everybody seems to have to visit it now—the place where bewilderment is discovered. I think I know at least one reason why. Washington is the place on the Potomac where the idea seems to have grown that big government necessarily means the crowding of government in one place at almost the greatest possible distance from the fields and wood lots and towns and homes of America.

Washington is aware of its own bigness, its own bulging. Visitors discuss the possibility of finding a bed. Leon Henderson recently told Congress that rents are higher there than in any other large city in the country. Since the census of 1940, made only a little over a year ago, the population has run up from 663,000 to close to a million. The magnificent office buildings which Hoover began and Roosevelt continued are packed to their bronze doors with clerks and administrators, coordinators and stenographers. Outside them the government pays \$4,000,000 a year in rent for other office space and is pushing people out of apartment houses in order to rent more. The War Department is planning a building that will provide working space under one roof for 40,000 people. The District of Columbia has overflowed into Maryland and Virginia.

Only a few people seem interested in the possibility that big government, as it governs the details of the lives of more people in more places in a big land, might mean not more centralization in one city but less. Few seem interested in the fact that the same technical factors of long rails, long wires, long air lanes which made one big government essential, make possible also the decentralization of that same big government. Instead, every day Washington becomes the more crowded destination of more people, and in a wide country the government remains close to one coast, a templed target for the first bombers.

Defense now seems to be outrunning even the possibility of more crowding. That is for me the most splendid sign in the sky. Nothing else promises so much for escape from the present crowded confusion on the Potomac. Before defense, of course, there were many field offices, and a multitude of field agents rode the railroads and the

air lanes and the roads. Most departments had state and regional offices, some of them large ones. But now there actually is not space for agencies in Washington. The Home Owners' Loan Corporation and the Federal Home Loan Board are moving to New York. The Division of Grazing of the Department of the Interior has been shifted to Salt Lake City. The process, I think, could be carried a long way without damage to government.

I know the great difficulties in dispersal. Policy makers must be close to the White House. Maybe patronage dispensers have to be close to Congress. But it is as easy to telephone from Washington to Des Moines as it is from G Street to Constitution Avenue. It doesn't take much more time to fly to Philadelphia than it does to cross Washington at some hours of its traffic. The huge concentration of army and navy officials in Washington may serve the unified command, but the vast halls of agriculture are a long way from the grass roots. The Interior Department, now to some extent shifting its agencies, is not in the interior but on the rim of the country.

I'm not arguing against big government. Its necessity was obvious in an America in which irresponsible private powers had grown so big. But the confusion in Washington now—and even the people who make it feel it—is not merely the result of the defense rush. It is part of the remoteness of government in a place where unread reports from the field are filed by the bale, where America is a matter of neat charts on which departments are little squares dealing with items that are only remotely people. It is part of a country run by statistics which not even magnificent Presidential oratory brings wholly to life.

Government experts can probably point out how insane it would be to put the government of the country in the country, leaving only the essential centralized agencies located in the capital city. But big government could surely be broken up into pieces in cities and towns closer to the people of America. And I have a feeling that if the defense crowding could run more and more agencies out of the megalomania of Washington, not only might defense be served, but in more than military ways democratic government in America might be made more sensible and secure.

I never saw Babel but I've been to Washington. A lot of us now ride out of it with a feeling that we are glad to get back to a lucid America from a capital where the confusion is not limited to tongues.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Public Poem

BY GEORGE BARKER

Poems come down, shouting, down
Out of the twelvemonth silence I
Turn circles in: so long, so long,
I sucked the stone of Moses dry
Without a word of praise. Time
Showing its ragged tongues of wrong
Went weeping silently across
The vision I have of what is.
Distracted in its miseries
Like the homeless on the roads
Of the overwhelmed map, face after face,
Hiding their degradation in
The hands of panic, under loads
Of violently uprooted peace and place,
Like them Time moved across my vision
Appealing with an inflamed gaze
For the redeeming reason.
And, dumbstruck as a photographer when
The unbelievable creature of a fable
Stares at him with incurious eyes,
I saw the women and men
Of a fifth of the inhabitable
World gaze across the latitude
Of their glittering disasters, than
O the Atlantic vaster, gaze toward
The Indian summer of Gratitude,
Platitude, and Reward:—
Peace and America. What is eloquent,
If anything praises anything, their living,
Their dying, their dying, their dying,
Their continual death, continual reviving,
More than poems? Poems have praising
No less than the light has shining
Or the Caesar has killing: praise is element
The poem grows in: therefore the
Poet can speak of unmentionable catastrophe
Where the Public Orator or President
Is and must remain silent.
But I can praise the suffering of those
Ordinary people in commonplace occupations
Whose lives, as suddenly as railway stations,
Have given importance to unimportant nations,
And dignity to the ridiculous pose
Of dictatorial History. I can honor
Their doctored animosity against
Those whom they do not hate, because
In animosity action is condensed,

And action exonerates its own cause.
I can honor their doctrinal intolerance
Because weeping is the anthem of France;
And I can honor their constant faith
In the physical efficiency of death,
That star-struck superstition that the church
Established the sepulchers of the saints beneath.
I can honor most of all their living,
Their dying, their dying, their dying,
Everyone, everyone, everyone,
For nothing but the phony vocabulary
Of politicians, or the simple perfection
Of being themselves: accepting the ghost
In the house of existence, the poison berry
In the big bowl of cherries. But most
I honor them for the lives they bury
In the huge tomb of their beliefs
Whose caryatids of Christ and Mary
Sag at the knees but wear their grief
So beautifully and so naturally.

Therefore, because he honors them,
The poet can praise them in poems;
Celebrating the simple apothegm,
The immoral means and moral aims,
The love parental to all crimes.
For the ax recants to the branch, the hand
Absolves the guilty sword:
The poem expiates its words
As long as its words stand.
The kiss of the epithet as it fits the object
Is nuptials of the Truth. And this
Elevates from the merely abject
Poems where too much personal passion is.

The bleeding arrow in the sparrow's breast
Weeps its remission. Thus I now bleed
At the Wailing Wall of the dispossessed,
The distressed and the superseded;
But their tears, not our poems, forgive the deeds
That caused them. The scold's bridle,
The soul's chastity belt may be removed
From the Museum Gallery where they were idle,
But I speak with a better tongue:
And when the sad ones reach their bridal bed
God in the worm will see they are not unloved.

And in the Winter Gardens the Norwegian
Retains his kingdom; the Finn
Still dominates the athletic region;
And in his amorous bed the Corinthian boy
Is autonomous still.

Primer for Appeasers

YOU CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH HITLER. By Douglas Miller. Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.

THIS book has already climbed high into the best-seller list. That is bad news for Herr Hitler, for the more Americans who read this revealing account of what Nazism really means, the more likely this country is to pursue the kind of realistic policy which eventually will spell his doom.

The facts which Mr. Miller presents are not, for the most part, exactly news. Any diligent reader of the *New York Times* over the past eight years should be familiar with them. But in this book they are organized lucidly, pointed up sharply with anecdotes from the author's personal experience, and subjected to a common-sense analysis. On the question of American business relations with Nazi Germany Mr. Miller speaks with unusual authority since from 1924 to 1939 he was at the American embassy in Berlin, first as trade commissioner and then as commercial attaché. Thus he was an eyewitness to the rise of Hitler to power and for the six years following was in a strategic position to study the development of Nazi economics.

Although Mr. Miller's approach to his subject is an economic one, he knows, and impresses on his readers, that the essential key to the understanding of Nazi Germany is grasp of the fact that its economic policies are always subordinate to its politics. As he says:

For the Nazis it was not merely a case of "trade follows the flag." In their highly organized system trade, military alignments, use of German officers for training troops, the establishment of Nazi radio stations and newspaper chains, airlines, shipping, German schools, exchanges of students and professors, all marched together, each an element in the Nazi drive. Such a movement illustrates dramatically what is meant by the word *totalitarian*.

American business men who think of trade in old-fashioned terms as a mutually advantageous exchange of goods have already suffered from Nazi methods of squeeze. Even when they have attempted to accommodate themselves to Nazi barter methods they have found it impossible to get a square deal. Mr. Miller tells how the American walnut growers tried to do barter business in Germany. They found that in order to dispose of \$100,000 worth of walnuts they would have to buy \$300,000 worth of burlap bags and barbed wire and seek to recoup their outlay by reselling these articles in the United States.

While Germany was still at peace, while the Nazis were still encouraging American isolation by being fairly solicitous to American feelings, trade on any normal basis was impossible. Yet some politicians and business men talk today as if it would be perfectly feasible to do business with Hitler if he wins the war and grabs the resources of three continents for use as politico-military weapons. In that event, Mr. Miller foresees that the Germans will turn to Latin America and make apparently generous offers to buy its surplus food and raw materials. But what, it may be asked, will they use for money? Mr. Miller suggests that the answer to that question is *arms*. Germany, he points out, will have an expanded arms capacity, and its war equipment, "wearing the blue ribbon of victory," will be offered at attractive prices in enormous

quantities. If one Latin American country starts buying German arms, its neighbors will feel impelled to do the same. Nazi agents will then intensify their present efforts to stir up strife so as to encourage the demand for weapons. Needless to say, the outbreak of a few civil or external wars would seriously endanger the defense of this hemisphere.

Reading this book, one finds it hard to resist its realistic conclusion that this war will be ended by either a German or an American settlement. If the former, it can be taken for granted that the interests of this country will be totally disregarded. If Hitler is defeated, America will certainly play a decisive part in the victory. But a satisfactory peace will be unattainable unless America is willing to accept the responsibility of leadership in promoting international cooperation. It will be costly in money and effort, but as Mr. Miller says, we have the money and we would enjoy making the effort. More difficult would be "the sacrifice of some of our dearest prejudices and opinions." Few honest readers of this book will hesitate to find even such a sacrifice amply justified by the hideous alternative.

KEITH HUTCHISON

America South

THE DEVELOPMENT OF HISPANIC AMERICA. By A. Curtis Wilgus. Farrar and Rinehart. \$6.50.

GOOD NEIGHBORS. By Hubert Herring. Yale University Press. \$3.

CHILE, LAND OF PROGRESS. By Earl P. Hanson. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$1.75.

COLOMBIA. By Kathleen Romoli. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

THE Latin American attitude toward the United States, Great Britain, and the Axis powers, toward fifth columns, democracy, fascism, and the like, is conditioned by the historical development of Latin American political institutions. Democracy does not naturally exist in countries with a submerged Indian population—not an annihilated one as in this country. Even genuine liberalism tends to have a patriarchal, not to say bureaucratic character. Wherever an illiterate mass has virtually no suffrage, the emphasis will tend to be on legislation rather than on the carrying out of reforms. In countries which not so long ago freed themselves from the Spanish Empire and which then experienced the benevolence of the dollar, there will often be found ideas of sovereignty that seem exaggerated to a North American in search of collaboration. And in any case there is an almost insoluble economic problem to be confronted. The mess that official propaganda agencies have made of their wooing of South America so far might be corrected with a little more knowledge of Latin American development. And so might certain blithe criticism, one may add.

An excellent way of plunging into any subject is first to read a sound orthodox treatise of acknowledged scholarship and then to reach out to less orthodox works. In the case of South America lusty readers of sound constitution could not do better than tackle Professor Wilgus's immense volume. From the standpoint of orthodox scholarship "The Development of Hispanic America" is the definitive volume. Since the word definitive is about the strongest that can be

used of a work of this kind, the reviewer is compelled to add that he is not a specialist in South American history, in which, nevertheless, he has read considerably. Professor Wilgus will not be read for his imaginative syntheses or his profound penetration, much less for his style. He is no Cunninghamham Graham, no Humboldt, or Las Casas, or Bernal Diaz, but a thorough consulter of the documents in the case. One will open his book confident that upon almost every important point it will direct the reader to the core and essence of the matter.

Mr. Herring's book is not a librarian's or a research student's companion. One of the features of Mr. Herring's method is to sum up the qualities of a statesman in a judiciously balanced sentence. Doing the same with his book, one could say that it is alert, that it combines the usually discordant values of urbanity and candor, that it is well informed and not merely a compendium of the things that are said in "well-informed" circles, and that its judgments on the Latin American attitude toward the United States are those of a generous liberal who respects his own country. Mr. Herring knows what he is talking about far too well to be deceived by propagandists of any sort. He knows how much and how little democracy there is in South America and what is rarer, how much and how little dictatorship there is. Advocates of sweeping theories will find little encouragement in this volume.

Mr. Herring's book is the work of a keen mind of considerable sophistication. Mr. Hanson's "Chile, Land of Progress" is the work of an enthusiast. The liveliness of the author's admiration for Chile has caused him to write a very readable little book which with no serious pretensions is none the less useful as introduction to its subject. One fears that the author's respect for Chilean liberalism is a little too exuberant. And one would have liked a little less landscape and fiesta and rather more sober evaluation of economic and political difficulties. Anyway, Mr. Hanson would have his tourists join up on the side of the angels.

Kathleen Romoli's "Colombia" is frankly a travel book, a volume of personal impressions of people and countryside, with plentiful discursive references to folklore and the more anecdotal side of history. For anyone of non-political bent about to pay a short visit to the country, the book would be very serviceable. One feels a country of definite character in its pages. It gave me a modest pleasure, comparable, say, to that given by the music of Grieg.

RALPH BATES

Building as Action

ARCHITECTURE THROUGH THE AGES. By Talbot Hamlin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.

IT IS hard to believe, but we receive a first-rate one-volume history of architecture written by a qualified American scholar only about once in a generation. The reasons are numerous, some of them technical; but the fact remains that previous to Talbot Hamlin's recently published book, "Architecture Through the Ages," the last comparable volume in the field was Kimball and Edgell's "A History of Architecture," published in 1917.

In the interim have come many shifts in the architectural

climate, and apart from its own personal quality the new book serves to reflect them. For one thing, the general reader is expected to have a wider horizon. The architecture of pre-Columbian America, of Islam, of Eastern Asia, has been brought, if not close, at least into decent visibility. Primitive architecture is treated, in keeping with present-day attitudes, not as mere preparation for further progress but as part of a terrain in which some of the highest peaks of achievement are immemorial. Indeed, in his opening sentence the author extends the view to embrace more even than primitive art, and describes man as one among many organisms whose sharing of the building instinct makes them kin.

This view of building itself as a mode of action, a process, an instrumentality, dependent on varying technical and material resources and serving many kinds of human purpose and many ways of life, is given the emphasis in the book that was once reserved for formal definitions dealing with styles and grammars and vocabularies of design. Architecture is not a different, or a higher, but a more perceptive kind of building. The constant interest in what people built *for* gives to Professor Hamlin's book that sense of motivation which merely classifying textbooks never have and which first-rate histories are made of. And yet, since he is one of the most self-effacing as well as one of the most scholarly of our critics, Professor Hamlin tells his far-ranging story with a remarkable absence of theory-grinding or thesis-proving.

The motives he recognizes are on many different planes and are not reduced to formula. For example, the manner in which Roman building methods actually spread northward is explained through the operations of common sense; what the "barbarians" imitated and carried over was of course not what *we* think of as Roman architecture—the grand monuments of the distant capital that these people had never seen—but the practical, negotiable structures of the provincial military camps that were visited daily. Or, again, a shift may come through the mere satiation of some taste, as is shown in the telling comparison between the grand ceremonious chamber of Louis XIV at the daily *levée du roi* and later the richly intimate bedroom in a private villa secured for the companionship of a night by Casanova. The pomp of Versailles had simply become insufferable in its beating publicity; and, besides, there were so few contrivances for human amenity that the vast halls under their chandeliers smelled like a sewer; there had come into the courtier's life a pressing need for privacy, intimacy, conversation, and intrigue that was mirrored in the smaller, more convenient residences, not to mention the Petit Trianons and the Amalienburgs, of the new age.

The dominant urge which, in the author's mind, holds all these varied endeavors together as "architecture" is the desire for beauty, "some sort of 'form,' some kind of attractive or decent consistency." Once this harmony is achieved, so the book implies, it lives on independently of its original source or purpose, and can be admired like a beautiful woman or a flower, regardless of circumstances. What lifts this conception above the old "art for art's sake" is the author's attention to social living as the source of the content and meaning within the form; yet he tends to accept, as a gift of beauty, manifestations that others denounce as scintillating harlotry; for example, he congratulates the inhabitant of Rome be-

cause, although "he might sleep in a slum five flights up, [yet] almost all of his leisure hours could be spent, if he wished, in public places of ■ beauty, variety, and grandeur that few other civilizations have ever equaled."

Professor Hamlin is free of those aggressive partisanships of taste that vitiate histories of art. He is an exception among our historians in being avidly interested in fresh creation and new ideas under way. If he makes mistakes, they are on the side of kindness. In temperament he is perhaps at his best in elucidating trends of a basically classical character.

War and emergency will distract from the reception that would normally be accorded to so fine a volume on the history of architecture as an art. Yet many will find it restorative of sanity to snatch time from the battle and be led through this one area of human endeavor in which the aim is not only total usefulness but, above that, total concord.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Prospero Among Poets

COLLECTED POEMS. By Walter de la Mare. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.75.

LIKE the one-man show of a painter who has achieved his full stature, a book of collected poems offers a comprehensive view of the writer's range and development. To press the analogy a little farther, one might say that Walter de la Mare's collection is not, as a show of Picasso's would be, or, to come nearer home, the collected poems of Yeats, representative of various periods. It is not blue in one section and rose in another; the contours are not now all angles and next all curves; the voice is not first languid and then harsh. Here are the contents of half ■ dozen volumes of his verse, the work of some thirty-five years, but the only difference between the earliest poems and the more recent ones is a slight gain in subtlety of thought and technique. As he never strays from traditional forms, so too De la Mare sustains the tone of his verse, tender, wistful, and ever charged with a sense of mystery. Not all the poems are equally interesting, and this thick volume is not to be read through without some distress at the poet's steady preoccupation with a few themes handled in accustomed ways. But De la Mare is so sensitive a craftsman, however old-fashioned, and is, moreover, so susceptible to the more delicate shades of perception and feeling, that to dip into his pages is to know renewed delight.

Some of the most familiar lyrics, such as *Arabia*, *The Listeners*, *Miss Loo*, *The Little Salamander*, remain among the most enchanting. Indeed, enchantment is the word that most happily describes his finest verse. Here is a poet literally haunted—by the ghost of his childhood, by the *genius loci* that presides over garden, grove, and stream, by memory and apprehension. He is exquisitely alive to the presence of the past, the peculiar quality of a given scene, the reality informing myth and legend, the sense of selfhood. Under his spell such abstractions as time and death and beauty become almost palpable. He is not so profound a mystic as Rilke, nor has he mastered the grimmer aspects of that poet's experience, but his poems have something of the same quality of penetration and trembling awareness.

His chief means of conveying his thought, if such shy

intimations may be so called, is his felicitous fingering and graceful melody. No poet of our time comes so close to the music of Mozart as De la Mare. There is the same apparent simplicity and careful structure, the same lightness of touch if not quite that depth of serenity. These lyrics remind one that the dance is a first source of poetry. It is not De la Mare's imagery but his singing syllables, his mastery of metric, his clever manipulation of consonants and vowels, that catches the ear and bemuses the heart. Consider the familiar but enduringly lovely Epitaph:

Here lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of step and heart was she;
I think she was the most beautiful lady
That ever was in the West Country.

But beauty vanishes, beauty passes;
However rare—rare it be;
And when I crumble, who will remember
This lady of the West Country?

The fellow-craftsman will take pleasure in analyzing the peculiar skill with which this seemingly slight thing is managed. The common reader will rejoice in its sheer magic. One returns repeatedly to the charm of *All That's Past*, with those haunting opening lines:

Very old are the woods;
And the boughs that break
Out of the brier's boughs,
When March winds wake,
So old with their beauty are—
Oh, no man knows
Through what wild centuries
Roves back the rose.

Nor can one forget the sad music of the final stanza of *Fare Well*:

Look thy last on all things lovely,
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
Till to delight
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing;
Since that all things thou wouldst praise
Beauty took from those who loved them
In other days.

Now and again the poet surprises one with a touch of dry humor, as when he sketches a character like Old Susan, engrossed in her romance, or tells an anecdote in verse, like that of the child who weeps over the shot hare and then, distracted from pity by a martial parade, comes back to the kitchen to ask: "Please, may I go and see it skinned?" But such entertainment is rare, and yet rarer De la Mare's recognition of the tragedies common to our urban and industrial civilization. There is at least one sardonic war poem here, but in the main he deals in his own charming fashion with such themes as Marvell or Herrick might have played variations upon. He differs from them in being more conscious of the mystery that like a shoreless sea reaches far beyond the horizons of that island which is the world we know. Indeed, he dwells on this island like another Prospero, conjuring up visions as real as the gross world of common sense, commanding Ariel, and filling the ears of Caliban himself with sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not. Yet even like Prospero, this serene magician touches us because he knows mortal sorrows.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Trade-Union Statesmanship

UNION POLICIES AND INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT. By Sumner H. Schlichter. Brookings Institution. \$3.50.

AT A dinner of some 600 business executives held last spring in Pittsburgh, one of the speakers was Philip Murray, president of the C. I. O. Mr. Murray was the only speaker whom the entire assembly, at the conclusion of his speech, rose to its feet to applaud. The next day and for some time afterward the speech was the subject of conversation in many spacious offices and exclusive business men's clubs. It still startles a large section of our business community to discover that labor organizations and their leaders have intelligent and constructive ideas to contribute. These persons would do well to read Professor Slichter's book. They will find that over a period of many years established trade unions have been laboriously working out rules and procedures for collective bargaining which in their aggregate represent a system of "industrial jurisprudence."

This study is the most complete compilation of American trade-union practices which has so far appeared, comparable only to the study of British trade-union practices by the Webbs. It is designed primarily as a textbook and reference work and is not easy reading, but it is written in a style much more alive than that of most books in this category. Out of the innumerable details relating to shop rules, control over apprenticeship, hiring, layoffs, seniority, work distribution, the many ways of determining wage rates, and policies concerning the introduction of new and speedier devices, emerges an evolutionary pattern as complex and exciting as the struggle for biological survival. This development comes to the fore after the fight for union recognition has been won. The struggle is then not only against employers but against the conditions inherent in a competitive economy moving swiftly toward monopoly, conditions complicated by the recurring tide of widespread unemployment. Immediate expedience is in perpetual conflict with long-range objectives, and the heavy toll exacted by technological advance and periodic depression is an ever-present source of friction in the formation of union policy. The trend has been away from rather than toward emphasis on class lines. This is not surprising, for trade unions are essentially a part of the capitalist system, and while they are engaged in a constant tug of war with employers to obtain concessions, a great deal of trade-union effort and strategy has been directed toward keeping the smaller and less efficient enterprises from being swallowed up by the larger ones. It may surprise Thurman Arnold to find that unions have done a great deal more to check combinations in restraint of trade than all the anti-monopoly suits waged or threatened since the passage of the Sherman Act in 1890.

Where union cooperation has been accepted, it has helped both industry and labor. Unfortunately, it has been accepted only in sick industries, such as coal, railroads, clothing, and textiles, and even in these only by the most progressive or the most depressed employers. In the majority of cases of union-management cooperation, the initiative has come from the union. Employers, according to Professor Slichter, have not encouraged cooperative action, primarily because they

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have been "jealous of their ancient prerogatives." They have been "more interested in keeping unions in their place than in accepting their help." This is a policy of waste. The utilization of labor's familiarity with production problems would react to the benefit of workers, management, and society as a whole. The cooperation, however, must be genuine, with both parties having an equal voice.

It is at this point that Professor Slichter's thesis reveals a cardinal weakness. For he invites labor to cooperate in a pre-conceived plan. Without specific reference, it is obviously the Brookings plan for industrial self-discipline in limiting per-unit profit, for the sake of greater volume, through control of the price mechanism, which in the end would leave the share going to savings undisturbed. No one disputes the urgent need of increased production, but there is too much evidence for comfort that lowered costs do not automatically result in lower prices and consequent increased demand, followed by increased production. There is little reason to believe that the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, or the various industry institutes will be more successful in regulating a monopolistic economy than Adam Smith's natural law has been. Union-management cooperation is desirable, and labor is eager to take part in it, but labor's status must be that of an equal partner, not that of a "company union" which at the push of a button says yes. To be effective any joint effort by labor and industry must embrace not merely the execution of a ready-made plan but the working out of that plan, on which there must be full agreement.

ROSE M. STEIN

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Technology and Sea Power

SEA POWER IN THE MACHINE AGE. By Bernard Brodie. Princeton University Press. \$3.75.

IN THIS war, just as in the last great conflict, the average onlooker has become conscious of the immense role which science, technology, and individual inventiveness are called upon to play. It is a war of instruments and machines as well as of men, and there is scarcely one of us but believes that the fate of England and its allies depends upon their ability not only to outfight the forces of the Axis but to out-produce and out-invent its engineers and technicians. Yet despite our interest in these matters, there have been strangely few efforts to write the history of military technology, especially for modern warfare; and although no competent military history ever leaves wholly out of account the influence of new weapons and improved matériel, no competent general study of the influence of technical progress on the art of war has made its appearance. Nor can such a work be written until much spade work has been done and innumerable partial studies have been completed. Mr. Brodie's "Sea Power in the Machine Age," though rather ambitious in scope, is the sort of partial study that is needed. Mr. Brodie has given a clearly written and non-technical account of the great inventions which during the last century and a half have shaped the modern naval establishments and influenced the way they are employed.

The deficiencies of Mr. Brodie's book are inherent in the complexity of the problem he has undertaken to treat. There are too many questions that need to be answered, and though Mr. Brodie has limited himself to naval problems, and therein has confined himself to certain revolutionary inventions, he has tried to answer more of these basic questions than the scope of his work readily permits. Inevitably some questions are answered better than others.

The author has confined his attention to a half-dozen major developments: the introduction of steam propulsion, where he discusses the successive adoption of the side-wheel steamer, of screw-propelled vessels, and of oil as a naval fuel; the adoption of the iron hull, as distinguished from the building of ironclad vessels; the development of armor and great ordnance; the perfection of undersea warfare, with the torpedo, the mine, and the submarine; and finally the development of the naval air arm. As he himself recognizes, this selection leaves out of account a host of minor inventions and improvements that have influenced warfare at sea. There is little to criticize, however, about Mr. Brodie's choice, although one may doubt the wisdom of excluding all discussion of telegraphic communication on the ground that cable and wireless are not primarily naval inventions. Neither, for that matter, are aircraft and heavy ordnance, to which he devotes so much space.

Mr. Brodie treats each invention in a separate section, sketches its early development, describes the difficulties attending its adoption, and carries the story of its use—in a manner calculated to attract the general reader and to dismay the conservative historian—through the events of the present conflict. In each case the author is chiefly at pains to assess the influence of each invention upon naval tactics and strategy and to inquire how these new conditions have altered the

balance of power between states. His general conclusion is that, taken all together, the inventions that he discusses have resulted in a greater dependence of the battle fleet upon its base, a sharp narrowing of its range of action, and a profound change in the meaning of blockade. Although Mr. Brodie gives some attention to all the great navies of the world—discussing, for example, how French efforts to checkmate English naval supremacy in the nineteenth century led to the adoption by the French of a radical policy of technical innovation—his principal questions were bound to be: How did Great Britain react to the series of naval inventions that were certain to influence its position at sea? How, in reality, did this technological advance affect its ability to maintain maritime supremacy? In reply to the first question Mr. Brodie has shown that England pursued a cautious, but by no means a conservative, policy in the adoption of new inventions and improvements, and in so doing was inclined to be unduly pessimistic as to the effect that each advance might have on its mastery of the sea. As it turned out, England benefited, in the large, by the great revolution which made naval resources depend primarily upon a highly developed industrial plant and upon ready resources of iron and coal, and which freed it from the perennial problem of naval supplies which had troubled it since the days of Samuel Pepys. Even the tactical changes that accompanied the introduction of steam did not imperil the security of its island; and the succession of invasion panics which beset the English in the middle of the nineteenth century—Mr. Brodie describes them with spirit and in some detail—were soon proved to be without foundation.

HENRY GUERLAC

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

BARRINGTON TOWN-WARMING. Volume III. Containing Addresses Delivered at Barrington Town-Warming Meetings. Barrington, Ill. \$1.

LOOK AT ALL THOSE ROSES. By Elizabeth Bowen. Knopf. \$2.50.

ANGLO-AMERICAN UNION. Joseph Galloway's Plans to Preserve the British Empire 1774-1788. By Julian P. Boyd. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$2.

NO LIFE FOR A LADY. By Agnes Morley Cleaveland. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. By Virginia Cowles. Harper. \$3.50.

HEARING MUSIC. The Art of Active Listening. By Theodore M. Finney. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.

LOW ON THE WAR. A Cartoon Commentary of the Years 1939-41. By David Low. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

IN THE MILL. By John Masefield. Macmillan. \$2.

WHAT IS DEMOCRACY? By Charles E. Merriam. University of Chicago Press. \$1.

A SUITE FOR FRANCE. By Clark Mills. Prairie City, Illinois: Press of James A. Decker.

THE PENGUIN HANSARD. Vol. III. Britain Gathers Strength. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

THE DON FLOWS HOME TO THE SEA. By Mikhail Sholokhov. Knopf. \$3.50.

READING POEMS. An Introduction to Critical Study. By Wright Thomas and Stuart Gerry Brown. Oxford University Press. \$2.75.

GIVE SANCTUARY TO THESE



The Battle-Ground Is Their Play-Yard

The following is a letter we have just received from Eric G. Mugeridge, our executive secretary, now in England:

"Dear Friends:

"Tubes and shelters are just as crowded with families taking up bunk and platform sleeping, now every night, just as they were during the blitz. We have lately admitted many children to our sanctuaries whose mothers have had complete breakdowns. Present problems are tremendous, let alone those which follow another series of raids . . . which may return any night.

"Each time we visit the tube-dwellers, our hearts go out to them. The children are pale and thin. They have slept underground for so long. During the day they play amidst debris and rubble—a battle-ground for a play-yard.

"I wish you could hear the children when they arrive in the country. 'They don't come here do they?' one little one will ask. 'I hope you have shelters to sleep in anyway,' says another, 'because you never can tell.' After a few days they talk of nothing but the fields and the loveliness of it all. 'Can my brother come and all my friends too?' So I ask it of you, my brothers, sisters and little friends come to the countryside too? Will you help please?

"(signed) Eric G. Mugeridge."

The Foster Parents Plan for War Children maintains and operates "sanctuaries" in safe pastoral regions all over England, for children of all nationalities made homeless by bombardments. Funds are needed for food, clothing and the many other requirements to make life comfortable for children separated from their parents as a result of the war.

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IN BRIEF

MEN WORKING. By John Faulkner. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Faulkner's story is in the rising tide of the American novel of defeated lives. The Taylors of Mississippi, who leave the farm for the WPA, are born to misery. With generations of resignation as their birthright, they are unaware of tragedy as they drift toward destruction. The achievement of the book is the author's complete lack of condescension toward his characters. Their moving story is simply and amusingly told, without diagnosis or prognosis, in the terms of their own bewildered lives.

THE SENTIMENTAL NOVEL IN AMERICA, 1789-1860. By Herbert Ross Brown. Duke University. \$3.

This book, which won the Duke University Press centennial prize contest, is one of those admittedly scholarly ransackings of forgotten lore which professors describe as "entertaining." The original materials might seem entertaining in an essay of medium length, but not in a full-length "study" where every point is "proved" with chapter and verse.

DRUMS AND SHADOWS. Survival Studies Among the Georgia Coastal Negroes. By the Savannah Unit, Georgia Writers' Project. Foreword by Guy B. Johnson. Photographs by Muriel and Malcolm Bell, Jr. University of Georgia Press. \$3.

For various reasons African survivals are especially clear in the folklore of the Georgia Negroes. This careful and scientific survey, with an appendix of cross-references to the works of African anthropologists, is valuable source material for the sociologist. It is also interesting reading for its own sake, though the interest is diminished by repetition. The book is an exceptionally beautiful example of modern printing and binding.

THE DEFLATION OF AMERICAN IDEALS. By Edgar Kemler. American Council on Public Affairs. \$2.50.

The three main sections of this rather original book, described as "An Ethical Guide for New Dealers," deal with deflation in moral content, economic policy, and foreign policy. The author's belief is that we have a great advantage over the generation which undertook to make the world safe for democracy in that New Deal reform and New Deal

foreign policy, in a pretty thoroughly debunked world, rest their case "not . . . on man's concern for his moral virtue, but on the selfish interests of millions of organized workers and less organized farmers and consumers." We thus have a good chance of avoiding the emotional reaction which led us back to "normalcy" and isolation.

RECORDS

THE value of the phonograph record in preserving for all time the performances of great artists which otherwise would be lost is something the companies themselves have talked about on occasion. But on the one hand the great Cortot-Thibaud-Casals performance of Schubert's Trio Op. 99 that was in the Victor catalogue a couple of years ago is no longer there now. And on the other hand no recordings were made of Schnabel's performances of Mozart's Piano Concertos K. 466, 467, 482, and 488 with the New Friends of Music Orchestra in April, 1940, though these performances were incomparable not only in the way the piano parts were done but in the way the entire works were done—in the way the orchestral parts were integrated in style, in phrasing with the piano parts. If one had had to decide in what tonal embodiments the four concertos should be given permanent life on records, these performances would have been the ones chosen, without question. Yet they were not recorded.

It is not sufficient reason that Victor already had recordings of the works in its catalogue—that it already had two of K. 466, in fact. For these two were an instance of the fact that Victor does duplicate; and now, with those two unsatisfactory recordings of K. 466 in its catalogue, it does, after all, give us a third which is no better, made by Iturbi with the Rochester Philharmonic (Set 794, \$4.50). Iturbi's way of playing Mozart is one that I dislike because of its effect on the music, or the effect it gives to the music. If I go so far as to say Iturbi emasculates Mozart that is because it is literally true that he robs the music of its force with his trick of beginning a phrase boldly and then falling away to a whisper, often in clear opposition to the tendency of the phrase itself, which rises to higher and higher points of intensity. The recorded sound of the orchestra is a little harsh.

On the other hand we are indebted to Victor for a fine performance by

Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony of Mozart's exquisite early Symphony K. 201, which has been available until now only in the strangely stodgy performance by Beecham on Columbia. With K. 201 in the same Victor set (795, \$5) is the superb Symphony K. 338, which Koussevitzky also does very well, without in this instance equaling Beecham's deeply felt and spaciouly drawn performance in the old Columbia set. The recorded sound of this Beecham performance is astonishingly good, but is pitched a half-tone too high at the usual seventy-eight revolutions per minute; the recorded sound of Koussevitzky's performances is excessively sharp.

Harsh also is the sound of Toscanini's superb performances of the Preludes to Acts 1 and 3 of Verdi's "La Traviata" on a Victor single disc (18080, \$1).

In addition to these Victor records I have heard Columbia's set (462, \$3.50) of Mozart's great Quartet K. 421, in a wonderful performance by the Budapest Quartet, the sound of which is well reproduced on the records but is accompanied by noises.

B. H. HAGGIN

CONTRIBUTORS

DONALD W. MITCHELL is a close student of naval and military strategy and a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

PIERRE COT was Air Minister in several French Cabinets, including that of Léon Blum. He came to the United States after France's capitulation.

ROGER N. BALDWIN, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, was imprisoned as a conscientious objector during the First World War.

RUSTEM VAMBERY, Hungarian criminologist and sociologist, has written extensively on European problems.

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BABETTE DEUTSCH, poet and critic, received the Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation award for "Walt Whitman: Builder for America."

ROSE M. STEIN writes regularly on labor problems for *The Nation*.

HENRY GUERLAC is assistant professor of the history of science at the University of Wisconsin.

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Letters to the Editors

The McCrary's Position

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* for July 5 this paragraph appeared in In the Wind:

Tex McCrary, editor of the New York *Daily Mirror*, may soon break with his boss, William Randolph Hearst. McCrary has been won over to the interventionist position, and his editorials frequently stray from the Hearst line.

I am not the editor of the *Mirror*. I am the chief editorial writer. I write all the editorials—but always subject to the revision of the publisher, C. B. McCabe, and the editor, Jack Lait.

I am not aware that any editorial I have written has "strayed from the Hearst line." I have written much under my own by-line that might be called "interventionist," and on the radio I have set forth reasons why "America should declare war on Germany tomorrow. But so far as I know, what I have written under my by-line or said over the radio has not brought me near a "break with my boss."

And may I suggest that in permitting me to express my own views through his largest newspaper and over his most profitable radio station, Mr. Hearst practices that "freedom of speech" which a great many of our alleged liberals only preach. By contrast I do not believe that an isolationist would be permitted to work and write on a newspaper like the *Times* or the *Post*.

And just for the record, I might add that I have not been "won over to the interventionist position" in the sense that you seek to imply. I don't want to declare war on Germany to help England; though I learned to like and respect the English people as individuals on my first trip to that island this winter, I feel that England is getting now precisely what British "misstatesmen" have earned.

I am an "America Firster" in my motives for urging an immediate declaration of war. I believe that war between America and Hitlerism is inevitable—because a victorious Hitler cannot permit America to survive as a last refuge of freedom, to which his people will forever strive to escape. Since war is inevitable, I believe that we should fight now—unprepared as we are—while we still have Britain as a base for attack.

When we have won the war I will

become a rampant imperialist—in that I would want to see America enforce the peace. Disarm every other nation, including England. Build up and maintain in America a mighty air force, supported by enforced levies on other nations, precisely as a police force is maintained in a community by taxation. No arms of any kind would be permitted in any other nation. The British navy would be scrapped, as would the Luftwaffe and the Japanese navy.

It would be a "Roman peace," and we would be the Romans.

Does that sound nuts? I am eager to listen to an alternative suggestion.

REAGAN MCCRARY

New York, July 24

[We agree with Mr. McCrary that after the war there ought to be a world police force to guard the peace. But the control of such a force cannot be left in the hands of any one nation, not even those of the United States. For that would mean domination of the world by this country, and the fact that our overlordship operated under the banners of democracy and peace would not make it tolerable to other nations. It would be far safer and simpler for us to accept a full share of responsibility, with other free peoples, for the successful functioning of some form of international government equipped with sufficient powers to maintain universal law and order.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Great German

Dear Sirs: There must still be many Americans who remember from better days the Leipzig philosopher and scientist Hans Driesch, sometime lecturer in several of our universities and Carl Schurz Memorial Professor at Wisconsin in 1926, author (in English) of "The Science and Philosophy of the Organism" (originally Gifford lectures at Aberdeen), a world traveler and teacher, a wise man who talked jest and earnest in many tongues and loved humanity whether in the robes of a Chinese mandarin or in a college sweater. He was known on our campus as "Old Soc" among the students and in the science laboratories as the "fallen angel of the biologists" (for his metaphysical heresies). He was loved by everybody in our little Wisconsin city and, surely, in all

earth's cities, wherever he lingered on his long odyssey of the spirit.

There will be time and place enough to appraise his personality and his contribution to thought. This note is simply to tell you that he died on April 16, 1941, at Leipzig, in his seventy-fourth year. After 1933 he was deprived of all right to lecture in or out of university halls throughout the Third Reich, and was not permitted to leave the country. He was a great German, and in these days, beyond all days in history, we must not forget the great Germans.

M. C. OTTO

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Madison, Wis., July 28

A "Verbalistic Bat"?

Dear Sirs: Mr. Auden, who has done much to "take the poetry out of poetry," must have been playing solitaire with words when he reviewed "Love in the Western World" in *The Nation* of June 28.

He accepts the postulates that romantic love had its origin in Manicheism, reached its apex in Wagner's "Tristan," and created its own negative in "Don Giovanni." But since Manicheism sought the suppression of everything earthly and absolute absorption into the supreme essence, it seems a queer root for Paola and Francesca and Lancelot and Guinevere, who are certainly descendants of the romantic lovers in the "Romance of the Rose," to which Mr. Auden later refers.

Wagner was obsessed with the idea of *Entsagung* and at the same time determined to write the most passionate love music the world had ever heard. This conflict reached its climax in "Parsifal," which was a combination of bastard Christianity and mongrel Buddhism with, as Huneker remarked, a capon hero to strut the stage. Is Mr. Auden's dissertation on Agape any sounder? Was not the whole review, to quote Huneker again, just a "verbalistic bat"?

O. R. HOWARD THOMPSON

Williamsport, Pa., July 20

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The Shape of Things

THE DANGER OF A CLASH IN THE PACIFIC has been magnified in the past week by increased Japanese pressure on Thailand. Alarmed by the growing tenseness of the situation, Prime Minister Menzies canceled his tour of West Australia in order to return to the capital for an emergency cabinet meeting. Ignoring a promise made to the Japanese people three years ago, the Tokyo government has invoked the full provisions of the general mobilization act, bringing Japanese economy completely under military control. Encouraged by promises of British, Australian, and American assistance, Thailand appears to be offering stiff resistance to Japan's demands for a "joint-defense" pact along the lines of that recently imposed upon French Indo-China. Although the United States has declared that it would aid Thailand in case of a Japanese attack, the extent and nature of our assistance have not been made clear. Accustomed to finding our bark worse than our bite, Japan may yet decide to risk this one additional conquest before a stiffening of our policy makes further Japanese adventures impossible. But Kaname Wakasugi, adviser to Ambassador Nomura, in an astonishing statement telephoned from Los Angeles to the newspaper *Nichi Nichi*, warned his people that the government in Washington, "while desirous of maintaining amity with Japan," was determined to meet action with action. We hope Mr. Wakasugi can be safely accepted as a spokesman of the State Department as well as of the Japanese embassy.

★

THE CLAIM OF THE NAZIS THAT THEY ARE closing in on Odessa and the Ukraine appears to be correct, since even Moscow admits the danger; but up to now the boasts of the D. N. B. in general and Hitler's special communiqués in particular have been about as convincing as the "ring-tailed roarers" our ancestors indulged in. Those tall tales often began, like Hitler's bulletins, with the solemn assurance that the relator was "sticking to the principle of unconditional truth," and many of them, you will remember, described heroic encounters with a bear. In this case the bear can talk back, and while we have no great faith in Soviet statements, the

fact that Moscow wants help from Britain and the United States and that this help would not be hastened by exaggerated reports of Soviet successes in holding off the Nazis argues for their relative reliability. Then there are other factors. A Russian air force that has been destroyed even once cannot send raiders to Berlin; and there is considerable evidence that the Russian guerrillas in those endless German encirclements have more than once encircled the encirclers. The third Nazi offensive may fulfil all the claims in advance emanating from Berlin, but so far Hitler's fantastic reports and the sad complaints that the Russians' "scorched-earth" policy is contrary to international law suggest that the Führer has caught ■ bear all right—by the tail.

✱

THE SPEECH BY DR. NEGRIN PRINTED ON page 139 of this issue deserves careful reading. It is not only a magnanimous and moving appeal; it is also a political act of great significance. The Loyalist Prime Minister obviously believes that the hour has almost arrived when Franco, forced into full, open alliance with Hitler, will forfeit the last shreds of British and American support; and he is preparing the rank and file of Republican émigrés for that hour. His speech is both ■ warning and a promise. His appeal for unity among all political elements in the emigration is the act of a statesman who realizes that the time for factional differences is past and who courageously adopts the role of national leader for the conflict he sees opening ahead. Negrín would not make such a statement merely as a gesture. He has kept silent since the war began, biding his time while even Churchill played the futile game of bribery and appeasement with Franco. That he has spoken now means that he has good reason to speak. His address reached us by air mail, and its appearance in *The Nation* is its first publication in America; it should be widely reprinted.

✱

FRESH DISCLOSURES OF NAZI ACTIVITIES IN Latin America continued to appear throughout the whole of last week. In Chile six prominent pro-Axis leaders, some of them Germans, were arrested in the lake district of the south charged with being members of an illegal military organization. A quantity of arms was seized, along with swastika badges and documents. The Argentine police have made a number of new raids on pro-Nazi groups, seizing a large amount of propaganda material. Additional raids have also occurred in Cuba, where the police have begun rounding up Japanese, German, and Phalangist agents. Brazil has taken steps to subdue German influence in the schools. A dispatch to the *New York Times* indicates that fifth-column activities are particularly serious in Panama. Powerful, well-organized German, Italian, Spanish, and Japanese groups are carrying on propaganda and spying in the areas bor-

dering the Canal Zone. Although the American authorities are aware of these under-cover activities, they have been powerless to stop them under peace-time regulations. However, the awakening of the Latin American peoples to the Axis threat will make our task of organizing hemisphere defense much easier.

✱

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ORDER CURBING instalment buying is an important and necessary step in the direction of checking the inflationary trend of the past few months. During the past year the cost of living has gone up 3.7 per cent. Under the pressure of intensified defense spending, the rise was bound to be even more rapid in ensuing months. Elsewhere in this issue we discuss the importance of increasing taxes as an anti-inflation measure. But an increase in taxes cannot become effective in removing surplus purchasing power until next year. Meanwhile, the volume of consumer credit—which is also effective purchasing power—has increased by \$600,000,000 in the past six months, to an all-time peak of \$9,800,000,000. The major part of this credit is used to purchase automobiles, electric refrigerators, radios, and other durable goods, the production of which must be cut down during the emergency. It is estimated that this consumer credit can be reduced by as much as \$1,000,000,000 within two months, or \$3,000,000,000 within a year, without inflicting undue hardship on anyone. A curtailment of a billion dollars in purchasing power may seem small in comparison with the billions of dollars being pumped into circulation by defense spending, but it may make the difference between an orderly rise in prices and a runaway inflation.

✱

NEW YORK CITY IS MOVING UP TO THE starting line of what may be the most exciting and significant mayoralty race in its history. For one thing, the entire nation will regard the outcome as a measure of popular support for the President's foreign policy, for few persons are more closely identified with that policy than Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia. For this reason New York's powerful isolationist elements will actively oppose the Mayor regardless of what William O'Dwyer, his Democratic opponent, will have to say about aid to England or anything else. The issue will also diminish the number of LaGuardia's Italian supporters and cut down his vote among Republicans of the Hoover-Landon stripe, whose prejudice against him derives in part from his support of Roosevelt last year. These factors imperil LaGuardia's position, but perhaps more important is the fact that eight years of reform government have dulled most New Yorkers' indignation over Tammany corruption. Democratic leaders have shrewdly removed the District Attorney's office from the race by naming Frank

Hogan, one of Dewey's chief assistants, as their candidate. They have also named an ultra-respectable ticket, against which it will be difficult to bring charges of dishonesty or evil intent. Whether LaGuardia's popularity will be able to overcome these adverse influences remains to be seen.

✱

THE INCLUSION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE waterway in the omnibus Rivers and Harbors bill was shrewd Administration strategy, for Congressmen will now be unable to vote against the project without also voting against local improvements wanted in their own districts. It is a melancholy commentary on the vast power wielded within a democratic government by the electric-power and aluminum trusts that petty maneuvers of this kind are necessary to free the mighty resources of the St. Lawrence for the defense and development of this country. It is not safe to assume that inclusion in the Rivers and Harbors bill will be sufficient to force passage. Reinforcing the continual and long-standing opposition of the Aluminum Company of America and its interlocked Niagara-Hudson Power combine is now a whole group of special interests—the railroads, the railroad brotherhoods, the Ports of New York and other East Coast cities, even some dog-in-the-manger port interests on the Lakes, and John L. Lewis and the United Mine Workers. Though the TVA should have taught the most shortsighted conservative the value of long-range planning and development of power for defense, the lesson seems to be overshadowed by real or imaginary dangers to private financial interests. We are ashamed to see the brotherhoods and the miners in such company.

✱

LEWIS'S OPPOSITION TO THE ST. LAWRENCE project represents a continuation of his pre-election alliance with the Republican Party and the great industrial and financial interests of the Northeast which are its chief support. We do not know how long it will be before his labor followers begin to wake up to Lewis's present connections, but the manifesto he signed last week with Landon and Hoover should prove an eye-opener for the Communists and fellow-travelers who have been the most loyal section of the Lewis bloc. The *Daily Worker* gulped hard to find its idol among the signatories of a statement which said, "Recent events raise doubts that this war is a clear-cut issue of liberty and democracy. It is not purely a world conflict between tyranny and freedom. The Anglo-Russian alliance has dissipated that illusion." The *Daily Worker* the next day termed the statement "a program of surrender to Hitlerism," but it was still hoping that Lewis would assure the Communists that "it wasn't true." Since obviously it is true, the Communists will be forced to adopt another new line—an anti-Lewis line. The consequences

of this necessity are discussed by Rose Stein on another page. Our own prediction is that the role of the Communists in the trade unions is destined to shrink now that they have lost the support of Lewis and failed to establish friendly relations with the pro-defense forces.

✱

WE SHALL SOON BE HEARING THAT DEFENSE requires amendment of the securities laws, in order, no doubt, that Wall Street may help check inflationary tendencies by fleecing investors of dangerous excess purchasing power. The recommendations presented to Congress by the SEC and a committee representing the financial "industry" will precipitate a major fight to render the securities laws as innocuous as possible. The year-long conferences between the SEC and representatives of Wall Street succeeded in sidetracking last year's Brown bill, which would have wrecked securities regulation. The Administration would have been better advised to fight the Brown bill, which could have been defeated, than to engage in conferences which now throw the Securities and Securities Exchange acts open to alteration on the floor of Congress. The best of changes can hardly strengthen the acts enough to counterbalance the risk of enacting at least part of Wall Street's program. The SEC has already agreed to amendments which would "simplify" registration statements and ease certain credit restrictions whose purpose was to avoid indirect rigging of markets. The "industry's" recommendations go much farther and would undo much of the New Deal's reform in this field.

✱

NO RURITANIAN PRINCIPALITY WAS EVER beset with politics more devious than the interminable struggle for power in the United Automobile Workers of America. For months past it has been supposed that the union's Buffalo convention would be the scene of a great battle over Communist influence in the U. A. W. A battle of no mean proportions is under way as we go to press, but the Communists seem to be little more than hesitant non-belligerents. The real fight, it would appear, is between those who favor the kind of leadership offered by John L. Lewis and those who prefer the Philip Murray brand, which in effect makes the U. A. W. convention a prelude to the next convention of the C. I. O. The Lewis group is led by Richard Frankenstein, until recently a Murray partisan, and George Addes, secretary-treasurer; the Murray forces are led by the Reuther brothers. In between, though not united, stand R. J. Thomas and the Communists. When Thomas opened the convention he made a speech that drew the applause of interventionists one moment, isolationists the next. Before the convention he agreed to take part in a British-American broadcast with Herbert Morrison; at the last moment he felt the pressure of the Lewis group, and the broadcast

never took place. The Communists likewise are torn between their old affection for Lewis and their new-found detestation for Lewis's views on world affairs, with the fantastic result that they are behaving like little gentlemen toward everyone. What all this will mean to the U. A. W. is difficult to foresee, but competent observers believe that the long-run odds favor the intelligent leadership of Walter and Victor Reuther.

The Struggle Ahead

BY FRED A KIRCHWEY

THE sky has been black this past week with omens and rumors. Nothing new has happened but many happenings portend. Whether Roosevelt and Churchill met or did not meet, the supposed subjects of their alleged talks covered a range of imminent possibilities in which lie the hopes and fears of our whole civilization. At Vichy secret conclaves have been elaborating new formulas designed to conceal the ugly fact of further surrender in the phraseology of pride and national independence. Berlin has thrown out a smoke screen of claims dense enough to cover the whole eastern front; but through it a bloody stalemate is obscurely visible. In the Far East signs of a new war multiply, and Britain and the United States have revealed at last a fairly solid purpose to collaborate in resisting Japanese plans.

The shape of conflicts to come begins to emerge. From every corner of Europe we hear word of growing rebellion against Nazi tyranny. The German attack on Russia blew open a Continental hornets' nest. Yugoslavia is in active revolt; sabotage and individual reprisals have developed into general guerrilla warfare. Norwegian resistance has forced the German occupation to a state of constant alert, with the possibility of a British landing in the offing. Franco, who purchased "on time" the help of his fascist collaborators, soon will be called upon to pay the last instalment. Europe as a whole will be a battlefield on which civil wars and wars between states will be in simultaneous progress. The East will be locked in conflict from Siberia to Australia.

Does anyone still imagine that the Western Hemisphere as a whole will be able to remain aloof, or that the United States can continue to wade through the shallow waters along the edge of this all-engulfing struggle?

Every day brings more news of Axis plots in Latin America, of spy rings exposed, of military formations broken up, of agents caught and expelled. What we don't hear of are the activities that go undetected; but invasion by penetration is a Nazi technique perfected through long years of careful practice, and the experience of Europe warns us that half-hearted or belated efforts to resist are doomed to failure.

Today the problem of the United States is not how to help Britain as much as possible without getting into the war. It is not how to keep the war as far as possible from our own shores. The United States has only one thing to decide—where and how and when it can intervene with the greatest possible effect.

That is no simple problem, even though, once it is recognized, it disposes of a host of lesser ones. The most ominous fact to record is the failure of large sections of our government apparatus to recognize even the existence of the problem. In the State Department and in many of the administrative agencies as well are men who ignore warnings and refuse the tasks that need to be done. Congress is a Wonderland populated by mythical creatures and innocent Alices who debate endlessly such nonsensical issues as: Shall we or shall we not keep our army intact? Shall we or shall we not send help to Russia? These people are not a majority—every test vote has proved that—but they have enough strength to force the whole legislative machine to concern itself with the questions they pose. It is as if a factory which could turn out airplane parts decided that it would prefer to use its machinery for making children's toys or mouse-traps. Congress talks about irrelevancies, and then, because sane men form the majority, it puts through most of the urgent measures laid before it. But in the process time is lost. And time has so far been Hitler's best ally, because its loss is irremediable.

That this situation bears an ugly resemblance to the state of affairs in England during Chamberlain's regime and in France until its bitter end, anyone can see. Slowness, lack of imagination, political maneuvering in the legislature, bureaucratic reaction in the administrative offices—these were among the chief ingredients of democratic failure in Europe before and in the first months of the war. They are everywhere apparent in Washington today. The President cannot wipe them out by fiat. He has attempted to circumvent them by executive action, but only to a limited degree is that method either possible or desirable. The best hope lies in a combination of several lines of attack. First, the President should go just as far as his mandate under the emergency proclamation permits. Second, he should where possible oust officials who impede the announced purposes of the government. (But the sorry fact is that the President seldom can bring himself to the unpleasant task of ousting the inefficient or even the downright scamps.) Third, where he lacks the authority to dismiss, he should shift obstructionists and reactionaries from positions of power to harmless sinecures. And, fourth, he should bring into office far more men and women of genuinely democratic persuasion and, among them, more labor leaders.

In relation to Congress, the President can only do again and again what he did when he asked for the extension of military service: explain the urgency of the situa-

tion, demand the necessary legislation, and lay upon the members of both houses full responsibility for the results of a refusal to act. And he can appeal to the people to back his policy and his demands. Isolationists and defeatists notwithstanding, the President has the support of the people. If the United States is to play any effective role in the events that lie immediately ahead, he will have to rally that support and use it to the utmost.

Taxes and Inflation

AFTER months of delay the tax bill is finally out of the House and before the Senate. As a result of a last-minute deletion by the House of the provision requiring joint returns by husbands and wives, the bill falls short of providing even the \$3,500,000,000 originally asked by the Treasury. Inasmuch as defense appropriations have been increased by more than \$2,000,000,000 since this request was made, the bill will fall at least \$8,000,000,000 short of putting the defense program on the pay-as-you-go basis recommended by many economists.

The situation is far more dangerous than is generally realized. Under present conditions an \$8,000,000,000 deficit would unloose an irresistible inflationary tide. It would create a vast new reservoir of purchasing power at a time when the production of consumers' goods faces drastic curtailment. The scramble for such goods as are available would boost prices despite the best efforts at price control. The retirement of the bulk of the new purchasing power created by the defense program through taxation offers the only real safeguard against a runaway inflation. To achieve this the Senate must give serious consideration to the additional tax increases proposed by Secretary Morgenthau last week.

Restoration of the requirement of joint returns by husbands and wives is desirable as a matter of fairness and to prevent evasion, but is unlikely in view of the House's action. If this provision is not reinstated, the surtax rate should be raised to replace the lost revenue. But the Senate should not stop there. It should seek to provide new revenues to cover at least half of the additional appropriations made since the Treasury presented its original estimates. This would necessitate another billion dollars. A considerable part of this could be raised if the Senate Finance Committee carries out its present intention of placing a sizable tax on the life-insurance companies. Although these companies have an income which, until recently, has been nearly as large as that of the federal government, they have been virtually tax free.

In the emergency the Senate should not hesitate to adopt the Treasury's recommendation for a lowering of personal income-tax exemptions. In the past *The Nation* has consistently opposed such a step on the

ground that the tax on the middle and upper income brackets was relatively low from the standpoint of sound tax policy. The increases provided in the House bill partly overcome this weakness in our tax structure. As a matter of practical politics, the issue now is not between a reduction in the exemption and a further increase in the surtax. It is between a lowering of the exemption and additional consumption taxes, or no taxes at all. Facing these alternatives, no conscientious citizen should hesitate to urge a lowering of exemptions.

Much nonsense has been written about lower exemptions as a tax upon the poor man. This is far from being the case. Secretary Morgenthau urged that the exemption for married couples be lowered to \$1,500. Since the earned-income and children allowances would be retained, this means that a typical family of four with an income of \$2,500 would pay little or no tax. Families with incomes above \$2,500 are not "poor." Seven-eighths of America's families had incomes of less than this amount in 1936. It must be remembered, moreover, that the families who would be forced to pay an income tax for the first time through a lowering of exemptions would be paying a tax on a very small fraction of their income. The real burden of reduced exemptions would fall, as it should, on the well-to-do, who would be forced into higher surtax brackets. Lowering of the exemptions does not involve a repudiation of the principle of capacity to pay as a basis of our tax system. On the contrary, it would mean that a larger proportion of our tax revenue would be collected on that principle, and would reduce the danger of additional regressive taxation.

The developments of the past week have made it clear that the threat of inflation does not spring solely from inadequate tax legislation. In the price-control bill introduced into Congress at the behest of Leon Henderson, a last-minute provision was inserted forbidding a price ceiling on farm products below 110 per cent of the parity price. Farm groups in Congress are reported to be endeavoring to raise this ceiling to 120 per cent of parity and to lay a floor as well for farm prices. Such provisions violate the basic principle of sound price control. It is folly to talk of stabilizing prices—and checking inflation—if the prices of such essentials as food and cotton are allowed to rise disproportionately. Parity on the 1909-14 base is difficult to defend from the standpoint of equity. There is no defense for asking prices above parity.

No one will deny that farmers suffered heavily during the depression. Nor should anyone begrudge them the rise in income that they have gained as a result of the defense effort. But farmers must recognize that they stand to lose as much as any other group from uncontrolled inflation. And for considerations of self-interest, as well as for patriotic reasons, they should limit their demands to a proportionate share of the prosperity arising from the defense effort.

Britain on Vacation

BY LOUIS FISCHER

London, August 10, by Cable

DURING the past week I have had off-the-record interviews with one Conservative minister and three Labor ministers, and talked to people in all walks of life. The temper of the general public, not shared by responsible officials, is optimism bordering on complacency. Russia's fine resistance, weeks without even mild air raids, and the R. A. F.'s increasingly heavy blows at German industrial centers have afforded a much-wanted opportunity for relaxation after fourteen months of unbroken and terrific national strain. They have also induced a spirit of business as usual and vacations as usual, which is natural in the circumstances but not altogether desirable. Any American, however, who criticizes this excessively easy-going manner is reminded that America is still sitting on its fat haunches. If you reply that England behaved much worse about Spain, the answer is, "Do you want to be punished as we were for non-intervention?"

Obviously the British are eager for the United States to go to war. They are grateful for our munitions. They don't need American man-power in the battles that England is now conducting or in those that it is likely to conduct in the near future. But they need America to achieve victory and enable the world to return to a creative peace. This reflects a wish; it isn't an early expectation. Japan's action might of course upset this calculation.

Despite the prolongation of the war and the merciless punishment of civilians in blitzes, I haven't encountered any hatred of the Germans. British leaders reiterate untiringly that they will never negotiate with the Nazis. The most popular thing the government can do is to bomb Berlin. When Eden stated in the Commons this week that measures must be taken after the war which would prevent Germany from catapulting Europe into war a seventh time, he was lustily applauded; but he also won approval when he spoke against any post-war effort to starve Germany or cripple it economically. For every time an official says "Hun," thousands of Britishers, and even airmen, say "Jerry," which suggests affection. In the East End shelters I visited one night, the occupants abused "him" but they sympathized with the countless Germans whom "he" has likewise forced to resort to these depressing underground refuges. When I probe more deeply and seek to evoke expressions of opinion on peace terms, British acquaintances say the treaty shouldn't be vindictive. In fact, several political commentators incline to the view that the peace conference and peace

treaty must be postponed until economic reconstruction is begun, war wounds are healed, and new democratic elements have emerged and coalesced in the European dictator states. Official peace terms have been drafted and pigeonholed, but all political parties recently have appointed committees to deliberate upon post-war schemes of international organization, territorial adjustment, and industrial rehabilitation.

A solution of Europe's social problems is not usually included in these political plans, nor is far-reaching social change within England during the war regarded as required or feasible in a preliminary progressive peace settlement. Even labor doesn't believe vast domestic reforms possible while the country is fighting for its life.

After lengthy conversations with labor leaders, labor intellectuals, and labor critics of the Labor Party's policy I think I can with caution outline the attitude of labor today. Labor rejects the suggestion that it is being used by the Tories. If anything, I would say the reverse is true, for while certain capitalist interests might have tried to accommodate themselves to fascism, organized labor never could have. In fighting the war against Hitlerism to the finish, the capitalist parties are thus waging a battle for the perpetuation of free labor. Labor is struggling to save the country—a country where it has achieved many rights and much power. England could not have conducted this war without the cooperation of labor; neither could the war have been waged by labor alone. "You cannot make revolution and simultaneously fight a war," a labor official said to me yesterday. Moreover, the public would strongly resent any attempt by labor to exploit the post-Dunkirk or other crises to aggrandize its own might. Laborites argue that the ten-shilling-in-a-pound income tax and the 100 per cent excess-profits tax curb the capitalist class. Many factories and shipyards are now owned and operated by the state, and it is conceivable that the four big railroads will soon be unified as a first step toward nationalization. In legislation, reforms which at least temporarily shift the balance of power to the disadvantage of private enterprise have encountered more resistance from big business than from the old ruling caste of aristocrats, traditional imperialists, and public servants. It is the distinction between Chamberlain and Churchill. The alliance between Churchill and the Labor Party is real, and labor doesn't fear any betrayal by him after the war.

Some labor leaders hope the present or a similar coalition will last through the early phase of reconstruction.

Nobody anticipates a khaki election in which the Conservatives will try to cash in on the victory immediately after the war. In the first place, that victory will have been won by a team in which Laborites have played a conspicuous part. Moreover, the confusion resulting from civilian evacuations and bombings will require a new electoral registration or perhaps redistricting, and during the months when this is being done the armistice frenzy will cool down to sober thought on the difficult tasks ahead. Labor believes, finally, that it is making converts in the white-collar and middle classes, which never trusted its patriotism and were never convinced of its abilities. Laski tells me he met strong Labor sentiment in R. A. F. squadrons among fellows who had never been politically awake. Labor is too conscious of its patriotic duty to tip over the apple cart now and too pleased with its prospects as a party to be worried or feverishly active. These are not my opinions. I am reporting.

Labor is as defensive in its politics as the government is in its military strategy. The country is still looking backward to blitzes which stunned it and still is startled by the miracle thanks to which it escaped invasion. England took it, but that wasn't a joke; and the nation

was undoubtedly a hair's breadth removed from disaster.

Nobody, therefore, can begrudge the British their present rosy mood. My friends follow the Russian war news with hope and trepidation. I still refuse to make predictions on the probable duration of the Russo-German conflict, for I don't know the price in motorized troops and equipment which the Soviets are paying to hold their present line, and it is this price which will determine the ultimate outcome. I understand the Nazis reckoned it would take a year to subjugate the Soviet Union. Whether Hitler will turn on England before that time after having merely crippled Russia remains to be seen. The possibility enters into British calculations.

The Russians are running short of fighter planes and are clamoring for them, and they are also perturbed by the appreciable reinforcement of Japanese military strength on the Siberian frontier. I think Turkey, too, will bear watching if panzer divisions can move south-east from the Ukraine. Nazi Field Marshal List has gone from the Russian front to Bulgaria. He is too important to be shifted merely to watch Yugoslav guerrillas. It is always safer to assume that Hitler has a bloody card and a knife up his sleeve.

Midsummer Flashes

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, August 10

ALTHOUGH the amount of oil and other war materials being exported is now carefully concealed in order to avoid public criticism of lingering appeasement policies, an official inadvertently revealed in conversation that the latest confidential weekly reports showed 80,000 barrels of oil going to Spain. Imports at this rate are above Spain's domestic consumption. I suppose we are sending oil to Franco to keep him from seizing South America. Our Latin American friends are no doubt impressed by the Christian kindness with which we requite the Spanish straw man's persistent anti-American propaganda to the south of us. If Spain's bull fights were run in the style of our State Department, the toreador would approach the bull with a basket of flowers and a curtsy.

Behind the Presidential proclamation issued from the State Department today "suspending the international load-lines convention in ports and waters of the United States and in so far as the United States of America is concerned" was the swish and flounce of a terrific battle waged by Assistant Secretary of State Breckinridge Long and his hearties. Recently we increased tanker load lines by 3 per cent in the coastal trade to help meet the shortage of tanker space. The *enfants terribles* gathered to-

gether by Harry Hopkins in his Lease-Lend Administration wanted to know why we couldn't raise the load line on tankers carrying oil to Britain and to Latin America. Mr. Long and Mr. Hackworth, counsel of the State Department, objected violently that this would be a violation of international law. It seems that on July 5, 1930, an international convention was signed at London regulating the load line on tankers and other vessels as a safety-at-sea measure. It went into effect on January 1, 1933, just twenty-nine days before a well-known friend of international law became Chancellor of the Reich. Mr. Long may have feared that if we disregarded international law and put more oil in tankers for Britain than is permissible under the London treaty, we would set Hitler a bad example. The Long-Hackworth forces were finally defeated by a double flanking movement in the classic German military manner. Secretary Ickes, who likes nothing better than a grilled diplomat for breakfast, obtained a long and learned opinion from Acting Attorney General Biddle informing the State Department that there was a war on. On the other side of the White House, panzer divisions led by Dean Acheson are reliably reported to have advanced far beyond Mr. Long's office and captured Sumner Welles, who seems

to have opened his gates to the invaders. Such are the mighty controversies which shake our State Department in a world at war.

Democratic dummkopfsism isn't limited to diplomacy. The brass hats who court-martialed Mitchell and awoke to the value of the American-invented dive bomber only after the Nazis felled France are still operating. One of the biggest scandals of American rearmament some day will be the refusal of army chiefs and manufacturers to produce England's crack new plane engine, the Saber, which develops 2,200 to 2,400 horse-power, as compared with the 1,250 horse-power of the General Motors Allison. Beaverbrook sent over the blueprints last Christmas, but more than six months of argument and pleading by the British were of no avail. The best they could get was a promise to manufacture 200 of these engines. American bombers are the world's best, but American fighter planes are not fast enough. The British aren't talking about the Saber, but it wouldn't break Beaverbrook's heart if a Congressional committee dug up the full story.

Leon Henderson's OPACS fears appointment of a kind of Minister of Supply who will have authority over both OPACS and Stettinius's Priorities Division of OPM but will still be under Knudsen. This would be a clever maneuver, leaving the big-business crowd in control of the vital question of allocation of materials. One of the mysteries of the defense program, viewed from the out-

side, is why mandatory priorities have only now been imposed on steel. The system of "preference ratings" left steel manufacturers free to take care of the automobile business while defense orders waited; pro-business Under Secretary of War Patterson took this meekly, but Secretary of the Navy Knox was fighting mad. Knudsen opposed mandatory priorities on steel, for they would have made the past-season automobile boom impossible; and with the chairman of the board of United States Steel in charge of priorities, priorities on steel were conveniently delayed. Another long overdue change will come in defense when control of subcontracting is taken away from John D. Biggers, OPM Director of Production, whose policies have served to discourage spreading of orders to small business men. The danger here is of a phony shake-up, with some other big-business stooge in charge.

As great a danger is use of the newly passed "property-seizure" bill not to draft recalcitrant big businesses but to cripple little business further by taking machine tools from small towns and small shops. We need to spread orders, but men with the outlook of Patterson are more likely to use their new power in a way that will benefit the big companies. At a sub-Cabinet meeting, when it was proposed, with Knox's approval, to go ahead and break the aluminum bottleneck by building government-owned plants, Patterson objected that this was no time for "social reform."

I Saw Greece Looted

BY RALPH KENT

Aboard S. S. Excambion, August 5

BY TUESDAY, April 22, in Athens, we knew the game was up. Day by day the British line remained "unbroken" but day by day it withdrew, and by Tuesday the Army of Epirus had signed an armistice and the Germans were rumored to be just beyond Thermopylae. The British were getting off from whatever northern ports they could, but eventually the remnants of the rear guard must come down through Thebes to Athens. Going home from town that afternoon, I saw a new sign at the junction of the Kiphissia and Marathon roads: "To the beaches—1 and 2." It might as well have read, "Dunkirk—12 miles." That night the British legation got off in a borrowed yacht. In the morning we learned that the government had gone with it.

Would we have one, two, or three days to wait? Actually we had five—days of strained suspense, wild surmise, and practically continuous bombing of the Piraeus and the airfields. Most shops remained firmly shut. The few that opened had their shelves cleared within an hour.

(A shirt cost \$4; a pound of butter, if you could find it, a little more than \$2.) A pervasive smell of burning paper hung over the city. All of us had reasons, we thought, for private bonfires.

On Saturday morning the first of the dusty British lorries began to pour in, and having begun, they seemed never to stop. They dripped with tin-hatted men, guns, and a great many things snatched up in a hurry. Their progress through the streets was oddly like a victory parade, for everyone cheered and "thumbed up," and the flower sellers took roses from their stalls and threw them into the trucks. To the eye, the Australians and New Zealanders seemed as happy as boys just let out of school.

All day long there were intermittent explosions as the demolition squads went their rounds. As darkness fell, barricades were thrown across the main roads. We were told they were put there only as a precautionary measure, in case the Germans arrived too soon.

When I went to bed there were machine-guns at fifty-

foot intervals along the road outside my gate. The ditches at the side of the road were full of New Zealanders. Until three in the morning field guns, light tanks, and lorries went by. After that there was an unfamiliar and rather awesome silence.

TECHNIQUE OF PLUNDER

Just enough German motorcycle boys, armored cars, and tanks moved in on Sunday to make us feel that the occupation had begun. When the real march in came the next day, for some hours it was impossible to cross certain roads because they were clogged with every conceivable sort of mechanized vehicle. One's first impression of these was that they were shoddy and *Ersatz*, that they had been through a good bit of hell and had just managed to do it. But the drivers, the mechanics, the operators were anything but *Ersatz*, despite the fact that their uniforms were shabby, their faces dirty, and the look in their eyes that of drug addicts. In cold fact they frightened me. Strong faces these, intelligent faces, but inhuman, like characters in a Wellsian fantasy.

By Wednesday the occupation was virtually complete. Every house where the English had lived had been broken into. Every house that enjoyed a strategic position or struck the fancy of the army had been requisitioned. The owners might be left a servant's room or two, or they might be ordered out altogether. When houses otherwise suitable did not have furniture to the taste of the occupants, it was "borrowed" from other houses.

Restaurants printed menus in Greek and German. The distinction was interesting, for as those of us who were unfortunate enough to have to eat in them soon discovered, the German menu was for Aryans and the Greek for non-Aryans. If by lucky chance you were able to find a place to sit, it was only to watch the roasts, the ragouts, the hams, the chickens being laid before the conquerors while others had to content themselves with the crumbs. Each meal was an insult, alleviated only by the fact that sometimes you found surprising things wrapped up in your napkin.

Within a week we knew that the country was being systematically looted. The government announced drastic reductions in the allowances of foodstuffs, already severely rationed. Food shops closed their doors for want of anything to sell. Queues formed, blocks long, outside green grocers on the doubtful chance that after several hours of waiting a head of lettuce might be obtained. An astonishing number of sidewalk vendors found a ready market for strings of onions at one cent a bulb. Out in the country one met whole families gathering grass.

There were, of course, subtler techniques for plunder. In the village of Marathon, where some thousands of Germans were billeted, a telephone wire was cut. Since it was cut by night and no one in the village saw what

happened, it could not be proved that it had *not* been cut by sixteen of the young men of the village, as the Germans claimed. The crime was enormous and the penalty imposed mercifully light: the young men were to stand in the village square for eight hours each day—the sun is hot in Greece—and the villagers were to provide within twenty-four hours ten thousand cucumbers, ten thousand tomatoes, and five hundred bushels of potatoes.

Small truck farmers found neat swastika flags placed at the four corners of their garden patches. Owners of livestock were ordered to turn over their flocks and herds. Chickens had a way of simply disappearing. When the potato crop matured, the system reached its perfection. Wherever a patch was large enough to warrant it, parties of forty or more Nazi soldiers set out for it on what was apparently a day's picnic. Singing continuously, half the company dug the potatoes while the other half peeled and sliced them. Then a field kitchen would appear to fry them in stolen fat and seal them in tin drums for shipment.

The looting was, of course, accompanied by daily blasts in the newspapers announcing the acute concern of the German authorities for the admittedly critical food shortage and their valiant efforts to cooperate with the Greek officials in meeting the situation. It was met by successive orders from the Food Ministry rationing essential foodstuffs more and more drastically. If these orders had not been so tragic in their implications, they would have verged on the absurd. One wondered whether it was not a bit dangerous to tell a starving people that it might have twenty-five drams of sugar per person per month, fifty drams of rice, two and a half drams of coffee—if you saved up for five months, you would get a weak cup of coffee. Butter, oil, and vegetable fats were not rationed. They did not have to be. They did not exist in sufficient quantities ever to reach the open market. Milk could sometimes be obtained—at a price—for a baby under two or by an older person armed with a physician's certificate that he needed *extra* nourishment.

Bread, the *sine qua non* of the Greek diet, deserves a word to itself. Given his bread and his olives, the Greek can and does perform miracles, as the world has good reason to remember. But since a Greek can often afford little else, an *oke* loaf (2.8 pounds) is a daily necessity of life. He can tighten his belt almost indefinitely, but the limit has about been reached when his ration is reduced to a sixth of what it formerly was. The future is even more terrifying to consider. This spring's wheat crop was about half what it should have been. Half of that is known to have gone to the Germans. None of the 360,000 tons usually imported from Rumania or Russia can be brought in this year. Milked of every other essential of life, Greece faces the winter with but an eighth to a tenth of the bread that might see it through.

SOLICITUDE FOR THE CONQUERED

The evening papers of Friday, May 2, bore the announcement that from 5 a.m. until noon of the next day no vehicles of any sort might circulate on the streets of Athens or its immediate environs. No one might appear on the streets during those hours or step on to terraces or balconies. Windows were to be closed. Presumably one could look out of them, but no one bothered. The Germans were to make their official entry, lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and raise the swastika standard on the Acropolis.

That was a mean thing to do but not quite so mean as what followed. Sometime during the night of May 30 that same standard was taken down, torn to bits, and reputedly otherwise desecrated. The next morning we had our spanking. We had formerly been allowed to remain out until midnight. Now we must be in our homes by ten, a real hardship in a country where only the nights are cool and sitting in hot and airless blacked-out rooms is not a pleasure. Those caught out would be shot at sight—some were. At the same time the Stadt Kommandantur issued a remarkable pronouncement reminding us that public opinion still expressed open sympathy with the "righteously expelled English"; that the British maltreatment of German prisoners in direct contravention of all moral law was regarded in some circles with indifference and in others with satisfaction; that despite its strict prohibition open aid was given to British prisoners in the form of gifts of flowers, fruit, and cigarettes, this with the full knowledge of the Greek police and without their taking any measures to prevent it; that, finally, the German Military Command, which till then had done everything to show its good-will toward the Greek people, must now regretfully and quite against its wishes proceed to take whatever steps it deemed necessary to end the situation. In other words, the German Military Command was in something of a pet, as it had reason to be, since two days previously two Bulgarian transports laden with tanks and munitions had been blown up at the Piraeus.

Given that and the flag incident, the Germans considered themselves justified in being as nasty as they chose; they could now steal with a perfectly clear conscience. All private cars had already been "requisitioned" and in some cases were recognized under a heavy coat of camouflage, heading north. Gasoline, though known to be still plentiful, was available only to the military. Then people were told that the bicycles to which they were reduced must be registered with the police, and when they did this, the bicycles were taken away. (The following Sunday there were bicycle races between teams representing the German and Italian air forces.) Service of the public buses, already taxed to capacity, was reduced to about half, thus "releasing" some valuable tires.

Some day the Germans will exhibit a film showing

the joyous way in which the Greeks received their liberators. (Perhaps it has already been shown—we heard it was intended for Spain.) The keynote of the film will be the solicitude of the conqueror for the conquered. Four "shots" were taken in the most badly shattered sections of the Piraeus, where the people, bombed out of their homes, camp on rubble heaps and await the release of death by starvation. An open truck heaped with potatoes was driven from one quarter to another. When it reached the central square of each, the police were told to line up the people for a free hand-out. The joy was naturally unbounded and highly filmable. Two minutes were allowed for each shot. About ten pounds of potatoes were distributed each time. Then the truck drove on, still generously heaped to the top.

ITALY GETS THE LEAVINGS

And now the Germans, having applied their vacuum cleaner until it sucked up no more than chaff, have turned the country over to the Italians "by right of conquest." It is one of the nastiest tricks they have yet played on the beam end of the Axis, and one suspects that the Italians know it. At least their *bersaglieri* parole the streets in groups of never less than three and as darkness falls reinforce their numbers. They would like to be friendly but are a little afraid to smile. It is said that eighty thousand men are considered necessary to keep Greece in order. That is a compliment, but a terrific drain on the larder.

The Italians have tried to step into the Germans' shoes but do not find them comfortable. In more cases than one they have discovered that when the Germans left a house they took the furniture with them—not only the chairs, beds, and tables but even the door handles, the locks, the keys. All the pretty cars have vanished; the more decrepit Fiats and Fords remain. All the animals that made the schnitzels and the ragouts are now German brain and brawn and will breed no more. The good white bread is a dark gray-brown.

Even Italy's one gesture of friendship for Greece tragically miscarried. For the Duce, when his forces formally took over the country, sent a thousand cases of milk to the rumored starving babies of Greece. Ten cases were distributed before the Germans "borrowed" the nine hundred and ninety. It is said that when the Greek Minister of Health went to thank the Italian plenipotentiary for the Duce's generous gesture there was a painful scene, since both men knew exactly what had happened. The Italian finally declared that the thing would never have occurred if he had not been in Rome when the milk arrived and that he had the solemn assurance of the Germans that within two months an equal amount of milk would be sent from Switzerland. The Greek replied that nothing should be done to overstrain the Duce's good-will. They understood each other.

Spain's Hour Is Near

BY JUAN NEGRIN

[On the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the outbreak of war in Spain, Dr. Juan Negrin, head of the last constitutional government of Spain, addressed Spanish Loyalists resident in London. The speech was his first public statement since the end of the Spanish war.]

RELUCTANT, since the European war broke out, to make any pronouncement—which until now I would have considered untimely—I am grateful to the Spanish Loyalists living in London for offering me this appropriate opportunity to talk to you in an intimate and private gathering.

Among other reasons which have influenced me, I have refrained from speaking as a sacrifice to unity, and also in order to see whether a political truce might not contribute to an amnesty and to assuring the neutrality of Spain. But because base hatred and unconquerable fear ruled, and because the essential Spanish quality of magnanimity was lacking, and above all because the official rulers of Spain are not masters in their own house, which is controlled by the Gestapo and the Ova, that amnesty which Spain itself needed as much as those who might have directly benefited by it has been denied us.

As for the neutrality of Spain, thwarted from the very day that Nazi Germany set foot on Polish territory, it has passed from non-belligerence to a deceitful co-belligerence which is the reverse face of Italo-German "non-intervention" in the Spanish war. And the moment is approaching—a moment which Hitler will indicate—when the mask must be thrown off.

Today, when we are gathered together to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the war, what do the date and its remembrance signify for us? Most certainly not a sedition plotted by foreigners in complicity with those who had broken their pledge of honor. It falls to others to celebrate such a memory, to those who instigated the rebellion against legality, the constitution, and the state, against Spain itself, to those who, in grim jest at the meaning of the words, have declared themselves the champions of a "national revolution."

No. What *we* celebrate today is the magnificent spectacle presented by the Spanish people in rising bravely, as one man, in defense of constitutional legality. It was that uprising of the people which saved the Republic in those moments when a betrayed government discovered that the state's apparatus of defense, undermined by conspiracy, had fallen to pieces in its hands.

Some day honor will have to be paid to those who, defying the danger of a situation which agents provoc-

ateurs could use for their own ends, armed the masses. And honor must also be paid to those who, when the inevitable crisis of confusion had been overcome, were able to render the people's ardor more effective by directing it into the paths of legality.

But what *was* the military rebellion, and what did it signify? It was the first episode in the present World War. We said as much five years ago. The meddling of German reactionaries in the internal affairs of Spain was intensified on the arrival of Nazism to power. That interference made it clear that Nazism had chosen Spain as the starting-point for its assault on Europe. Through the years we tirelessly sounded the alarm. We never ceased in our efforts to gain the attention of those who might have prevented the horrors of this war, together with the ruin of Spain. In spite of great disillusionment the Spanish people stood firm, with indomitable will fighting against fascism, in defense of Spanish independence.

The struggle has not ceased. In the mountains and fields of Spain, in village and city, in school and workshop, the Spanish people continue their resistance. In spite of treachery and deceit there has been no decisive interruption. Things will return to their courses—to the good fortune of Spain, even the good fortune of those who burn incense before the "New Order," a New Order in which even the role of tolerated clowns would barely be conceded to them.

Nothing will break the will of the Spanish people or make void the institutions they chose for themselves. Those who had the duty of preserving those institutions have not deserted their posts. We do not consider that our duties have ended. We do not consider that our mandate has expired.

The moment will come when Hitler will present his bill to those who have signed a blood pact with him. Against that moment all Spaniards must be prepared. And prepared means united. Enough of the divisions which have done so much harm to Spain, which brought first war, then defeat! Let those who, paradoxically, enjoy exile bear in mind that the dead and those comrades of ours in the prisons of Spain and France will neither understand nor forgive the mockery and the shame of squandering precious energies in back-room recriminations and personal knife-play. I know, indeed, that this has always happened to political emigrations; ours, perhaps, has been not quite the worst. But even so, since the present moment is grave, let us correct what must be corrected and root out the evil among us.

So grave is the moment that I sound the alarm for all

Spaniards of whatever tendency, whether politically active or indifferent, of the right or the left, Monarchists or Republicans, Catholics or agnostics, rich or poor. I warn all the peoples and regions of Spain, from Cr us to Cabo Palos, from Gata to Finisterre. If Hitler should triumph, Spain, like all other nations in Europe and throughout the world, will be subjected to the most abject of slaveries, without hope of redemption.

Our patriotic obligation and our individual pride compel us not merely to avoid favoring the apocalyptic beast of Nazism but to do everything which can inflict injury upon it. We who continue faithful to constitutional legality, we who believe that with the Republic Spain initiated its regeneration, that with the Republic Spain became Spain again, we who believe that our resistance has consecrated new hopes and promises with a baptism of blood and sorrow, let us make our contributions to the overthrow of the totalitarian monster, wherever we can.

Thousands of our compatriots, old combatants, already have a place of honor in the struggle. Thousands of Spaniards in America are preparing to join the struggle. I am sure of what I say. The bugle call which they were hopefully awaiting has sounded. The hour of action is at hand. Once more—into the battle for civilization and for Spain! For if this conflict does not end with victory over the spirit of evil, it would be better that a catastrophic conflagration should annihilate us all than that we should see ourselves, as miserable outcasts, subjected to the persecutions of Hitler's henchmen.

It will not be our lot to perish, but to triumph. The democracies of the entire world are with us. The leaders in this fight are worthy of their great task: the skilful

and tenacious Chiang Kai-shek, who symbolizes a culture thousands of years old which has been able to assimilate the forms of a new civilization; Churchill, stubborn and clear-sighted statesman, who in saving the British people when catastrophe appeared inevitable saved Europe and the entire world—the man who, casting prejudices aside, has shown that the value of tradition lies in what it enshrines of enterprise and vitality; Roosevelt, sincere democrat, who has awakened his people to a danger that appeared remote and has shown that a wisely directed nation knows how to give an almost legendary example of disinterested greatness; Stalin, great friend of Spain, leader of a magnificent brother people for whose success in the epic struggle of these days we offer fervent prayers—Stalin, with whom all liberals and democrats, whatever their ideological differences, share the common hope of finding for mankind new ways of civilization and progress.

A better world will be the reward of so many sacrifices. Spain will find its place in a supra-national concert of nations. It has already won its place in battle, and it will deserve it even more because of the present heroic resistance of Spaniards to the persuasion of hunger and terror, and because of their unextinguishable faith in democratic ideals. Soon we shall recover from our wounds within a tolerant and fraternal regime, within a regime which will not desire to use greater rigor than may be necessary to effect the reconciliation of all, absolutely all, Spaniards.

That reconciliation will be neither abasement nor shameful collaboration, but, with the sacrifice of our passions, the profoundest tribute to those who have suffered and died. For all of them I have only this one word: brother!

Lewis and the Communists

BY ROSE M. STEIN

THE party liners are in trouble. The apparent ease with which the Communist line was changed on June 22 last was grossly deceptive. Many Communists and fellow-travelers, especially those who hold prominent positions in the labor movement, have been walking a tight rope since that fateful day, fearing to jump or to stand still, seeing danger in either course. It is a new experience for the faithful. Heretofore, flip-flops incident to a change in line were accomplished with utmost facility. The loss of some front-line fellow-travelers was held to be only a minor casualty, for they could invariably be replaced by a new crop of gullibles. The current situation is more complicated. And the chief factor in its complication is John L. Lewis.

It was pure luck that this problem did not arise before.

During the united-front, collective-security days, when the comrades were good Democrats, Lewis too happened to be a Democrat and a Roosevelt supporter. By sheer coincidence Lewis broke with the President at approximately the same time as Stalin signed the pact with Hitler. The Communist shift to isolationism and away from the Administration, dictated by the Nazi pact, was most opportunely timed to flatter Lewis and to intrench further the party liners in the C. I. O. But the change called for by Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union is less opportune. Lewis is not changing his foreign policy. No Kremlin somersault can shake his hatred for Roosevelt, and Lewis remains, therefore, a pacifist and isolationist.

He has made his position clear on three separate occasions: first, by his broad condemnation of the President,

Sidney Hillman, and the National Defense Mediation Board at the C. I. O. legislative conference held in Washington on July 7; second, by his attack on the Administration's foreign policy when he testified, on July 28, before the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors in connection with the St. Lawrence Waterway project; and, finally, when he signed the statement against aid to the Soviet Union issued by fifteen Republicans on August 5. Kathryn Lewis is still an active member of the America First Committee, and it is rumored that she will go on a speaking tour for that group. This tie-up of hers undoubtedly has her father's approval.

The new Stalin line, as enunciated by official party utterances, is equally clear. It embraces, according to the *Daily Worker*, "unconditional support of all measures that have as their objective the military defeat of German fascism." This means complete support of the Roosevelt foreign policy. It means agitation a step or two ahead of the President for convoys and an A. E. F. It means also vitriolic condemnation of all non-interventionist forces.

Here, then, is an unmistakable parting of the ways. Neither Stalin nor Lewis tolerates divided loyalty. Liquidation is as handy a tool for one as for the other, save that the one uses lethal and the other non-lethal weapons. A number of Communists and fellow-travelers have established comfortable positions for themselves within the C. I. O. They cannot stay where they are without the support of John L. Lewis. There are powerful individuals and groups in the C. I. O. who have tolerated the left-wingers because they knew the "boss" wanted them to, but who have never relinquished their deeply rooted hatred of them. The first open break will be the opportunity they have been waiting for. This feeling is particularly strong among miners.

The Communists know this, and those whose position in the labor movement is jeopardized by the change in line may find it expedient to desert the party. But the party will not stand for such desertion if it can help it. Without the power and prestige it has built up through its henchmen in the trade unions it would be pitifully innocuous. Hence there has been a desperate search for a reconciling formula.

While the search is on, the watchword is not to do or say anything which might even remotely offend Mr. Lewis. Thus resolutions and editorials calling for aid to "the Soviet Union and the British people" take pains to explain that this demand represents no change in line. Joseph Curran of the Maritime Union and Harry Bridges of the Longshoremen, like the lady who doth protest too much, emphasize their uninterrupted aversion to fascism and aggression, evidenced by their known support of the Spanish Loyalists and of China. As proof they trot out three-year-old documents in which these views were aired. They pass over the interval since August 24, 1939, during which they found little in the Nazis' deeds to

condemn and much in Stalin's aggression and friendship with Hitler to condone. Their ability to overlook what they do not want to see is illustrated in yet another way. Fellow-travelers in labor's ranks have discovered since June 22 that Hoover, Lindbergh, Wheeler, and Norman Thomas are so many Quislings. But they have kept quiet about the connection of the Lewis family with the America First Committee.

In its editorial of August 7 the *Daily Worker* said that it "remains to be seen" whether Mr. Lewis's name on the Republican statement represents "a final considered judgment." This was just whistling in the dark. The boys on the inside cherish no such hope, and in order to save their own necks some of those who formerly toed the party line have recently expressed views sharply at variance with the new C. P. position. The *Timber Worker* quotes O. M. Orton, president of the Woodworkers, as being "opposed to armed participation in any foreign war." Harry Bridges has allowed himself to be quoted as being opposed to an American expeditionary force as well as to the retention of drafted men. In somewhat milder terms the Maritime Workers' *Pilot* and the *Guild Reporter* have voiced the same view. Reid Robinson, president of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, reporting to his union's national convention, delivered a blistering attack on the Administration and the President, accusing them of seeking "to reduce labor to a state of fascist-like forced servitude." These are marked deviations from the straight and narrow path which the official Communist Party must find alarming, although so far it has taken care not to betray that alarm.

Instead, Communists both within and outside the C. I. O. kotow to Lewis as before. His pet aversions are denounced with gusto, and every effort is made to satisfy his appetite for flattery. Thus although the Roosevelt foreign policy is praised, the President himself is made a target of frequent attack; although the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' pro-war position is applauded, Sidney Hillman is denounced and declared deserving of Lewis's criticism because "the associate OPM director has surrendered again to reaction and business." Lewis has been widely credited with bringing about the defeat of the Connally and May bills, but according to my information the tactics pursued by Lewis and the Non-Partisan League only served to antagonize Congress. The defeat of those measures was actually the result of concerted pressure by all branches of the labor movement, pressure which reached a climax at a White House conference between Roosevelt and Philip Murray, in whose presence the President telephoned certain Congressional leaders and urged that the measure be voted down. The response was prompt and decisive, and was led by the very Congressmen whom John T. Jones, Lewis's Man Friday on Capitol Hill, in his report to the C. I. O. conference the day before, had accused of giving "unequivocal support" to

pending compulsory-arbitration and anti-strike legislation.

Many of these moves and counter-moves have been ■ confusing and contradictory as something out of Moscow or the Reich, but a few facts stand out clearly. Faced with the choice between supporting Stalin or Lewis, those party liners who are powerfully entrenched in the C. I. O. will undoubtedly support Lewis. They can perform a double cross as easily as a somersault, but either course involves serious risks. The Communists and fellow-travelers know that Lewis will tolerate them only so long as he thinks they are of some use to him. How can they demonstrate their continued usefulness? A new political party inspired by them might give them just the role they want. Accordingly they have sent up several trial balloons in the form of resolutions, editorials, and platform utterances. But Lewis has been consistently silent on this subject of late. It is obvious even to the most casual observer that present conditions are not conducive to a new party. Lewis made one grave political error; he is not likely to plunge headlong into another, though he may decide to jump into the breach in the event of post-war dislocation and widespread discontent. For this eventuality he is nursing Labor's Non-Partisan League and is keeping Communist hatchet men in reserve. For the Communists this is a far-off and risky eventuality to stake their fate on. Yet they have no alternative if they want to hold on to their present positions, since to antagonize Lewis is to court immediate decapitation.

If they make this choice, will the Communist Party stand for it? If it will not, what can it do? There is ■ remote possibility that the Kremlin finds the American Communist Party at the present moment more of a liability than an asset. The government of the United States has adopted a policy of aid to the Soviet Union. This policy is in no way influenced by what the Communists in this country do or refrain from doing. Public opinion, on the other hand, may be antagonized by their rantings. The most ardent interventionists may be influenced to take the opposite view by Communist clamor for aid to Russia. If the Kremlin is aware of this, the American Communist Party may be left to its own devices. The threat of desertion by both Stalin and his supporters in the labor movement puts it in a position from which it must somehow extricate itself.

Its one hope is to get Lewis to reverse his stand on foreign policy and make up with the President, but this hope has no chance of realization. Lewis might swing over if war were actually declared, but hardly short of that. Insiders dare not even press for it, but they are enlisting the aid of outsiders to threaten Lewis subtly with isolation. A polite but firm effort to that end is being made by the *Daily Worker*. It is a safe bet that Lewis's well-known tenacity will resist these tactics.

Whatever the outcome, the Communists are for the present in ■ troublesome dilemma. The strength which

they have derived from coordinated effort and centralized control is tottering. Their precarious tight-rope position cannot be maintained for long. If the Communists in the C. I. O. turn their backs on the party, the party may turn on them and unleash such a campaign of exposure and character assassination as it alone is capable of. If that happens, the position of Stalinists in the labor movement is bound to be weakened. Then honest men may get a chance, and real house-cleaning may follow.

In the Wind

WHEN THE AMERICAN ambulance drivers who recently returned here on the West Point were taken aboard the Nazi raider that sank the *Zamzam*, they learned that the German ship had been at sea for eighteen months and that the crew knew almost nothing about the war's progress. The Americans immediately began to prime the Nazis with tall tales about the war effort of the United States. America, they said, would have an army of 12,000,000 men ready to throw into the field by the end of 1941, and, moreover, tank traffic in New York City was already so heavy that all streets were marked "One way: for tanks only." The Nazis were plainly credulous—and worried.

ONE ZAMZAM SURVIVOR talked during his internment to a young Frenchman who feared that he might be drafted to fight with the Germans in Russia. "If I am," he said, "I shall be given a cartridge belt containing at least ten bullets. That will mean nine dead Germans and one dead Frenchman."

WASHINGTON CIRCLES do not believe that the death of William Rhodes Davis, who was involved in several oil deals with the German government, will put an end to the investigation of Davis's activities. Many others besides Davis, notably John L. Lewis and Vicente Lombardo Toledano, have been charged with complicity in the negotiations, and a Congressional committee may soon continue the job begun by the FBI.

ALUMINUM GATHERED in the recent pots-and-pans derby may never actually be used for defense purposes, according to *Uncensored*, the anti-war weekly news letter. Most of it is unsuitable for airplane parts and will be used chiefly to free aluminum that is now being held by consumer-goods industries. Therefore the pots and pans given by patriotic housewives may sooner or later come back to them—as pots and pans.

THIS TELEGRAM was sent by William Randolph Hearst to editors of his papers throughout the country on July 21: "The war news this morning was very uninterestingly told in some of our papers, the Odessa advance being paraded in headlines without clearly or fully relating it in text. The fighting of the Finns was not told conspicuously, although this is most interesting to Americans and most characteristic of this phase of the war."

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

The "Unity" of U. S. O.

MAYBE it was a naive expectation of the millennium, but the idea got around to me during the U. S. O. drive that the sects had suspended operation as sects for the emergency, and that all that the Protestants, the Catholics, and the Jews wanted was a chance in unity to serve the soldiers. I think a good many of the 4,999,999 other givers got the same idea. We can still hope it is so, but there are already signs around the camps of a persisting determination that the cash must serve the sects as well as the soldiers.

As in some other details of defense, the government itself has been slow in building the recreation centers in which some of us understood that Y. M. C. A. secretary, priest, rabbi, and Salvation Army officer would be concerned only with giving the soldiers the services and the welcome they need in a crowded town. Go look at the crowded towns now. The United Service Organizations are less in evidence as a united body than in their separate stands competing with one another for the soldiers and their souls. The Salvation Army has its special boom-town complement of drums beating by its special boom-town hall. The Catholics have their center by the bus station. The Y. M. C. A. is operating across the street. The Jewish center is open in the hall over the hardware store. The unity that was shown in raising cash does not seem so evident in the spending of it. There is, in some defense centers, little more competition among the honky-tonks that among the good-deed-doing organizations which so recently marched under one banner to do one job.

That job was not presented to America as a program to serve any church or organization but as an effort to serve the soldiers themselves. In the whole campaign, so far as I know, nobody stressed the necessity of any one faith or any one way. What was stressed was the need of soldiers for some decent meeting place, some companionship with nice girls, some comfort in the crowded towns, which were the more lonely for being the places to which men went for fun. That may still be clear on paper, but in the places where the soldiers gather it is increasingly apparent that the organizations sponsored by the three religions—and some within the same branch of Christianity—are at least as intent upon furthering their own brands of salvation as upon serving the soldiers.

The one funny thing about it is that the soldiers show

a unity which some of the service organizations seem to have minimized. When the Catholics serve lemonade and present dancing partners, a good many of the military participants are only Catholics for the evening. They would be Mohammedans if they had to be to come to the party. Catholic boys are as ready on similar occasions to join either the Protestants or the Jews. What all of them are looking for is not the sect but good company and a good time—and they deserve them. Not many of them care which organization or which religion is giving them the fun and comfort the American people meant to give all the soldiers through the U. S. O. drive.

It is still early to judge the program; in comparison with the joints and the juke houses the whole business started late. Perhaps what looks now in some towns like a costly and damaging competition for souls or prestige among the supposedly united may be no more than a lingering of antagonisms which existed before unity was organized for the money-raising drive. Perhaps as the government builds the recreation centers, Catholics and Protestants and Jews in their separate organizations will agree that all they want is the happiness of the soldier and that sectarianism has no necessary part in providing it. They may remember the mistakes made in an earlier war by some of their organizations, mistakes which linger in American memory still. I hope so. But the unity of the United Service Organizations in the places for which the people raised the millions looks strained today.

Men who are responsible for the job of recreation in the camp towns are talking about it across America. Some of them even feel sometimes that the success of the various agencies is regarded by their staffs as more important than the service of the soldiers. I hope they are wrong. But I believe I am right in feeling that the American people gave little if any of the millions collected in the U. S. O. drive to the agencies united in it. The money was given to the soldiers, for their comfort, for their fun. The use of any of it to advance one agency or all of them, to serve one sect or all of them, would be a misappropriation of money. None of these organizations are so important as the job intrusted to them. It ought not to be intrusted to them another year unless they prove in this first one that they understand that the money was meant for the men and not for the organizations, united or not.

The boys have shown that they could take more brotherhood than they are getting. I think America and its good-doing organizations could, too.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV is one of Stalin's favorites, and his books sell by the million in the Soviet Union. He is, we may assume, the representative novelist of the U. S. S. R. It may seem surprising therefore, at first thought, that "The Silent Don," made up of two volumes, "And Quietly Flows the Don" and "The Don Flows Home to the Sea" (Knopf, \$6.50), is a rather old-fashioned historical novel. Sholokhov gives us, in 1,300 pages, a realistic and dramatic picture of life and death in the Don villages during six years of war, revolution, and civil war. It is far too long and sometimes moves at a snail's pace through military encounters and more military encounters; too many pages are devoted to descriptions of nature, vivid and moving though they often are. But the innumerable characters live and breathe, and the Don country becomes familiar territory. It is a tale of misfortunes multiplied, yet a broad and earthy humor and the hearty Cossack gaiety break continuously over the grim surface. At the end the Cossack, with his intense individualism, his passionate love of the land, and his primitive pride, stands revealed.

The principal character is Gregor Melekhov, who is torn between his strong Cossack nationalism (or should we say provincialism?) and a sympathy for the Reds not because he understands socialism but because the Reds, like his proud Cossack self, hate generals and Russian aristocrats and rich merchants. He joins them at first but later takes part in the Cossack rising, which is designed to defend the Cossack lands from all comers but soon becomes part of the attempt by the Whites and their foreign supporters to overthrow the Soviet regime. After the Cossack defeat, Gregor once more joins the Reds. But that is not the end. When he comes home at last, yearning to take up a peaceful non-political life with his sweetheart Aksinia and the children of his dead wife, he is confronted with the vindictive hatred of a boyhood companion who has become chairman of the village soviet and who is determined that Gregor shall be punished for his part in the Cossack rising. The fact that Gregor has meanwhile fought in the Red ranks does not settle old scores; the bitterness and cruelty engendered by years of civil war are too deeply imbedded for that. Faced with a trial and certain execution, Gregor becomes a member of a band of White guerrillas, though he knows what the end must be.

This is not exactly a happy Soviet ending, but it is convincing, and since it calls into play an insight into character deeper than the book as a whole requires, the last 200 pages seem to me the best of the 1,300.

As I said at the beginning, it may seem surprising at first thought that Sholokhov, who grew up with Bolshevism, should produce a rather conventional historical novel. Of late years the Stalinist regime has definitely discouraged "avant-gardism" in the arts; it has stifled intellectual development in general, and totalitarian censorship is so complete as to

leave no scope for the artistic revolt that has often flourished at the edges of less efficient autocracy. But Soviet Russia could hardly have been expected in any case to produce a significant body of advanced art. It is in its present stage essentially a primitive, frontier country where simple literacy and cleaning one's teeth are put in the category of culture; its rulers, moreover, have rejected consciously and violently the Europeanized Russian culture which nourished the great writers before the revolution. The paintings in the Tretiakov Gallery in Moscow and those displayed in the Soviet pavilion at the World's Fair demonstrated that the "socialist realism" we have heard so much about is nothing more than simple representationalism, which Stalin, among other peasants, can understand. "The Silent Don" is another example, on a much higher level. As for the question which has so tortured reviewers, whether "The Silent Don" can be compared to "War and Peace," the simple answer is no. "War and Peace" was the work of a great moral personality, written out of a complex Russian and European background. "The Silent Don" is the book of a competent Russian story-teller writing for masses of people only beginning to taste the joys of literacy.

But if Sholokhov is no innovator, neither does he seem to have been affected by all the balderdash about "proletarian literature." Sections of his book, if it were not approved in Moscow, might well draw from Michael Gold one of his inimitable open letters beginning "Dear Mikhail" and reproaching Sholokhov for the unmistakable note of nostalgia in the opening chapters, which recreate the life of the Don Cossacks before 1914, and for his love of nature, which approaches counter-revolutionary mysticism.

ANOTHER VOLUME, "The Sculptures of Donatello," has recently been added to the magnificent Phaidon series published by Oxford University Press. It contains 150 excellent full-page plates in photogravure, and 200 additional smaller illustrations are scattered through the introduction and the exhaustive account of the whole of Donatello's creative work by Ludwig Goldscheider. The price is \$3.50. The Phaidon books are still being doggedly published in London, and further volumes are on the way.

I AM delighted to report that Random House has issued a volume containing "The Complete Poetry and Selected Prose of John Donne and the Complete Poetry of William Blake," with an introduction by Robert Silliman Hillyer, at \$3.50. . . . Simon and Schuster has issued a thick book of David Low's cartoons, "Low on the War: A Cartoon Commentary of the years 1939-41" (\$2). Low has written his own introduction, which, like his drawings, is full of wit and insight. Item: "The success of Nazi propaganda makes it very evident that it takes less time to devolve an ape from a man than it does to evolve a man from an ape." You can also get this volume, in miniature, for 25 cents (Penguin Books).

MARGARET MARSHALL

Architecture and Liberty

SPACE, TIME AND ARCHITECTURE: THE GROWTH OF A NEW TRADITION. By Sigfried Giedion. Harvard University Press. \$5.

DESPITE its high-kiting title, this book contains a graphic, direct, well-illustrated, and absorbing narrative. It gives us the picture of building since the breakup by the Industrial Revolution of the last previous rounded, traditional unity, the late Baroque. Dr. Giedion is an active publicist for the Continental modernist group, and his immediate purpose is to supply the historical background, to trace the growth, of this "new tradition." He wants, like his compatriot and teacher, Wölfflin, to select only the typical affirmations of a period, those which stand out against what went before; also to draw significant parallels out of other fields. So the story shows the impact on architecture of the daring ironmasters, of the mercantile promoters of the vast nineteenth-century expositions, of the inventors of wood frames, cast-iron frames, posture seating, Murphy beds, passenger elevators, and other products of the new ingenuity; of artists making explorations, like scientists, in space and motion and often producing the very models of architectural form; of architects seeking for moral "truth" to heal the lesions between action and feeling.

The beauty of it is that the author's fresh narrative overflows his own immediate purpose. The material he uncovers, full of significant detail, is more valuable than the sententious parts of the build-up for his own most favored ideas and architects. For example, in all the talk about "space-time," and despite the fancy illustrations, time is just a big word for plain motion; whereas the force, sensitivity, and poetic fantasy revealed by an early nineteenth-century architect like Labrouste in his interior for the Bibliothèque Nationale, with its vaults in the reading-room like massed parachutes, and in the stacks its grilled iron screens and delicate floating bridges, is really quite amazing and perennially suggestive.

The rich content and graphic handling make this the best book that has yet appeared in English on the sources of the modern tradition in architecture. There is a tonic tone; the author does not dwell on the many, many things to be done before we reach an ultimate "solution" but exhibits vigorous spirits and what they have achieved in the thick of the battle. Because the issues are alive the book will stir many quarrels. The general effect of the evidence is to turn inside out the term "traditionalist" as currently used by pretenders in America; our "traditionalists" are mere dreamers content with the garment of continuity as if nothing had happened, whereas the genuine tradition is built up, always, by those who bring the real and stubborn forces into hand, seeking to humanize the actual world that their times are making.

In the main the author sees this humanization, for which he describes the pressing need so eloquently in his conclusion, achieved by aesthetic means in a world of technics and industry. The good job he has done immediately suggests several others remaining. For example, we need to study the way in which the new architectural tradition developed concurrently with a sudden vast expansion of human liberty. Just now the technical romance no longer seems so wholly

exciting. But it was an expanding liberty in the midst of which the new architecture was born; on an expanding liberty it utterly depends; where liberty has been killed so has this architecture been killed; it was the sense of liberation underneath the glorified technics that the tradition really meant all the time to express; it is the feel of liberty that architects have to know how to make eloquent and familiar now.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Organized Consumers

THE CONSUMER MOVEMENT. By Helen Sorenson. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

IN THE story of the 30's in the United States a conspicuous place must be left for the development of the consumer movement. No other country has anything that is quite parallel to it. Consumer cooperatives are stronger in a half-dozen or more countries than in the United States, but consumer pressure groups, consumer testing services, consumer groups maintained by business, and consumer educational agencies are typically American, and contemporary. Like many other typical American institutions, the consumer movement has developed seemingly infinite complexities. A bewildering number of agencies have grown up—some legitimate and powerful, others "captive" organizations set up by business groups to deceive consumers, a few out-and-out rackets, and quite a number which exist only on paper. Even persons active in the field are frequently confused by the multiplicity of agencies.

Miss Sorenson has written a history of and guide to the consumer movement. It is both comprehensive and accurate. It threads its way unerringly among the many organizations, distinguishing between the real and the sham and between the quick and the dead.

Perhaps the most interesting section of the book is composed of the two chapters which describe the reaction of business to the emerging movement. At first nearly all business groups either ignored the infant consumer organizations or were mildly hostile to them. Then, as the movement gained in strength, "captive" groups began to appear. Some of these, like the Women's National Institute, seem to have been set up to sell special products; others, like the National Foundation for Consumer Education, were organized for a specific objective, such as the fight against chain-store taxation. At the same time other business groups, led by the advertisers, launched a vigorous attack on the legitimate consumer agencies, denouncing them as "red" and enemies of the "American system." Much of the organized opposition to the use of the Rugg textbooks in the schools grew out of advertisers' objections to his criticism of their methods.

Gradually, however, the more enlightened business enterprises came to see the folly of alienating important groups of potential customers. It became apparent that firms marketing good products not only had nothing to fear from the consumer movement but might profit from its technique. As a result, relations in general have improved, and some business firms, such as Sears, Roebuck and R. H. Macy, are voluntarily providing informational and grade labeling as advocated by the consumer movement. Representatives from

more than fifty retail trade groups sent representatives to the conference called last year by Miss Harriet Elliott, then consumer adviser on the National Defense Advisory Commission. Whether this new era of good feeling will in the long run prove as beneficial for the consumer movement as the stimulus of conflict remains to be seen. The book shows clearly that the most vigorous consumer organizations have been those born of conflict rather than of collaboration; and there is no reason to suppose this will cease to be true merely because a few firms have the intelligence to see on which side their bread is buttered.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

We Want Fortinbras

HAMLET II. By Henry Miller and Michael Fraenkel. New York: Carrefour. \$3.

BBETTER begin about the hundredth page of this superior new instalment of the letters "on the subject of Hamlet" exchanged by those lyrical, fanciful moralists Michael Fraenkel and Henry Miller. The first quarter of the chunky white volume is relatively slack—and without his punch and fire Miller is hardly himself. More strenuous, engagingly imaginative, often brilliant, the later three hundred pages will divert you with the staging of a clash and concord of feelings—ageless and characteristic of the present—against the blackening world scene from 1936 to 1938.

The first of these feelings is determinism. Its representative is the distinguished and melancholy Fraenkel. The other, represented by the equally distinguished but rapturous Miller,

is free will. Perhaps the conflict also embraces rationalism versus anti-intellectualism in the spirit of D. H. Lawrence; and even crabbed age versus youth. In any case, both spokesmen, who incidentally draw sharp-edged portraits of each other, agree that the collapse of worlds does not relieve the individual of the responsibility of self-development. Their emotionally stated differences merely concern the right and wrong of the processes. (All in all, the representation of the attitude of determinism is the more persuasive, mainly because of the fact that Fraenkel's choice of reading, reflected in his letters, seems to be influenced by his prevailing sentiment, while Miller's sentiments appear to take color from what he recently has read. But the latter's basic integrity is unquestionable.)

For Fraenkel the right process inevitably remains active negation, "the negation of the known, the active body of belief." Life is in a period of involution: thus, acceleration of the inward-curling of things appears the sole form of creativity now possible. Miller will not hear of inevitabilities: "we have the power to create life as we desire it . . . everything about us, our world, our behavior, the skies, the climate, the form of life, we ourselves are [such] a creation . . . all criticism, all reproach, should be directed against ourselves and ourselves only." "Problems . . . must be liquidated." As for the harmony between these opposing literary artists and their feelings, it flows from this amusing fact: their lively arguments equally involve the Hamlet-like assumption that the times are excessively out of joint. Indeed, both men are Hamlets, sickened by the imperfection of things, drawing their breaths—Fraenkel slightly more, Miller a trifle less acutely—in pain. Epicurus at Wittenberg has persuaded them that ages of dissolution regularly alternate with ages of birth; and Fraenkel differs from Miller mainly in attributing the current dissolution to the absolute, while Miller blames it on man—whereas "the election" ever "lights on Fortinbras," who possesses a contrasting awareness of, and sympathy for, the ubiquity and duration of struggle and of life and death in this beautiful universe.

PAUL ROSENFELD

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IN BRIEF

STILL ALIVE WITH LUCAS. By Helen Riehm. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

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AMERICAN ISSUES. Edited by Willard Thorp, Merle Curti, and Carlos Baker. J. B. Lippincott Company. Two Volumes. \$6.

This collection, intended primarily as a college textbook, diverges from and supplements the usual American-literature anthology by separating selections "whose bearing and interest are primarily social" from those "which can stand on their own merits as literature." Volume II, *The Literary Record*, necessarily parallels such excellent standard anthologies as those by Foerster and Hubbell, but Volume I assembles a rich and valuable assortment of semi-literary background material arranged according to the chief political and spiritual issues that have agitated the minds of thinking Americans, beginning with Increase Mather's stern warnings against the siren song of materialism and coming down to Professor George Counts's presidential address to the American Federation of Teachers in 1940, on the obligations of teachers to present-day democracy.

RECORDS

ADDITIONAL August orchestral releases from Victor offer several light works. One is Grieg's charming Holberg Suite, excellently played by Goehr with the London String Orchestra and excellently recorded (Set 792, \$2.50)—though I must report a defective surface on the second side of my review copy. Another is Ippolitov-Ivanov's *Caucasian Sketches*, of which I like best "In a Mountain Pass," and which gets a brilliant and well recorded performance by Fiedler with the Boston "Pops" Orchestra (Set 797, \$3.50)

with the delightful Bridal Procession from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'or" on the last side of the set. Then Ravel's Bolero, well performed—except for some slurring on side 3 which may, on the other hand, be intentional—by Copola with the Grand Orchestre Symphonique (Set 793, \$2.50), but taken at a pace which is less effective than the faster one that Toscanini established in this country and that Ravel objected to when he heard Toscanini's performance.

To these Victor adds a serious work, Samuel Barber's *Essay*, superbly performed and recorded by Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra (18062, \$1), from which I get the same impression as from other works of this composer—that he can write any number of notes with the utmost ease, but has yet to find something worth saying with all those notes.

I prefer the performance of Brahms's two-piano version of his *Variations* on a theme of Haydn that Bartlett and Robertson recorded recently for Columbia to the fussy and sentimentalized performance now recorded by Luboshutz and Nemenov for Victor (Set 799, \$2.50); but I prefer the orchestral version of this superb work to the two-piano version. And Mendelssohn's *E minor Scherzo* and Scriabin's *D sharp minor Etude*, as they are played by Brailovsky (18100, \$1), I find quite unattractive.

Hugo Wolf's song of Mignon, "Kennst du das Land," one of his good ones, is sung by Thorborg with eloquence and beauty of voice, except for an occasional shrillness in a forced and constricted high note (18079, \$1). The delightful art of Elsie Houston, with its delicate phrasing and little cries and glissandos, is to be heard in a volume of Brazilian songs (Set 798, \$3.50)—mostly enjoyable folk-songs, and one composed piece, Ovalle's "Berimbau," which I find less interesting. Melchior sings some pleasant music—"Flyv, fugl, flyv" and a Serenade "Der var engang," in Danish—with a fine student chorus (18078, \$1). And Norman Cordon's fine bass voice is heard in Saint-Saëns's "Danse macabre" and Strauss's "Traum durch die Dämmerung"—a coupling no stranger than the fact that the first song is sung in the original French and the second in an English translation (2165, \$.75).

One of Victor's outstanding August releases, the Budapest Quartet's performance of Beethoven's Quartet Op. 18, No. 2, has not yet arrived; nor have

I been able to find it to hear in a record store.

The few Columbia releases which have straggled in so far include Toch's expertly contrived but emotionally arid and—to me—quite uninteresting Quintet for piano and strings, well played by Toch himself with the Kaufman Quartet in a set (460, \$4.50) that is not without its hissing and otherwise noisy surfaces. Reiner's superb performance of Johann Strauss's "Wiener Blut" Waltz with the Pittsburgh Symphony is well recorded (11579-D, \$1) but hasn't the beauty of sound of the Ormandy-Philadelphia Orchestra performance on the recent Victor record; and the first side of my review copy has a swishing surface. And two recently unearthed entr'acte pieces that Mozart wrote for "Thamos, King of Egypt," as performed explosively by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (11578-D), reveal little to justify publication by Music Press and expensive recording by Columbia.

B. H. HAGGIN

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

149 *The Shape of Things*

THE NAZI ADVANCES IN THE UKRAINE AND on the northern front seem less alarming than they did a few days ago. London reports confirm the Soviet claim that Marshal Budenny has extricated the bulk of his armies and is preparing to make a new stand on the east bank of the Dnieper. The Soviet air force is still active in this sector, protecting the withdrawal of the troops and harassing the German advance guards. A terrific and probably long-drawn struggle is certain before the Germans succeed in crossing the river. The defense forces have the advantage of a difficult terrain and bad weather, which hamper the use of mechanized methods of attack, but the Nazis are reported to have massed some 1,500,000 men on this single front. It is clear that they intend to take the Ukraine at almost any cost. Not only is it rich in resources of food and power and in industrial plants, but its conquest would open the way to the oil fields of the Caucasus, as well as to the Near East and the British-controlled regions beyond. It is evident, too, that the Germans are trying to cut off Russia's access to both the Black and the Caspian Sea in the south, as to the Baltic in the north.

★

THE ACTUAL LOSSES SUFFERED BY THE Soviets during the week, including the Black Sea port of Nikolaev and the Krivoy Beg iron region, are serious. But they do not constitute a military disaster when viewed in the light of the total strategy of war on so vast a front. President Roosevelt, discussing with Congressional leaders the question of accelerated aid to Russia, warned them against undue alarm at the German advances. Soviet resistance is still undiminished (the only reports of confusion or imminent collapse come from Nazi sources), and the government is confidently making plans for receiving in Moscow the missions from the United States and Britain which will lay plans for supplying Russia's needs for a long war. The President's warning was timely; it is only to be hoped that reassurance as to Russia's capacity to go on fighting will not encourage further apathy and delay in Congress.

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IRAN HAS RECEIVED BRITISH AND SOVIET representations against the number of Nazi "tourists" and other strategically placed Germans within the country. The nearest Nazi armies are still many hundred miles away, but it is more than likely that a pro-Axis revolt is being hatched to aid in the drive against the Caucasus oil fields. A frontal attack on these fields through southern Russia would be difficult not only because of the immense distance to be traversed but because of the protection afforded by the Caucasian Mountains, which rise to 15,000 feet. No such natural barrier, however, divides the oil fields from Iran, and a few German planes based in that country might be able to put a check to the major part of the Soviets' oil production. By prompt action Britain and the Soviet Union should be able to prevent German control over Iran. But past experience holds out little hope for any but eleventh-hour action.

✱

JAPAN'S ORDER REQUIRING FOREIGNERS TO obtain special permission before leaving the country, coupled with its refusal to allow 100 Americans to board the President Coolidge, has aggravated Japanese-American relations, but war in the Far East seems no closer than a week ago. The prospect of a working alliance of Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and the United States has given Tokyo pause. Japanese troops continue to pour into French Indo-China, but no additional pressure appears to have been brought against Thailand. In the north a complete veil of secrecy has been drawn over Japanese moves in Manchuria. But these moves still seem to be precautionary rather than preparatory to an early attack on Siberia. The real showdown is not likely to occur until the vessels which recently sailed from the West Coast loaded with aviation gasoline and other war materials destined for the Soviets reach Japanese waters. Japan has intimated that it will not allow them to reach their destination. But it has issued no formal warning and could easily ignore the shipments without loss of face if it were not for the fact that Germany is almost certain to demand that the cargoes be stopped as part of Japan's Axis obligations. Faced with the threat of a genuine "encirclement" if it commits a hostile act against any one of the Pacific powers, the Japanese government may have to call time out once again to reconsider its policies.

✱

MARSHAL PETAIN'S BROADCAST WAS BOTH an affirmation of allegiance to the principles of Hitler and Mussolini and a declaration of war against that substantial part of the French population which still believes in liberty, equality, and fraternity. The aged Marshal openly aligned his regime with Hitler's war for "civilization" and with the Franco revolt in Spain. The implications of this alignment are cogently stated else-

where in this issue by J. Alvarez del Vayo. But it is within France that the effects of Pétain's policy will be most swiftly felt. His action in strengthening the police, setting up a Gestapo, tightening the anti-Jewish regulations, and pushing forward the so-called treason trials was undoubtedly the result of growing opposition among the French people. We know that sabotage and passive resistance have developed on a large scale in the working-class suburbs of Paris, in Clichy, Levallois-Perret, and Saint Denis. Production in the famous Renault factories, which specialize in tanks and army trucks, and in the Devoitine airplane factory at Toulouse has been appreciably curtailed as a result of sabotage. The railway unions are credited with three serious accidents involving German troop or munition trains within the past month. Wholly unable to cope with the situation, the Paris police have offered a reward of a million francs for information leading to the arrest of the wreckers. Pétain's speech proposes a program so distasteful to the average Frenchman that it can only be enforced by a tightening of German military authority.

✱

"I BELIEVE THAT THE SPECTACLE WE NOW face of a Continent arming against us to the limit of its industrial capacity makes painfully evident the unwisdom of limiting our weapons to those which at any given moment we assume that a limited number of men may use." Secretary Stimson's rebuke to Congress for voting down a \$1,347,000,000 army request for tanks and anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns shamed a joint conference committee into restoring \$750,000,000 of the amount asked. It is true that the \$1,347,000,000 was for mechanical equipment which would be required by an army of more than 3,000,000, but it should be clear by now that armament of this kind must be ordered and planned for well in advance if we are to be prepared for emergencies. We have had too many illustrations of the danger of waiting until a shortage is actually upon us before we make arrangements for needed supplies. Present plans call for the equipment of only eight armored divisions, hardly enough to cope with the highly mechanized forces of the Axis. In our opinion several times the amount refused will soon have to be voted by Congress if our armored force is to be large enough for adequate defense. Today we are short of anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns and of tanks because of just such belated planning as Congress is now trying to force upon the War Department.

✱

THE MYTH OF RACE EQUALITY IN THE ARMY was effectively exploded by the recent shooting at Fort Bragg, involving the death of one Negro and one white soldier. Eyewitnesses declare that the affair started when a Southern white M. P. boarded a bus and began to beat

up a Negro private who was objectionably drunk. Another Negro intervened to ask that the first, who had been seriously hurt, be taken to a hospital or a doctor. When the M. P. began to beat the second Negro for interfering, the latter seized the M. P.'s gun and shot him, only to be shot dead by another M. P. Following this affair white M. P.'s seized another bus load of Negro soldiers and forced them to go to the M. P. headquarters, where they were kept all night. White M. P.'s walked up and down among them, preventing them from sleeping. A Negro sergeant who protested was ordered to stand against the wall with his hands above his head and kept in that position for half an hour. Many other Negroes who happened to be in town that night, but were in no way involved in the shooting, were beaten and prevented from making any protest. We have no doubt that the Administration sincerely desires to accord equal rights to our Negro soldiers. A few days after the Fort Bragg incident Under Secretary of War Patterson, appearing on a nation-wide radio program, praised the heroism and devotion of our Negro service men. But fine words in Washington do not make up for discrimination, and worse, in the army camps. The army must be made to realize that race equality is one of the basic rights it was created to defend.

✱

INDICTMENT OF EIGHTY-ONE MEAT-PACKING companies, including Armour, Swift, and Wilson, by a federal grand jury on the charge of conspiracy to fix the price of Easter hams should serve as a warning against food profiteering in the present inflationary period. It is charged that the provisions committee of the American Meat Institute, trade association of the packing industry, worked out a scheme restricting the sale of hams for the Easter trade to the four weeks immediately preceding the holiday. Under this arrangement the companies pledged that they would book no orders and list or quote no prices until the four-week period began. By concentrating sales during the peak demand period of the year, they undoubtedly forced up prices. The Department of Justice charges that within a year ham prices were advanced 7 cents a pound by this practice. An indictment is, of course, a long way from conviction, and we have no desire to prejudice the case. But we have long had a suspicion that the forces of supply and demand were not being given full play in determining meat prices. And we hope that the indictment will have a salutary effect.

✱

REVISION OF THE SOCIAL SECURITY ACT WAS forecast last week by Secretary Morgenthau as one of the steps in the Administration's anti-inflation program. Most of the changes now being "studied" by the Treasury are long overdue. It is suggested, for example, that the provisions of old-age and survivors' insurance be

extended to cover employees of educational and other non-profit organizations, domestic servants, and agricultural workers. The pay-roll deductions for these groups would materially curtail purchasing power and thus help prevent inflation. It is also suggested that provision be made for a separation wage, so that employees in the defense industry may have a backlog against unemployment at the end of the present emergency. From the standpoint of the national economy such a provision would serve a dual purpose. It would withdraw a certain amount of purchasing power now and release it later in such a way as to cushion the effects of the inevitable post-war letdown. Mr. Morgenthau also intimated that the pay-roll tax for old-age and survivors' insurance might be raised from its present level of 1 per cent to 2 or even 3 per cent. Such a step would undoubtedly have a powerful effect in curbing inflation. But it would represent a frontal attack on the living standards of the lowest-income groups. As it stands, the pay-roll tax is the most regressive levy on our statute books, surpassing, in that regard, even the sales tax. And the threat of excess purchasing power to the defense program does not stem from money in the pockets of the low-income groups—which is used almost entirely for necessities—so much as it does from swollen bank accounts—since these are the funds that go into the purchase of luxuries.

✱

THE ORDER CUTTING GASOLINE DELIVERIES to retailers by 10 per cent may have been justified as an emergency measure, but it is going to be hard to convince the average motorist that it represents a well-thought-out solution to the gasoline problem. Drastic action of some kind was obviously called for. While gasoline stocks were not low and there was no shortage in production, the shifting of tankers to Britain was bound to decrease stocks in the East. Neither the voluntary curbs called for by Secretary Ickes nor the closing of filling stations between 7 p.m. and 7 a.m. had been effective in reducing sales. Yet of all the steps that might have been taken, the arbitrary reduction of deliveries to dealers was perhaps the least satisfactory. It places the whole responsibility for rationing upon the filling-station attendant. Each such attendant must decide for himself whether a request for gasoline is for legitimate business purposes or for pleasure driving. If he refuses the amount asked for, he runs the risk of losing the business to the filling station on the next corner. If he does not cut down somewhere, he may later have to deny his regular customers the gasoline needed for legitimate purposes. Only chaos can result from such an arrangement. Secretary Ickes has known for a long time that rationing would ultimately be necessary, and he should have avoided stop-gap measures that serve to discredit the defense effort.

Prelude to Action

BY FRED A KIRCHWEY

THE meeting of Roosevelt and Churchill, their eight-point program for the war and the peace, the joint proposal of a conference in Moscow—these momentous moves herald a new and far more aggressive phase of the war and of America's participation, or they herald a devastating collapse of morale in the anti-Hitler legions which are the peoples of the world. It would not be permissible even to suggest the second possibility if the record of the past held less disillusionment, fewer lost opportunities. This time the gesture must be followed by decisive action. Otherwise it would far better never have been made.

Its only sane meaning is an absolute commitment on the part of the President of the United States that this country will go as much farther than it has gone in support of the struggle against Hitler as may be necessary to win. No other translation would make sense in the circumstances of today. Beyond lie all the complex problems of implementing that commitment. Doubtless they were discussed and plans were laid for the necessary continuing consultations. But they are details. The only important outcome the meeting could have had was a decision to act together to the final necessary limit.

Given that decision, the eight-point program becomes a rallying cry for every democratic force in the allied countries and in the countries under fascist domination. If the decision wasn't made—or if, in the days to come, action fails to follow—the eight points dissolve into mocking platitudes. The consequences of such a failure can be imagined. And it is well for the people of America to imagine them so that we may make known our determination that they shall not occur.

Anne O'Hare McCormick writing last Saturday in the *New York Times* pointed out astutely that Mr. Roosevelt had gone through three stages in his attitude toward the European struggle. First he hoped to avert war; and in this period he even toyed with the idea of a conference between the dictators and the heads of the chief democratic states. After the war came, he shifted to the idea of helping to win it without fighting; and to this day the steps taken in relation to Europe have been a series of efforts to realize that hope. The third idea is only now dawning—unless the meaning of the meeting off Newfoundland is less than it appears. This is the recognition that the United States must be prepared to do whatever is necessary to insure victory.

The President cheerfully denied, on his return to solid ground, that the country has moved nearer to war as the result of his voyage. In one sense this may well be true; the concrete steps he has agreed to take immediately may be no more warlike than those which preceded the

conference with Churchill. Our altered position rests rather on the whole set of assumptions which underlie the eight-point charter drawn up by the President and the British Prime Minister.

The first and most crucial assumption is that the United States has made itself responsible for the "final destruction of the Nazi tyranny" and for the preservation of freedom and equal opportunities for all nations in the world which will emerge from Hitler's defeat. In other words, we are now associated with the coming peace in a sense that commits us to winning the war.

The United States has also guaranteed explicitly the absence of such hidden agreements and previous promises as wrecked the plans of Woodrow Wilson at Versailles. Wilson's fourteen points were a one-man blueprint for a new order which had already been sold out. The Roosevelt-Churchill blueprint is the responsible public pledge of the two men who have the future of the world in their hands today.

The third assumption was suggested by the President in his first press conference after he came ashore. He said that both the statement and the comments on it had overlooked the need for an exchange of views on what is happening under the Nazi regime as applied to other nations. The more one looked into it, he said, the more terrible became the thought of the results of that rule in the occupied and affiliated countries. But the eight-point statement did not wholly overlook this situation. At least it expressed the desire of the signers "to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them." And that clause, together with the President's deliberate underlining of the plight of the conquered countries, gives rise to a third assumption—namely, that the eight points were designed to encourage the suffering people of Europe to rise against the tyranny of Hitler. They offer them something to fight for—a promise if not a program.

A fourth assumption, growing out of the statement itself and the subsequent proposal—quickly accepted—for a council of war to meet in Moscow, is that Russia will be backed to the limit. That such a course is only the most elementary common sense is obvious; but common sense becomes courageous when it runs counter to the organized opposition of idiots. The President knows that his decision to expand the help this country gives Russia will be bitterly attacked by isolationists of all brands. He will need all the support he can get from responsible citizens if he is to carry this decision into action while it still is possible to act.

These, it seems to me, are the major assumptions for America that underlie the eight points. Perhaps they are worth listing for convenience: (1) full responsibility for the defeat of Hitler and for a just and democratic peace to follow; (2) no secret agreements that would prevent such a peace; (3) encouragement to the oppressed peo-

ples of Europe to revolt; (4) "all-out" aid to Russia.

On the basis of these assumptions the United States must build its policy from here on—until a decent world is established.

On the President rests a weight that would crush a less buoyant personality. He must make good the implications of this fateful meeting and of the document it gave birth to. He must not disappoint the millions who have found in them new hope of life and freedom. They have been disappointed before—more than once; but their trust is still great, in him and in this country. If the United States is no nearer war than it was before the conference, what sort of non-war are we to wage that will justify the expectations of the world?

I cannot see how the promise of the eight points can be translated into reality unless the country is prepared for measures that do bring us "closer to war." Bases in Ireland and full American naval control of the shipping lanes to England, both through convoys and patrol, would free a large part of the British fleet for action elsewhere, in the Mediterranean or against the Nazi-threatened bases on the West African coast. An attack, jointly with the British, on Dakar and occupation of the Spanish and Portuguese islands; a joint economic and naval blockade of Japan and full protection of the sea route to Vladivostok—such moves would rob the aggressors of their present great strategic advantages. But would they not at the same time put the United States more directly in the firing line? Obviously they would. If the eight points mean what they must mean, it is for such eventualities that the President should prepare the minds of the people.

Brass Hats in a Blitzkrieg

THE town of Frederick, Maryland, has 15,802 people, and its property, on a 100 per cent of valuation basis, is assessed at \$24,746,318. Fort Meade, in the same section of the country, houses 25,207 soldiers and cost \$21,561,445. The assessed valuation of Frederick includes stores and factories not duplicated in the camp; the construction of its homes, to put it mildly, is of a somewhat more permanent character than the dwellings in the camp. The figure given for the cost of the camp does not include the cost of the land on which it was built. It is safe to conclude that the War Department was not too economical in the construction of the camp.

The report of the Senate's Truman committee on camp and cantonment construction, from which this example is taken, concludes that more than \$100,000,000 was wasted during the past year in the erection of camps to house 1,216,000 soldiers. The committee's conclusions are based on a study of nine camps: Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri; Fort Meade, Maryland; Indiantown Gap,

Pennsylvania; Camp Blanding, Florida; Camp Stewart, Georgia; Camp Hulen, Texas; Camp Wallace, Texas; Camp Davis, North Carolina; and Camp Luis Obispo, California. They were supposed to cost \$515,000,000. They cost \$828,000,000. The cost per man was \$702.41 instead of an estimated \$320. The World War cost, then criticized as excessively high, was \$216 per man.

More serious than the waste of funds is the light the report throws on the administration of the War Department. It took several months before the department realized that all its contractors were bidding against one another for lumber. The cost of lumber went down 25 per cent when the army began to do its own buying. According to Senator Truman, "Had it centralized its purchases of lumber earlier, it would have saved over \$13,000,000 on that item alone." The War Department itself estimated that it could have saved \$12,000,000 to \$13,000,000 by buying construction equipment directly and obtaining discounts for bulk purchases instead of "renting" equipment from contractors. The government was "protected" by a provision that it could recapture the equipment after rental payments reached a certain total, but recapture values were sometimes as high as 64 per cent more than the cost of the equipment new, "and it was a common practice to set the recapture values at 30 to 35 per cent above cost."

The Truman committee's findings on the cost-plus-fixed-fee form of contract, now widely used in army-navy procurement, indicates that it is even more wasteful than the scandalous cost-plus contract of World War days. Contractors on a three-month government job with no risk attached made three and four times as much, and in one case fifteen times as much, as they normally earned in a year on work done at their own risk. "In the last war," the committee reports, "the contractor had to work to make the costs even more excessive than they would otherwise have been in order to get his large fee. In the present case we have improved it so that now the contractor need do nothing for his fee. If progress is slow, the contractor can simply order new equipment, hire more men, and use overtime. . . . Such action is of course much easier than to increase efficiency." In seventeen construction jobs done on a lump-sum form of contract, the average cost per soldier housed was \$380. In the twenty-nine construction jobs done by fixed-fee contract, the cost per man was \$684.

"I was utterly astounded to find," Senator Truman told the Senate, "that although a post-war study had been made of camp-construction problems encountered in the World War, all the copies thereof had been lost by the War Department." No adequate planning had been done. No thought had been given to the special camp needs of a mechanized army. "The generals were running the army along Civil War lines," the committee report says, "and had not properly worked out the re-

quirements of a mechanized army." If these errors were made in so simple a matter as camp construction, it is a safe guess they are being made in the more complex matter of material production and equipment. It would be better to begin correcting these mistakes now, before

war, and it is good to know that the Truman committee is going on to make a similar study in ordnance. The country is indebted to Senator Truman and his colleagues for their work, and we hope the War Department will be wise enough to take these findings to heart.

Britain Asks What Now?

BY LOUIS FISCHER

London, August 17, by Cable

THE first reaction to the Churchill-Roosevelt eight points was disappointment, for the wishes of many Britons had led them to believe that Attlee's long-awaited "important announcement" would announce America's entry into the war. America's role in the war is a much-discussed topic, and it would not be wrong to say that Britons are beginning to resent our non-intervention almost as much as the Loyalists resented the non-intervention of the British and French, although the latter did not sell—let alone give—arms to a country fighting fascism.

Those who believe that this British attitude arises from lack of faith in victory without the active participation of America are entitled to their views. Last week I posed this question to practically every person I met here. I said, "Suppose Russia is pushed back so that it cannot assume the offensive or represent a danger to Germany. Suppose America doesn't enter the war. How will England win?" The first answer in most cases was, "But why don't you enter the war?" and that started a long argument. The second answer was, "Maybe Russia will hold out with our and your deliveries of arms." But upon pressing for a reply to the question as stated, with my conjectures assumed to be realities, I finally elicited two views of how victory would be attained: first, through the gradual disintegration of Germany owing to the economic blockade and the hostility of the subjugated peoples over the wide Eurasian expanses; second, through the uninterrupted bombing of Germany—with bombs which are more effective than the Luftwaffe ever dropped over England—by pilots whose aim and machines are better than the Germans'. Only then, when the Nazis are ready to topple, would my amateur strategists consider the prospect of mopping up the Continent with the British army.

Frequently I pursued my inquiries farther and asked, "Suppose after prolonged mutual bombing it appeared that Germany could not get England down and that England could not invade the Continent, what then? Would you accept a negotiated peace?" Again my interlocutors reverted to American policy. In that case, they

submitted, the United States was responsible for prolonging the war and for forcing upon them a negotiated peace which would be tantamount to a Nazi victory. However, everybody added that there would be terrific popular opposition to a negotiated peace.

This picture of my sampling of the British mind as I encounter it would be uncomplete without these splashes of color: I went with a Labor M.P. to his London constituency. His political agent told us he had been in a pub where a collection was being taken up to buy drinks for the soldiers when they return home shortly. In the London dock area the chief air-raid warden said, "Many of our people don't expect the war to last out the winter." A soldier tells me his colleagues expect to be out of the army by Christmas. These completely unrealistic expectations may be natural in the slackness born of boredom and inactivity. Certainty of victory coupled with eagerness to have America in a shooting war so as to assure victory is perhaps a paradox, but it is not the only one in the human mentality.

Talking to me as if I were America, Britons, since the Roosevelt-Churchill statement, argue, "If you pledge yourself to certain principles of peace, shouldn't you come in and hasten that peace?" The hope is general here that the eight points will ripen our readiness to assume the role of active belligerent and also accelerate the ferment on the Continent. I have heard many comments on the eight points and will roll them up in some of my own. (1) Does "no aggrandizement, territorial or other," apply not only to America and England but also to the smaller Continental countries? Does it mean no reparations except to restore the ruined provinces? (2) Does this mean plebiscites before the peace conference and before the peace treaties? Will self-determination be applied this time to the losers as well as the victors, unlike Versailles? (3) Suppose people choose to live under fascism, will fascism be tolerated after the war? (4) What are "their existing obligations"? Do they include the Ottawa empire preferentials and the American high tariff, which helped to ruin the European economy? (5) Bravo! How will you do it? (6) What about Mussolini and the other tyrannies? How will you achieve this

peace? Will it be another League or an Anglo-American balance of power to replace the Anglo-French balance of power? Or will there be some real internationalism this time, with the participation of the best democratic elements of the Continent? (7) Wilson's "freedom of the seas." (8) What article of the Versailles treaty provided for this?

Generally speaking, the eight points apparently are designed to satisfy rather than thrill. They are good as far as they go, but they don't go far enough. They are a skeleton which awaits meat and skin. However, a big debate has been officially launched and now cannot end. Statesmen will be compelled to dot many *i*'s and cross

t's and elucidate *x*'s. In the frame of the points the statesmen must draw a stirring picture of a brighter world than now exists in the countries which undertake to give it shape for all.

I am sure Roosevelt felt a greater urge than Churchill to formulate the eight points, but Churchill was able to establish at least one thing: America accepts responsibility for the peace. Otherwise, as far as the United States is concerned, the eight points would be pious wishes conceived in misleading vicariousness. Indeed, America is actually treated as the coequal of a belligerent in Point One. Else what right would it have to the territorial aggrandizement which it renounces therein?

F. D. R.'s First Task

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, August 16

IT IS against the background of two sets of figures that the 203 to 202 vote in the House on extension of army service must be assessed. The first figures are naval; the second, military.

The day of the House vote Vichy fully joined the Axis. In doing so it brought the total naval tonnage of the Axis powers—Germany, Italy, Japan, and France—to 2,145,000 tons. Our total combatant tonnage is 1,277,000 tons. That two-ocean navy of ours will not be ready until 1945 at the earliest. With the British fleet to aid us, we can defend ourselves in both the Atlantic and the Pacific. In the event of a British defeat, the naval odds would be heavily against us. If the Axis obtained the fleet of a defeated Britain as it has that of a defeated France, it would be able to marshal 3,500,000 tons, a naval force more than twice as large as the one we have now and a half-million tons larger than the one we shall have in 1945 even if the present tempo of naval construction is speeded up considerably; that assumes, too, that the Axis itself builds no new ships in the intervening years. This is the measure of Britain's aid to us, and the basic necessity which dictates our aid to Britain.

The military situation is also grim. Representative Thomason of Texas, a member of the Military Affairs Committee, put the bald facts before the House in the debate on selective service. Germany has 260 army divisions. Germany, Italy, and Japan combined have 449 divisions. We have 33 divisions, most of them only partly trained and yet to be fully equipped. Germany has 40 new divisions in training which will be ready for combat service this year. The Axis has 37,000 fighting planes and 32,000 big tanks; it has a plane production

of 3,160 per month and a tank production of 900 per month. We shall not begin to match those production figures until the end of 1942, and at the present rate not until then shall we have a fully equipped and trained army of 2,000,000 men against the 10,000,000 the Axis has under arms.

Hitler will not be defeated by bombing Berlin or scrawling V's on outhouses. To land an army in occupied Europe would require a huge force, and the best the British could provide might be 100 divisions. The problem of landing one division and of maintaining one bridgehead under German bombardment would be terrific enough. Fortunately for Britain and America, the Führer by his attack on the Soviet Union has "landed" ■ huge anti-Nazi army on the Continent, the only army in the world other than the German which is trained and prepared for modern mechanized war. He has presented Britain and America with an enormous bridgehead on the Eurasian continent, from which flank attacks can be launched on both the Nazis and the Japanese. If the Russians can hold the Nazis on the Dnieper or the Volga, we may not have to worry about Nazis on the Amazon; and if they can hold the Japanese at the Amur, we may not have to worry about the tin and rubber we need from Malaya and the Indies. This is the measure of Soviet aid to us, and the basic facts which dictate aid to Moscow. If either Britain or Russia is defeated, the defeat of the other will become easier; the defeat of both would leave us outnumbered and encircled and blockaded in a hostile world.

Hitler had hoped that dislike for Stalin's ideological table manners—and, conversely, Soviet dislike for ours—would keep the leadership of the Western free countries from effective united action, and it may. The Roose-

velt-Churchill proposal for a conference with Stalin shows that our top leadership is robust enough to see the obvious. But the debate in the House on the Selective Service Act indicates that Mr. Roosevelt has yet to make America conscious of the realities confronting us. The British people see it; there is nothing like an incendiary bomb to illuminate an issue. But that hair-breadth victory in the House and the unanimous action of the Senate Appropriations Committee on the same day in voting down an army request for \$1,347,000,000 for mechanized equipment show that too many Americans are still asleep. When a nation's leadership moves closer to war while its representative assembly moves farther away from it, danger is ahead.

To attribute Congressional action to Republican partisanship is to meet a crisis with a cliché. That a majority of the Republicans in Congress can play politics at a time like this indicates in itself that the issues have not been brought home to the people. Partisanship does not explain the vote of the Senate Appropriations Committee, which is controlled by Democrats, or the sixty-five Democratic votes against extension of army service. Nor does it account for the hostile votes of such all-outers as

young Tom Eliot of Massachusetts or Voorhis of California. The Communist issue played a double role. There was a feeling that the Russians would "take care" of the Germans, and there was talk of "bloody Joe Stalin." But those who would lose a war rather than cooperate with the Soviets are distinctly a minority.

More fundamental than any of these factors was the feeling expressed over and over again in the debate by men whose devotion to country is beyond question that the Administration and the army chiefs have not taken the people into their confidence, have made promises only to break them, have not had the courage to be candid. Deepest of all was the rumble from the army training camps. Lack of material and failure to build morale have made extension of service unpopular, and this unpopularity was reflected in the vote. A contented people hates to fight until attacked, but recent history has shown over and over again that a people which waits until it is attacked waits until the enemy has chosen the best possible moment to attack it. Mr. Roosevelt, with the future of the world on his shoulders, has no task more important than to bring this home to the American people.

A Strategy for Victory

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

AS COULD have been calculated with mathematical exactness, Vichy, through Pétain's recent broadcast, has sealed the closest possible bonds with Germany. But in spite of having betrayed the spirit of France in so many ignoble ways since his rise to power, the old Marshal likes to prove that he is still susceptible to the charms of *l'esprit français*. It is in that sense that one must interpret his burlesque reference to "the instinct of liberty which lives still within us, proud and strong." To be fair, one should recognize that for more than a year the decayed defender of Verdun has been encouraged in his cynicism by the easy credulity of the democracies. Forgetting his past as a militant fascist and as a man of the Cagoule, together with his behavior during the days of the armistice, many ingenuous democrats have believed that the title of *Maréchal de France* was enough to set a limit to his dishonor. The theory of the "honest man" and of the "good Frenchman" also helped to obscure the outlines of a situation which it did not require very keen eyes to discern. On the other hand, the old game of playing a fascist who is considered less dangerous against another fascist of more frightening aspect again exercised its irresistible temptation in the chancelleries of the democratic countries.

In not a single case has this diplomatic strategy proved effective. It failed utterly in the case of Italy, where the frail Talleyrands of our day tried to exploit the supposed antagonism between the House of Savoy and the Duce. It failed in Berlin, where the fantastic Nevile Henderson believed that Göring could be won over against Hitler. It will fail in Spain, where we have seen Franco represented as the man capable of keeping Spain out of the Axis orbit in opposition to Serrano Suñer, the evil spirit of fascism. But so many accumulated failures have not yet relieved certain people of the feverish desire to pursue a victorious policy through that absurd and discredited game.

On the very day that Pétain called upon France to tie its destiny to Hitler, a press dispatch from Madrid referred to the serious "disagreement" between General Weygand and Admiral Darlan on the policy of submission to Berlin. And here we are again! As soon as Pétain and Darlan have crossed decisively to the other side, there is discovered another candidate for the confidence of the anti-fascist public—the good General Weygand, who is to be played off against the abominable capitulators of Vichy. And so the game will go on until the hour when Franco will open the doors of Gibraltar and

Weygand the doors of Dakar to the Nazi armies. Or until the hour when Hitler no longer needs a complaisant footman because every door has been forced by him.

The fact that it was in Madrid that the indignation of General Weygand was discovered should have been sufficient to stamp the news clearly as a Berlin maneuver. It was additional proof of how harmoniously the various agents of the Führer combine for the common task. In the strategy of the Axis every vassal country has its role assigned to it. Every one of them plays its part as in an orchestra which is exceptionally well trained to play a complete symphony. Hitler has understood from the beginning that in many cases the puppet regimes he has established in Europe can render a greater service by keeping out of the fight than by throwing their often meager military contribution into the battle. Surely he has laughed to see the democracies take credit for having succeeded, through their policy of appeasement, in prolonging the neutrality of certain states. As a matter of fact, it is Hitler himself who has been chiefly interested in maintaining this useful fiction, and it was by his orders that certain bellicose impulses, as in the case of the Spanish Phalanx, were restrained from violent expression.

Till the hour arrives when in the judgment of Hitler they can contribute efficiently to a major military operation, the puppet regimes by remaining officially neutral can accomplish tasks as useful as they are various. Let us forget for a moment the secondary services of espionage, agitation, and propaganda; everybody is aware that Franco, thanks to his status as a neutral, can operate today in Latin America and in the United States, and even in Great Britain, in the interest of the Germans, utilizing the privileges of his diplomatic and consular services. The puppet regimes in the countries which are not entirely occupied by the German armies have been assigned other more important tasks. They serve as barriers and obstacles to the freedom of action of the Allies. Nobody will doubt that if it had been possible for Britain, taking advantage of the first ten weeks of Russian resistance, to strike in the west, Hitler would have been caught in a dangerous impasse. It may be that reasons of a strictly military character have excluded an offensive, for instance, in North Africa. But apart from that, the policy of complaisance toward Vichy defeated its own ostensible ends by preventing any possibility of such a move. The puppet government of Pétain was there, limiting by its mere existence the freedom of action of the British. And those rumors from Madrid about the opposition of Weygand, should they be taken seriously, would provide still another reason for hesitation. How could the Allies attempt any move in North Africa which might again throw the irritated Proconsul into the arms of Darlan and the other partisans of Franco-German collaboration?

The game of Hitler has been clear since the beginning

of the war, and the case of Italy is the most striking example of his technique. If in September, 1939, Mussolini had not obeyed the orders of Berlin to keep quiet, France could have attacked through Italy when the Nazi armies were engaged in Poland. The pitiful military record of Italy later on in Albania and Libya permits us to assume what would have been the result. In two months Italy would have been crushed. An initial victory for the French army would have eliminated the demoralization which followed a year of inactivity along the Maginot Line. The course of the Battle of France would have been reversed, and today in the western Mediterranean we should have a wholly different picture. But the Italian regime, through its fictitious neutrality, performed the important function of paralyzing the action of the Allies.

If that fact is evident in the military field, it is no less true in the political sphere. The conviction that political effort—anti-Nazi propaganda, uprisings, and sabotage—is as indispensable to the defeat of Hitler as purely military effort is today shared by many people. But the puppet regimes are again there to prevent serious revolutionary action. How promote a revolt against Hitler, that is to say against the Pétain regime, in France while there is still a lurking hope of winning over Vichy? How carry on effective propaganda against the Axis among the populations and the garrisons of North Africa without running the risk of becoming unpleasant to Weygand? How act against the scandalous complicity of fascist Spain and arouse the fighting spirit of the Spanish people without hurting the feelings of Franco?

Only in a courageous recognition that the policy followed until now toward the governmental vassals of Hitler has been a tremendous failure lies hope of escape from disaster. All the puppet regimes must be considered enemy territory, and the question of launching a military or political attack against such regimes must be decided on grounds of strategy rather than in the light of purely imaginary neutralities and friendships. These territories provide the natural road through which to strike at Hitler while the Russian armies absorb his energies in the east. If the time has not yet arrived to move an expeditionary force into Europe, at least the Canary Islands, Dakar, and all the bases which will later be utilized by the Nazis in the Battle of the Atlantic should be secured against them.

There are still people who feel relieved because Pétain in his broadcast did not specify that the French possessions in North Africa should immediately be handed over to Hitler. But Hitler has no interest whatever in seizing Dakar or in marching against Gibraltar while his main strength is concentrated in the east. He can rely on Pétain and Darlan to see to it that the French bases are reserved for him against the day when they will be needed for the Battle of the Atlantic. He can rely on

Franco to keep in good shape the roads which lead to Gibraltar and Portugal for the moment when Hitler chooses to march through. If the powers engaged in the task of defeating Germany fail to take advantage of the opportunities opened by the war on the eastern front, Hitler is not going to be the one to encourage, by an untimely move in North Africa or Spain, the transformation of the potential war on two fronts into an actuality. It is up to the Allies to utilize those possibilities by jumping over the obstacles and ignoring the scruples which have been created by the existence of the puppet regimes.

Why the democracies, while apparently willing to throw everything into the struggle against Hitler—billions of dollars and millions of men—continue the farce of dealing with these pretended neutrals is hard to explain. One reason may be a reluctance to extend the enemy front. When a man finds himself in a difficult situation he is as loath to break with an old acquaintance as he is glad to welcome new supporters. That is a very human feeling but hardly a convincing explanation, since, after all, there can be no question of reducing or extending the front, for the puppet regimes are a part of that front. No, I suggest that behind the policy of petting the henchmen of Hitler lie three chief motives: the fear of being classified as aggressors, a delusion about the practical advantages of maintaining relations until a rupture becomes unavoidable, and the wishful thought that the continued existence of several reactionary regimes in the world which will come out of the war may help to offset radical tendencies and prevent a strong sweep to the left.

Fear of appearing involved in the same crimes as the totalitarian aggressors is one of the causes which explain the extreme benevolence of the Allies toward the vassal states of Nazi Germany. But it is time now to liquidate a false concept of neutrality behind which Nazi propaganda maneuvers at its pleasure. In Europe today there are no true neutrals. All the countries have become belligerents, or have fallen under Nazi domination, or at best offer points of departure for future German assaults. To take obvious measures of self-defense, to anticipate the next certain Nazi move by seizing, for instance, the Canary Islands, the Azores, or Dakar, cannot without a monstrous perversion of the meaning of the word be considered aggression. The only aggressors are Hitler and the powers which have become his accomplices or his henchmen.

I wish that those who favor maintaining relations with the puppet regimes out of pragmatic considerations would show us what advantages have been gained by this policy. Apart from a handful of refugees who have been snatched from the clutches of the Gestapo, they have been practically nil. The advantages are reserved for Hitler. While, through maintenance of a state of fictitious independence, the frontiers of the puppet regimes have

been hermetically closed to any action of the democracies, inside their borders Hitler rules as undisputed master. He can go on strengthening the means of resistance against any later counter-attack by the Allies. He has there his technicians, putting a last touch on the fortifications, opening new strategic roads, as in Spain; and he has his Gestapo to crush any budding revolt. And wherever that effective work is being carried on, the most that the British or the American ambassador can hope for is to be permitted to shake hands with Suñer or Darlan.

At the same time there is the danger that the truly democratic forces in those countries, which await only the occasion to put their foot on the necks of all the Francos and Pétains, will grow demoralized and despairing when they see their own jailers and the enemies of democracy being courted in a way they cannot understand. Yes, there is an immense potential opportunity to use the spirit of revolt, which today is spreading over Europe, to smash Nazism forever. Only through the utilization of this spirit, together with the military effort—as we must never tire of repeating—can Hitler be defeated. But nobody should fall into the delusion that this is an unlimited possibility, that time does not count, and that the peoples of Europe are going to wait years and years for the chance to revolt without meanwhile receiving tangible proofs that the democracies seriously mean to help them shake off the Nazi yoke.

As for the little speculative attempts of certain pre-war diplomats and politicians to arrange the world of tomorrow according to their personal taste, they only reveal that these personages continue in the same state of ignorance as when, on the day following Munich, they announced a "sure peace in our time." The world of tomorrow is not a cocktail in which there can be put just so many drops of red and so many of white to suit the taste of a select clientele. If the French people revolt against Pétain, it will not be in order to raise M. Chaumets to his place—even if this visitor has gained favor in certain social circles in Washington. When the Spanish people destroy the Franco regime, it will be to replace it with the men they choose and not with those who enjoy greater sympathy among the old London appeasers.

It is the people who will have the last word. And it is a proof of the statesmanship of the two great leaders who met on the high seas that they proclaimed "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live." The eight points which, as has been correctly observed, mark the beginning of the counter-offensive—moral, military, and economic—against the tyrannical and sinister power which threatens the world, provide a standard under which the democracies can march to the reconquest of Europe. But in order that this counter-offensive be completely successful, it is necessary to break the barriers which the puppet regimes have erected along the road to victory. And it is also to

be hoped that on the new fighting fronts, predicted last Friday by Secretary Stimson, the democracies will take the initiative instead of waiting for Hitler to deliver the first blow.

It was encouraging to see President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill not only setting forth the principles of victory but moving directly into action by initiating the joint conference to take place at Moscow. Their courage and political insight have put to shame many persons of the left who, in the face of the

chorus of imprecations from isolationists and half-Hitlerites, have not dared take such a bold position. And let all those others who have hoped to disarm the democracies by branding all active democrats as Muscovites now brand Winston Churchill as Bolshevist Number One. His name, together with that of Franklin D. Roosevelt, will pass into history as that of a man who was able to discriminate among fears and to realize that at this turning-point for mankind it is only the defeat of Hitler that counts.

Time Bomb: Consumers' Credit

BY FERDINAND LUNDBERG

IN CONFERRING on the Federal Reserve Board authority over instalment credit under the provisions of the old Trading with the Enemy Act, President Roosevelt has taken the first step to control runaway prices by indirect financial technique. With its new authority the Federal Reserve Board, through member banks of the Federal Reserve System, can establish the terms on which durable goods like automobiles, refrigerators, washing machines, and radios may be sold and can also regulate the making of "personal loans" that affect the market for durable goods.

The board will exercise its control by increasing the size of "down payments" on instalment sales, reducing the time for liquidation of obligations, and possibly by increasing the interest rates charged by finance companies, all of which discount instalment paper at the banks. This sort of regulation accomplishes two things at one stroke: a stimulating factor with respect to prices is damped down, and the reduction in sales volume releases raw materials for the more urgent demands of defense.

But regulation of instalment selling and the personal-loan business is only a partial measure for keeping consumer credit within bounds. And control of prices by indirect methods in the consumer-credit field can have only a temporary effect. In six to nine months the country will have to face the problem of instituting more direct controls. Purchasing that is choked off by either partial or full control of consumer-credit channels is to some extent purchasing that is merely deferred until the buyers can accumulate the cash. When such deferred purchases begin to hit the market in six, nine, or twelve months, prices will again be lifted.

Until such time, however, the new maneuver of Washington in the "Battle of America"—which is being fought concomitantly with the Battle of the Atlantic, the Battle of Russia, and the Battle of the Mediterranean—will doubtless give the United States a needed breathing

spell. The struggle of the democracies can be greatly handicapped or even lost on the price front. Colossal inflation such as is potential in the present disturbed condition of the world could have a disastrous effect on this country, damaging its morale and inner economic organization more than any Luftwaffe could do.

Consumer credit underlies approximately one-third of all retail sales and is therefore a big influence in the national economy. At the end of 1940, according to the Department of Commerce, the total of all outstanding consumer indebtedness stood at \$27,615,000,000, distributed mainly as follows:

Real estate and home building.	\$19,560,000,000
Retail sales (instalment and charge account)	5,118,000,000
Cash loans (personal credit)	2,337,000,000

The first item is for the most part long-term credit, but any new indebtedness in this field stimulates prices and diminishes the available supply of building materials. By easing the terms of FHA loans recently the government has, as a matter of fact, set up a contradictory current in its new policy of controlling prices by curtailing consumer credit. A very decisive damper could be put on prices by discouraging for the time being home building not relevant to the defense program; at the same time a backlog of really important construction activity would be created for the period of transition that will follow the present emergency. The other two items have a more immediate and persistent effect on the market, combining with other present factors—government orders, buying by England, and the wide distribution of increased purchasing power among more than 53,000,000 employed persons—to drive prices higher and higher.

The volume of credit sales for 1941 is expected by the National Retail Dry Goods Association to attain a new peak of \$16½ billion, as compared with \$15 billion last year. The total of retail sales is expected to be around

\$50 billion, as compared with \$45 billion. At the end of this year, according to the present trend, outstanding instalment and charge-account indebtedness may stand at \$7 billion, with \$3 billion additional in personal loans. Of the \$5 billion of retail-sales indebtedness outstanding at the end of 1940, about \$2 billion was in charge accounts, about \$3 billion in instalment accounts. We may presume that the Federal Reserve Board will now take steps to squeeze down the instalment accounts. But it will have to do more than that to put an effective brake on prices before direct controls, a nationally supervised savings program, and heavier taxes are imposed.

The Federal Reserve Board, through the banks, already has the power to control charge-account credit. Such credit is more than a convenience for cash buyers; it is, in the opinion of credit men, a real accommodation for persons who cannot pay cash. Charge accounts may run from thirty to ninety days. In some instances they are combined with features of instalment selling and designated deferred charge accounts.

It is believed even among credit men that retailers finance charge-account sales, but that is not the fact. The banks really finance such sales, for the banks discount wholesale paper brought in by manufacturers and jobbers. Such paper clears on its own technical merits, but the banks could see to it without much difficulty, if so advised by the Federal Reserve Board, that only such retailers as complied with requests for reducing charge-account volume obtained sympathetic consideration in the matter of wholesale-credit accommodation. Maverick dealers might be caused a lot of trouble in the wholesale-credit division. There is a spontaneous movement among retailers to limit charge accounts, but something more than voluntary cooperation will probably be necessary, since retailers are all understandably eager to boost sales and are all engaged in competition.

Upon the outcome of the instalment-credit and personal-loan regulation will depend Washington's future decisions with respect to charge-account credit and credit for new domestic building. Control of consumer credit cannot, however, be 100 per cent effective. Persons denied credit for the purchase of an automobile, for example, will in many cases buy for cash and then get a loan from a finance company or a bank for the payment of medical bills or residential improvements.

That consumer credit is a dynamic factor in the present situation is shown by the fact that it stands at an all-time high, exceeding the amount even for 1929. During the depression it was one of the safest of investments for banks and finance companies, aggregate losses being negligible, but the recent rate of increase has caused forebodings among some credit experts. By acting boldly now the government will undoubtedly save the country from an experience with consumer credit as disillusioning as was its experience with stock-market credit in the 1920's.

Eventually, however rigidly it controls consumer credit, the government will have to face the problem of controlling prices more directly. The basic question of morale enters very decidedly into this problem. National morale is not going to hold up under the burden of runaway prices—now accompanied, as was not the case in 1917-18, by a very real unemployment problem notwithstanding all-out defense production. Nor would national morale be likely to survive the chaos that would accompany sharply falling prices and attendant dislocations after the emergency. The more the people's buying power can be stored up for the future, the better will the country be cushioned against the strains of the post-defense period. Curtailment of domestic buying now will also be of immediate benefit to the defense program. Before the effects of consumer-credit control wear off, therefore, the country must be brought to see the merit in a nationally supervised savings program and direct control of prices.

Carrie Nations of Fascism

BY PHYLLIS DUBSKY

A NEWSPAPER announcement that Women United, a "peace" group which had been organized at the Carnegie Hall rally in April, was marching on Washington to protest against draft-extension legislation led me to the office of B. Brown, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York, which according to the notice could furnish the details of the plan. There an eager recruiter suggested that I join them. "You young people should learn how democracy works," she said.

So on the morning of August 12 I boarded a special train at Jersey City with 500 Women United and America First housewives from Brooklyn, Queens, and New Jersey. These women paid \$4.85 for their round-trip ticket and planned to march from Union Station to the Senate and House Office buildings in a demonstration to "keep our boys from fighting for red communism." Many brought lunches to eat on the train; a good percentage were more at home in German or Italian than in English; nearly all were mothers of draftees.

Accompanying them were William T. Leonard, Brooklyn chairman of America First, who works with William Goodwin, Christian Front leader in Queens, and Bea Brown of Women United, organizers of the march. Mrs. Leonard, sporting a No Foreign War button, remnant of Verne Marshall days, chatted with red-haired Amy Heller, a worker in the Brooklyn office of America First. Some women peddled the Christian Front *American Way*, and others went through the cars chanting: "Buy a flag. Five cents. Wave it when they take your picture on the Capitol steps. Don't smile. Look serious. Don't salute, or they'll call us Nazis and Fascists." Mrs. Heller wanted action. "Aren't we saps?" she cried. "We

have the most terrific dictatorship in the world. I don't believe in talking any more. I believe in taking broomsticks and batting it out of them. We ought to get a lot of arms and guns and get our government back again!"

On the Washington platform Mrs. Burton K. Wheeler, who had recently written to *Social Justice*, "There never has been any discrimination against Father Coughlin's followers as far as America First is concerned," greeted us and led the procession to the caucus room of the Senate Office Building. About forty other Women United, having been warned by Mrs. Wheeler that "the warmongers are pulling a fast one," had arrived on Monday and were waiting in the caucus room to hear Senator D. Worth Clark's assurance that public opinion against war was "frozen" at 80 per cent.

After this meeting small groups of angry women swarmed over the House Office Building to call on and present letters to Congressmen. Their tactics were threatening. "We represent 10,000,000 voters," stormed one in a Representative's office. "Congressmen who don't vote our way won't get back here." "We American mothers won't stand for it," said another. "The draftees are treated like rats. We won't have our boys slaughtered for red Russia!"

Among the Representatives startled by abusive guests was Frank H. Buck of California. When he was handed a letter by Amy Heller, he tore it neatly in two. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid I've already made up my mind to vote the opposite way. I think this country needs a strong army and all the armaments and defenses it can get. I'm afraid we're going to war in six months." Mrs. Heller reddened. "I hope you'll be the first to get killed!" she shouted. Fists were shaken at the astonished Congressman. "If there's a God he'll fix you," shrieked an Italian woman. "The blood of those boys be on your head!"

Late in the afternoon we went to the Capitol to hear the debate. On the way a German woman confided to me in *Bierstube* language, "We have a Communist government, Jew Communist." She had heard, she said, that England and Germany would shortly cease hostilities in order to join forces in the fight against Russia and the United States. Representative Hamilton Fish met the women with a happy smile as crowds of them waited in a queue. In the gallery I heard whispers that Roosevelt's grandfather was a Spanish Jew and muttered cries of "Jew interventionists!"

On the train going home that night the Carrie Nations of fascism were tired, felt better with their shoes off. Some discouraged ones wept and plotted revolution. One bloodthirsty mother rushed through the cars crying: "I say, if they pass this bill, we should march right back—push the police aside. If they shoot us, I'm willing to give my life for my boy. He don't want to fight for the internationalists. Let's beat 'em up!"

A representative of Brooklyn's America First Committee walked through the train requesting complaints about Congressmen. "Were you well treated?" she asked me. "Was so-and-so voting right?" She was followed by a member of Women United circulating "Presidential-nomination referendum ballots" and talking of a new political party. "Representative Oliver is with us," she said, "and asks you to sign." Ballots for the new party had a blank for inscribing the name of the "candidate for President of the United States on the Coalition Party plan for the 1944 election," and bore the address "Coalition Party, 53 C Street S. E., Washington, D. C." The women, cackling about "new leadership," took ballots to distribute among their friends.

In the Wind

THE MILLION-DOLLAR "Americanization" program of the Ku Klux Klan is apparently successful in many parts of the country. Increased Klan activity is reported in New York, Illinois, Indiana, and Colorado. Because of the friction generated there by the Coughlin movement, Detroit has been chosen as a try-out center for open Klan activity, and more than a few Klansmen were present at the recent convention of the automobile workers in Buffalo. A new addition to Klan propaganda is "the inflation menace." One Klan publication, predicting a crash after the defense boom has spent its force, says, "Someone, some organization must be ready to take over the country when it finds itself in chaos, and we are best equipped to do it."

JAMES RORTY, a writer known for his work in exposing drug frauds, recently took a new kind of vitamin tablet which he believed to be safe and therapeutic. The preparation's only noticeable effect was to turn several locks of Rorty's graying hair red.

REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN SWEENEY of Ohio has for the past two years been suing newspapers that carry Pearson and Allen's Washington Merry-Go-Round because that column called Sweeney an anti-Semite. Sweeney has won his case against three of the hundred or more papers that use the Pearson-Allen feature, and he recently inserted the judges' decisions in the *Congressional Record* in order to prove that he was not anti-Semitic. In his own introductory remarks he referred to Walter Winchell as "Lipschitz, alias Winchell."

THE COMMUNISTS have finally taken a position on the case of the Trotskyist teamster leaders in Minneapolis. While they are opposed to the prosecution of Local 544 as "government interference" in union affairs, the Stalinists support prosecution of the Socialist Workers' Party "because it is a fascist, fifth-column organization."

[The \$5 prize for the best item received in July goes to A. V. L. of 84-20 Twentieth Avenue, Brooklyn, for his story on the new Communist line published on July 5.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Disease and Punishment

WITHOUT much national publicity the big push against the prostitutes has begun around the army camps. Undoubtedly it is an expression of a high, scientific determination to keep the army free from disease as a part of the even more ambitious and entirely feasible program to free the whole American nation from the plague of syphilis. But as the drive against the girls begins, there seems to be almost as much puritanical zeal about it as scientific determination. Prostitution near a camp is now a federal crime. The girls are being arrested, but little seems to have been done about the tough entrepreneurs of cut-rate whoopee for the soldiers who employ the girls as underpaid laborers in a hazardous and heart-breaking trade.

In one state recently, at the federal government's urging, seven women as a first batch were sent from a camp to a new detention camp specially set up for them. Six of them had sentences of a year, one a term of fifteen months, to serve. From the same army community the local health officer sent a message a day later: "Thirty more on hand and will soon be on the way." The long terms are explained by the long treatment required, but while long treatment is necessary to a cure, short treatment is sufficient to prevent the communication of the disease.

In the area from which the thirty-seven women were sent, 400,000 men will soon be engaged in special maneuvers. Precautions against venereal disease are undoubtedly as proper a part of preparations to receive mobilized men as measures to protect their drinking water. But the mere mathematics of the ratio of the 37 girls to the 400,000 men appals me. Obviously, you cannot protect so many men by making convicts of so few girls. More, of course, will be imprisoned. How many more? How big a detention camp are we going to have? And how many camps? Perhaps the very severity with which a few prostitutes are punished may frighten many more from the trade. But perhaps also if the government had moved with as much dispatch in providing decent recreation facilities for its soldiers as now in proceeding against the girls, it might have made at least as much progress in reducing the disease danger. Certainly, the girls as individuals—and they are being punished as individuals—are not so responsible for the danger as the tough panders and sometimes sanctimonious property owners

who have made the most money out of lonely soldiers' sins.

The girls' profession may not be the oldest, but certainly it has been the most romanticized. I was talking recently to a sharp-eyed observer who was just back from looking at a tough little town near a big camp which makes a good deal of its living now out of soldiers' nights. "They're bringing in fourteen- and fifteen-year-old girls from the farms," he told me. "On Saturday nights they look like children still, but children who are glassy-eyed."

Both of us thought, and I think still, that more than severity is needed when so many such girls are found among the women around the camps. The army wants to protect its soldiers, but the army put a million men down in camps and then waited nearly a year to do something about providing decent recreational facilities in the towns around them. In men congregated in loneliness far from home the army created the biggest mass demand for prostitution this country has known since the last war. Of course, that does not mean that prostitution should be permitted, but it does mean that among the poor near these camps a great many girls have been pushed into prostitution—though perhaps in many cases great pressure was not necessary. Men have made money out of the business, most of the money. It seems to me that these women deserve more attention than they are getting. So far as I know, no planning is being done to give them a chance at decency after they are cured of disease.

There is room for severity. Some tough traffickers could be sent to jail for life without any protest from me. But much as I favor any program to protect both soldiers and America from syphilis, I am not waving any flag for a moral crusade which regards only the women as criminals—and after they have been debauched at low pay in a country where their best chance to eat well was to be bad.

The health officers may not be prepared to admit it, but the worst disease these women are suffering from is poverty in this rich America. A great many of the soldiers have contracted venereal disease from them because the soldiers lacked the sound preventive of decent recreation in the overcrowded towns to which the government had taken them. If we built detention camps big enough to hold all those who properly deserve a share of the blame, they would have to be enormous. And I'm afraid it would take longer than eighteen months to effect a cure.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Blueprint of the New Order

THE SPOIL OF EUROPE. By Thomas Reveille. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.75.

HERE is a book of facts about Nazi-dominated Europe. The author who writes under the name of Thomas Reveille has given us the most complete, accurate, and well-organized picture of Germany and its conquered countries which has been up to now bound between two covers. This book should be read by every American who is interested in what the Nazi system means to this country and the world. It is a comforting thought to know that such a man as Thomas Reveille holds an important official position. May there be many like him.

The author presents toward the end a detailed, accurate description of Nazi economic and financial organization, with several interesting administrative charts showing the setup of agriculture, trade, and industry. There are also several interesting maps illustrating the New Europe and German designs for expansion, a translation of the program of the National Socialist Party, and an up-to-date bibliography.

The Nazi organization has been described before, but there exists no other picture of Nazi economic practices in Europe so complete and so well prepared. The Nazi technique is well characterized by a popular French definition of economic collaboration with Germany, "Give me your watch, and I'll tell you the time." Germany has stolen the watch and is setting the time and the tempo for fifteen conquered peoples. How completely the Nazis have looted their victims is summed up in the statement that the Nazi war seizures already add up to \$36 billion, or a sum equal to the total cost of German rearmament before the present war started. "To use the language of the financial press, the Hitler war concern has been able to report for its first year of operation profits large enough to repay all capital sunk into the concern since its foundation."

It is now ironic to remember German crocodile tears about the reparations burden in the Treaty of Versailles. Germany paid about 10 billion marks in the seven years between 1924 and 1931, but borrowed 25 billion marks from abroad during the same period, defaulting on most of those foreign obligations. In other words, foreign creditors, chiefly American, paid the German reparations, of which the Germans complained so loudly. Now, there is no possibility of the conquered nations passing on the burden to foreign creditors. The Nazis are not waiting for the end of the war to make their collections. They seize everything as they go, including the gold stocks of central banks, complete factory installations, and everything that can be moved back to the Fatherland. Within a few days they shipped out of Lyons, France, 140 train loads of silk, machinery, and other spoils. In the seven years 1924 to 1931, when the Dawes and Young plans were in force, Germany paid France in reparations less than 4 billion marks, "a sum which Nazi Germany now collects in costs for six months' occupation."

In setting "occupation costs" it seems evident that the Nazis have made careful estimates of what the traffic will bear. They charge the conquered countries "either the mass aggregate budgetary appropriation or the last total war budget." These costs bear no relation to Germany's actual cost of occupation. For "the supposed upkeep of some 350,000 men Nazi authorities are charging the equivalent of what the French nation spent for the maintenance of an army more than ten times that size, as well as for large naval forces active in the seven seas." Up to February 1, 1941, the Germans had charged the French three times as much as they have spent in France, even including what Germany has spent in buying up French companies and equipment.

A subtle and effective method of sucking up the wealth of conquered countries is the fixing of the rate of exchange between the German reichsmark and the currencies of the victims. By progressive changes in the exchange rate the Nazis have been able to manipulate prices and favor their own nationals at the expense of other peoples. By controlling the rates of interest in conquered Europe they are able to make business more profitable for themselves and less profitable for others. By concentrating all European banking, insurance, and industrial control in Berlin they are able to exact tribute from the rest of Europe. By forcing European trade to clear through Germany they can regulate it at will and take whatever profit they desire in commissions. By fixing the value of the reichsmark in foreign countries at the same rate as the dollar they increase their national prestige.

The Nazis have restricted education in conquered Europe to the elementary schools. State Secretary K. H. Frank told Czechoslovakian professors and students who wished to reopen their universities, "If we lose the war, you will open them for yourselves. If we win the war, elementary schools will be enough for you."

The Nazis have been able to secure stooges and "slave overseers" from their friends and agents abroad. They have forced acquiescence to their new order even in neutral countries. For example, the President of Switzerland admitted in March, 1941, that "there are, however, new ways being introduced. We are ready to accept these new ways—indeed, we must accept them." In the same month the Danish Prime Minister said, "While I naturally believe in independent states, we are for the time being a sort of protectorate." What this means to the conquered is shown by the following:

Thus, on January 16, 1941, the *Nouveaux Temps*, published in occupied Paris and subject to German censorship, reported that "half of the population" of the town of Abbeville, on the Channel coast, disappeared in a strange "suicidal wave" that caused the inhabitants of this once prosperous Picardy center of 20,000 persons to throw themselves into the Somme River, or else disappear without leaving any trace. The newspaper adds that the autopsies of some of the "drowned" bodies have established that the persons in question had been hit on the head with some blunt instrument and were already dead by the time they were thrown into the river.

DOUGLAS MILLER

Health and Defense

AMERICA ORGANIZES MEDICINE. By Michael M. Davis. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

THIS is another book about medical economics, and one of the best. It deals with the fundamental problem: How can this country provide all its people with first-rate medical care? The urgency of this problem arises from the fact that high-quality medical service is a basic Lower East Side want that is to be had nowadays only at Park Avenue prices. Note the qualifying words "high quality." The prevailing situation is that millions of Americans do not get this type of medical care or, if they do, someone else pays all or part of the cost, often enough the physician himself.

Formulation of the National Health Program and introduction of the Wagner health bill of 1938 made medical economics a national issue. Defense preparations and international complications have since engulfed other domestic, social, and economic reforms, but health and medical care remain nationally important, for there is increasing public realization that some 30 per cent of our supposedly healthy youths are being rejected as unfit for army life, that the medical needs of industrial workers are equally important, and that there is a diminishing choice between guns and butter. Dr. Davis rightly points out that "the pace of change in the organization and economics of medical services may be accelerated and its directions . . . altered by preparations for national defense," and since this is true it is all the more important that this scholarly and yet thoroughly practical book should appear now.

"America Organizes Medicine" comprises three major divisions, the first of which includes a superb analysis of the development of the forces now presenting us with the tremendous responsibility of reorganizing medical services. The author's discrimination between the various types of need for medical care and his proof that, despite a falling death rate and the immense progress of scientific medicine, the basic need for medical services has increased are especially valuable in view of the conventional debater's arguments on this score. Such other issues as "free choice of doctor," the traditional "doctor-patient relationship," and the "fee-for-service" basis of payment are presented in the light of present-day realities and are discussed more dispassionately and convincingly, in the opinion of this reviewer, than in recent books by Rorty, Cabot, Kingsbury, and De Kruif.

In the second division of this book Davis describes existing types of medical organization: public, private, voluntary, tax-supported, financed by insurance plans, and so on. This is not easy reading, but it is fundamental to an understanding of present legislative trends and of the factors involved in long-range planning. In his final section the author, without attempting to play the role of prophet, attempts an evaluation of what adequate provision for the health needs of the American people will mean. Financially, as he sees it, there will be some combination of tax-supported agencies and compulsory health insurance. In the matter of organization, he foresees the emergence of hospital health centers in all densely populated sections of the country. Rural services will require a different type of organization, but in all situations coordinated community, state, and federal participation will

be linked with voluntary efforts. Concluding chapters deal with health problems related to the present defense program and with education of the American people to think and act wisely in organizing their medical services, both during the immediate crisis and in the future.

Many readers of *The Nation* know Dr. Davis personally or through the medium of articles and reviews. It is worth recalling, however, that for thirty years he has been preoccupied with medical economics and administration. After serving as director of the Boston Dispensary for ten years, he organized a number of other clinics, including that of Cornell University Medical College in New York City. In 1928 he became director of medical services for the Julius Rosenwald Fund, leaving that post in 1937 to become head of the Committee on Research in Medical Economics and editor of its new journal, *Medical Care*. Dissenting from many of the official policies of the American Medical Association, Dr. Davis has clashed more than once with Dr. Morris Fishbein, whose high personal respect for his adversary nevertheless remains. The story, possibly apocryphal, used to circulate in Chicago that whenever the two were to appear together on the same platform, Dr. Fishbein would call Dr. Davis on the telephone and find out what new stubborn facts he had dug up for the evening's discussion.

DOUGLASS W. ORR

When Greek Meets English

SOPHOCLES: OEDIPUS AT COLONUS. An English Version by Robert Fitzgerald. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.50.

THE renderings of the "Alcestis" of Euripides and the "Antigone" of Sophocles in which Mr. Fitzgerald collaborated with Mr. Dudley Fitts certainly deserved the degree of respect that they received: they were at once fast, tolerably conscientious, and, above all, in the best sense colloquial. I do not know precisely what elements in these translations can be ascribed either to Mr. Fitzgerald or to Mr. Fitts, but certainly I have the feeling that here in Mr. Fitzgerald's solo flight the raciness is not so racy and that the general carriage parades a little more conscious academic dignity. Such lines as

Where pilgrims come, whose lips the golden key
Of ministring sweet voices has made still

seem to me more sophomoric than Sophoclean, and I speculate on whether they and others like them would have been retained in a Fitts-Fitzgerald version. For if the translation of poetry is not undertaken by a writer who is as it were ambidextrous, then the felicity of his translation may be obscured on either of two hands. I sense here that Mr. Fitzgerald's Greek may perform with greater verve than his English. For if he is anything, the translator is mugwump: that is, compromise is his element. And at the collusion established by the translator between two great languages—when Greek meets English—neither really should be subordinated. For this reason, I suggest, Ezra Pound is a better translator than Arthur Waley. He translates where Mr. Waley transplants. Thus Mr. Fitzgerald sometimes, as in the quotation given above, et cetera, manipulates English as though it were just ceasing to be Elizabethan: for example,

This fellow—

If I should act in anger, as he deserves,
I wouldn't let him go without chastisement.

And since the translation of Sophocles is made as much across a distance of time as across a distance of etymology, the failure to render the play in contemporary English is almost as serious a shortcoming as a misinterpretation of meaning. Nevertheless, the exoneration and justification of any translation are that the original is made to undergo a kind of metempsychosis: it has to come to life in another place and usually at another time. The fact that Mr. Fitzgerald can perform this act of resuscitation upon the Greek tragedy is enough to obviate all the maudlin and incidental quibbling that such an act of apparent legerdemain invites. Possibly the present version could be more exact or more exacting ("My handling of this . . . has been governed by the general wish to leave nothing in the English that would drive the reader to the library"), but I do not think that it could be more undeniably a thing both alive and kicking.

GEORGE BARKER

"Mein Kampf" for Americans

WHAT "MEIN KAMPF" MEANS FOR AMERICA. By Francis Hackett. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.

IT IS to be regretted that this book has so far not become a best-seller, for it is intended for a wide circle of readers. "Mein Kampf" is of basic importance, but it is written in a confused and sometimes abstruse style, without any literary charm and without any clear sequence of thought. In German, though its language is in no way distinguished, the book nevertheless has a style of its own which lends itself only with great difficulty to translation into the much more precise and concise English language. That is the reason why "Mein Kampf" has been little read outside Germany and even less understood. Francis Hackett, a gifted Irish American writer, had not read Hitler's book until he was rudely awakened to its meaning during the German invasion of Denmark, where he was living at the time. He began to study "Mein Kampf" then, and his brief book may be regarded as an extended review or as an introduction to and a commentary on the basic text of National Socialism.

Mr. Hackett succeeds remarkably well in his main task—to make Americans aware of the meaning and implications of "Mein Kampf." His book does not probe very deeply into the background or into all the philosophical or pseudo-philosophical premises of Hitlerism, but that is in keeping with its intention not to become a treatise for the specialist or the intellectual historian. Specialists in the field can easily afford to miss the book, but the many millions who still have no clear idea of what "Mein Kampf" means should be induced to read it. For it discusses with great clarity and intelligent ease the most immediate and most urgent issue of the time, on the solution of which the fate of every single individual depends. This fate may easily be decided by the attitude taken by Americans in the immediate future. Mr. Hackett's little book should become a guide for the American people in the all-important task of making up its mind.

HANS KOHN

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IN BRIEF

GERTRUDE STEIN: A BIBLIOGRAPHY. By Julian Sawyer. Arrow Editions. \$7.50.

This is an exhaustive and to all appearances reliable inventory of the published writings of an author who really needed a bibliography. Mr. Sawyer is to be applauded for his labors of tabulation no less than for his expository paper, called *Descriptions of Gertrude Stein*, with which his bibliography is prefaced. This compilation should be of considerable use to those people for whom all the dope on Gertrude Stein is a necessary possession.

IN THE MILL. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

This beautiful, wise, and noble book is the story of two years spent in a carpet factory in Yonkers, New York, by a young English sailor and farm boy who there awoke first to the infinite riches of English literature and then to his own vocation, poetry. He despaired of doing anything really fine himself, but felt he had to return home and try. He is now the Poet Laureate of England.

WHY ANOTHER WORLD WAR? By George Gilbert Armstrong. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

Collective security failed not on account of defects in the Covenant of the League, which in the author's opinion could have been remedied, but on account of the successive betrayals of the principles of the League by cynical or stupid Tory politicians in Britain, seconded by a misguided France. Though the author forbears to criticize the United States for delivering the first blow to the collective security which was the fundamental object of the last war, his thesis is one which we should take to heart now lest the same mistake pave the way for a second breakdown.

DIGGING FOR MRS. MILLER. Some Experiences of an Air-Raid Warden. By John Strachey. Random House. \$1.25.

Mr. Strachey here abandons theory for practice. The story is told in such an off-hand, simple, quiet sort of way that it is only the reader's mounting feeling of distress which brings home to him the full horror of the scenes described. The same style conveys admirably the common-sense heroism which enables people to bear this kind of life if they deal with it according to an established

routine. It is as direct as a documentary film, and more effective, since it reveals what people think and feel as well as what they do and say. (Since Mr. Strachey includes in the last category a great deal of light relief in the form of literary persiflage between himself and a rather highbrow lady warden, he must not be allowed to go on attributing "Jenny kissed me," to which he devotes nearly two pages of discussion, to *Holman Hunt*.) This is a book which both saddens and fortifies.

HANDS OFF. A History of the Monroe Doctrine. By Dexter Perkins. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.50.

The origin and development of the Monroe Doctrine, from its promulgation, through its varying interpretations and applications, down to the good-neighbor policy of today, are set forth clearly and readably. In spite of the theatrical title, which was not needed to make the book palatable to the general reader, this is a sound, documented synthesis, bearing the stamp of authority. The author is not afraid to challenge accepted opinion, nor does he hesitate to consider the bearing of his historical analysis on present problems.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

CAUTIONARY VERSES. By Hilaire Belloc. Knopf. \$3.

THE ROAD OF A NATURALIST. By Donald Culross Peattie. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN: THREE TENANT FAMILIES. By James Agee and Walker Evans. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF PULITZER PRIZE POEMS. Compiled by Marjorie Barrows. Random House. \$2.50.

AMERICA PREPARES FOR TOMORROW. The Story of Our Total Defense Effort. By William Dow Boutwell and Others. Harper. \$3.50.

THE SOUTH IN ARCHITECTURE. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

A THOUSAND SHALL FALL. By Hans Habe. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.

DOCTORS ANONYMOUS. The Story of Laboratory Medicine. By William McKee German. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.75.

SUMMER NEVER ENDS. By Waldo Frank. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.50.

THE TAXATION OF WAR WEALTH. By J. R. Hicks, U. K. Hicks, and L. Rostas. Oxford. \$3.50.

THE MEN AROUND CHURCHILL. By René Kraus. Lippincott. \$3.

WEST VIRGINIA. A Guide to the Mountain State. American Guide Series. Oxford. \$2.75.

ADOLF HITLER MY NEW ORDER. Edited with Commentary by Raoul de Roussy de Sales. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$1.89.

CHALLENGE TO KARL MARX. By John Kenneth Turner. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.50.

PATTERN OF CONQUEST. By Joseph C. Harsch. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

FATAL PARTNERS: WAR AND DISEASE. By Ralph H. Major. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.50.

AZTECS OF MEXICO. The Origin, Rise, and Fall of the Aztec Nation. By George C. Vaillant. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.

["Still Alive with Lucas," a novel by Helen Riehm which was reviewed in last week's issue of *The Nation*, will not be released for sale until September 8.]

RECORDS

RECORD companies—as their executives will remind you if you suggest action in line with the public proclamations—are business organizations which function not to produce Art but to make money. A certain amount of artistic excellence in music and performance does of course get recorded, but only incidentally to the main activity, which is a trafficking in the currently publicized names of performers for which the public is willing to pay dollars—only, that is, when the name happens to be Toscanini or Schnabel or Szigeti or Budapest Quartet. But the system operates to give us a large amount of poor stuff that crowds out the good: at the time when H. M. V. had the Budapest Quartet under contract it also had the Busch and Pro Arte Quartets; and it was these well publicized and financially profitable but third-rate groups, not the Budapest Quartet, which H. M. V. used for recordings of the last quartets of Beethoven, Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" Quartet and C major String Quintet, Mozart's String Quintets, the several volumes of Haydn quartets. And the same thing is about to happen again.

When, a year ago, Columbia got the Budapest Quartet away from H. M. V. and Victor one rejoiced at the possibility (which private assurances converted into a probability) that now at last all the great chamber music of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert would be put on records in the incomparable performances of this group—something which could be expected to

be as financially profitable as it was artistically desirable. Writing a year later one must feel disappointed over what Columbia has done with the Budapest Quartet so far—a mere five recordings, two of them devoted to Ravel's and Debussy's Quartets, and only two to Beethoven and one to Mozart. But that is not all. Columbia is a business organization trafficking in publicized names; and in the past two years of its renewed activity, to build up its prestige and compete with Victor, it has been engaged in acquiring as many such names as possible, and has acquired on the one hand a Bruno Walter, on the other hand a Mitropoulos; on the one hand a Lotte Lehmann, on the other hand a Lily Pons, a Josephine Antoine; on the one hand a Budapest Quartet, on the other hand—it is now announced—the Busch Quartet. And so the system of operation which gave us the Busch Quartet's pedantic, stodgy performances in place of the Budapest Quartet's on Victor records will now give us the Busch in place of the Budapest performances again on Columbia records.

Columbia's remaining August releases have not yet arrived; and I prefer not to judge its domestic orchestral recordings by what they sound like on the small machines in record stores. Meanwhile, there are further reissues of hot jazz classics, the superb Beiderbecke "Jazz Me Blues" (36156) and Red Novo "Blues in E flat" (36158); but with these again performances which do not belong in the series, since they were never even issued and are not outstanding in quality: the Santo Pecora "Magnolia Blues" and "I Never Knew What a Gal Could Do" (36159), and the 1929 Ellington "That Rhythm Man" (36157), with the reissued "Mississippi Moan" on the reverse side.

One of the features of "Blues in E flat" is Teddy Wilson's piano solo. The performance was recorded early in 1935; and soon afterward Wilson began the long series of records that he made for Brunswick with small pick-up bands and for the most part with Billie Holiday as vocal soloist. The Columbia volume "Teddy Wilson-Billie Holiday" (C-61, \$2.50) offers a number of these performances, of which "What a Little Moonlight Can Do" (36206) is not only outstanding in the volume but one of the most exciting jazz performances I know. Good also are "Miss Brown to You" and "I Wished on the Moon" (36205); but in place of "If You Were Mine" (36206) I would have chosen "These n' That n' Those" or "Eeny

Meeny Miny Mo." In addition to these, which were recorded early in the series, at a time when Wilson was at his best, the volume offers some of the later performances, in which his own playing is tortuously arid but other musicians occasionally make things interesting or exciting. Lester Young is outstanding and Benny Goodman good in "I Must Have That Man" (36207); Young is good in "When You're Smilin'" (36208); "Easy Living" (36208) offers only Buck Clayton's delicate background comments on the vocal; but "Foolin' Myself" (36207) doesn't offer even that; and a better choice would have been "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," with its superb opening chorus by—I believe—Clayton and Musso. In most of the performances Billie Holiday's mannered singing is something I wish were not there—two exceptions being "What a Little Moonlight Can Do" and "Miss Brown to You." And the volume comes with the usual piece of Hammond phrase-slinging, including one scornful reference to "the high-powered, arranged jazz that has become popular today" by the man who has campaigned as Hammond has for the Benny Goodman brand of high-powered, arranged jazz. B. H. HAGGIN

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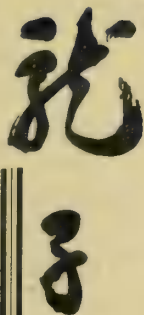
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Letters to the Editors

Stroll Through an Air Raid

Dear Sirs: A letter I received recently from an English correspondent throws so much light on the experience of the average Englishman during the past year that I should like to share it with others. Having been a subscriber to *The Nation* since Volume I, Number 1, I thought of you and your other readers. My friend writes in part:

We live in a tiny hamlet roughly halfway between London and the coast. A few months before the war started I was roped in as air-raid warden for the village and attended lectures on what we were to expect and what we were to do. I am probably more nervous than most people—I don't think any of us were fire-eaters—and my constant worry was whether I could possibly face up to the thing when it started. I remember one lecturer, after instructing us how to deal with every conceivable emergency, concluded by saying, "But really your chief duty during an air raid will be to *stroll*—mark the word—through the village as if you were quite enjoying it; so as to give the other people confidence!"

When the raids began, I made two amazing discoveries: first, it turned out to be surprisingly easy to stroll through the village; and, secondly, there was no need to give other people confidence, for they had all they needed. Those days in September—the Battle of Britain as they now call it—were thrilling. On some half-dozen occasions there were from 100 to 300 planes scrapping right overhead. I have seen 30 planes shot down, over two-thirds of them Huns. Mostly these fights were on Saturdays and Sundays, which was fortunate for me, for the rest of the week I go to London for my business. One glorious Sunday in the space of thirty minutes I saw five Huns shot down.

The villagers, whom theoretically I had (a) to imbue with confidence, (b) to exhort with all the persuasion I could command to take shelter, were all out in the road or in their gardens cheering wildly. Immediately the raid started, off I went for my "stroll" through the village, and in the center of it I came across a party of some twenty cyclists, lads of fifteen to eighteen, out for a Sunday run. They had stacked their cycles and were lying on the grass flat on their backs watching the fighting overhead. I told them they were being very foolish and must take shelter. They said, "Thank you, but we don't want to take shelter." Then I told them that although I did not really mind if they got hurt, yet it would be giving a lot of extra work to ambulance parties, nurses, etc. It was no use. "Be a sport, Governor," they said, "we never see a show like this in London; the coppers

make us get under cover." (It is only the police who can insist on persons taking cover.)

One night one of those terrible land mines which are dropped by parachute fell in a copse at one end of the village. Providentially it did not explode, for it measured, with the fins, eight feet by three feet in diameter, and the charge was fifteen hundredweight of TNT. But it might have gone off at any moment, and we had to evacuate everyone living within 1,000 yards until it had been rendered harmless or else detonated. On that occasion we had seventeen people for five days in our small house sleeping on the floors all over the place. A young naval lieutenant came along and successfully took all the fuses out of that monster. It took him over a day, and then he went off to tackle the same job somewhere else. I take off my hat to those fellows. I believe they work with one ear up against the mine, and if they hear the beastly thing start ticking—that is the clockwork fuse—they run as hard as they can, counting up to twenty and then throw themselves flat and trust to providence. I went to look at this monster as soon as he had drawn its fangs and noticed that he had stubbed out his cigarette ends all over it!

A week or two later they had a mine in the next village. They found they must detonate that one. A hitch occurred; the officer, a different man, went back to investigate; it went off, and he just vanished. They never found the slightest trace of him or of his clothing.

The night raids are much healthier for the Germans, but more unpleasant for us. For hours on end, it may be, you hear planes droning overhead and every now and again there is a crump. At a distance it is difficult to distinguish between a gun and a bomb; so in order to reassure your wife, whenever you hear a bang you exclaim, "That's one of our own guns." When one can go only by sound it is very difficult to estimate how far away an explosion is. Scores and scores of times there has been a loud bang, and the vibration has rattled the windows. I have thought that must have fallen in my "sector," which is just under a mile long, and have dressed and gone out to investigate, only to find everything O. K. The next day I have discovered that that particular one was from two to five miles away.

We had our first incendiaries comparatively recently. Suddenly in the night a plane shot out hundreds of them, which lit up the whole place. The only two that fell on buildings were put out before firing them, but thirty-one were blazing in my garden and some fifty in an orchard and field adjoining.

WILBUR MACY STONE

New York, August 7

On Using Troops in Strikes

Dear Sirs: Ferdinand Lundberg chooses to open a polemic on the sentence, "There can be no justification for the use of troops against strikers," which I used to explain my stand in defense of the right of workers to strike at the North American Aviation Company when faced by bayonets. (See *The Nation* for July 19.) It will interest your readers to know that, despite Mr. Lundberg's statement that I publicly supported the strike in "the newspapers of the nation," my urging local guilds to take a stand was not in any public form. It consisted simply of a telegram addressed to local Guild presidents, and it was made public by a Guild member on the eve of the Guild convention. That member, Milton Murray, is now running for president.

Nevertheless, privately or publicly, my stand is the same. I am against the use of troops to break strikes and I am for preserving the right to strike.

It so happens that I do not believe in the existence of absolute rights; Mr. Lundberg is tilting at a windmill when he says I believe the right to strike is absolute. When I declare "there can be no justification for the use of troops against strikers," I speak as a union leader who feels deeply there can be no free labor movement if troops break strikes. I am perfectly aware that civil rights through the history of our republic have been won by means of constant struggle; that strikes were long declared by law to be conspiracies; and that the law and the common law were changed by the pressure of American workmen.

"The fact, of course, is," says Mr. Lundberg, "that civil rights, including the right to strike, are projections of the law." This precious statement, all tidied up so nice and clean, comes from one who charges me with being absolutist in my thinking! Free men have never waited to exercise their civil rights until these rights were "projected" in law.

Mr. Lundberg should get out from behind the "philosophy." He should let the readers of *The Nation* know when, in the history of labor in the United States, starting, let us say, with the Pullman strike of 1894, the use of federal troops to break strikes was justified.

MILTON KAUFMAN

New York, August 14

THE *Nation*



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The Shape of Things

THE NINTH WEEK OF WAR ON THE VAST Russian front saw no essential change in the situation. The Nazis made important new advances, particularly toward Leningrad and in the region of the Dnieper bend, but they had to fight hard for every yard gained. On the central front the Red Army has launched heavy counter-attacks forcing the Germans to adopt defensive tactics in several places. The threat to Leningrad must be taken seriously, although the Nazis have difficult ground to cover before they reach the city. And even if they drive into the outskirts, they will still have a major battle before them if the Russians stick to their decision to defend the city to the last. As the long siege of Madrid showed, a great modern city defended with determination by its civilians as well as by its garrison is an extremely formidable obstacle. There can be little doubt that the population of Leningrad will respond to Marshal Voroshilov's appeal to defend it house by house. The loss of Leningrad would not mean the defeat of Russia, but it would be a heavy blow. The city is the cradle of the revolution and a great industrial center. It also has military significance, for its capture would render impossible the continued operation of the Baltic Red Banner Fleet, which has been playing a big role in harassing German communications.

★

MR. CHURCHILL'S REPORT OF THE DRAMATIC Atlantic conference was not only one of his great speeches; it also provided an example, which President Roosevelt might well study, of the way a major political event should be presented to the people. We comment elsewhere on his pledge of British support for any measures taken by this country in the Far East and on his renewed warning of the dangers to America in Hitler's "one-by-one" technique. Also worthy of note was his choice of two of the "eight points" for special interpretation. With his usual realism he insisted that he and the President were not talking vaguely about a war to end war but were proposing effective measures to see that aggressors were disarmed and remained disarmed. On the other hand, he pointed out, in distinction to the

mood of 1917 there is today no intention to cripple Germany economically. The lesson of Versailles that economic security is a necessary basis for political security has been well learned. The most moving section of the British Premier's address was his message to the conquered peoples. One by one he spoke to them, assuring them that their deliverance was being prepared. It is certain that despite all the Nazis can do to suppress it, this message will pass from ear to ear through Europe and will play its part in the support and growth of active opposition in the conquered lands.

★

IN FORCING THEIR WAY INTO IRAN THE British and Soviet troops acted with a vigor and speed which have given heart to their supporters in every country. Even though German agents undoubtedly permeate the strategic Iranian oil fields and ports, their presence hardly constitutes an immediate menace; Hitler is too deeply engaged elsewhere. The danger lay in the future, and the anti-Axis allies for once forced the issue while there was still time to use preventive rather than last-ditch measures. Similar decisiveness might have averted a German invasion of Norway and the Low Countries. Even more recently, in Iraq and Syria, Britain risked defeat by inexplicable delay in taking the necessary military action. In the present instance the British and Russians appear to have been sufficiently forehanded. In addition to eliminating a Nazi threat to the rich oil fields of Iran, they have safeguarded the neighboring Baku and Iraq fields. Complete occupation of Iran will also provide a safe, though difficult, route for British and American aid to the Soviet Union. Although the advantages of opening this route can easily be overemphasized, the Iranian gateway provides an all-year port of entry and one which is reasonably close to the fighting front.

★

JAPAN'S RETREAT ON THE QUESTION OF holding some hundred American citizens as hostages against this country's trade reprisals emphasizes once again how wrong our appeasers have been in appraising Japanese policy. Instead of seizing the East Indies and blindly defying our punitive measures, the Japanese have given in as they always have in the past under pressure. The basic reasons for Tokyo's retreat are shown in Donald W. Mitchell's analysis of their weaknesses, elsewhere in this issue. Japan's position has been further undermined by the recent landing of reinforcements at Singapore, including the largest body of R. A. F. flyers to arrive in more than a year. Mr. Churchill's speech made it clear that this force, along with the remarkable facilities of the Singapore base itself, would be available to support the United States in the event of a "shooting war" with Japan. This, if Mr. Mitchell is correct, would

make it possible for us to defeat Japan fairly quickly. But Mr. Churchill said something else which is profoundly disturbing under the circumstances. He declared, possibly indiscreetly, that the United States is endeavoring "with infinite patience to arrive at a fair and amicable settlement" with Japan. This rather forcefully suggests that appeasement may still be the dominant policy of Washington. If so, the Japanese militarists may be tempted to risk at least one more adventure.

★

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ORDER THAT THE shipyard at Kearny, New Jersey, be taken over and operated by the government because the Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company had repeatedly refused to accept the settlement recommended by the National Defense Mediation Board was both logical and just. The government did not hesitate to send troops to the North American plant in Inglewood, California, when labor flouted the Mediation Board; it could not do less when the employer was the guilty party without sacrificing any claim to impartiality. Mr. Korndorff, president of the company, has obscured the real issue in his sanctimonious appeals to patriotism and the "right to work," just as the leaders of the union obscured the real issue in the Inglewood affair by their contention that they were fighting for the right to strike. The Mediation Board recommended in this case that employees who are members of the union or may become members must remain in good standing or lose their jobs; what Mr. Korndorff was careful not to point out, however, is that no employee is required to join the union. And Mr. Korndorff and his friends have been even more careful not to reveal the real significance of the Kearny dispute. The Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company is a subsidiary of United States Steel. Under the regime of Myron Taylor and Edward Stettinius, the corporation finally accepted the principle of collective bargaining and signed up with the C. I. O. The company's resistance at Kearny was part of a general attempt by Big Steel, now Taylor and Stettinius are out, to revert to the open shop. We are delighted that the attempt has been scotched.

★

TWO STEPS ARE NEEDED TO PUT AN END TO the widespread suspicion and mistrust stirred up by the "oil shortage" in the East. One is disclosure of the true facts as to the British shortage of tankers. Our Washington editor is informed that the figures show a real need for American tankers, that the British have consented to their publication, but that the United States Maritime Commission has forbidden their release. The other step is the appointment of independent figures to the growing number of offices in Secretary Ickes's oil administration. So far, every official, beginning with his deputy,

Ralph K. Davis of Standard Oil of California, has been drawn from the so-called "majors"—the companies whose interlocking interests and operations constitute the "oil trust." Whatever the situation as regards British tankers, the oil trust has been using the emergency for its own purposes at home. Senator Maloney of Connecticut has introduced a resolution in the Senate for an investigation, and the American Automobile Association is supporting him. Many who do not object to sacrifices for defense or aid to Britain resent exploitation of the emergency by the oil trust to increase its prices, profits, and security from anti-trust prosecution.

★

TO BISHOP HOBSON, NATIONAL CHAIRMAN of the Fight for Freedom Committee, the nation is indebted for the exposure of the extraordinary document issued to soldiers participating in the Second Army maneuvers in Louisiana and Arkansas. The pamphlet deals with an imaginary war between Almat (France) and Kotmk (Germany) and "might well have been written by Goebbels," as Bishop Hobson said in a telegram of protest to Secretary Stimson. Glorifying Hitler's Germany, it provides the standard Nazi picture of the Versailles treaty, the decadence of democracy, the need to save the country from "communistic elements," and the virility of the German racial state. As shocking as the manual was the comment drawn from Colonel Walter B. Smith of the General Staff, the only officer willing to answer the Bishop's objections. "If they want some comment from the General Staff," Colonel Smith declared, "tell them that the German army is the best in circulation and if they know of a better one to let us know." What does the strength of the German army have to do with the distribution to our troops of a manual declaring that "medical authorities all over the world [what authorities?] held the Kotmk government's program up as the finest ever devised in the strengthening of the race"? How can one have a democratic army or fight a democratic war with undemocratic forces in the General Staff? A clean-up is called for.

F.D.R.'s Poor Reply

ON AUGUST 25, 1940, Senator Byrd declared that in the hundred days following the President's 50,000-plane speech in May only 343 planes were contracted for by the army and navy combined. The next day the President said that Senator Byrd's figures were correct, "but his implications dead wrong." Senator Byrd's speech in the Senate on August 19 of this year and the President's reply at his press conference on August 22 indicate that the Senator's figures are still correct, that Mr. Roosevelt is still trying to confuse the

issue, and that the Senator's implications are still—though in a sense different from Mr. Roosevelt's—dead wrong.

The three-month lag in contracts for those 50,000 planes, as readers of I. F. Stone's series on Aviation's Sitdown Strike in *The Nation* last summer will recall, was due to a deliberate strike by capital to force special tax and profit concessions from the government. While Senators like Byrd were busy blaming the lag on a forty-hour week and Mr. Roosevelt was allowing himself to be misled by the glowing reports of Knudsen and Stettinius, the basic defect of the defense program was already visible. A defense program run by big business men was certain to subordinate the needs of defense to the desires of big business. Though Senator Byrd still cannot see it and Mr. Roosevelt still ignores it, this is the explanation for the shocking figures on defense production disclosed in the recent Byrd speech and in Mr. Roosevelt's reply.

Mr. Roosevelt's reply was unworthy of a great leader. The Senator made a few errors, but his over-all picture was correct, and it is more important to focus attention upon that than to obscure the picture by emphasizing a few minor mistakes. This is particularly true when the "corrections" turn out to be as appalling as the original charges. Mr. Roosevelt could find but four errors in the Byrd speech. The Senator said not a single tank had gone to England. The President declared that "hundreds of tanks of modern design . . . have been turned over to Britain." About 200 light twelve-ton tanks have been sent to Africa. No medium or heavy tanks have been sent. Senator Byrd said that a year after the war began we had but one modern anti-aircraft gun, that only about a dozen of the ninety-millimeter guns which can alone contend with high-flying bombers have been delivered, and that the schedule calls for only four a month in the last quarter of this year. Mr. Roosevelt's reply was that the schedule calls for delivery of sixty-one guns monthly and he thought that schedule would be achieved.

The President also asserted that the Senator was wrong in saying that only 15 thirty-seven-millimeter anti-tank guns would be produced monthly. Mr. Roosevelt said that actual production in July was 72 and that the schedule called for 320 in October. He also objected to Byrd's estimate that only 15 eighty-one-millimeter mortars would be produced monthly in the months ahead, declaring that the July output was 221, and that this month's would be 340. But here are a few of the Byrd statements which Mr. Roosevelt did not challenge: that we produced only 35 dive-bombers in May; that bomber production is only 60 a month (actually it is probably less than that); that for the year ending this September 1 our production averaged only 500 combat planes a month as compared with the Reich's 2,000 to 3,000 a month; that our production of merchant ships is

so slow that in 1941 it will just about equal Britain's gross tonnage loss in one of the worst months of the year; that as late as sixty days ago we had only 128 light tanks, only one medium tank, and no heavy tanks. The most effective medium tank—and it was the medium tank which played so important a role in the Nazi victory in the west—will not get into production until May, 1942, according to Senator Byrd, and "no heavy fifty-ton tanks are in prospect or have been ordered." This isn't much of a showing for a country which calls itself "the arsenal of democracy."

This situation will not be remedied until Mr. Roosevelt realizes that the defense program cannot be run on a part-time basis between booms in civilian business and without interfering with monopolies in our basic resources. In an age of mechanized warfare it is folly to draft men and not to draft industry. And until Mr. Roosevelt gives industry a top sergeant with the will and power to make it obey orders, as the selectee obeys orders on the drill ground, defense production will continue to lag.

Vive la France!

"FRANCE," writes the Paris newspaper *L'Œuvre*, "is becoming one of the battlefields where the forces of the New Order confront those of destruction." This is a significant admission in a Nazi-controlled organ which uses the phrase "forces of destruction" to mean the peoples everywhere who are striving to overthrow Nazi tyranny and to frustrate Hitler's attempt to dominate the world. It is an admission that France is not knocked out of the war and that, inside the enemy's lines, Frenchmen by the million are fighting in the battle for freedom. They are fighting with bare hands against heavy odds, with no advantage save their numbers and their faith. In the occupied zone they face, in addition to the Vichy police, the German army and the Gestapo, which has raised repression to new heights of scientific brutality. In Vichy France they must bear the hostility of their own government, which slavishly duplicates every measure of suppression enacted by the Germans.

But the voice of Vichy is not that of France. For the true republic Edouard Herriot, former Premier and mayor of the great city of Lyons, speaks in the September issue of the *American Mercury*. A semi-prisoner in his own land, he cannot comment freely on current events. But reminiscing about his travels in Britain and the United States he has found means to convey his lack of sympathy for the Pétain regime and his confidence in the final victory of democracy. Speaking of his part in establishing the Entente Cordiale he says: "I have been convinced that Great Britain and France are two complementary nations destined together to defend liberty, hu-

man individuality, human justice. I believe it today in 1941 just as I believed it in 1906." Turning to America he pays a warm tribute to our democratic institutions, which the New Order declares outmoded, and to the President—the constant butt of the French Quislings.

No one who has known France can believe that Pétain is a better spokesman for its present hopes than M. Herriot. When the old Marshal asks Frenchmen to follow him blindly into the Nazi camp, we can be sure that the instinctive reaction of the overwhelming majority is to increase the vigor of their resistance to their conquerors. Even Parliament, now doomed to extinction, is recovering its morale, and more than a hundred deputies gathered in rump session have gone on record against Vichy's pro-Nazi policy. The new wave of incidents in France follows closely on Pétain's appeal for support for more extreme measures of collaboration. The Nazi authorities, echoed by the jackals of the Paris press, are attempting to pin responsibility for sabotage and agitation on the Communists and the Jews. We have no doubt that since the Nazi attack on Russia French Communists have become a formidable opposition, but if Communists and Jews were the sole opponents of the New Order in France, the Nazis and their handful of French collaborators could rest easily. The fear made manifest by mass arrests, executions, and the taking of hostages betrays a realization that it is the vast majority of the French population which must be coerced. And for that task all the apparatus of repression, all Himmler's sadistic ingenuity, will never suffice.

What War Is Our War?

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

IF TOMORROW Japanese troops, ignoring the warnings of the United States and Britain, should march across the borders of Thai, and if the day after tomorrow President Roosevelt should ask Congress to declare war on Japan, Congress would adopt the necessary resolution without delay and by an overwhelming majority. And if Japan, *en passant*, should make a hostile gesture in the direction of the Philippine Islands or mention them as logical members of the Eastern Asia Coprosperity Sphere, the vote would be unanimous. No isolationists would be heard discussing the 5,000 miles of water between San Francisco and Tokyo or the patent impossibility of a Japanese invasion of the United States. This war would be a necessary war; and from the start it would be a popular one.

Yet a fight with Japan would be as close to an old-fashioned imperialist war as any the United States could get itself involved in. Dress it up as we might, the fact would remain that we never seriously interfered with Japan's aggressions until Japan's aggressions interfered

with our trade. Five years of Japanese invasion of China, with a record of wanton destruction unsurpassed by Hitler's most effective *Schrecklichkeit*, produced nothing more than a series of sorrowful rebukes from the United States. The minor restrictions on shipments to Japan established from time to time were only in the nature of a diplomatic frown. They never interfered in the slightest degree with the supply of war materials necessary to the continued slaughter of our Chinese friends; Japan's imports, in fact, rose steadily until the hour of its invasion of Indo-China.

Then suddenly we discovered an aggression that *was* an aggression. Action followed: a curtailment of oil shipments; an end to silk imports; a prohibitive impost on Japanese crabmeat; solemn, hurried consultations with Britain; last-minute warnings. Whether the immediate crisis is eased over or not, the whole course of events in the Far East shapes up for ultimate war. Japan moves ahead on the momentum of its own aggression, encouraged from behind by Berlin; the United States moves in defense of interests which, by a strange quirk of the American mind, seem closer and more vital than those involved in the struggle in Europe.

Why is it that Americans, east and west, left and right, isolationist and interventionist, respond with greater pugnacity to the lesser threat of Japan? We all know, as well as Churchill knows, that Hitler, not the Mikado, is the leader of the world front against freedom. We know, too, that the fall of England would threaten our safety ten times, a thousand times, more directly than the fall of Singapore or the Philippines. We are building a huge military apparatus to meet the menace of Hitler's conquering machine, and we are straining to help Britain resist the fate that has overwhelmed the rest of Europe. Yet, today, if Germany moved troops into Spain or occupied Dakar, while the President might make some counter-move of a strictly defensive nature, he would not dare ask Congress for a declaration of war.

Why? Why are we ready to fight Japan and unready to fight Hitler? Why should a war in Asia, in the popular view, be "our" war in a sense a war in Europe can never be? The answer is an easy one. Asia is an old American hunting ground. We have shared it, peaceably on the whole, with other imperialist nations. Our oil-company offices and our missionary compounds stand alongside theirs, and our marines stand guard with theirs in the international settlements. Our possessions, however modest, dot the wide areas of the Pacific along with those of the British and French and Dutch. Our battleships help patrol the important trade routes. The imperialism of the United States in Asia has never been grandiose or very aggressive, but it has been remunerative. Now it is threatened. And it is threatened by the rapacity of an aspiring Oriental imperialism which seeks quite shamelessly not only to conquer and tyrannize over its neigh-

bors—that we have shown a capacity to tolerate—but to freeze out the trade and finally to grab the possessions of its fellow-imperialisms of the West. This is not to be endured, especially when the ambitions of the Japanese upstart threaten sources of materials necessary to the building of our own expanding war machine.

We weep over China; but we will fight for tin and rubber and oil.

In my belief we should fight for these products. We need them in our main business—the business of resisting the sweep of tyranny across the world. If a note of cynicism has crept into this analysis of American motives it is because of our patent reluctance to fight against tyranny when our commercial interests are—or appear to be—less directly involved.

If Hitler were to drop two or three incendiary bombs into the oil tanks at Curaçao or put a landing party ashore at Tampico, those moves would be no more dangerous to America's real interests than the drive of his armies toward the Caucasus. But they would be better understood, and lack of understanding is today the chief danger facing the American people.

Hitler, however, is not likely to oblige us with bombs. His strategy toward America is plain as a pikestaff, and no one has put it better than Churchill did last Sunday:

Why is Hitler striking at Russia and inflicting and suffering himself this frightful slaughter? It is with the declared object of turning his whole force upon the British island. And if he could succeed in beating the life and strength out of us—which is not so easy—then is the moment when he will settle his account—and it already is a long one—with the people of the United States and generally with the Western Hemisphere. "One by one"—there is the process, there is the simple, dismal plan which has served Hitler so well. It needs but one final successful application to make him master of the world.

But the hour for that final thrust has not arrived, and it will not arrive as long as Britain and Russia still offer vigorous resistance, unless the help of the United States becomes so large a factor in their resistance that Hitler dares no longer stay his hand. Meanwhile he will continue to provide a heroic example of forbearance, deploring but not retaliating against such "aggressive" and "provocative" acts as the American occupation of Iceland and the extension of the sea patrol.

Will the people of the United States wait until he finishes off his last European victim and decides the time is ripe for a direct and open attack on American interests? The hour calls for a show of imagination. We must try to understand even the meaning of Hitler's technique of restraint. We must realize that the death of freedom in Europe spells disaster to this country as certainly as the loss of our shipping routes in the western Pacific. We must learn while there is still time to act.

The New Labor Board

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, August 24

SECTION 7 of the Wagner Act guarantees workers the right "to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing." It does not add, "provided the representatives chosen are satisfactory to the employer." The Wagner Act does not say this, but the National Labor Relations Board has now said it. On Thursday the board ruled in the Clayton and Lamberton Manufacturing Company case that an employer might refuse to negotiate with a union unless the union got rid of the committee it had elected to negotiate with the employer.

Strange things have been happening at the Labor Board. The ruling in the Clayton and Lamberton case is not the only one in recent months which has amended the Wagner Act as drastically as any chamber of commerce has dared suggest. It would seem elementary that to permit strike-breakers, hired to replace strikers, to vote in a representation election would defeat the purposes of the Wagner Act. The employer could pack the election by hiring enough scabs. This was clear enough to the old Labor Board when it decided the Sartorius case, and it seemed clear enough to the courts, which upheld that ruling and succeeding decisions based upon it. In May of this year, in the Wurlitzer case, the Labor Board reversed the Sartorius doctrine and ruled that strike-breakers might vote.

If workers are to be free to bargain through representatives of their own choosing, they must be free from interference by the employer in choosing those representatives. And the Wagner Act so provides. Yet in the Seagram case earlier this year the board held that an employer's foremen might tell employees what union to join. Testimony accepted by the majority of the board showed that employees were not only urged to join a particular union but warned that they had better do so if they wanted to retain their jobs. Bargaining is meaningless if it is not carried on in good faith. An employer under union pressure may decide that his best course is "voluntarily" to raise wages or cut hours to discourage unionization. The board and the courts have held in the past that to do so in the midst of negotiations indicates bad faith. In the Western Printing Company case a few weeks ago the board ruled otherwise.

In 1937 Dave Beck's Teamsters' Union threatened to stop delivering the Seattle *Star* unless the paper forced twenty members of its circulation department to leave the Newspaper Guild and join the Teamsters. When the

Guildsmen refused to do this, the *Star* replaced them with Teamsters. The case went to the Labor Board, which held that the employer could not plead coercion by another union as excuse for an unfair labor practice. This precedent was reversed a few days ago when the board held in the New York and Puerto Rico Steamship case that coercion by the C. I. O.'s American Communications Association excused the discharge of employees who were members of the A. F. of L.'s Commercial Telegraphers' Union.

These decisions are full of helpful hints for employers. They show how militant negotiating committees may be eliminated, how representation elections may be packed, how one union may be played off against another, how the vigor can be taken from a union drive by posting notices of better working conditions in the midst of negotiations, and how an employer may arrange a little "coercion" to excuse a violation of the Wagner Act. The same cases provide another helpful suggestion to employer counsel. It is the importance of preventing the reappointment of Edwin S. Smith to the Labor Board. Smith, whose term expires on August 26, was the dissenter in all of them. Without his presence Harry A. Millis and William M. Leiserson, the majority of the board, might feel free to go farther on the road toward the transformation of the Wagner Act.

Employers are fortunate that the A. F. of L. is prepared to stand firmly with them against Smith's reappointment. By "A. F. of L.," of course, I mean its leaders. Rank-and-filers might be surprised if they looked more closely into Smith's record, which is supposed to be anti-A. F. of L. An A. F. of L. union was endangered by the Millis-Leiserson decision in the Wurlitzer case. Two A. F. of L. unions, the Bookbinders and the Printing Pressmen, suffer by the Millis-Leiserson ruling in the Western Printing Company case. It was Smith who dissented in behalf of the A. F. of L. Telegraphers in the recent steamship case. Smith has held for the A. F. of L. against the C. I. O. in the question of the proper bargaining unit. An example was his dissent last January in behalf of the A. F. of L. glass workers against the C. I. O. in the Armstrong Cork case. The real cause for bitterness against Smith is that he has always opposed the kind of "unionization" in which an anti-union employer makes a deal with the A. F. of L.—or the C. I. O.—and uses his foremen as "labor organizers."

I don't think there is much chance that the President, who has been trying for several years to take the starch

out of the Labor Board, will reappoint Smith. But it is a pleasure to pay tribute here to one of the truest friends American labor ever had, a man of integrity and intellectual distinction, now being punished for his independence. The history of administrative bodies set up

to protect the rights of under-dogs indicates that most of them sooner or later come under the control of the interests they were supposed to police. The Labor Board seems headed in the same direction. Smith's reappointment would be one way to slow the fatal trend.

Yorkshire Journey

BY LOUIS FISCHER

London, August 23, by Cable

I SPENT most of last week in Yorkshire. In the homes of miners and steelworkers, at lunch and tea with big business executives, I inquired about the relations between labor and capital. The answer was unanimous: they've never been better. In a large factory I cornered a score of workers individually and asked what were their complaints. They said they were earning more money, the food wasn't as varied as before but adequate, and they appreciated the canteens established by the borough authorities or the employers where any citizen can every day buy meat, green vegetables, and potatoes with bread for sixpence, a sweet for twopence, a cup of tea for a penny. The quality of the beer has deteriorated; the quantity is the same, though more people drink. More people also smoke. At the same works I talked privately with the shop steward, who obviously was a Communist, though he denied it. He told me that the shop stewards meet monthly with the factory chiefs and air their grievances, which are quickly redressed. In the presence of a leading trade unionist who accompanied me, a prominent Yorkshire capitalist recalled an occasion during the last war when Lloyd George was howled down by Glasgow workers. Strikes then were numerous and virulent, but now, he added, strikes are practically unknown. He explained this by the general conviction of all classes that this war means national survival; also workingmen are impressed by the excess-profits tax. The trade unionist nodded his assent. The government collects in taxes every penny of profit above the plant's earnings in a recent normal pre-1939 year. It has also raised the pre-war income tax from six shillings in the pound to ten. If a corporation lost money before the war, the Chancellor of the Exchequer levies an excess-profits tax after allowing 6 per cent profit. Where new capital is required which capitalists cannot furnish, the government supplies it. The employers operate the new plants for the state on a commission basis.

Everywhere I saw a shortage of labor. Hundreds of women are in the steel mills and gun foundries, but even women are scarce, for many have gone into the armed services and wear uniforms similar to the men.

It is estimated that only one-tenth of the R. A. F. personnel ever fly; the remainder are engaged in ground work like charting or communications, in which women are as proficient. The same applies to the army and navy, both of which have enlisted hundreds of thousands of women.

Few workers in the munitions industry are subject to conscription, and they may volunteer for the armed services only to become pilots, but thousands of miners have been called up by the army. Coal production suffers as a result. Attempts to bring back miners who left the fields during the long years of underproduction have proved ineffective, and the problem remains grievous. To stimulate output and combat absenteeism arising from high wages and longer hours, the miners are paid a bonus of a shilling daily if they work six consecutive days. By agreement with the government the owners pass on the bonus to the coal consumers, but the miners resent this approach and demand a flat pay increase even if they take a day off in the middle of the week.

A considerable number of workingmen insisted that their factories were producing below capacity and showed me machines not fully used. Another difficulty is a raw-material shortage due to disrupted sea communications. This shortage has been lessened by the arrival of American steel and iron, which I saw in the yards, but an equally serious cause of shortage is the inadequacy of the domestic transport system; and employers as well as workers argued in favor of nationalizing the railways.

Each mine owner in Britain ships his coal to market in his own small wooden freight cars. Then these toylike boxes must be shunted back hundreds of miles to the mine. Since the war all the coal cars have been pooled and their movements planned so as to require the minimum of travel. The fact that this sensible expedient could only be applied in war time though it greatly increases efficiency is a reflection of the backwardness of the British economy. This impression was confirmed by my observations in the steel mills. Every tour in a factory begins with a thrilling reference to its ancient origins. I liked this legitimate pride. The plants' hoary history and the archaeological remains dug up on the sites interested me, but shops which have grown up around poor iron



deposits and thin coal seams first tapped during the Roman occupation, whatever innovations have been tacked on, are insufficient to win this machine-age war.

Inflation, then the Dawes Plan, and finally the Nazis' rearmament dynamics gave Germany a brand-new industry. That was Germany's advantage over France. That is Germany's smaller but still considerable advantage over Britain. My biggest impression from a trip in the north, an impression which is shared by men who know industrial England better than I do, is that England with its present industrial equipment cannot develop sufficient offensive capacity to win this war; that capacity must come from America.

In Yorkshire I started a "Gallup poll" which I continued here in London. I asked fifty people whether they thought Hitler would invade Britain. Of every ten, four said yes, four no, two said, "Well, you know he might as a last resort." In a sooty little Pittsburgh I put this question to the president of the local Rotary Club, which had induced me to sum up its luncheon discussion on post-war reconstruction planned before they knew of my coming. (The eight points have enormously stimulated the peace-aims debate.) The Rotarian dignitary said Hitler might, and if he doesn't there will be a million and a half disappointed Home Guards.

I had much opportunity to observe the Home Guard. It consists of men below or above conscription age, and also of men whose employment on munitions gives them exemption from the draft. Most of them are officers and veterans of World War I. Nobody gets pay until the invasion. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and volunteers, as privates are called, wear the same khaki uniform, but the discipline is perfect. Off duty there is the fullest democracy, for in one town I visited, a member of Parliament was a volunteer and his secretary was his lieutenant colonel. Factory directors march beside the factory errand boy, all eager and serious. I saw some men, after working ten and twelve hours in the factory, leave the plant, wash, eat a hasty meal, don a uniform, and rush to the outskirts for one of their two evenings per week of training; in addition they do guard duty at least five hours weekly. One group I inspected was armed with American rifles and tommy guns. They asked me to appeal to America for more automatic arms. In industrial areas men improvise flame throwers and make armored cars out of old motor cycles and trucks and anything they can repair. However, their chief asset is their knowledge of the terrain. They boast they could defeat the regular British army because they are acquainted with every rock, road, and tree, and they promise to annihilate every German who enters their area. One member told me he didn't expect an invasion. "Then why not disband the Home Guard?" I suggested provocatively. "No," he said, "he won't invade because he realizes the Home Guard is on guard." In defense this unique people's

militia, outfitted by the army, will give a fine account of itself.

I watched a Home Guard battalion line up to do some rifle drill, then march to a meadow for training in signaling, stretcher bearing, grenade throwing, and tommy-gun target practice. A moment later I followed them to the meadow. I stopped where two men were filling in holes in the road. I said to one, "How old are you?" "Double six," he said in his Yorkshire dialect—sixty-six. He had worked on a mine face since the age of thirteen. We calculated he had spent a total of thirty years in darkness. He is now working on a seam two feet three inches thick. He showed us how he dug. He sat down on the side of his foot and lowered his head until his right cheek was two feet above the ground. Then he made horizontal motions with both hands as though he held a pick. After eight hours at that job he had come home an hour ago, removed some of the coal dust from his face—his nose and chin were still black—swallowed some food, and now was improving the road so the Home Guard would have easier access to its training field. He laughed a lot, showing toothless gums, and complained only that the beer didn't taste the same. He got six shillings' bonus each week because he absented himself only on Sunday. "I'm digging his grave," he shouted as I moved on.

I said to one important industrialist, "Suppose two years hence you have not won the war and the bombings continue, won't you be ready to consider a Nazi peace offer?" Thereupon this gentleman, who had been polite and urbane for an hour, reddened and launched a terrific tirade. "With that bloody scoundrel and blackguard, never." The British spirit certainly is willing.

I visited several key towns where industrial units are strung out for miles. The amount of industrial damage from air raids is startlingly insignificant, though in some places the homes and many big retail shops have been leveled. There is therefore considerable bitterness against the Germans but no plans for revenge after victory.

I sat in a cozy cottage surrounded by flowers, belonging to an M. P. British bombers were humming overhead, going to bomb Germany. The occupants of the house were gleeful. We went out and saw the dark giants flying eastward, then returned to the parlor. I played with the radio dial and got some music. My hosts beat time. Suddenly a German voice made an announcement. Immediately Lord Haw Haw's substitute in Breslau came on and gave his sixth lecture on Phyllis Moir's "I Was Churchill's Private Secretary." Using it as a text he attacked the Prime Minister vituperatively. My hostess fumed, but the Britons present agreed that this sort of propaganda hurt the Nazis. The siren announced that a German bomber was approaching. I went to bed. The night was quiet. At dawn as I lay in bed I heard the British bombers returning from Germany.

How to Beat Japan

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

WHEN American and Japanese representatives signed the Washington Naval Limitation Treaty of 1921, the warmongers of their respective countries were disappointed. In the view of American naval men the United States, lacking naval bases in the western Pacific, would have little chance of winning a decisive victory in the Far East against a Japanese navy 60 per cent as strong as its own; Japan, with its smaller fleet and its distance from American outposts, saw that it was completely unable to take the initiative in American waters. If hostilities should break out, the two powers seemed destined to pass through a period of prolonged face-making across 7,000 miles of watery no man's land.

But that was 1921. Since then many changes have occurred. Both Japan and the United States have developed naval stations in the central Pacific. The range and effectiveness of the bomber have been multiplied many times. Destroyers get greater mileage from a given quantity of fuel, and the means of refueling at sea have been vastly improved. The restraining influence of other powers has been removed. Finally, an unwritten alliance between Great Britain and the United States has made Britain's bases available to American men-of-war.

It is a naval axiom that the effectiveness of a fleet at sea is decreased in exact proportion to its distance from bases. In the eastern Pacific, within the triangle formed by the Canal Zone, Hawaii, and the Aleutians, American sea power is clearly supreme. Two of the points of this triangle, the Canal Zone and Hawaii, are among the half-dozen most strongly fortified areas in the world. The defenses along the Pacific Coast are not too formidable but are being improved, as are those of the Aleutians and Alaska. The suggestion to acquire bases in the Cocos and Galapagos Islands is a good one. The west coast of South America, being even farther from Japanese bases, is also comparatively secure. With the advantage of interior lines we do not need additional continental or island bases in that region, especially since it has been decided to build up the defenses of Samoa.

Farther west, however, the situation is much less favorable. Beyond Hawaii the United States does, indeed, have numerous island outposts, some partly fortified and some with lately completed air and submarine bases. In a line running north and south west of Hawaii are the American islands of Midway, Johnson, Howland, Canton, and Samoa. Farther to the west is the small atoll of Wake, and in the extreme western Pacific are Guam,

only 1,300 miles from Japan, and the Philippine Islands, some 200 miles south of Japan's southernmost base in Formosa. None of these islands, however, have facilities to support large-scale operations. Those to the east are protected by the proximity of Hawaii. Wake is about equidistant from Hawaii and the large Japanese strongholds and owing to American superiority in fleet strength should probably be secure. But in operating beyond Wake the American fleet would encounter difficulties. The Caroline and Marshall Islands, taken by Japan from Germany at Versailles, have well-fortified stations at Jaluit, Ponape, Truk, Palou, Yap, and Saipan, the last very close to Guam. While it is not likely that the defenses of any of these tiny islands are very powerful, they are adequate for the support of submarines and aircraft, and they lie directly along the path of American communications between Guam and the Philippines and Hawaii. To send an American fleet to the Philippines, leaving these enemy bases in its rear unreduced, would be completely unsound from the strategical standpoint.

Unfortunately, in the event of war, in order to defend American possessions it will be necessary to attack Japan. Rubber, tin, tungsten, quinine, and other essential defense materials are imported from southeastern Asia. Intelligent national policy should long ago have assured other sources for these supplies or at least the development of substitutes, but since this precaution has not been taken, the British and Netherlands East Indies are of vital concern to the United States. And there are also the Philippines, which Theodore Roosevelt once termed the "Achilles heel" of American defense. Whether or not their acquisition was morally justified or has been economically profitable, from the defense angle it has been a pure liability. Our existing Asiatic fleet, which probably includes two cruisers and thirteen destroyers, with submarines and planes, could not for a moment defend the islands against strong attack.

Japanese naval men have always recognized that their greatest asset is the necessity of the American fleet to fight its major battle in Japanese waters. The whole strategical concept of Japanese sea power is defensive, and their ships are built for operations close to the Inland and China seas. Lacking the bases and the auxiliaries to push an offensive in American waters, Japan's attacking possibilities are limited to seizing the Philippine Islands and Guam. Gestures against the Hawaiian Islands or the American coast would be almost foredoomed to failure. Since the Aleutians and Alaska have

been strengthened, a campaign against them would probably cost more than it would be worth; they are closer to the United States than to Japan and if captured would be hard to hold. There remains only a war of raiding and commerce destruction in the Pacific, and since the important American trade lanes are far distant from Japan, this *guerre de course* would entail long and risky voyages. It is instructive to realize that even the largest Japanese submarines could expend only slightly more than 10 per cent of their cruising capacity along the American coast. Only sixteen fleet submarines, several plane carriers, and about a dozen big cruisers have sufficient range for raiding in American waters, though the new pocket battleships reported to be nearing completion would be ideal for such use.

Now let us examine the American side of the picture. The loss of our supply of rubber, tin, and other products from the East Indies would be serious, but by cutting off oil, iron, copper, lead, zinc, cotton, and other only less vital imports from Japan we should deal it an almost fatal blow. Hit-and-run bombing raids by Japanese carrier-borne planes against our coastal cities would be possible, but the damage we could inflict on the crowded cities of Japan would be incomparably greater. The United States has more ships capable of raiding activities, they are based nearer to Japanese objectives, and the objectives themselves are more numerous and vulnerable.

Yet for all the destructiveness of such blows the United States could not win a Pacific war without bringing its navy into Japanese waters and setting up a blockade that would deprive Japan of essential raw materials. And sometime in the course of such a task, certainly before a blockade had crippled Japan's war-making abilities, we could expect a trial of strength with the Japanese navy. Our whole Pacific strategy is thus comprised in the question: how may we best meet this trial of strength?

For moving the battle fleet across the Pacific three main routes are feasible. The first leads south of the Aleutian Islands, not far north of the Great Circle steamship route to the Orient. It is close to Japanese territory, through waters that would be thick with mines and submarines, and within easy bombing range of shore-based airplanes. The second, much farther to the south, follows an almost continuous chain of small islands, many in Japanese hands, nearly to the coast of Asia. To reach the Far East by this route our navy would have to reduce the fortified points, refit them as bases, and then continue the push westward. Meanwhile, the enemy would take a constant toll of ships by means of bombers, mines, and torpedoes and could choose his own time for an attack in force. The third route has been made available by the agreement with the British permitting our navy to use British bases, particularly Singapore. This is the longer but comparatively safe route through the

southern Pacific by way of Samoa, New Zealand, Australia, and the Netherlands Indies.

Great Britain's weakness in the Far East has been lack of ships; America's has been lack of bases. American naval strength operating from Britain's positions should be all but unbeatable. Detailed plans for such a campaign have, in fact, already been worked out by naval officers. A fleet based on Singapore is in position to blockade Japan with comparative ease, while obliging an enemy wanting battle to seek it under the worst possible conditions. And if Japan replies to our blockade by attacks on the Philippines and other lands to the south, the advantage of nearness to bases will rest with its enemies. Less initial strength would be needed by the fleet because the losses from enemy submarines and planes would be smaller. That the navy has decided on this course is indicated by the shipment of submarine parts to the British base in Hongkong and also by the transfer to the Atlantic of certain units of the Pacific fleet which would not be essential in a war of this type. Theoretically, this campaign should be decisive; practically, its success is a question which only the test of war can answer.

Thus the great question is: Will the United States navy be able to carry through a Pacific campaign to a victorious conclusion? In terms of battleship strength, still the recognized test of sea power, we enjoy a considerable advantage. It is true that at the beginning of 1941 our Pacific fleet contained ten units against ten for the Japanese, but numbers alone are misleading inasmuch as they convey no notion of the nearly 50 per cent stronger gun fire of the American battleships or their much heavier armor protection; four of the Japanese battle cruisers have such light armor that they are little better than death traps. By the end of 1941 Japan will have added two or possibly three new vessels to counter our own Washington and North Carolina. Even then its fleet will hardly equal ours.

In cruisers, destroyers, and other vessels auxiliary to battleships Japan will enjoy for at least a short time a superiority in numbers, especially since many American units of this type have been moved into the Atlantic. But in *fighting value* American ships of nearly every class are individually superior to foreign vessels. Our naval aircraft, even without the two plane carriers which have been sent elsewhere, will be at least equal in number to the Japanese and considerably more than equal in design, training of personnel, and everything else that goes to make up a strong air arm. Japanese naval personnel is superior to that of the army and morale is extremely high, but in technical achievements, especially in aviation, the Japanese bluejackets are not up to American standards. Nor is the industrial plant back of Japanese armaments remotely comparable to that of the United States. Witnesses report that Japanese gunnery leaves much to be desired. Fleet organization, based on a system

of keeping many ships in reserve or only partly commissioned, is not conducive to efficient operation or thorough readiness for war. In any engagement between fairly equal forces the consensus of expert naval opinion is that the American navy would win.

If, however, it were necessary to concentrate sea power in the Atlantic, our ability to deal with Japan would be gravely impaired. Since we shall not for several years have a navy powerful enough to undertake simultaneous offensives in both oceans, it might be necessary for us to adopt a defensive in the Pacific while we dealt with Germany in the Atlantic. In that case we would leave raiders, submarines, and long-range bombers to fight Japan, and concentrate our battle fleet in the other ocean. Our light

forces could probably protect the mainland of the United States plus Alaska and Hawaii, but we should certainly lose our island outposts and most of our vital trans-Pacific trade as well. Moreover, Japan would be free to attack the British and Dutch possessions in the South Seas, and any considerable success in these attacks would deprive us of the chance to fight from Singapore with the advantages of position in our hands. Necessity would then force us to take the dangerous route through the Japanese islands. American admirals, clearly understanding this situation, have been most reluctant to see even small units of their Pacific fleet sent to aid patrols in the Atlantic, although an increasing force of giant bombers has been substituted for them.

Why the Army Gripes

BY HAROLD LAVINE

I'VE just spent ten days tramping up and down Times Square, interviewing men in the uniform of the United States army—officers and enlisted men, regulars, National Guardsmen, and drafted men. The newspapers had reported that our troops were churning with disaffection. Out West, it was said, they had inaugurated their own V campaign, only instead of V they were scrawling "OHIO" on field pieces and latrine walls. And "OHIO" meant "Over the Hill in October."

I wanted to find out whether these stories were true. And if they were true, I wanted to know why.

Times Square is swarming with soldiers these days—boys from all over the country now stationed at camps in the vicinity of New York, and New Yorkers, too, come north from Georgia, South Carolina, Louisiana, and New Mexico to visit their folks. In ten days I managed to interview 352 of them, in groups of three or more. They weren't exactly taciturn. And the gallons of coke and coffee I drank with them upset me far less than what they had to say.

They weren't unpatriotic—on the contrary. And their confidence in themselves was truly amazing. My suggestion that our army was no match for Adolf Hitler's shocked them. I could almost hear them say to themselves, "Lord, is this man crazy or pro-Nazi?" "Don't worry," I was assured. "The Germans ain't so tough. We can lick them." It was the old American credo: one American, even without training, can lick ten Germans, twenty-seven Frenchmen, and God knows how many Japs.

On the other hand, with few exceptions, only the regulars liked the army. Virtually all the others detested it. They detested Roosevelt, they detested the Chief of Staff, they detested their officers. And they didn't like

Congress, either. They hadn't expected Congress to vote the eighteen months' extension. "The people won't permit it," they had insisted. Scores of them, more than half the National Guardsmen, said to me, "When my year's up, I'm going over the hill. To hell with Congress. I'm going to desert." I protested, "You don't mean that, soldier. You can't." They nodded their heads and said, "The hell I can't. I'm going over the hill."

Some reporters say that if army pay were raised, living conditions improved, and decent recreational facilities provided, the disaffection would immediately cease. I wonder. I'm not arguing that \$21 or \$30 or even \$40 is enough to pay the soldiers. I believe they deserve more. On the other hand, there is no disaffection among the regulars in the army or among the enlisted men in the navy and marine corps, who are paid at the same rate.

Other observers assert that if the United States enters the war, the patriotism of the men will overwhelm their discontent and overnight the disaffection will dissolve. The Scripps-Howard papers, for example, recently summarized the attitude of the recruits as "Let's fight or else go home." Again I wonder. I didn't hear any such talk. The overwhelming majority of the youngsters were certain that America wouldn't enter the war.

The fundamental cause of the disaffection, I am convinced, is that relatively few of the recruits have any idea why they are in the army or what the army is for. They didn't *join* the army; the army snatched them from their homes, their offices, their girls. It rushed them into uniform, stuck rifles into their hands, and now has them marching up and down in close-order drill, training—for what? The men I spoke to didn't know. They weren't America Firsters, although several of them did accuse

the President of plotting to drag the United States into war. They were simply confused. So far as I could gather, if President Roosevelt wants to help England defeat Germany with measures short of war, that's perfectly all right with them. Relatively few of the soldiers I ran across had given the matter much thought until I asked. They neither attacked nor defended the President's foreign policy. Apparently they just didn't care.

But if the nation wasn't preparing to fight Germany, they asked me, "why this army?" Only twelve soldiers to whom I spoke were afraid that Hitler might invade our shores in the near future. "The Nazis haven't crossed the Channel, have they? How are they going to cross the ocean?" And the vast majority had no fear of what might happen if Germany were to destroy the Royal Navy. "What's the matter with the United States navy? Are we cripples?" As for what might happen five or six or seven years hence if England were to fall, "We can worry about that later. Why are they keeping us now?"

This isn't cheerful news for readers of *The Nation*. I must add that many of the recruits considered Adolf Hitler far less their enemy than Franklin D. Roosevelt. Does National Socialism threaten our economic security? As far as they personally were concerned the eighteen months' extension was an even greater threat, for they weren't too sure of finding work when they left the army. Does National Socialism threaten our civil rights? "What civil rights do we have in the army?" I was asked.

And that, I think, is the second major cause of disaffection. Almost without exception the recruits complained that privates and even non-commissioned officers are second-class citizens. They resented the army's rigid class system. "We're the lower class, you know." They had been amazed to learn that privates and non-coms couldn't date army nurses. "They're officers; we're just scum." And they couldn't understand why they weren't permitted to write letters to Congress. "Are we citizens of these United States, or ain't we?" A good case can be made for this particular regulation, and whenever I outlined it some of the soldiers nodded their heads in agreement, "Yes, that's right." Apparently their officers had never explained the rule; their officers had merely lined them up and read it—do as you're told or else.

Again and again I heard complaints about the accommodations which the railroads provide for soldiers going home on furlough. "Nigras wouldn't ride in them." What infuriated the soldiers even more was the attitude of the communities near which they were stationed. Most of the towns are small, and even if the citizens were friendly the soldiers would have difficulty meeting girls. Unfortunately, the citizens aren't friendly: as the recruits tell it, even the saloon keepers and prostitutes resent them—for not spending enough money. The other folks in town welcome them as effusively as they would the German army. "I'm sure they lock their daughters in

the cellar whenever they spy me coming," said an ex-New Jersey newspaperman just in from Georgia. "The only gals you ever run into on Main Street are pros."

The soldiers hate strikers. They also hate politicians who threaten, "If those fellows don't return to work, reclassify them, and put them in the army." More than once I was told, "Another kind of jail, that's what the army is." Judges who offer criminals the choice of "six months in prison or join the army" enrage the soldiers.

I heard some criticism of the U. S. O. The soldiers don't want charity; they want their rights. It wasn't the drive itself they criticized; it was the wording of the advertisements. A reserve officer now on active duty who had just returned from landing maneuvers in the South said to me irately: "My firm is going to pot. My wife and kids, God only knows how they manage to get along. The U. S. O. says, 'Look at this poor fellow; let's do something for him; let's get him some ping-pong rackets.'"

The inferiority complex which so many of the recruits have developed is reflected in their attitude toward Negroes. They haven't just the normal anti-Negro prejudice which you find everywhere in the United States, in the North as well as the South. They *hate* Negroes, and their hatred seems to be mounting to hysteria. They make sudden, irrelevant remarks: "Say, I read where Joe Louis is going to join the army. I hope they send him down my way. First dark night I'll shoot the bastard." They occupy themselves with the problem of whether or not to salute Negro officers. "They say it's the uniform you salute, not the man," I said. "The hell with that. I'd like to shoot them."

Still another major cause of discontent is the fact that so many of the recruits entered the army from private industry, where efficiency is worshiped. Inefficiency irritates them; they hate to see time and effort wasted. For the past twenty years the army has put a premium upon inefficiency; the officers had plenty of time and they learned to kill it like gentlemen. They learned to wrap themselves in red tape and to worry over the size and color of tent pegs. Nor has the national emergency completely roused them from this stupor; they still keep their men working at perfectly idiotic tasks. (Our army has an obscene name for them.)

The National Guardsmen are liked even less. "They just don't know anything," recruit after recruit complained. "They don't know as much as I do. And I don't know anything."

"We don't learn anything. We just waste time." That was the recurring complaint. "We haven't learned to fight"—from the same soldiers who insisted that they would lick the Germans. "All we've done is close-order drill and ——" (the obscene word). "Now they want to keep us another year or two years. With these officers they can keep us ten years. We still won't have learned to fight."

Controlling the Forests

BY ALAN MACDONALD



NOT since the conservation crusade of Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot thirty-five years ago and the furor about saving our forests which produced the Clarke-McNary cooperative fire-protection law in 1924 has government control of the nation's timber resources been such a live subject as it is today. In 1938 the present Roosevelt asked Congress to name a committee to report on the results of three centuries of unbridled private exploitation of our woodlands, or, as he put it, to investigate "the continuing process of using our forest resources without replacement." The report of the Joint Congressional Committee on Forestry is now completed, and its shocking revelations make clear the necessity of some form of public regulation of our forests. In consequence several bills providing for federal or combined state and federal control are now before Congress.

It is apparently not difficult to sell the people the idea that forests are truly a public utility, supplying us not only manifold defense and domestic materials but also the means of vital watershed and stream maintenance and the best of our vacation facilities. Forests are, moreover, so vulnerable to the ravages of nature and the greed and carelessness of man that their preservation is far beyond the control of private owners.

The story of how American forests have been depleted over the centuries is part of the education of every school child, but the process is being greatly speeded up by defense demands. Our lumber production in 1940, for example, was higher than in any year since 1929, and in 1941 will be still greater. Imports of wood pulp have dropped approximately 50 per cent from normal pre-war levels, and these imports are being replaced by increased cutting of native woods. New uses for plastics, made wholly or partly of wood, as substitutes for metal in industrial machines, household equipment, airplane making, and other fields, and new methods of curing and utilizing wood in building foreshadow a growing if not clearly measurable demand.

According to the United States Forest Service, the nation's forest lands comprise about 630,000,000 acres better suited to growing trees than any other crop. About 170,000,000 acres are too rocky or infertile to bear trees of a size or quality fit for commercial use, although these woods are valuable for watershed protection and as a refuge for wild life. That leaves about 460,000,000 acres of commercial-forest cropland, part of which is in industrial holdings and part in farm wood lots.

These lands, the Joint Congressional Committee says, are not, as a whole, kept adequately to the business of growing trees, and thus of mothering industries and providing jobs, income, and taxes. About one-fourth is in national forests. Part of this acreage was bought in by the government after being cut over by industry and is being nursed back to productivity. At present, public forests yield about 5 per cent of the timber cut. The forest lands privately owned are scattered through most of the states outside the Great Plains, with at least two-thirds of the remaining stands of saw timber in Washington, Oregon, and the South. According to conservationists, it is the condition of the whole forest area which should decide the issue of public regulation.

Its condition today presents no argument for unbridled private operation. Of the commercial forest lands, all but 100,000,000 acres, which bear the remnant of America's once vast virgin forests, was cut over at some time and then, often, abandoned. About 100,000,000 of the cut-over acres have grown over the years stands of good second-growth saw timber; some 77,000,000 are classed as definitely non-productive, with artificial planting indicated for at least one-third of them if they are again to produce saw timber in any reasonable time. Another 70,000,000 acres are growing sparse and inferior trees which without forest management will have little value. The remainder of this cut-over empire—about 100,000,000 acres—is in trees of cordwood size, many of them with years between them and saw-timber dimension.

For our saw-timber supply, then, we have the trees on about 200,000,000 acres. Foresters don't like to say how long that supply will last. Too many variables enter into the computation, such as market demand, the progress of enlightenment among the 4,000,000 forest owners, better fire, insect, and disease control, and possible public regulation. Earle H. Clapp, acting chief of the Forest Service, asserts that we are cutting or destroying our second-growth forests about as fast as they grow, and are cutting rapidly into the remnant of our virgin forests. Vice-President Wallace, when he was Secretary of Agriculture, said that in twenty years, under present practices, the privately owned timber in eastern Oregon and Washington would be pretty well exhausted, and that ten years would see the end of many private stands in western Washington. In many regions in the East native forests are so thoroughly depleted that if a home builder wants first-rate lumber he must get it from the Pacific Coast, with freight charges doubling the cost.

The relationship between the destruction of forests and regional poverty is clear; the records show that the worst rural slums in the country are in cut-over regions. The Joint Committee report takes tax-delinquent, cut-over lands as a measure of economic and social decline and states that in the Lake states the number of such acres rose from 6,000,000 in 1929 to more than 20,000,000 in 1939, and that in Washington and Oregon the number delinquent for three years or more rose from 3,560,000 to 5,370,000. Industrial and farm stagnation, unemployment and high relief costs usually follow the incidence of tax delinquency. The most practicable means of rehabilitation, according to the report, is reforestation and sustained-yield management—to support industries, communities, and markets for farm products.

About 20 per cent of the commercial forest land is under some form of management, but in the rest ugly and uneconomic cut-overs are still being made. The Joint Committee report tells of seventy-six towns in the Pacific Northwest recently abandoned after shortsighted liquidation of adjacent forests and of seventy-seven more where the same process is under way. New forests will grow or can be grown on even completely cleared lands, but the process will take from forty to a hundred years. Acting Chief Forester Clapp, who has been occupied with the problem for thirty-five years, holds that public regulation is absolutely necessary "to stop destruction on privately owned forest land, to stop forest deterioration, which is more common, and to keep privately owned forests reasonably productive." Regulation, government acquisition and management of abused or neglected forest land, and public aid to induce better cooperation by private owners were the basic points of a forestry program which Mr. Clapp, with the backing of the Department of Agriculture, laid before the Joint Committee. Forward-looking industrialists—like the Goodmans in Wisconsin and the Crossett interests in Arkansas—have put large areas under selective-cutting plans designed to protect their own timber supply, and like the Forest Service preach the need of conserving the resource by improved forest practice. But the industry as a whole is against federal regulation to the last tree; it will take state regulation, but only where it must.

Of the three proposals for regulation now before Congress, that recommended by the Joint Committee would place control in the hands of the states, with the Secretary of Agriculture fixing minimum standards and directed to withhold certain federal grants from states failing to meet them. Another, introduced by Representative Pierce of Oregon and embodying Forest Service recommendations, calls for joint federal-state control and provides that when a state fails to set up acceptable regulation within a reasonable time the federal government shall step in and do the job. (The Forest Service believes this represents the minimum of federal partici-

pation necessary to insure the success of any regulatory plan.) The third is an alternative bill, also introduced by Representative Pierce, providing for full federal control under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture. All the proposals intend that both public and private interests shall be consulted in the formulation of minimum standards in the various regions and that the owner shall have the right of review and appeal.

"The fact remains," wrote President Roosevelt in his letter asking for the Joint Committee, "that with some outstanding exceptions, most of the states, communities, and private companies have, on the whole, accomplished little to retard or check the continuing process of using up our forest resources without replacement. This being so, it seems obviously necessary to fall back on the last defensive line—federal leadership and federal action."

In the Wind

AT THE BUFFALO CONVENTION of the United Automobile Workers a five-page mimeographed memorandum on Walter Reuther was distributed to the delegates. The document, which was unsigned, accused Reuther of being a draft dodger and Communist. It quoted in full an enthusiastic letter written by Reuther from the Soviet Union in 1934. "He expressed loyalty to the Soviet Union above his loyalty to America," commented the anonymous author of the memorandum. "In 1941 he refused to serve his country in the armed services of the nation. Walter P. Reuther has not changed his mind." At the end it accused Reuther of "vicious red-baiting."

BEFORE THE WAR this country imported the gold braid used on officers' uniforms from France. When France fell, there was practically no braid on hand, and home production had to be started at once. It is now reported that we have been so successful in producing this particular defense item that we are exporting it to other countries.

A PLAN for a housing project for Negroes in a predominantly white section of Buffalo, New York, has drawn a protest from eleven "civic leaders." The reason given is simply that Negro residents always cause a decrease in property values. Among the signers of the petition are three labor leaders—the local presidents of the Tug Firemen, the Freight Handlers, and the Grain Shovelers.

THE NAZI RADIO recently broadcast greetings to "our friends in Geneva, Wisconsin." Geneva is the new home of Scribner's *Commentator*.

REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD, speaking at the Madison Square Garden meeting of the Council for Democracy, listed Soviet Russia among the dictatorships. In the text of the speech handed to newspapermen this reference to the U. S. S. R. was crossed out.

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Interlude for an Isolationist

I HAVE just been looking at a picture of Senator Robert Rice Reynolds, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee of the United States Senate, and his fiancée sitting at a table in a bar. On the table between them are two drinks, an ash tray, and a pack of Chesterfields. Also between the Senator and his sweetheart are thirty-seven years and a difference in private income of about \$80,000 a year; the young lady is the granddaughter of American plutocracy, and "Our Bob"—who supplied the possessive pronoun himself—is the people's man and the product of democracy. The young lady is laughing, and Bob, dressed young and really looking pretty young at fifty-seven, is grinning, a trifle puffy-eyed but with definite satisfaction.

The picture might carry almost any caption, "Boy Meets Girl," for instance. But if I were labeling it I'd call it "Interlude for an Isolationist," and I'd recognize it as probably more important in the politics of the United States of America than any of the votes "Our Bob" has cast in the Senate which have made the patriots furious. Bob got into the Senate in the first place on the basis of a wedding, and there seems now more chance of his getting out on that basis than as the result of any public indignation about his attitude, even if it serves Hitler as directly as some of his opponents have charged.

I don't happen to be one of the admirers of Senator Reynolds's statesmanship. I was opposed to the seniority rule in the Senate before it pushed Bob up into the position—ridiculous in the light of his pacifist views—of chairman of the Military Affairs Committee in a time of national emergency. But if anybody thinks Bob is secretly serving a foreign power, he does not realize that Bob has never yet been passionately interested in any problem outside his own hide. If men mistake his motions in waving flags and attacking helpless foreign minorities in the United States for fascism, they neglect the fact that he is the almost pure product of democracy as it exists among us. No political machine, no poll tax brought about his political elevation. He seemed a fluke once, but he has been elected twice by his state. And he was advanced to his eminence in military matters by the rule adhered to by all the Senators from all the states.

Bob understands the potency of pictures. On his travels, which have principally underlined the truth that the traveler is the same man at the end of his journey, he has for years sent back picture postcards to his constit-

uents. R. F. D. routes have been enlivened by bright blue Mediterranean skies, the Pyramids by moonlight, the Taj Mahal. They pleased. He seems to have a similar faith in the effectiveness of pictures of himself. He photographs fairly well. No harm was done by the view of the muscular and enthusiastic manner in which he kissed the late Jean Harlow against the background of the Senate Office Building. As chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, he at least looks militant driving a jeep up and down the Capitol steps with a cargo of jolting fellow-Senators. In our democracy, in which he plays the Southern gallant like a heavy-handed Hollywood actor playing a Southern part, he is a sort of poor man's peacock strutting and kissing where the boys in the filling stations would like to kiss and strut, too.

He realizes, I think, that pictures may make a more lasting impression than votes. But from his point of view, he is no voting fool. Even the votes which to the country seemed to confirm his fascism actually underscored his understanding of his particular democracy. Behind his campaign to take all compassion out of the immigration laws was a constituency which contained fewer of the foreign-born than any other in America and, as a corollary, greater distrust of the unknown. Similarly, I think, his voting now is less related to the welfare of the world in 1941 than to the welfare of Robert Rice Reynolds in 1944. That is when the war in which "Our Bob" is interested will take place. He comes up for reelection then. By that time the threat of war may be over and only the taxes remain, or a war itself may be over and reaction from its elevated patriotism have set in. My bet is that that is Bob's bet. And it seems a pretty good one. The only thing that threatens it is not war in the world but Bob's wedding in Washington—his fifth incidentally.

He got into the Senate in the first place by making fun of the plutocracy of former Senator Cameron Morrison, who had married a rich wife. Once in, he merely had to ride the years to become boss man of the Senate's Military Affairs Committee. Now Bob is marrying into the family that owns the Hope diamond, which never carried good luck. And Cameron Morrison grins and says, "From now on even I can lick him."

Statesmanship or the lack of it, home or Hitler, are beside the point.

They used to say in the pool rooms, "Ain't Bob ■ card?"

Ain't America?

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Rauschning's Apologia

THE CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION. By Hermann Rauschning. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75.

THIS is the fourth volume by the former Nazi president of the once Free City of Danzig. The first two were interesting on account of their inside information about Hitler, his methods and his aims. They also contained philosophical interpretations of very doubtful value, which, however, made a great impression on those purveyors of democratic verbiage who were thankful for Rauschning's simple short cut through many practical and theoretical difficulties—namely, his equation of communism and Nazism as the twin grandchildren of Karl Marx.

In his third volume Mr. Rauschning indulged in a rather dated mode of German idealistic contemplation of metaphysics and—as he likes to do under all circumstances—in big words and symbolic phrases of vague and ambiguous meaning. At the same time he managed to speak with sympathy of Pilsudski and Dollfuss. Their ruthless suppressions of democracy in Poland and Austria were called attempts to give democracy "a new meaning." The French people liked peace more than honor, and only their Catholic generals had better and deeper thoughts—the same generals, mind you, who sabotaged the war against Hitler and are today collaborating with him. But are they not doing it in the name of the principles to which, as we shall see, Mr. Rauschning adheres today no less than he did ten years ago when he joined the Nazi Party? Only—and such are the great possibilities of the application of metaphysical concepts to practical politics—under Pétain and Darlan Nazism and communism are not to be confused any more.

Mr. Rauschning's new volume consists of letters in which he attempts to explain why he joined the Nazi Party and why he left it—long after the Reichstag fire, the pogroms, the establishment of the concentration camps, and even long after the blood purge in which friends of his disappeared forever. Surely an explanation of what seemed a mystery in the light of Mr. Rauschning's later and personally courageous stand against Hitlerism should be of great interest, especially today when people of Mr. Rauschning's type try to repeat on an international scale—by appeasement—what he did in Germany. And the suspense with which one starts to read "The Conservative Revolution" is further heightened by a preface in which the author says: "I agree still, as I did ten years ago, with the considerations that originally led me to join the Nazis, because I still think that those considerations were essentially right and conclusive."

In defending his fatal, and politically and humanly unforgivable, early alignment with Hitler, Mr. Rauschning starts off with a quotation from an essay by the Austrian writer Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who thought that he had discovered the development of "a counter-movement to that intellectual upheaval of the sixteenth century which we call, in its two aspects, Renaissance and Reformation." Hofmanns-

thal gave this imagined movement the name "conservative revolution." Mr. Rauschning and his political friends, so he assures us, felt that this revolution was their cause. It was to be a grandiose stroke against the French and Bolshevik revolutions, historically justified because in them "the current of destruction introduced by the great secular movement of human emancipation is going far beyond the natural rhythm of destruction and rebuilding." Mr. Rauschning attributes nothing less to this unreasonable behavior of mankind or history, as he sees it, than the "absolute and irrevocable sacrifice of the very nature of man, of the human qualities formed by the untold thousands of years of man's social existence." I have not read in a long time a more presumptuous statement.

Mr. Rauschning and his friends were out to save man and his natural human qualities. But, practically, how could they proceed? "The masses, my friend," says Mr. Rauschning, "are the dominating feature of the new stage of things in all civilized countries." And "the respectable vote falls and falls," he complains. So what could the few remaining respectable voters do to preserve mankind from self-destruction? They started first of all to look for a mass base. Yet the "phenomenon of the masses" was an intricate one: "How was it to be got rid of as a political force and menace to any political order? We hoped help from Nazism in this." The masses "must be made non-political by a mass movement and then set limits to themselves or, rather, give themselves a new form in which they are no longer masses but an articulated, ordered community with a public function, though a restricted one." The "demagogy, propaganda, political intoxication, and hysteria" of Nazism Mr. Rauschning and his friends accepted because they believed that "there was no other way" of gaining political power or of disciplining the masses. Of course Mr. Rauschning admits today that he and his friends were in error in accepting "these things." Yet, he insists, "only by joining the Nazi Party" did there seem "still to be any chance of saving democracy." Or—and this seems the peak of confusion, not only in view of the plague Hitlerism became but in view of what it represented from the beginning—"Our sense of the necessity of re-Christianization was one of the reasons for trying to work with Nazism." Father Coughlin may understand this argument; I don't.

Summing up, Mr. Rauschning says, "We erred in our choice of means, but I do not know who could have avoided our error in that crisis." Well, I know many a truly conservative and Christian man who easily avoided that error, Pastor Niemöller, for example, to name only one; and not to speak of the "masses," the millions of simple German people who had to be terrorized, enslaved, and treated like cattle and worse in order to give the great Christian Rauschning a chance to save their natural human qualities.

To give his arguments some basis Mr. Rauschning paints the whole period of "human emancipation" as a period of decline, the years after World War I as foul years in every

respect, and the Weimar Republic as the cradle of every ensuing evil. Hitler's anti-Semitism is nothing but the counterpart of the theory of class struggle, and of course he didn't take it seriously for a moment. One does not know whether to cry or laugh at such nonsense.

As an involuntary portrait of the confused mind of persons of a certain type and level, "The Conservative Revolution" is not without value. A better title for the book would have been "Revolutionary Reaction."

FRANZ HOELLERING

Critics at Work

THE INTENT OF THE ARTIST. Edited with an Introduction by Augusto Centeno. Princeton University Press. \$2.50.

INVITATION TO LEARNING. By Huntington Cairns, Allen Tate, and Mark Van Doren. Random House. \$3.

THE first of these two books is valuable chiefly as containing the best account of musical meaning and the musician's purpose that I have come across in English. This account is Roger Sessions's contribution to a series of Princeton lectures on the difficult subject of what the arts are about and, even more importantly, what the artists are about. The other contributors to the symposium are Sherwood Anderson on the literary imagination, Thornton Wilder on playwriting, William Lescage on architecture, and Augusto Centeno on the general topic set for his collaborators. In his witty, though occasionally overloaded, introduction, Professor Centeno makes the point that "art is a symbolic possession of life"—he might have said that it is "equivalent sensation"—but Mr. Sessions is the only one who convincingly specifies for his own art in what way that possession, that man-made equivalence, occurs. He does it almost wholly by means of the word "gesture," which reveals as the particular symbolism of music its power to embody tensions and psychological movement below the surface of ideas, emotions, and themes. His amplification of the term is as free from preciousness as his analysis of examples is free from academic lumber, and the essay is from all points of view a classic utterance.

After this clearing up of the old cant of "melted architecture," Mr. Lescage's dialogue on the frozen article is at once tedious and irrelevant. I remain an admirer of Mr. Lescage's buildings, and a future biographer may be interested in what the designer chose to write, but this particular effort to overcome imaginary prejudices and to prove the obvious by a sort of baby talk only proves once more that not every artist is a critic and that understanding a subject implies no articulateness about it.

The literary men are articulate enough, yet Mr. Wilder seems to me needlessly dry in his outline of what a successful play does. He seems to be teaching Freshman English rather than getting at the intent of the artist, and the good things he says are all by the way. As for Sherwood Anderson's charming piece, it is at least in part a reprint from "Life and Letters," where the casual comments of the story-teller on his art, including a bit of verse, a bit of narrative, and a bit of confession, were more at home than in this would-be critical symposium.

On all counts a truer symposium and a more critical is the published version of twenty-seven radio discussions of great books by Huntington Cairns, Allen Tate, Mark Van Doren, and occasional guests. The tone of voice, of course, is missing, which robs the dialogue of some of its humor—and good humor. But its speed and sharpness remain to delight the reader and to instruct the innocent about the profound dissensus of critical opinion on the world's "acknowledged" masterpieces. Mr. Van Doren has provided terse summaries of historical fact and judgment preceding each discussion, and the volume is a splendid denial of the blurb on the jacket, which invites shame and contradiction by the bandwagon formula of "America is rediscovering the classics."

JACQUES BARZUN

The Battle of France

A THOUSAND SHALL FALL. By Hans Habe. Translated by Norbert Guterman. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

THIS is the first account of the Battle of France that we have had from a soldier who fought in the ranks of the French army. Hans Habe is a Hungarian journalist and novelist, an anti-fascist who enlisted with the Twenty-first Foreign Volunteers at the outbreak of the war. Shortly before the armistice he was captured by the Germans and interned in a prison camp, from which he escaped after nearly two months. Taken simply as a story of personal adventure, "A Thousand Shall Fall" offers as much exciting reading as any book that has thus far come out of the war. Habe's flight through occupied France to the free zone matches anything in "Out of the Night" for sheer melodrama. If this aspect of the book insures a wide reading for it in this country, we should be grateful indeed for the author's skill in narrative, for what Habe's story reveals in the way of evidence concerning the nature of the French defeat points a lesson so vital for us that its importance cannot be overemphasized.

There can be little doubt that most of the French generals didn't want to fight the war which had been forced on them after the utter collapse of appeasement, and no attempt was made during the breathing space of the "phony war" to explain to the French troops what was at stake; instead, they were disciplined. "Since discipline was something unpleasant, it followed that if a soldier's life was made unpleasant enough, he would automatically learn discipline." When the Germans attacked in the Low Countries, the French army began what Habe calls a "flight forward." The men were endlessly marched to the frontier by circuitous routes, and arrived at the front exhausted. The lack of organization was incredible; officers frequently had no maps and were ignorant of their objectives. At the front there were no mobile kitchens, so that the soldiers sometimes went without food for days. Habe's division, the Thirty-fifth, drove a wedge into the German army of Sedan and held it for three weeks—and then was ordered to retreat. Officers who refused to obey the command to retreat when there was no necessity for doing so were relieved, and in many places troops that had not even made contact with the Germans were withdrawn into the interior. The army that had been

called the best in the world quickly disintegrated into a mob whose slogan was *sauve qui peut*.

The French defeat was not entirely the result of insufficient preparation and stupid generalship. What chiefly brought about the tragedy of France was the lack of a will to resist. The Battle of France was not so much battle as it was window-dressing. The men who are now high in the councils of the Vichy government used the war as a device whereby they could deliver their country to fascism without seeming to do so too obviously. How well they succeeded may be seen in the fact that many Americans still prefer to believe that the French were defeated because they were "degenerate," or because they were infected with Maginotitis, or because the Popular Front sabotaged military production. But not all Frenchmen were deceived. Habe's lieutenant told him this before the surrender: "We Frenchmen . . . were in the midst of a civil war when the Germans overran us. . . . They make it look as though Frenchmen are fighting Germans. . . . But this was a war of Frenchmen against Frenchmen. And no one told us." That civil war is one that recognizes no national borders, no hemisphere lines, and it is the same war that engages us now.

Hans Habe has performed an inestimable service for the country which affords him asylum today. We have already had several good accounts of the death of the French Republic—particularly Heinz Pol's "Suicide of a Democracy"—but nothing as vivid and as moving as "A Thousand Shall Fall," which makes it clear that France's democracy was not killed on the battlefield. Surely the significance of that fact for Americans is obvious.

WILLIAM JAY GOLD

John Wheelwright

SELECTED POEMS. By John Wheelwright. New Directions. \$1.

ONLY once did this reviewer have the good fortune to meet John Wheelwright, but that once was enough to impress upon him how pertinacious and eccentric the poet as a person was willing to be in being honest. Hence the crotchets, humors, and particularities which crowd his verse are evidence of how much of one piece he was. Such consistency is enough to give others a feeling of guilt. Yet it also affords us a clue to the causes of the defects of Wheelwright's poetry. He has left us a body of work which is something to be reckoned with, but there is little into which we can sink our teeth, little that is completed and rounded off, capable of standing by itself, largely independent of the accidents of the very personal. The events which gave rise to the poetry are not sufficiently removed from their private contexts in the poet's mind; they have not been allowed to subside and cool off into art.

To make his experience, or what he makes of his experience, available to others, the artist must be dishonest with himself to some extent. John Wheelwright was not able or not willing to practice the necessary insincerities of communication; this absolute honesty sanctioned the bewildering, misleading, and seemingly captious items that fill his poems, underneath which the reader will often look in vain for the directive logic, poetic or otherwise, that should organize and

sustain them. They seem to be justified by little except the fact that they were of the poet's mind when the poems took place there. But the *real* poet—and Wheelwright was one—should not be too honest. He should have some amount of social expertness, be something of a hypocrite, if only to be good at his craft. Otherwise the intensity and the uniqueness with which he feels will choke him.

There are, however, several very successful poems in this rather limited selection—a selection I do not think quite fair to the sum of Wheelwright's work. "Fish Food, an Obituary to Hart Crane" moves in its alexandrines like a wave toward a beach, gathering emotion and setting down that emotion at the inevitably right last moment. The short satirical and epigrammatic poems are particularly good of their kind. There the poet, being forced to revolve his poem around a single point, hasn't the pretext for divagation and must concentrate what he says into one small, but very sharp, bite. The gnomic flavor of Wheelwright's poetry makes the bite all the sharper—once it is felt.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

Bennington Festival: 1941

LAST summer, when the Bennington School of Dance expanded to take in music and drama, there was some apparent faltering in that unified drive which for five years had energized its program. This year's festival shows unhappily no solution reached, but rather confusion more advanced. Not only have the arts failed to collaborate interestingly, but the separate fields have themselves lost vitality. Only in Martha Graham and the workers around her have the school's new aims found fruition. One wants to say, though, that their work is a miracle of sufficient growth to compensate for the rest; even if that rest miss the same ends because they refuse the lesson of Miss Graham's method.

Music continued with Ralph Kirkpatrick's harpsichord recitals of seventeenth-century music, and a modern composers' program directed by Henry Cowell. Both were well done, but both seemed lost out on the edges somewhere: precious, self-conscious of oddity, part piffle. Drama, after last year's exciting music-dance experiment with "Huck Finn," has withdrawn to the town movie with a weekly bill compounded curiously of vaudeville, Molière's "School for Wives," Mozart's "Impresario," and "The Barker." The Molière and Mozart were not offered in festival week. What this misalliance adds up to it is hard to see. There are surely enough summer theaters, and so many drearily doing "The Barker" (with Ann Corio). And there are Tanglewood and several opera companies, with names and facilities, playing important Mozart. Bennington will never become a mecca by offering such pabulum as this.

In dance, "Decade," the new full-evening piece of Charles Weidman and Doris Humphrey, is self-described as reminiscence, an interim work. Using snatches of their best dances, they tell the story of ten years' partnership, from a "Vision of a New Life" (sic) through "The Path to Realization" (sick). This doubtless has value as dance history and for an audience of devotees. But their repertory season this year, with numerous revivals, achieved the same end, allowed one to see the dances entire. Here they are only a means to

the story; and that story is mainly one of the long struggle with the antagonist, Mr. Business. His is the only speaking part, done off stage with loud-speakers. This effect, the settings, and some of the sequences (the opera episode) provide moments of entertainment and beauty. But in treating autobiographical material the dancers have indulged in a great deal of bathetic self-dramatization. Every artist struggles with Mr. Business, but the struggle is precisely that, a business one. His central combat is with his medium and his creative demon; and only there lie the real pity and drama of his situation.

It is possible that the abatement of creative energy comes from a too great emphasis and dependence on the talents of Humphrey and Weidman. In their company Beatrice Seckler danced with her usual spirited style, and Charles Hamilton moved throughout like "the real thing." Here are dancers, perhaps choreographers, to build with.

Martha Graham's program comprised two dances first seen last summer, "El Penitente" and "Letter to the World," and a new offering, "Punch and the Judy." They reveal in vision and revision why she is the most progressive of American theater artists; why she reaches an ever larger audience; why her work takes rank with the most profound modern art. For instance, I felt last year that "El Penitente" was flawed by Merce Cunningham's too young face and costume as the Christ. I found this year that he had been given a mask, a black robe. Not only is this the right revision, but as he now appears, the effect is a real bull's-eye in theatricality. The whole piece has taken precise form as a naive rite, not only of Southwestern cult, but of all Mediterranean Catholicism. Graham's Magdalene is Carmen and the cigar-box girl with the rose. Her Mary is not only Ruth Draper's peasant madonna but also the baroque Pietà of Michelangelo.

"Letter to the World," the Emily Dickinson legend using her poetry as libretto, has benefited even more from this genius for reworking. The most revealing change is that the two selves of the poet are no longer named The One in Red and The One in White, an arbitrary and limiting differentiation. Now they are The One Who Dances and The One Who Speaks; this increase in meaning cuts down to the skeletal bases of the drama. "Letter" is surely the apex of that American dance which began with Isadora Duncan. And though its "book" is a mere arrangement of old poems, it points toward the deepest drama of this century.

The new piece, "Punch and the Judy," resembles in style "Every Soul Is a Circus"; but it is more sophisticated and wider in reference. Scuffle and squabble of man and woman and child, "affairs" and dreams: the plushy verbiage is spoken by one of three Burne-Jones Fates, and comes from scattered introductions to Gordon Craig's puppet plays. Erick Hawkins, having found at last a way to laugh at himself, is really funny. Graham creates the Judy with a Chaplin classicism, the inane bitchery of Bea Lillie. Real clowning, her comedy makes broadest hits with a wrist flip, a turn of toe. Its line is as local as Hogarth, as modernly universal as James Thurber. Because she has already so truly caught the most serious "mysteries" of our living, her humor is a pure one: dry, hilarious, contained.

And the reason these gratuities of the ridiculous and the sublime increase for us year by year is that they proceed

from that prime theater virtue—humility. There is no "personality" here; all is sacrificed to the independent life of the work, only fluidity till the shown life cuts to its one right form. There is a guiding sensibility, but the art draws freely from everywhere, everyone. There is none of the despotism of the specialist or the diva. Louis Horst, Arch Lauterer, Erick Hawkins, Merce Cunningham, Jane Dudley, Jean Erdman—each grows at his own speed, within his own range. This is the ability to work together, collaboration; and for this there is no exhaustion, no stopping point. This is what the Bennington School needs to learn, as well as the theater as a whole. And the world outside the theater, too.

SHERMAN CONRAD

"The most complete and well organized picture of Germany and its conquered countries which

has, up to now, been bound between two covers. **THE SPOIL OF EUROPE** should be read by every American who is interested in what the Nazi system means to this country and the world. There exists no other picture of Nazi economic practices in Europe so complete and so well prepared."—**DOUGLAS MILLER**, author of "*You Can't Do Business with Hitler*." \$2.75

THE SPOIL OF EUROPE

THE NAZI TECHNIQUE IN POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC CONQUEST

By THOMAS REVEILLE

With a Foreword by Raymond Gram Swing

W. W. Norton & Co. "BOOKS THAT LIVE" 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

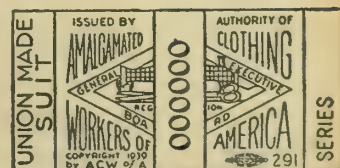
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IN BRIEF

NOT WITHOUT HONOR. By Vivian Parsons. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

A robust novel about the Americanization of Joe La Tendresse, a young French Canadian who came to a mining town in northern Michigan and, unlike his stubbornly cliquish fellow-countrymen, buckled down to the job of making himself in both name and spirit a citizen of the United States.

SCHOOL FOR ETERNITY. By Harry Hervy. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

A cleverly mechanized novel in which a random group of eight men and women are brought together as guests of a diabolical count on a Western island a couple of days before a disastrous earthquake shatters the place. As in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," these eight people are dissected separately, with no startling profundity but with a good deal of wit, rendered more pungent by the sense of impending catastrophe.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

HANNA, CRANE, AND THE MAUVE DECADE. By Thomas Beer. Knopf. \$3.75.

YUCATAN. By Lawrence Dame. Random House. \$3.

FROM MY HIGHEST HILL. By Olive Tilford Dargan. Lippincott. \$3.50.

CARL SANDBURG. By Karl Detzer. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

THE GROUND WE STAND ON. By John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO. By Wilbur Dwight Dunkel. Chicago University Press. \$1.50.

I AM AN AMERICAN. By Famous Naturalized Americans. Alliance. \$1.50.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE. Talleyrand and the Congress of Vienna. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Putnam. \$3.50.

ESCAPE FROM FREEDOM. By Erich Fromm. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

A HISTORY OF UKRAINE. By Michael Hrushevsky. Edited by O. J. Frederiksen. Yale University Press. \$4.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION. By W. Ivor Jennings. Macmillan. \$2.50.

REVELLE IN WASHINGTON, 1860-1865. By Margaret Leech. Harper. \$3.50.

THE RED DECADE. By Eugene Lyons. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.

THE FOLK CULTURE OF YUCATAN. By Robert Redfield. University of Chicago Press. \$3.50.

BUSINESS AS USUAL. The First Year of Defense. By I. F. Stone. Modern Age. \$2.

RECORDS

BEECHAM'S first sensational concert with the New York City Symphony last spring opened with a performance of the Suite which he had put together from Handel's "Faithful Shepherd." From Columbia we now get this fine music performed with the tonal beauty and exquisite finish that Beecham could achieve with his own superb London Philharmonic Orchestra (Set 458, \$3.50). The performance is beautifully recorded; but, as in the case of the recent set of Mozart's Symphony K. 543, there are the occasional swish and other noises that indicate imperfect processing. These latest Beecham sets, with Victor's latest Furtwängler sets, show that the English companies had reached the point, in 1939, where they were recording orchestras with a refinement of beautiful, balanced, spacious, cleanly defined sound that we don't hear in even the best American orchestral recordings—Stokowski's and Ormandy's with the Philadelphia Orchestra. But the swish on the minuet side of the Beecham version of Mozart's K. 543 and the similar defects in his "Faithful Shepherd" set show that Columbia, many of whose own orchestral recordings are bad, cannot even process perfectly the fine recordings it gets from London.

One of those bad Columbia orchestral recordings is to be heard in the set (459, \$4.50) of Haydn's Symphony No. 101 ("Clock") made by Barlow with the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony. The performance would not in any case lead one to forget the sharp contours and transparent textures and beautiful plastic proportions of Toscanini's in the old Victor set; but in addition the recorded sound of it, as it comes from a high-fidelity machine, is nasal, shrill, brash, unclear.

Nor has Columbia done a good job recording Guiomar Novaes's performances of Albeniz's fine piano pieces, "Triana" and "Evocacion" (71171-D, \$1). But then the performances themselves are not good jobs: the blurred contours and textures are as much in the playing as in the recording.

Walter Piston's Sonata for violin and piano, well played by Louis Krasner and the composer (Set X-199, \$2.50), is very impressive in the accompanying notes, where "Piston is one of the few who has achieved a perfect balance between the underlying idea of a musical work and its form of expression," and where Piston himself says he has

sought, in this work, "clarity of form, simplicity and directness of style, and continuity of melodic expression" and "hoped to make music that players will want to play and that listeners will want to hear." But it is hard for me to imagine anyone discovering in the actual sound of the work any interesting idea, any interesting melody, style, form, any reason for wanting to play the work or listen to it.

The remaining August releases, Victor's set of Beethoven's Quartet Op. 18, No. 2, played by the Budapest Quartet and Columbia's of Brahms's Academic Festival Overture played by Barbirolli with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, still have not arrived.

Columbia's hot jazz reissues continue with a volume of 1925 and 1926 performances by Louis Armstrong and His Hot Five (C-57, \$2.50): "Gut Bucket Blues" and "Yes! I'm in the Barrel" (36152), "Muskat Ramble" and "Skid-Dat-De-Dat" (36153), "Cornet Chop Suey" and "My Heart" (36154), "You're Next" and "Oriental Strut" (36155). I don't care much about the first two; but the others are good examples of the powerful early Armstrong ensemble and solo style.

B. H. HAGGIN

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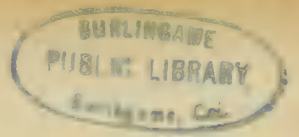
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The Shape of Things

IT IS A CURIOUS SENSATION TO LET ONE'S mind move through the anomalies that constitute America's foreign policy on the second anniversary of the start of the war. Today this country is submerged in a truly gigantic effort to provide weapons for the defeat of Hitler. Though the results are still far too meager to meet the desperate demand, the effort is intense enough to have soaked up a large proportion of our unemployed and created a temporary prosperity which is shoving up both wages and costs. On the other hand, as in every economy geared to war production, people are being forced to adjust themselves to the lack of accustomed commodities suddenly curtailed by the needs of the defense industry or by dislocations of international relations or by shipping shortages. We are not in the war and our embassy in Berlin is still open; but our President, as in his Labor Day address, openly, bitterly attacks Hitler and pledges our faithful service in the struggle to end the Axis drive toward world dominion. He recalls pointedly our historical readiness to fight when our liberties are threatened. But with all this effort and all this commitment the United States—after two years of war and the conquest of eleven free nations—is still unconvinced that it is actually in danger. Among a majority of our citizens a large hope remains that we can get out of this somehow without engaging in actual combat. So we live emotionally on a sort of hand-to-mouth basis, reacting to shifting events with few fundamental convictions to guide us. The marvel is that under such conditions we have accomplished as much as we have. And the question is, when are we going to wake up to the unreality of our situation and demand: "What's all the non-shoot-in' for?"

★

THE GERMAN PEOPLE NOW KNOW THAT they must endure a third winter of war. As the nights lengthen they must be preparing themselves for bombings on a scale far greater than anything they have yet experienced. And as the war against the Soviets enters its eleventh week, the probability of a winter campaign in the frozen interior of Russia becomes a certainty. In spite of all Hitler's successes, decisive victory must ap-

pear to the Germans farther removed than a year ago. How is German morale standing up in the face of this prospect? That is a question difficult to answer, but we know that the Nazis are finding it advisable to seal up the home front against news leaks still more closely. This seems to be the main reason for the shutting down of neutral consulates, particularly in the German provinces, which has been going on quietly for some time. Almost all independent observers coming out of Germany remark on the lack of enthusiasm displayed for the victories claimed by the High Command. Now Dr. Goebbels has thought it advisable to explain that "apparent lethargy" as a sign not of low spirits but of "a stronger and more stable sense of realities than in the World War." This comes very close to an admission of German awareness that the outlook is not as rosy as the vague bulletins of the Hitler-Mussolini conference tried to indicate.

✱

IN TIME OF WAR OR EMERGENCY THE Department of Justice becomes the center of the nation's vastly increased control over the business and political activities of its citizens. Regulations multiply; the individual grows smaller and more helpless. The process is inevitable. No national effort of the intensity and magnitude of even our present share in the struggle against Hitlerism could succeed without it. But just because control is more centralized and severe, it should be lodged in the hands of men who can be trusted conscientiously to balance the necessity of restriction against the value of freedom. The appointment of Francis Biddle to the post of Attorney General is an encouraging sign that the Administration intends to be as vigilant in defending liberty as in securing order and compliance with law. Mr. Biddle is a vigorous and tested liberal as well as an eminent lawyer, and we look to him confidently to curb those tendencies in the Department of Justice which threaten a recurrence of the hateful persecutions bred by the last war. John Dos Passos's eloquent letter To a Liberal in Office was not addressed to Mr. Biddle and was in fact written before his appointment. But we commend it to his attention and warmly support its plea. The new Attorney General should sound the keynote for his own administration by promptly dismissing the case against the Trotskyists in Minnesota.

✱

THE NEW IRANIAN CABINET HAS DECIDED not to offer further resistance to the British and Russian forces, which are continuing their occupation of strategic points throughout the country. Turkish reports hint at the early signature of an agreement between the three countries which would leave Britain and Russia in control of Iranian communications for the duration of the war while providing Iran with compensation and guaranties of independence. This would be a fortunate outcome to

a move which has exposed Britain and the U. S. S. R. to charges of imitating Nazi methods of dealing with small countries. The excuse given—Iranian toleration of fifth columnists—has strengthened rather than diminished the force of this accusation in the view of some pro-British liberals. It is true that Germans occupying key technical positions in Iran constituted a danger for the anti-Nazi armies, but the real reason for the invasion was rather the absolute strategic necessity for linking the Caucasus and the British Middle Eastern command and for creating a secure supply route. Time and again during this war Britain has been weakened by respecting neutral rights and leaving small nations wide open to German invasion at Hitler's chosen moment. Self-preservation forbids the taking of any more such chances. We should feel happier, though, if Britain and Russia had candidly admitted these facts instead of attempting to put a legal gloss on action which only the sheerest necessity can justify.

✱

THAT THE NAZIS HAVE LONG BEEN ACTIVE in Argentina is a well-known fact but one which the government of that country has sometimes seemed reluctant to acknowledge. This has made possible the effective organization of the very considerable German population of the great southern republic. Now, thanks largely to the energy of a Congressional Committee headed by Deputy Raul Damonte Taborda, so many details about that organization have been brought to light that the government can no longer refrain from taking action. It has been found that although the local Nazi party was officially suppressed by Presidential decree in May, 1939, it continued to operate in the guise of the Federation of German Cultural and Welfare Clubs. Within this organization practically all the 60,000 adult male Germans in Argentina have been grouped in "cells," each under a leader, and in addition units of storm troopers and S. S. men have been formed. Among the documents in the dossier assembled by the investigating committee is one signed by the German ambassador, Edmund von Thermann, acknowledging receipt of 100,000 pesos from the federation to be applied to "funds to defray the needs of this embassy." Resort to this unconventional method of diplomatic finance may be due to the fact that the embassy has a staff of 156 persons claiming diplomatic immunity although all trade between Germany and Argentina is at a standstill. Britain, doing a big business in the country, gets along with only 30 diplomats.

✱

MAYOR LAGUARDIA AND WILLIAM O'DWYER, Brooklyn District Attorney, are still the leading contestants in the New York mayoralty campaign despite a few new entries and withdrawals. In general LaGuardia will be backed by those who support the New Deal in

both domestic and foreign policy. O'Dwyer, however, will get some votes from the President's supporters, for he has the cleanest record of any Democrat in the city. The ominous possibilities in a LaGuardia defeat and O'Dwyer victory lie not so much in the record of either man as in the unholy alliance of Tammany ward heelers and Coughlinite fanatics which is running the O'Dwyer campaign. Unable to nominate a candidate of their own choosing, the pro-fascists jumped on the O'Dwyer bandwagon and are trying to grab the reins. From the evidence at hand it would seem that they have been at least partly successful, for O'Dwyer has yet to repudiate them. Indeed, the extent to which the more virulent isolationists are influencing the campaign is apparent in the effort of a group of Republicans to get a cut of anti-democratic support by challenging the Mayor for the G. O. P. nomination with John R. Davies, a Coughlinite fellow-traveler. This move has already cost LaGuardia part of his large Italian backing. In addition, he now has another familiar liability, Communist support. If he is able to break through despite his foes on the far right and his unwelcome friends on the far left, the victory for the liberal point of view will be a notable one.

Which France Are We For?

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

DURING this past holiday week-end we Americans have spent a lot of valuable time congratulating ourselves on our democratic institutions, our liberties, and our earnest efforts in defense of both. We could with better grace have devoted part of it to self-scrutiny and self-criticism. Our orator-statesmen might have turned their attention profitably, for a few moments, to the less glorious role we are playing in the defense of democracy abroad.

All over Europe resistance to Hitler is rising. In France particularly, men and women are daily risking their lives in gallant, desperate acts of rebellion against Nazi domination and the repressions of Hitler's straw-bosses in Vichy. In two remarkably prophetic articles in *The Nation* Louis Dolivet described the preliminary stirrings of revolt. In his second article, on July 26, he wrote: "An immense movement coming from the very soul of the French people is destroying every kind of collaboration suggested by the Pétain government." Today that movement has assumed ominous proportions. In the last few months 150,000 people have been arrested for political offenses; in the past week 6,000 have been rounded up in Paris alone. Vichy has created summary courts to try "Communists and anarchists," and

the death sentence has been instituted for acts committed against the "occupying authorities." Already many men have gone to the guillotine for such misdemeanors as attending so-called Communist demonstrations and for "espionage"—clearly in behalf of the Free French cause. More than a hundred recent cases of sabotage have occurred on the French railways. Sabotage is also punished by death, and the death sentence has even been established for "failure to stop railroad sabotage." Eugene Deloncle, notorious Cagoulard, has turned his 25,000 storm troopers loose on the people.

The attempted assassination of Laval and Déat by the young De Gaullist Collette resulted in a new spurt of arrests, new drumhead trials. A reign of terror is taking power in France today—a white terror. And while it gathers force, the Nazi invaders stand a little to one side watching the French people plunge deeper into conflict. The German army has, it is true, rounded up thousands of anti-Nazi suspects, but the occupying authorities have announced that the French police will be expected to restore and keep order. And the summary courts have been described by the Paris press as a "test" which will prove the success or failure of collaboration. In other words, if their French underlings can do the dirty work of the occupation, smothering in blood the growing resistance of the people, so much the better; Hitler can still pose as the "correct," magnanimous conqueror, desiring only a cooperative government and people freed from the intrigues of Jews and "Communist-De Gaullists." If the tide of revolt rises, then the French will have proved again to German satisfaction that they are an anarchistic people incapable of self-government. With a record of patience and forbearance duly chalked up, Hitler will move in to establish order.

But if Nazi "order" is established in France, whether by the German army or by French terrorists, the responsibility for that shameful result will rest in large measure on the shoulders of the American government—and the American people. Only two days after the Vichy headsmen had led to the guillotine eleven French patriots whose only crime was treason to Hitler, President Roosevelt let it be known that our relations with Vichy would continue undisturbed. We will not accept bases in Free French territory in Africa. We will not extend any sort of public recognition to De Gaulle even as the head of the Free French forces fighting Hitler. On the contrary, we are at this moment arranging to send oil to one of Vichy's colonial outposts—this time to Madagascar.

What consideration, diplomatic or military, can excuse this betrayal of the democratic hopes and the spirit of revolt of the French people? Many of our Administration leaders pretend to recognize the value of that spirit. Oratorically, they like to look ahead to the day when the peoples of the invaded countries will rise and throw off the yoke of the conqueror. But when the rising begins

to take shape under their very eyes in the heart of Hitler's most important conquered territory—then they look the other way and arrange an oil deal with Vichy. Some of our leaders even encourage the new-fledged propagandists of the various pro-democratic organizations in this country to send out over the short waves appeals to the European peoples to turn against their oppressors and to look with confidence to the great democracies for backing and support. But what are honest propagandists of democracy to say to their fellow-democrats in France? "Yes, brothers, rise. Blow up trains; put sand in gear boxes and bullets in traitors; stage demonstrations in the streets. We are with you. But just for the moment we can't do much of anything about it. The President and the State Department say that nothing must be allowed to upset our relations with the Vichy authorities, who are busy exterminating you at Hitler's order. So we don't see how we can help you. But rise, brothers, anyhow."

How long is this contemptible betrayal to go on? The answer is plain. It will go on until the President makes up his mind that it must stop. On that day the reactionary bureaucrats in the State Department will find themselves removed to posts in the more unimportant regions of the earth and an honorable, energetic, pro-democratic policy will be put into effect. We shall withdraw recognition from Vichy and forswear those mysterious benefits that are supposed to flow from our present connivings with Hitler's French pro-consuls. We shall recognize the belligerent status of De Gaulle, treating the Free French army not as a rather undesirable protege of Britain but as an independent fighting force. We shall consider De Gaulle's offer of bases in Africa on its strategic merits, accepting it promptly if it promises advantages in case of Nazi occupation of Dakar. We shall show by all our acts that we support the forces fighting Hitler, not those that are knuckling under and carrying out his orders. And by such means we shall earn the right to call upon the French people to revolt.

Settlement with Japan?

RELATIONS between the United States and Japan have reached a decisive stage. Strangely enough, the pressure for an immediate showdown does not come from this country, whose citizens are victims of Japan's aggressive policies, but from the Japanese. It is a by-product of the domestic crisis that has gripped Japan since Hitler invaded the Soviet Union. The Japanese have been caught in a trap of their own making. Their Axis ties, made when a German-Italian victory seemed certain in Europe, have resulted in their being encircled by a powerful combination of countries determined to prevent further Axis encroachment in the Far East. One Cabinet shake-up has already occurred because of the situation, but renewed

efforts at bluff and intimidation, so successful in the past, have only resulted in a tightening of the iron ring in which Japan is caught. The Japanese people have become restive. No government can hope to survive for long that does not offer a clear-cut way of escape, either through war or a peaceful settlement.

Until the contents of Premier Konoye's note to President Roosevelt are divulged, we cannot know the exact nature of the Japanese proposals. But it seems clear that Japan is pressing for a broad settlement of outstanding issues between the two countries. This much was hinted in Prime Minister Churchill's radio talk following his conference with President Roosevelt. Some correspondents even go so far as to suggest that Japan is willing to modify its program of expansion in East Asia and forget its protest over the shipment of war supplies to the Soviet Union in return for a resumption of normal trade relations and a promise, on the part of the United States, not to insist on restoration of China's pre-1931 boundaries. Others think the present negotiations are concerned solely with the economic war between the two countries. Undoubtedly the question of American shipments to Vladivostok was touched on in Nomura's conversations with the President. But this issue is important only as a symbol of the new alignment of powers which threatens to upset Tokyo's long-range program.

Under these circumstances we should not be chiefly concerned with the danger of an unwanted war in the East which would weaken our assistance to Britain. While that danger cannot be ruled out, there is every indication that Premier Konoye recognizes that a conflict with the United States could only lead to a Japanese defeat. Hitler may want to see a war in the Pacific, but Japanese loyalty to the Axis has always been tempered by a realistic appraisal of Japan's own interests. What is to be feared is that the State Department, entrenched in the habit of appeasement, will settle with Japan on terms that provide no guaranties against a resumption of aggression when conditions are more favorable. The Japanese leaders have revealed no change of heart. Troops are still pouring into the recently acquired bases on Hainan Island and in French Indo-China. A promise to refrain from further aggressive acts would be worth no more than a similar promise from Hitler. In September, 1931, Japan assured the world that it had no designs on Chinese territory and would remove its troops as soon as the Manchurian affair was settled. At the time of the Panay incident the Japanese government solemnly promised us that such an incident would not be repeated.

If Japan expects us to believe new protestations of good intent, let it give evidence of its sincerity by reversing its policies. Before any negotiations begin, the United States might well ask Japan to show its good faith by evacuating Indo-China. And the least that should be accepted as a basis for a permanent settlement is with-

drawal from China and the restoration of Manchuria to its rightful owner. To insist on less would be to allow Japan to gain by diplomacy what it is increasingly evident it cannot claim by right or military prowess—which is a fairly good working definition of appeasement.

The Great Oil Mystery

RALPH K. DAVIES, deputy petroleum coordinator under Secretary Ickes, made a poor showing as the first witness in the Senate Commerce Committee inquiry into the oil shortage on the East Coast. Aside from a general lack of candor, there were two main gaps in the prepared statement which he read to the committee and in his answers to the questions asked afterward.

The first was his failure to discuss the question of whether the British really needed the tankers we have given them and whether they will need any more. This inability or unwillingness to provide the answer to a question which is hurting morale on the East Coast was made the more striking by the arrival in this country of the July 26 issue of the *Economist* of London. The *Economist's* figures and conclusions seem to agree with those put forward in the *Wall Street Journal* last June. The *Economist* says that "the accession of Norway and Holland to the Allied cause raised the tanker tonnage at Britain's disposal from approximately 3,000,000 to 6,000,000 tons gross" and that this should be sufficient "for all British requirements, even if the most ample allowance is made for sinkings and delays. . . ."

It is authoritatively reported in Washington that the British are prepared to disclose the full facts on the tanker situation but that the Maritime Commission still refuses to clear the figures as "military secrets." The British case is said to be that while published figures on their tanker tonnage are not too far off on the numbers available, they fail to take into account the slowness of oil convoys, the number of tankers laid up for repairs, and the difficulty and delay in unloading. We do not understand why this cannot be said publicly. The Commons would do British-American relations a good turn by holding an inquiry of its own into the tanker situation, for the British oil companies are as untrustworthy as ours—so untrustworthy that few believe them even when they may be telling the truth.

The most dangerous aspect of the whole situation is that every key post which has to do with oil under Ickes, the Maritime Commission, or the State Department is staffed with men drawn from the oil trust or its legal satellites. The State Department has a new adviser on international oil in Mac W. Thornburg, an official of Bahrein Petroleum, a Persian Gulf company owned by Standard of California and Texaco; and Bahrein has done its share of business with Japan. These oil dollar-

a-year men do a good job for their companies but seem of little use to the government in an emergency.

This brings us to the second gap in the story told by Davies—the question of tank-car capacity. On the basis of the figures submitted by Davies and allowing fifteen days for the trip from Texas to New York, 14,000 tank cars would take care of the East Coast's transportation needs. Where are the tank cars? The president of a great railroad is head of the Transportation Division of Defense. He is flanked by an official of the American Association of Railroads and a well-known lobbyist for the big oil companies. Weeks ago a special committee of tank-car men was appointed to look into the situation. Davies said Transportation Coordinator Ralph Budd's estimate of 18,000 tank cars available was merely a "mathematical computation," not an actual count. Is this true? Why is it so hard to obtain the figures?

"This," Davies told the Senate committee, "is the sort of definite information I have continually invited the railroads to supply in support of their generalities, and their failure to produce it is difficult for me to understand. A physical thing such as a tank car, which must be somewhere on a railroad track, ought not to be too hard to find. Yet when one pursues the question of idle equipment with railroad people, one finds a tank car to be one of the most elusive things imaginable."

This would seem to place the blame upon the railroads, and no doubt they deserve part of it. But inquiry at the Interstate Commerce Commission revealed skepticism about this whole tank-car-shortage question. Almost all tank cars are owned not by the railroads but by tank-car companies. Most of the tank-car companies are owned by the oil companies. The biggest was part of the old Standard Oil trust and is still in the Standard Oil family. The oil companies bought tank cars for the same reason that they built pipe lines—they wanted to control the means of transportation and keep the independents out of the market. Davies has grown up in the oil business, in Standard Oil of California. Was he being disingenuous in his discussion of the tank-car problem? Shouldn't the oil companies know even better than the railroads where the tank cars are?

Tank cars are more expensive than tankers, but the three-cent rise in the wholesale price of gasoline in New York harbor is three-quarters of a cent more than the cost of transporting oil by pipe line from Texas to Illinois and by tank car from Illinois to New York. Revived use of the tank car would interfere with the oil companies' campaign for more pipe lines and for priorities for the steel to build them, and pipe lines have a great advantage over tank cars. The independent can't use the pipe line but he can rent a tank car, and increased use of tank cars might bring down the freight rate and thus make it easier for more cut-rate gasoline to get through to market.

The Judgment of Rosenman

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, August 29

JUDGE SAMUEL M. ROSENMAN has labored—and brought forth a Rube Goldberg gadget. The device embodied in the new Presidential order setting up SPAB—not SPAM, which is another form of bologna—is a fascinating affair of many pulleys, hidden slides, and cogs within cogs. Its purpose was to settle the quarrel between Knudsen and Henderson without hurting the feelings of either, and its most important result was to get Stettinius and Biggers out of the OPM without loss of face to either. We are getting to be very Oriental about these things here in Washington.

When Herbert Hoover was in doubt, which was practically all the time, he would appoint a new commission. When Mr. Roosevelt has to make a decision between two of his subordinates, he ducks the issue by naming a new board and appointing both of them to it. The point to be kept firmly in mind, amidst the newspaper ballyhoo which accompanies defense "shake-ups," is that the new change has nothing to do with the problem of speeding production or ending business-as-usual, and little to do with the problem of providing effective centralized planning for defense. It stems from the controversy between Henderson and Knudsen over the cut in automobile production, and the signs of its origin are plain.

Henderson's OPACS, as established by the President's order, was to decide the allocation among civilian industries of the raw materials left over after military-naval and lease-lend needs had been satisfied. Among the civilian industries is the automobile industry. Knudsen and the corps of General Motors dollar-a-year men who help him run the OPM didn't like the idea of letting someone else decide how much steel should be allocated to their own precious industry. They set up a terrific rumpus, which was reflected in the press by learned articles on the need for centralizing defense, etc., etc. Their real objection to the setup was that they weren't in control of it. Its virtue, from the standpoint of defense efficiency, was that it took a vital decision affecting the automotive and other civilian industries out of the hands of dollar-a-year men from those industries and placed it in independent hands.

It is a little hard to tell just what happens under this new setup. Judge Rosenman was called in by the President, and his main suggestion seems to have been in the tradition of Solomon. He proposed that the quarrel between OPM and OPACS be resolved by cutting Leon

Henderson in half and dividing the pieces between them. This seems to have been eagerly agreed to by everybody except Henderson. The price part of the Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply remains independent of OPM with Henderson as Price Administrator. The Civilian Supply half of OPACS becomes the Division of Civilian Supply in the OPM. Henderson will be head of the division, as subordinate to Knudsen. To this extent Knudsen won a victory over Henderson, but by a truly wondrous ingenuity Judge Rosenman and the President provided equally for a victory of Henderson over Knudsen.

Over the OPM they set up a Supply Priorities and Allocations Board to fix priorities and allocate supplies of materials, fuel, power, and other commodities. This board is the OPM—Knudsen, Hillman, Stimson, and Knox—plus Henderson, Hopkins, and Wallace, the last as chairman. Henderson's decisions as head of the Division of Civilian Supply will be subject to veto by Knudsen as head of the OPM, but Knudsen's veto as head of the OPM will be subject to a majority vote of SPAB, and a majority vote of SPAB may itself be vetoed by the President. In OPM Henderson will rank below Knudsen. In SPAB he will rank with Knudsen. In the final analysis, the President will have to resolve quarrels between SPAB Knudsen and SPAB Henderson as he has had to do between OPM Knudsen and OPACS Henderson. One or the other will have to go, because one represents business-as-usual and the other represents an attempt to achieve an all-out effort. Judge Rosenman has handed down a brilliant postponement.

The incorrigible optimists here—there aren't many any more—see a great hope in a four-to-three New Deal majority on SPAB. These are the same optimists who told one last year that the President was only waiting until after the election to get rid of the big-business crowd in defense, and that anyway the dollar-a-year men couldn't do much damage because there was a four-to-three New Deal majority on the Defense Commission. That New Deal majority didn't keep the big-business "draftees" from postponing steel and aluminum expansion or from postponing the problem of diverting civilian productive capacity to defense. The work of this board will be done by Knudsen, Hillman, and Henderson. Stimson and Knox have enough to do without bothering with "the allocation of the available supply of materials between the different competing civilian industries." Wallace, with economic warfare in his lap, has enough

work for several Vice-Presidents. Harry Hopkins has done wonders on a limited supply of strength, but the supply remains limited. Knudsen-Hillman-Henderson will do most of the work, and here—because of the failure to plan for diversion of capacity to defense—fear of priorities unemployment will force Hillman, and labor, to side with Knudsen against Henderson in favor of more generous allocations to ordinary civilian business.

An unknown quantity is the actual authority to be wielded by Donald Nelson as executive director of the board and as Director of Priorities under Knudsen. While the usual dollar-a-year shenanigans have occurred under Nelson in his Division of Purchases as elsewhere in OPM, he himself commands respect. In both executive ability and social intelligence he has shown himself far superior to most of those drawn from the ranks of business. While Nelson will have no vote, he may have a good deal of power as executive director of SPAB.

Mr. Roosevelt is a master of surprise and suspense, and we shall see.

The elimination of Stettinius as Director of Priorities and John D. Biggers as Director of Production is a move as welcome as it is belated, but it is a pity that both are soothed with such important assignments. Stettinius, by a last-minute coup in the Bureau of the Budget and the White House, becomes Lease-Lend Administrator instead of merely an assistant to Hopkins, as originally planned. He has no visible qualifications for the tough job of battling the army and navy for greater diversion of war supplies abroad, nor is the chairman of United States Steel likely to be too anxious to give aid to the Soviets. The energetic young New Dealers brought into Lease-Lend by Hopkins are apprehensive. Biggers is made Minister to London in charge of facilitating lease-lend aid to the British. One may be sure that he will not facilitate it at the expense of business-as-usual.

To a Liberal in Office

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

Wiscasset, Maine, August 25

DEAR ———: No matter how good the intentions of a man in public service are when he starts out, I think you'll agree that it's exceedingly difficult for him to avoid leading a double life. While with one side of his mind he's trying to fulfil his duty to his fellow-citizens, with the other he's busy with his career and with the demands of the organized group he belongs to. Only too often the members of the aggregations of men that make up a government lose all contact with the public needs they were got together to serve. Whether a public servant shall be written down as an honest man or a scoundrel depends on what part of his energy and brains goes into selfless work for his constituents in proportion to the part he has to use to make his way in the competitive scramble. Naturally if I didn't think you were an honest man I would not be taking up your time and mine with this letter. Furthermore, I know that through a long train of years you have done your best to throw your weight on the side of free institutions. If I'm not mistaken, it is largely because you proved yourself a conscientious liberal that you reached a position of power and responsibility under the present Administration. I am writing to ask you to stop to think for a moment how your power is being used, and what kind of responsibility you have undertaken in this difficult time toward your fellow-citizens and toward yourself.

It has been said so often that democracy is at stake that the mere repetition of the words has dulled their

meaning for us. Nevertheless, it's frighteningly true. It's another commonplace that we are living through one of those periods in history when old institutions are crumbling away and new institutions are being built up. The thing nobody tells us is that what these new institutions will be like depends upon how every man jack of us acquits himself today. It's up to us to ask whether we are letting ourselves be used to build jails or homes for free men.

As Americans our minds were formed in childhood to react favorably to such phrases as liberty, equality of opportunity, freedom of speech, but unfortunately nothing in our schooling gave us any inkling how to apply them to the problems of real life. They were the measuring sticks with which we appraised the world we grew up in. In many cases they tallied so little with the facts we encountered in that world that we tried to rip them out of our minds as old, rotten, sentimental lumber, and to put in their place one of the authoritarian creeds that are turning civilization into a slaughterhouse today. A few of us, and you were one, held on to the old traditions. They took root again in our minds and grew strong enough to become the underpinning of all our political hopes, and of our system of personal ethics.

Now after a period of reform and helter-skelter reorganization that has been, in spite of many wrong roads taken, productive of real living good in the national life, the United States finds itself virtually at war. The fact of being at war tends to freeze normal social and political

processes inside a country. This freezing puts a very grave responsibility on the men in office at the time. Great inflation of the power of the state is inevitable. For the duration public opinion will be able to make itself felt only feebly and negatively. The whole duty of protecting the self-governing system and the liberties that are supposed to be the watchwords of the battle will rest on men already in administrative and political positions. This is the responsibility I am asking you, as a liberal, to face.

The general run of men, organized into any group or gang or institution or government, must necessarily be time servers whose emotions and ideas will be colored by the stronger minds among them. They will tend to behave as their leaders behave. Democracy depends upon the active support of a minority just as much as dictatorship does. The difference is that democracy depends upon a minority able to set for the rest the example of that minimum of civic courage necessary to make self-governing institutions work instead of upon a minority of goons ready to club down opposition to the boss's orders.

We can thank our stars that the men who founded our system of government understood so well the corruption of power, and that in the common law we have a storehouse of inherited techniques for the protection of the individual man. But institutions are continually changing as a result of the uses men put them to. Each temporary distortion leaves its mark. In a time of emergency the temptation to a man in office to get results no matter how is almost overwhelming. It is the business of liberals in positions of power to remember that free institutions depend on the "how" much more than on the results. Democracy is a method of social organization, not an end. War has always meant the triumph of authority; that is why all through our history our statesmen in war time have occasionally neglected efficiency in the totalitarian sense in order to secure liberties at home that were more important to them than transitory victories abroad. If in the present war, out of a blind desire to catch up to the Nazis, we neglect to preserve the democratic process, we shall wake up one morning to find that we've given our blood and paid our taxes in order to fasten on our necks the dominion of a bunch of war lords who speak American instead of German. A doubtful victory!

Already, before we've even started shooting at the enemy, the Administration, which I honestly believe is more devoted to the aims of democracy than any we have had for many decades, has committed a number of acts that tend to put the bases of self-government in jeopardy. The prosecution of the Minnesota truck drivers is so far the outstanding example. On July 15 a federal grand jury handed down in St. Paul, Minnesota, an indictment against twenty-nine men, some leaders and members of Local 544, a union of transportation workers powerful in the Northwest, and the rest members of the tiny group

of the followers of the murdered Trotsky that goes under the name of the Socialist Workers' Party. The indictment was handed down under a Civil War statute that has never been brought out before, and under the new Smith Act, which I believe was aimed at the subversive activities of the agents of foreign governments. The men are charged with conspiracy to overthrow the United States government by force and violence.

Let's assume that it's all perfectly legal, that the Department of Justice believes these men intended to rise in insurrection, and that it has a right to stretch a point or two to accomplish the useful purpose of restraining them. Is it wise to take this moment, when the Administration is trying to unify the country for a mighty effort, for this particular prosecution? Let us even assume that a few thousand Trotskyist Marxist sectarians scattered over the country can be a danger to the government of the United States at a time when the Department of Justice itself has more employees than the Trotskyists have adherents. What I want to ask you is: which is more dangerous to that survival of the democratic process in this country for which I am sure you would gladly lay down your life—the uprising of a few fanatics who control a single local of a trade union or a situation in which the government undermines at home those four freedoms for which it is asking the nation to make every sacrifice abroad?

You must remember the Palmer raids, the deportations delirium, the crushing of the I. W. W., the Sacco-Vanzetti case, all the terrible perversions of justice after the last war that made American democracy a mockery to a whole generation of young men. Is it all going to happen again? Is the same lack of whole-hearted principle that wrecked Woodrow Wilson's crusade to set the world straight going to destroy the present Administration too? A great deal of the history of the next few years depends on whether the Administration will recognize that it has made a mistake in this one case. If it is allowed to go ahead, the prestige of government will become involved in getting these men in jail and keeping them there. And a precedent will have been set that bodes ill for this country's liberties.

Well, you say, suppose you are right, what can one man do about it? We must keep our eyes on the great aims of the Administration and admit that in war time we have to do things that we don't quite like. That argument has been the refuge of officialdom from Pontius Pilate down. It just does not hold water. It is to make these decisions that a man is chosen for the public service. During the last war while some officials were busy tearing down the American system, a few others were doing their best to build it up. In the end the structure of self-government was tough enough to stand those strains and the great depression too. Where the present moment differs from 1917 is that now the traditions of our system

are weaker than they were then. Although there has been more vocal expression of them recently than in any period since the great years of this country's founding, the average man still has a hard time connecting the principles of democracy with his daily life. In this immensely confusing time it is impossible to evoke from the mass of unthinking men the passionate automatic response to the old war cries that came in 1917. Furthermore, the national life is honeycombed with political groups such as the Communists and the Coughlinites, highly confusing in their line of talk and vowed to the destruction of the democratic method. They will continue to be a danger until that method has had time again to prove its practical worth.

Meanwhile we can't afford to lose any ground. The great successes of the despotic systems have been based on the fact that the democracies did not have the single-mindedness or the courage to advance to the attack. For a long time to come we are going to continue fighting against despotism with one hand tied behind our backs. The conviction of these union leaders in St. Paul in a case where even the language of the indictment has the peculiar twist of Stalin's famous frame-ups in Moscow will be a severe moral blow to the American cause. The heavens won't fall, you say. It won't be the first time that men have been framed in this country or that the majority of men have stood by and seen injustice done. But the effects will snowball. We mustn't forget that in France the heavens did fall. The great reason for the success of the despotisms has been that they are as wholehearted in their work as a gangster in the middle of a

holdup. They can be routed by a democracy that is wholeheartedly, even recklessly, for freedom. Can't we be ■ reckless on the right side as they are on the wrong?

Perhaps I'm the one who is wrong in thinking it is because of their honesty and frank speaking that the defendants in this case now find themselves in jeopardy rather than because of anything really subversive in their actions. Perhaps the Department of Justice is right in contending that so small a group can really be a nuisance to American institutions. In any case the Administration is risking more than can possibly be gained. I am writing you this letter to try to get you to step for a moment out of the peculiar exigencies of your official position. At a time when we are asking our young men to give up the best years of their lives, and possibly their lives entire, to national defense, it is hardly too much to ask a public official to remember that he is a citizen before he is an official and that he must decide for himself whether his actions are tending to the defense or the destruction of the Republic. If this were not a time of grave peril it would be insufferable effrontery for me to sit here in ■ quiet room in a shady retired village writing a letter asking you to go sit on ■ park bench and make this decision—you who are working fourteen hours ■ day in a Washington office, straining every nerve to do what you can in that precarious daily piling of average on slippery average which is the best victory a man can hope for who is trying to accomplish something through the directed work of groups of other men. But in every train of events there is a moment when one decision determines a long future. This, it seems to me, is one of the times when a man has to speak his mind.

Lisbon: Europe's Gangplank

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Lisbon, by Mail

THE Dixie Clipper brought us smoothly over the ocean and taxied up the swift, broad Tagus River to unload its passengers. Some Portuguese men and women were leaning against a fence near the dock; they smiled. Their faces, I thought, said, "Queer people, to be coming to Europe when all of Europe wants to go to America."

If you glance at the map, Spain and Portugal look like Europe's gangplank. The gangplank is crowded with people whom fascism is squeezing out of Europe but who have not yet been able to obtain a ship and a visa for the free world across the water. For them, every day is a gamble: odd or even, red or black, Hitler or a visa, seventeen or eighteen on the roulette wheel, the

Nazis or ■ berth on ■ vessel? Hundreds of them play their luck each night in the casino at Estoril, an hour outside Lisbon.

This casino is the last international. Where else does a German with a saber gash on his cheek sit elbow to elbow with an Englishman? When the West Point disgorged the German and Italian consuls into Portugal, high Nazi officials, led by Hans Dieckhoff, ex-ambassador at Washington, met them at the gangplank, and the next evening they flipped their chips at Estoril. A Nazi official, with the typical short-cropped Prussian head, bent over to place his bet on No. 33; as he straightened up, his coat brushed the shoulder of a dark woman who sat next to him. Her eyes were deep and brown, and I had watched her biting her finger nails. "Pardon," the Nazi

exclaimed, "pardon, Mademoiselle," and bowed sharply from the waist. The girl was Jewish, from Warsaw. He had sent many like her to the concentration camp. Perhaps he had sent her to the gangplank.

The Nazis had brought their women folk. One *Hausfrau* in diplomatic chic won frequently, and each time she put the big chips she won into her purse and played with the little ones. Finally she said to her husband, "Now I've had enough. Let's go and cash in." In leaving they passed a group of Nazis whom America had declared *personae non gratae*. "Heil Hitler," they said. "Heil Hitler," came the reply, and stiff Nazi salutes were exchanged.

Ex-Ambassador Dieckhoff stood against a wall and chatted with colleagues. When he smiled in his best effeminate way, his cheeks filled out and became like flasks. I looked at these Nazis, the men and the gawky women and thought to myself, "Are these the breeders of the 'master race'?" The cold eyes of the men seemed to say, "Next victim!"; the women were ugly and subservient.

Suddenly there was a brief, shrill shriek succeeded by a dull thud. The Warsaw girl had fainted and fallen to the floor. The Nazis quit the table. When the girl revived, she felt weak and embarrassed. I invited her to the bar for a drink.

When the Nazis attacked Poland, she was in Paris studying art. Her father, mother, and four brothers were then in Warsaw. She had not heard from them since. After the fall of France she fled to Spain and finally to Portugal. An uncle in Cleveland sent her some money, and a Latin American consul with whom she went out several times promised her a visa to his country for \$100. Yesterday she brought him the money, but he said he did not want her money and did not want her to go away. He wanted her to stay in Portugal with him until he was ready to return home on vacation. So she had gambled last night on her \$100 and won \$72. This evening she had lost the \$172. She cried a bit as she told the story. But then her face grew stern, and she said: "I will fight it through. Two artist friends of mine have committed suicide in the last eight weeks. I will see it through. But I will not gamble any more." I did not tell her that an American correspondent whom I knew had won \$4,000 in one night at Lisbon. Fortunately, he had to fly to London the next morning and had no chance to lose it.

The Japanese appear to be the most nervous gamblers and the White Russians the most serious. The anti-Nazi Germans whisper; the Nazi Germans speak the loudest. There were some American pilots and officials, too, just off the clipper, at this gangplank international. They played the most light-heartedly, chucking in a few dollars for the sensation and then going home to bed.

I had a "go" at the roulette wheel. I discovered that

when I played the stakes I could afford I got no kick out of it, and when I risked higher sums I got plenty of excitement but lost more than was healthy for my pocket-book. So after a fling I reverted to my usual role of "impartial observer," and studied faces, especially eyes, and fingers. The winner is not the person who guesses the right number but who knows when to go home. I noticed how often people rose to leave, counted their chips, then wandered around looking things over, and finally, hesitantly, took a seat at another table. Many of them have lost home, country, family, career, wealth, friends, all connections, and a lot of hope. They stand, precariously, between Hitler and the deep black sea. Perhaps the flip of a card or a turn of the wheel will bring fortune. More often it does the opposite.

A Belgian countess, fleeing before the Nazi blitz, motored through France and Spain to Lisbon. That was in June, 1940. The same month a French industrialist, summering at Biarritz, avoided capture by the Germans by sailing his yacht around Cape Finisterre to Lisbon. Here they met a Japanese career diplomat whose pro-British attitude had cost him his job. One day a Scottish sea captain was fished out of the water off Portugal after his ship had gone down with a Nazi submarine's torpedo in it. The four were now having a quiet game of bridge at Estoril. The captain, smoking a pipe, explained that they all planned to cross the ocean soon in the Frenchman's yacht and make their homes in Trinidad.

One evening I met George Weller, who was booked to leave the next morning by ship for the mouth of the Congo. From there he would cross Africa to Brazzaville to interview General de Gaulle for his paper, the *Chicago Daily News*. A British journalist was heading for Cairo. He would then go to Palestine, Syria, and Turkey in the hope of making his way to Moscow to cover the Russo-German war. Raymond Gram Swing flew into Lisbon that same day from England to take the clipper for New York. A German Jew whose wife and child had preceded him to America arrived from Berlin with a United States visa and money for a steamer ticket. He gave us details about the effect of recent R. A. F. bombings. He said the Russian war had depressed the German people, and they were eager for peace. His own tale was one of woe: the American consulate had told him that his visa would not be honored unless he could prove that he had no relatives in Germany. How could he, in a strange land, prove the negative?

Nazi agents in Lisbon were trying to buy diamonds for Germany's war industries. Italians shuttled between Portugal and Brazil and Peru, where Mussolini's influence is strongest. British secret-service men watched their comings and goings. A Spanish priest, about to depart on a mission to Latin America, confided to friends that General Franco was packing the largest possible number of Phalangist hotheads into the Spanish Legion

to fight against the Soviet army. The more of these he got rid of, the easier it would be for the old-style conservatives and landlords and army generals to rule Spain. "There has been hunger," the priest admitted, "but we always have had hunger in Spain." I asked him about

Germans in Spain. He replied, "We are the only peaceful vacation land in Europe. German officers, tired from the war, come to us as tourists." He did not laugh.

The war has made Lisbon the crossroads and listening-post of a crazy world.

Kilowatt Battlefront

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Bonneville, Oregon, August 27

AT LEAST a third of the nation's expanded aluminum output, according to a decision of the Office of Production Management, must be produced on the banks of the Columbia River, which locks in its swift reaches more water power than any other four American rivers combined. In the background of this decision is a bitter three-cornered struggle for control of a practically inexhaustible source of electrical energy, a source capable of the amazing total of 114 billion kilowatt-hours. The participants in the struggle are the private utility companies, the Department of the Interior, and the advocates of a Columbia Basin Authority patterned after the TVA. The conflict is now nearing a showdown.

Grave shortages in power confront the country. In the Pacific Northwest, however, the situation is not the same as elsewhere. There only one thing is needed—additional generating equipment to wedge below the concrete penstock chutes already built at Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams. With sufficient equipment, Grand Coulee is capable of producing more electricity than the 558 water-power plants, including Niagara, in the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio. High mountains and heavy rainfall form a combination in the Northwest which eclipses any power potentialities elsewhere. The great Dnieperstroy Dam in Russia has but a quarter the capacity of Coulee. Eventually, according to *Fortune*, if the riddle of long-distance transmission of electricity is solved, the Columbia River may move the wheels of industry everywhere in America. Richard S. Reynolds of the Reynolds Metals Company, which has entered the Northwest as a competitor of the Aluminum Company of America, believes that the Columbia Basin "is destined inevitably to become the aluminum and light-metal capital of the world." That the needed generators are not on hand is due in part to the unrelenting warfare carried on by the power companies, which as late as the summer of 1939 declared: "It becomes more and more apparent that Bonneville is an enormously costly white elephant. The great dam isn't selling enough power to keep even a small stand-by plant busy."

While aluminum factories are building twenty-four hours a day along the Columbia's shores, a final decision impends in the struggle for sovereignty over the power resources of the region. For several years the marketing of federal power from the Columbia has been handled by a provisional agency in the Department of the Interior. Congress is now about to set up a permanent authority, either an independent agency like TVA or a bureau under Secretary Ickes. Liberals are sharply split over the two proposals. Utility companies and their political confederates do not want either, but will accept whichever they think will be the more ineffective. Many of the utilities, themselves owned in New York, would prefer to have Bonneville and Grand Coulee turned over to the states of Oregon and Washington in order to preserve local autonomy.

The main provision of any permanent legislation for the Columbia Basin would be a \$200,000,000 revolving fund with which utility systems in the area could be bought out, lock, stock, and barrel. At present scattered public-power districts, operated by farmers busy trying to combat insects, weather, and shifting markets, are practically helpless. They cannot match the bargaining power of the companies. For bond-issue elections they have no money, while the companies can pour thousands into the campaign. Nor is piecemeal purchase of a private system fair either to the purchasers or to the investors in the company. Utility executives who stand to lose fat jobs do not want the \$200,000,000 appropriated; stockholders in the companies do.

President Roosevelt thinks Bonneville and Grand Coulee should be operated by one man responsible to Secretary Ickes. His experience with Dr. Arthur Morgan in the TVA is said to have made him despair of finding three men who will stay in the game when the chips are really down. To one proponent of a three-member Columbia Basin Authority like the TVA, the President is said to have replied, "Will Knute Hill and Charlie Leavy and Walter Pierce resign from the House and be the three men?" Of course these New Deal Congressmen are not available for the positions; but Mr. Ickes is. The President and those around him take the attitude

that the Secretary's zeal for the public interest and his courage under attack have been demonstrated many times, and that these are the primary qualifications for waging the power fight.

Ickes believes that a three-member board would develop into a "debating society," and some of his adherents contend off the record that David Lilienthal of the TVA was bested by Wendell Willkie in the matter of the price paid for the Tennessee properties of Commonwealth and Southern. The principal feather in Ickes's cap since his recent forays into the Northwest is the fact that his refusal to sell extra Bonneville power to Alcoa made it possible for Reynolds Metals to build a competing aluminum plant in the region. For this he was angrily condemned as a "tyrant" by Oregon's Republican Governor, Charles A. Sprague; Washington's Republican Governor, Arthur B. Langlie, wisely kept silent, and the Reynolds plant was built in the state of Washington.

It is significant that one of the leading supporters of a Bonneville-Grand Coulee bureau under Ickes is Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon, Republican minority spokesman and Willkie's running-mate in 1940. McNary is the foremost Republican in the Northwest. Some believe he looks ahead to 1944, when a G. O. P. Secretary of the Interior may be appointed. McNary, however, has always worked closely with the White House on questions affecting his home state. The President wrote him recently insisting that the big dams be managed by an agency in the Department of the Interior, and McNary concurred in substance.

Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, most distinguished of all the public-power advocates, wants a regional authority like his TVA. When he was in the Northwest campaigning for Mr. Roosevelt last fall, Senator Norris said emphatically that an independent organization should have control of the vast resources of the Columbia River. He suggested the TVA as a model. Senator Homer T. Bone of Washington, also a public-power proponent, takes a similar position. These men contend that the TVA has been one of the great accomplishments of the New Deal; R. L. Duffus in the *New York Times* recently described it as a glorious asset to the defense program. If the TVA has been a success, ask its sponsors, why should not its type of organization be extended to the Far West, where there are similar conditions and projects?

In the dim background lurks still another consideration. Bonneville and Grand Coulee under Ickes, some persons believe, might be a threat to the TVA itself. Of all the federal dams in America—and they number in the hundreds now—only those in the Tennessee Valley and a few operated by army engineers would remain outside the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior. On several occasions all the prestige and influence of Senator Norris have been needed to keep the TVA

an independent agency. Bonneville and Grand Coulee in a similar setup would help guarantee the continued independence of the TVA; their control by the Interior Department might have an opposite effect.

Support for a Columbia Basin Authority also comes from liberal planning experts like B. H. Kizer of Spokane and Dick Fabrick of Montana, who have backed the President on practically all domestic and foreign policies. These men believe some degree of home rule is essential and disapprove of the highly centralized organization of the Department of the Interior. They maintain that Ickes's subordinates in the Northwest would be mere messenger boys. They think this challenges individuality and independence, and their opinion is upheld by many of the public-ownership groups in Oregon and Washington. The granges of both Oregon and Washington, on the other hand, long committed to public power, went on record at their annual conventions in favor of a bureau under Mr. Ickes. Ray W. Gill, master of the Oregon Grange, asks, "If Secretary Ickes can run the Bureau of Reclamation and the National Park Service with efficiency and honesty, why can't he operate Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams?"

This controversy, of nearly two years' duration already, has served only the utility companies, which want no permanent legislation for the federal projects in the Northwest. In fact, the utilities are arguing now that an all-inclusive setup adequately financed would be a serious peril to national defense. Their real aim appears to be a state of anarchy in which the dams would not be managed at all. In Oregon their political satellites inveigh against operation of the projects by Ickes, whereas a recent Republican visitor to the Northwest, Governor Carr of Colorado, delivered lengthy speeches on the iniquities of regional authorities like the TVA. Among the people of the Columbia Basin sentiment seems fairly evenly divided as between an independent authority and the Department of the Interior.

In the meantime, Paul J. Raver, the present Bonneville administrator, is doing a good job after a shaky start. He is realistic and tough-minded and gets things done. The task of furnishing power to some of the biggest aluminum and light-metal plants in the world is primarily his.

The location of the new plants casts a revealing light on one aspect of the New Deal. When President Roosevelt dedicated Bonneville Dam in 1937, he said he hoped the resulting factories would be built in small towns and not concentrated in big centers of population. He deplored any "new Pittsburghs" in the West. Huge aluminum factories have just been constructed in the Columbia River towns of Vancouver (population 17,766) and Longview (population 10,652). None of the aluminum plants have gone to the metropolises of Portland and Seattle. The next big one is to be built at Cascade Locks, Oregon (population 457).

How the French People Feel

BY MICHAEL CLARK

THE circumstances of my recent two months' detention in occupied France as a member of the British-American Ambulance Corps' unlucky African unit were in some ways favorable for gaining an impression of the present temper of the French people. Although the Germans kept us more or less confined a large part of the time, conversation with civilians was usually permitted, and we spoke with a great many people. Furthermore, since we were known to be American volunteers—it was even rumored that we had been intending to serve with the forces of General de Gaulle, though we were careful to keep this dark—the attitude toward us of the people we met reflected their attitude toward the war. That is why the almost incredible kindness which we everywhere encountered is significant. Although well lodged by the Germans and given German army rations, which meant that we ate more substantially than the French, still we were looked upon as *malheureux*, and any number of French people went out of their way to make our lot more pleasant.

During our month's stay in Biarritz—we were later removed to the town of Lure in Franche Comté—not only did merchants sell us bread and biscuits without food tickets, but our French friends brought us tea (which has absolutely disappeared from the French market), chocolate, fruit, biscuits, yogurt, cheese, books, and many other things which, because of the restrictions, we would have found difficult or impossible to procure. Still more encouraging was the tenacious hope and confidence of nearly everyone that England and the United States would eventually put an end to the Nazi nightmare.

Among fascist-minded Frenchmen—unfortunately we met a few—we found quite a different attitude. Of us they said in effect, "These 'ambulance drivers' are virtually soldiers; if they are caught and held by the Germans, it serves them right for sticking their necks out." "Your country has treated France despicably," they told us. And if France, having been defeated because Great Britain and the United States withheld their aid, has chosen a new course compatible with its national interest and destiny, Americans, they maintained, have no right to complain. In addition to the out-and-out fascists there were a larger number of people, many of them functionaries, who, feeling that a German-dominated Continent was inevitable, seemed prepared to make the best of the policy of collaboration.

From the moment of our arrival in Biarritz we sensed the people's hope in British victory and their intense

desire to rid themselves of the Nazi yoke. The very first person with whom I fell into conversation, a retired officer in the colonial army, told me what I heard many times in the next two months—that if only American troops could manage to land somewhere on the coast, the whole population would fly to their support. From him also I got a clear idea of the vital role of the B. B. C., of the extent to which the London broadcasts are relied upon by countless Frenchmen for news of what is going on in the world. The B. B. C. news bulletins make it impossible for the German-controlled press and radio to conceal news of any importance.

In talking with this man I learned also of the recent growth of anti-Semitism in France. During the months I had spent in France shortly before the outbreak of the war I had found very little of it, but it appears that in this respect German propaganda has had some effect. My army friend told me with conviction that the Jews, having always in their control of finance put their own interest before that of the nation, had accomplished the destruction of France.

During our first ten days in Biarritz, while the other American survivors of the Zam Zam were still with us, we had the freedom of the town. It was then that we met the kind people who later, when we were confined, visited us daily, brought us food, and talked to us through the bars of our garden fence. Through them, until the very end of our stay in Biarritz we were kept in touch with what was being said and thought in the town. When it was reported, for example, that Darlan, on a visit to Beauvais during a recent speech-making tour, found the population so hostile that he thought it prudent to leave hurriedly without appearing in public, we were among the first to hear of it. It even came to our ears that angry Parisians had lately thrown De Brinon into the Seine! Whether or not such rumors had any basis in fact we had no way of knowing; but if they only represented wishful thinking, they are still interesting.

In Biarritz we met a number of attractive girls who, since the occupation, had had little occasion for gaiety. One of them, who had resolved not to dance a step until every German soldier was out of the country, made an exception for us. After we were confined to our hotel, she used to come on her bicycle and, from the street, not caring whether the guards were near or not, tell us the latest B. B. C. news from the Syrian front. On the day we left, when we were being loaded into trucks to

be taken to the railway station, so many friends came to say goodbye that it amounted to a demonstration.

Hardly had we arrived in Lure when an incident made us realize that here, far in the interior of France, the spirit of the people was just as we had found it on the coast. As a health measure we were to be allowed daily walks under guard. On our first walk, as we were approaching the neighboring village of Magny-Vernois, we heard the sound of a wagon coming up the road behind us. It belonged, we discovered later, to the proprietor of a little *buvette* somewhere out in the country who was returning from Lure with a supply of beer. We stood aside to let him pass. But when he got a little distance ahead of us, he stopped his wagon and waited for us to catch up. "You must be the unfortunate Americans," he said; "you shall have some beer." And he pulled a case down from the wagon. We protested that we had no money, but he was so determined that we each took a bottle while our two guards looked on.

The tailor of Lure refused to take any money for repairing our clothes, which were in pretty bad condition by this time, and even made us accept two pairs of trousers as a gift. Persons often approached us—at some danger to themselves—with offers of help in escaping, and indeed the three men who did escape could hardly have done so without help from the French.

In general, occupied France is disarmed, but we heard of one village, and unquestionably there are others, where arms of all sorts, left by the retreating French troops last year, are now carefully hidden away in cellars and attics in anticipation of the day when they can be used.

The Haute-Saône, the department of which Lure is the *sous-préfecture*, is a potato region, and the Colorado beetle (in French *doryphore*) is a serious worry. The Germans since their arrival have been popularly known as *doryphores*.

Much has been written, and accurately for the most part, of the correct behavior of the German troops of occupation. Yet we sometimes heard about ugly incidents, and certainly there are elements in the situation which may lead to trouble. The French hate the Boches, and I doubt that a basis of understanding can be created by the respective propaganda ministries. The German soldiers add to the difficulty by an offensive attitude of superiority. Our guards told us continually that everything was infinitely better in the Fatherland than in France. They expressed great scorn for Frenchmen, who, they said, do nothing but sit in cafes all day long while the women work. "In Germany," they boasted, "everyone works; it is magnificent."

The army of occupation seems to be made up largely of second-rate troops and includes—if our guards were any indication—many older men and fathers of families. These want the war to end as soon as possible so that they may return to their homes. When the news of the

German declaration of war against Russia came over the radio, our guards showed no enthusiasm. A lad of eighteen, however, told us that he would give almost everything to be in Russia at that moment, because ■ glorious German victory was about to be won there.

Some of our guards were considerate, even friendly; others were quite the opposite. When we learned in Biarritz that we were to leave for somewhere, a facetious guard, knowing our anxiety, informed us that our destination would be Lisbon. We did not give up hope that this might be true until we were actually on the railway platform under a sign which read "Direction Bordeaux." Then we were told by another guard that we were going to Germany, and the gloomy prospect of spending the duration in a concentration camp stayed with us until we were deposited finally at Lure in front of the Hotel de France. We could never discover what the Germans really intended to do with us. Finally, when we believed that all the American diplomatic and consular representatives in occupied France had left, many of us lost all hope of returning to the United States before the end of the war. But already it had been known in New York for several days that we would return on the West Point.

In the Wind

WHO FIRST? A speaker identified only as "Lingui" addressed ■ meeting sponsored by the America First Committee in an Italian section of New York. "Rome," he said, "is destined to be the capital of the world as it once was centuries ago."

ISAAC PENNYPACKER, a Philadelphian who served as chairman of a recent Lindbergh-America First meeting, is being sued by Carl C. Countryman for plagiarism. Mr. Countryman claims that he was the first American to say America First.

MOST REPORTS from Europe indicate that the Germans have been fairly successful in neutralizing the "V" campaign by adopting the symbol themselves. Authorities in unoccupied France, however, have found the going more difficult. When the V's first made their appearance in Vichy territory, *Gringoire*, ■ pro-Nazi weekly, suggested that every loyal citizen add a P to every V he saw, meaning Vive Pétain! Wherever this was done, anti-Nazi Frenchmen placed RS before VP.

BRAZILIAN LIBERALS are planning to open an anti-Nazi museum in Porto Alegre, heart of the German-colonized section.

BEFORE LEAVING for the Soviet Union, Ralph Ingersoll, publisher of *PM*, visited Constantine Oumansky, Russian ambassador to this country. Ingersoll expressed his admiration for Soviet resistance, but said he did not approve of the American Communist Party. "Don't mention them to me," said Oumansky; "they're spoiling everything."

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Sacrifices for Defense

"IT'S nuts," the young man in greasy dungarees said. It seemed that way to the customer, too. But to Washington the initial failure of plans for saving gasoline on the eastern seaboard seemed to indicate some sort of apathy on the part of the people—an unwillingness to make even slight sacrifices for national security. The President quoted Lincoln as a sort of advocate of sacrifices. Mr. Knudsen spoke in sadness of the absence of a national spirit which would absolutely assure American leadership in productive power. "What's the matter with the people?" succeeded in high places the query, "What's the matter with the selectees?" And my answer is: Nothing, except that so far appeals for sacrifices from Washington have almost seemed plans for confusion.

At the time of this writing, so far as I can gather at filling stations, the chief result of the gasoline-saving program has been the growth of a public conviction that Washington is apt to go off half-cocked on plans which touch the people as individuals. Furthermore, in a land with the freest press in the world and the largest number of government "information men" in its history, confidence in the facts made public and in the necessity of decrees issued is at an amazingly low ebb. Perhaps it is not amazing; so far the appeals for public participation in sacrifices for security have almost universally had cockeyed aspects. The people are willing to make sacrifices, but they have reached the point where they feel justified in wondering whether the sacrifices make sense.

First was that program to save kilowatts for making aluminum, which began after the long drought in the South. It resulted in voluntary adoption of daylight-saving time in rural states which had not had it before; but the daylight saving began after torrential rains had come and hydroelectric plants were spilling surplus water over their dams. Also, people found that Washington, D. C., stayed on standard time, which may have been all right from the power point of view but did not help the public reaction.

Then we began to collect aluminum. There was hardly a village in America which did not have its pen for pots. But the men in charge seemed almost deliberately taught that the government did not know what it was doing, and the system of collection was changed by telegram from Washington in the middle of the campaign. OPM and OCD forgot to check with each other, apparently,

until after the program began. The aluminum collection seemed a local triumph over national confusion.

Then gasoline: it began with failure, even with a rush to greater consumption. It even began as a sort of national campaign based on the unofficial slogan that "you'd better get all the gasoline you can before dark." Washington instituted a sort of race to the tanks by a program of indefinite reductions accompanied by threats of uncertain rationing. The one thing it did not create was public faith in public fairness in sacrifice. Maybe you can't blame Washington for filling-station gossip. Certainly all of Washington's great information forces did not allay it. Around the tanks they said: (1) that the whole business was a plan by which the oil companies were going to get pipe lines in spite of the protests of the railroads; (2) that the whole business was a plan by which the big oil companies were going to kill off the independents; (3) that the whole business was a system for running the little filling stations out of business. Furthermore, at the very time when automobile owners were urged not to take their kids out for an unnecessary ride, the President took his kids to the meeting with Churchill in the mid-Atlantic. That didn't require any more fuel oil, but it did add to national conversation in the filling stations and everywhere else.

Say it was all silly talk, as silly as some of that indulged in once around the cracker barrels in the country stores. The important thing is that filling stations have become the centers that country stores once were, and the things said in them are the things which shape the sentiment of America. At the outset, in the filling stations, I think the gasoline-saving program, as conducted, did a great deal more damage than good. Not only was petroleum not saved, but more public confidence in Washington's good sense in detailed planning was lost.

This is hardly a time when we can afford such a loss. I agree with the President and Mr. Knudsen in their feeling for the necessity of a sterner national spirit in this disturbing national hour. But if the trouble is a lapse in the character of Americans, no speeches are going to save us. Not even the testimony of Abraham Lincoln from the grave will set us on a course of strength and destiny again. Fortunately, I think, the trouble is not with the people. For America they will be ready with both strength and sacrifice. But it is time Washington began to do less complaining about the country and to give more attention to the content of the country's complaints. Swapping confusion for confidence has not worked yet.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Monopoly and Defense

BUSINESS AS USUAL: THE FIRST YEAR OF DEFENSE.

By I. F. Stone. Modern Age Books. \$2.

DEFENSE production lags; a crisis looms in the civilian-goods industries; the world's mightiest industrial nation has not done as much as it could to throw its economic weight against the Nazis? Why? A large part of the answer is given in I. F. Stone's timely book, which piles facts and analyses upon one another to support the unassailable conclusion: monopoly in industry and defense, with its fear of production and its love of big profits, has held up the economic defense effort. Every American should know the story that Stone tells—and tells with superb journalistic skill. The facts he presents endanger our democratic future as well as victory in the war against Hitlerism.

The story may be broken down into six chapters. The beginnings of national defense were hampered by a sitdown strike of capital in the summer of 1940, when France had crashed, Britain was in dire peril, and America was determined to rearm. Monopoly big business, led by the aircraft corporations—which were already making from 25 to 50 per cent profit on the book value of their stock—refused to accept defense orders until Congress enacted "favorable" legislation on taxation of profits and amortization. "The strategy of the aviation companies," writes Stone, "was to sit tight, continue to refuse to build planes." The strike was not over until October—with a loss of many planes that might have been built. (Small business organizations supported the monopoly attitude, and they now pay the price in a desperate struggle to survive the economic dislocations created largely by monopoly.)

Monopoly business opposed government building of new armament plants except on terms favorable to its own interests. The general attitude was expressed by that of one shipbuilding corporation which refused to lease and operate a plant the government would build and pay for unless ownership was given to the corporation! No defense production, in other words, except on terms that would promote monopoly profits and power.

Monopoly refused to add to the capacity to produce strategic materials, among them aluminum and steel, and the present disastrous shortages are the result. Stone tells the story—it is an unbelievable one unless you know the nature of monopoly—of how the Aluminum Company of America, which has earned as high as 46 per cent a year on its stock, tried to prevent greater production of aluminum. It used lies, intrigue, and political pressure to block the far-seeing Reynolds, of Reynolds Metals, in his plans to build aluminum plants and to obtain RFC financing for such plants. Manufacturers of aluminum products who were planning to produce aluminum were denied supplies; Alcoa insisted it could supply all the aluminum needed and that there would be no shortage, although already airplane plants were being forced to slow down because they could not get enough.

Monopoly stifled the "free enterprise" its apologists praise.

Monopoly corporations, a handful of whom got 75 per cent of all defense orders, refused to make use of all existing productive facilities through subcontracting. Less than a quarter of the nation's plants received orders, with the result that large amounts of machine tools and skilled labor and many plants went unused. The Labor Division of OPM wanted to spread defense orders but it had no power.

Many corporations refused to go over to defense work. The most serious and scandalous case was that of the automobile industry, which had also fought the War Industries Board to a finish in 1917 and refused to produce for war. Automobile corporations made more cars and more profits than ever in 1940-1941, and used millions of tons of steel, aluminum, copper, and other strategic materials. The financial top-administrators fought every proposal, including the Reuther plan, to use the automobile industry's vast resources for defense. Yet informed, dispassionate opinion agreed with a confidential report of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce that "the automobile industry is the outstanding major industry capable of producing a much larger volume of defense materials."

Finally, monopoly big business got its representatives into the National Advisory Commission and its successor, the OPM. Their "lifelong allegiances" made them think of protecting monopoly interests rather than of defense production: they denied easily foreseen shortages, opposed expansion of productive capacity, pampered the automobile industry. The honorable exceptions prove the rule.

Changes have been made in the economic defense setup: the worst business representatives have gone; productive capacity is being increased; small business is promised subcontracts. But much more needs to be done. And more needs to be done, too, in one field that Stone ignores, the field of civilian production, where breakdown, shortages, and unemployment may seriously impair morale.

Stone concludes: "An economy dominated by restrictionist monopolies is not capable of an 'all-out' effort until it has broken the monopolies. . . . A struggle for reorganization of our economy is essential to a successful struggle against Hitlerism, at home and abroad." Bevin said it for Britain a year ago: "Big business failed to deliver the goods in our hour of need, and we've got to build a new order." Radicals? Listen to what the London *Economist*, a liberal business journal, said in June, 1940, about the British experience during the first year of defense:

The feudal setup of big business has transformed industrial self-government into a conspiracy against production and trade, national well-being and defense. It is admirable for obtaining "security" and remunerative profits—at the cost of an irreducible general unemployment. It is emphatically not a setup that can give the country wealth in peace or strength in war. To produce is the one thing that our costive neo-feudalism of big business has the most difficulty in doing. We must at all costs end it.

LEWIS COREY

Tagore

RABINDRANATH TAGORE was the only man of letters, the single public figure, who could be regarded as a personal bridge between the West and the modern Orient. During the past forty years—from, let us say, Yoni Noguchi to Lin Yutang—a number of Chinese and Japanese writers have gained recognition in the English-speaking countries. Tagore's achievement went far beyond that. Within a very short term of years he conquered a world audience, was translated into a score of languages, addressed meetings in three continents, collected honorary degrees, and in English, not always through translations, made a reputation in various fields besides poetry, drama, and prose fiction. There are very few critics in Europe competent to judge any imaginative work in his native tongue, Bengali. These few, however, affirm that Tagore belongs to the company of truly great poets.

Tagore had all the advantages of ancestry and wealth and position. His family is of the Brahman caste, with a long record in scholarship and public service, and without the handicap of extreme Hindu orthodoxy, for the strict ties of caste were decisively broken long ago. The Tagores comprise a family sub-caste of their own. The poet's father was the second founder and prophet of the Brahmo Somaj, the reformed Hindu church of Bengal, which in its first stage of growth reached numerical strength enough to make a distinct community in Bengal, socially liberal and providing a nursery for the professions. Tagore was to the end a devoted servant of the Somaj.

I had the good fortune of making his acquaintance in Calcutta some years before the sudden burst of his European fame. He seemed to me then an almost perfect example of the Indian man of letters and the cultivated citizen. He was active in educational and other affairs and was beautiful in looks and bearing, wholly unaffected in manner and dressed always in the appropriate white of the Bengali gentleman. I have never known a personal transformation more complete than that of Tagore. As though in anticipation of the celebrity awaiting him, he allowed hair and beard to grow and put on a full-flowing tawny robe of his own design. It was an incarnation of the antique poet-seer who captured London in 1912. Tagore looked and played the part, and then made a startling appearance in America. There has rarely been a greater success on the lecture platform than that of his first tour, or, for a man of high distinction, a sharper disappointment than the last.

It was, of course, the Nobel prize for literature that insured his triumph. The award in 1913 was a complete surprise to the world, for the committee had nothing to go upon save a single small volume of translated lyrics, "Gitanjali" (Song Offerings), and the poet's legendary renown in his own land. His literary fortune was made overnight, although his peculiar glory was not attained until after 1919. Italy and Germany in especial avidly swallowed Tagore (his lyrics and plays go well into both languages). His sales for a time were enormous, and in Berlin he enjoyed an apotheosis. The theory was that the people, sick of Prussianism, were longing for something as remote as possible from blood and steel—a short-lived illusion, if ever there was one. Tagore, by the way,

is continually being described as a mystic. The label is not too accurate. I should call him an Indo-European romantic.

He earned the credit of an admirable all-round citizen. He was trained in the management of the family estates. His school at Bolpur, ninety miles from Calcutta, was a valuable experiment, inspired by a creative idea of study and training. For manifest reasons it could not be developed into the East-West university of which he dreamed. Santiniketan, as it is called, should now be firmly endowed as his permanent memorial. Upon all public matters Tagore was outspoken and notably consistent. In the pre-Gandhi agitation he could have been a leader of Indian nationalism. As such he was acclaimed without limit; all the wild hero-worship of Young India was lavished upon him. But he was well aware that the dust and heat of the arena were not for him, and, wisely, he withdrew in good time. Always friendly with Gandhi, Tagore made it plain that in thought and purpose, as in method, he stood at the opposite pole. He had drunk deep of the Western springs and could never tolerate a program of isolation and non-cooperation. He was a modern, with an impassioned faith in cultural exchange and in the amplitude of the mind. Nor could he for a moment entertain the idea of non-violence as a principle of public action. More than once, indeed, he provoked the hostility of his fellows by lashing out at the slackness of the Bengal character, in which all his own deeper roots were laid.

The knighthood which Tagore accepted in 1915 was returned to the Viceroy four years later in the bitter grief evoked by the tragedy of Amritsar. His renunciation of the title was announced in a letter of protest which may be said to have inaugurated a new style in Indian political literature. Tagore, especially when moved to anger by a public event, was a master of statement in his second language. The newspapers of the English-speaking world continued to call him Sir Rabindranath. That did not trouble him. He had taken his stand.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Holland Will Live Again

DAY OF THE TRUMPET. By David Cornel DeJong. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

NOWADAYS, when history is stranger than fiction and reality takes more sudden and unexpected turns than imagination can devise, novelists dealing with the contemporary setting are having a difficult time. Their stories blow either too hot or too cold. Seldom do they strike the true temperature of life. And so David Cornel DeJong's book comes as more than a pleasant surprise.

Let it be said right at the outset, and without reservations, that "Day of the Trumpet" is an exceptionally mature work. It tells the story of the Haming family of the Dutch city of Daverdam, a fictitious locale that might be any town in Holland. The story is laid in the time immediately preceding and during the Hitler invasion. Mevrouw Haming and her brood of children and grandchildren, moving about in a living community of diverse types and characters, are the *dramatis personae*, but the hero, it seems to me, is eight-year-old Dirkie, her grandson, who tries—without always succeeding—to understand the world of the grown-ups.

One cannot reduce "Day of the Trumpet" to a skeleton synopsis without being unfair to its scope. The chronicle of the Hamings is too rich in material, too populated with genuine human beings, for its story to be encompassed in a few sentences. There are, for instance, the sensitive Renzel, so much in love with life, who dies on the battlefield, and his brother Ernst, who subconsciously admires Nazi purposefulness. There is Dirkie's mother, Margariet, "a shameless individualist" romantically absorbed in her husband. Nor can one forget the old Jewish couple who could have fled to America but preferred to stay in Holland; or the German Goessen woman with her strange son, Vladimir; or Mijne-heer Haming, the proud inspector of Daverdam's defense work; or the girl Leenie, the Socialist; or any of the others who made up that peaceful, characteristically Dutch community. It is impossible to pick out one main plot in this pulsating, living novel that DeJong has set against the tragic background of Nazi-threatened and then crushed Holland. For his book has as many plots as it has characters.

It was a dangerous undertaking on which DeJong embarked, for few writers have succeeded in steering clear of the melodramatic when their subject is dramatic. It also required poise and confidence to tackle events so close to the present and stretching so far into an uncertain future. But above all it took a sensitive and seasoned artist to write simply of people in the midst of impending catastrophe and to see them as they really are—attending to their little duties, worrying about their everyday problems, occupying themselves with small selfish tasks—instead of letting them make eloquent speeches about democracy. It is this faculty that makes "Day of the Trumpet" as strong and simple as the people it describes.

"Day of the Trumpet" is more than the story of the rape of Holland. It is the drama of all peaceful citizens of any country or continent on whom Hitler's mailed fist descends. But even that does not suffice to explain the moving and tragic scope of DeJong's novel. So lifelike is his portrayal of a national locale that it reaches out into all human spheres.

At the close of the book Mevrouw Haming, surveying ruined Holland, says to herself: "We'll build ourselves up again and undo this treachery, this wrong, this evil. Even if it takes us centuries. Even if there will be only our ashes left to do our rejoicing when finally we again are free." And you believe her.

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

Washington During Secession

REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON, 1860-1865. By Margaret Leech. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

AT THE beginning of Miss Leech's panorama—the word is an exact description—the central figures in the scene are two gentlemen of the old school—James Buchanan of Pennsylvania and Winfield Scott of Virginia. President Buchanan was on his way out, and the end of his term could not come fast enough to suit him. The Union he had sworn to uphold was crumbling and something had to be done about it. He did not know what, but he had gone so far as to summon from semi-retirement the Commanding General. Scott was firmly loyal to the Union flag, but otherwise hardly

qualified to deal with a situation in which the Southern officers on whom Scott, and the country, were largely dependent could not be depended upon.

At the close of the drama the scene is dominated by two self-made men from Illinois, and what had to be done has been done. It is the virtue of this book that it brings home to the most casual reader the enormous, almost unbelievable difficulties which had to be overcome in the process.

Washington was a Southern town, and the government as well as the army had hitherto been dominated by Southerners, either in person or through fellow-Democrats. But Washington was also a symbol, and the Union must consequently conduct its campaign from there even though it was almost alien territory. The North's greatest military liability was also its greatest political asset. But disloyalty in and around the government was only one of the difficulties. Jealousy, corruption, indifference, political shortsightedness were among the others. The greatest of all was a bungling inefficiency in both the government and the army which can never have been surpassed and seldom equaled in a great nation in a great crisis. In the end Lincoln became a big enough man to cut through politics, and in Grant he finally found a general stubborn enough to stand his ground.

Packed with detail, crowded with characters as divergent as Louisa M. Alcott and John Wilkes Booth, Andrew Carnegie and Mrs. Rose Greenhow, the Confederate "lady spy," if such she can be called, "Reveille in Washington" gives the reader some idea of the thousand small events which contributed to the generalizations of the history books.

The change in Washington itself is vividly brought home. "As in 1800 and 1850, so in 1860," Miss Leech quotes from Henry Adams, "the same rude colony was camped in the same forest, with the same unfinished Greek temples for workrooms, and sloughs for roads." All during the war the building went on, and the city became more of a city, more the focus of the country, more the care of the federal government rather than of the local inhabitants.

The defects of Miss Leech's book are those of its qualities. She has covered so much ground that inevitably she has not gone very deep. The book remains a panorama, a picture, something looked at rather than lived through. And as the details are derived mostly from prominent characters or public records, the picture tends to be one painted by what Washingtonians would regard as outsiders and so gives an external view. For the real Washingtonians are not the generals and Cabinet ministers, the Congressmen and Senators and Presidents. They are not even the government employees. Like every other American city Washington has a permanent population, and this population is singularly untouched by the accidental fact that Washington is the national capital. During the War of Secession they were nearly all Southern sympathizers. This may be why Miss Leech has neglected them except as they figured on the larger stage of the struggle which was going on. But no book about Washington which does not tell what they were thinking and feeling gives a picture in the round.

This is the only adverse criticism to be made of a book which is a real contribution to the general reader's understanding of the critical years it covers and of some of their chief figures, notably Lincoln.

JAMES ORRICK

A Woman Doctor's Saga

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN. By Alfreda Withington. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

OF THE several autobiographies of physicians that have appeared in the last few years, this is of particular interest because it describes the obstacles encountered by women in studying and practicing medicine less than a hundred years ago. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the world's first woman medical graduate, was refused admission to twelve American medical schools and was finally admitted to the university at Geneva, New York, in 1847, only by grace of the unanimous vote of the student body. Her sister, after many refusals, was admitted to Rush Medical College, but was subsequently asked to withdraw because the Illinois State Medical Society had censured the institution for accepting a woman student. Even after the American Medical Association voted to admit women in 1876, appointments as internes and visiting physicians were denied to them.

The struggle was not over when Dr. Withington began her medical studies in 1881. She attended the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, founded by Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell, and later spent several years in postgraduate study in Vienna and Prague, the first woman ever to be permitted to take courses in medicine in those cities or to practice in a hospital.

After several years of practice in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, she offered her services to Sir Wilfred Grenfell for a summer among the fishermen of Labrador. Dr. Grenfell had never seen a woman doctor before and had misgivings about her being accepted by the fisherfolk, but he need not have feared. "Our lady," as they called her, battled wind and waves in a small boat to make her calls along that bleak coast and was received with an enthusiasm as great as her own. At the age of fifty-seven she volunteered for duty as a tuberculosis specialist with the Red Cross in France. She became director of the tuberculosis-prevention program at Dreux and later in the Department of the Marne, under direction of the Rockefeller Foundation. On her return, instead of resuming conventional private practice, she took a post in a remote settlement in Harlan County in the Kentucky mountains. In this isolated district she rode a horse or walked for miles daily over narrow Cumberland Mountain trails, answering calls often in the dead of night, sleeping with the mountain people in flimsy one-room cabins, fording flooded rivers and breasting blizzards until an attack of angina interrupted her work.

One would expect that the keynote of a life devoted to pioneering in medicine would be courage. Courage is certainly implied, but the chief impression which the biography gives is that of a rare grace and humanity. Many books have been written in praise of the general practitioner of the old school, but few have succeeded in conveying so vividly as this one the quality that distinguished his work—a quality deriving from the fact that he treated people instead of merely practicing medicine. The male physicians who argued before the American Medical Association in the 1870's that women were not emotionally unfit to undertake the responsibilities of life and death in medicine are more than vindicated by Dr. Withington's career.

JEAN LYLE

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The UNTAMED BALKANS

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MODERN AGE BOOKS

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PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

- AVIATION: FROM SHOP TO SKY.** By John J. Floherty. Lippincott. \$2.
- THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE.** By James D. Hart. Oxford University Press. \$5.
- THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF SCOTTISH POETRY.** Selected and Edited by Hugh Macdiarmid. Macmillan. \$2.50.
- IRVING BABBITT: MAN AND TEACHER.** Edited by Frederick Manchester and Odell Shepard. Putnam. \$3.
- THE SWEDISH COLLECTIVE BARGAINING SYSTEM.** By Paul H. Norgren. Harvard University Press. \$3.50.
- DRAFTING THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.** By Arthur T. Prescott. Louisiana State University Press. \$5.50.
- POLITICAL AND SOCIAL GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. 1492-1865:** by Homer Carey Hockett. 1865-1940: by Arthur Meier Schlesinger. Macmillan. \$7.50 per set. Third edition.
- SOCIAL AND CULTURAL DYNAMICS.** Vol. IV: Basic Problems, Principles, and Methods. By Pitirim Sorokin. American Book Company. \$6.
- THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND.** Studies on the Idea of Nature in the Thought of the Period. By Basil Willey. Columbia University Press. \$3.25.

RECORDS

VICTOR'S August set (601, \$3.50) of Beethoven's Quartet Op. 18 No. 2 has arrived at last. The work is uninteresting; the performance by the Budapest Quartet is marvelous. As for recording, I was about to remark that this time Victor had been able to avoid the metallic sharpness in the high range of the violins in its previous Budapest set of Mozart's K. 458, and to achieve something as fine as H. M. V.'s Budapest recordings—their spaciousness and balance, their cleanness and roundness of definition, their beauty of sound throughout the entire range of the four strings. And then I happened to look at the label and saw that this *was* an imported H. M. V. recording.

From Columbia we get a set (467, \$4.50) of the Budapest Quartet's performance of Debussy's Quartet, of which the sound on a high-fidelity machine is muffled and vastly inferior not only to what is produced by the H. M. V. and Victor sets I have just mentioned but to the sound of Columbia's own previous recordings of Budapest performances. On a small machine of limited frequency-range the sound is better

balanced. The work itself is not one of Debussy's best, though the second and third movements are exquisitely wrought and quite lovely.

Columbia also offers Schumann's Symphony No. 3, which I do not find interesting, and which is excellently performed by Bruno Walter with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set 464, \$4.50); Enesco's engaging Rumanian Rhapsody No. 1, in a fair performance by Stock with the Chicago Symphony (Set X-203, \$2.50); Wagner's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," in a hurried, erratic, and altogether unimpressive and unsatisfying performance by Reiner with the Pittsburgh Symphony (11580-D, \$1); Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4, in a performance by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (Set 468, \$5.50) that has caused me to wonder again at the strange way in which the gift for manipulating an orchestra may be given accidentally to someone with the feeling for music that a butcher has for meat. And to these Columbia adds what seems to be a competent performance of Alban Berg's Violin Concerto by Louis Krasner and the Cleveland Orchestra under Rodzinski (Set 465, \$3.50). This is one of the works written—to quote Mr. Moses Smith's accompanying notes—"for the most part according to the technique of the twelve-tone system originated by Arnold Schönberg, of whom Berg was the principal disciple. Far from being greeted with the attentiveness which its unusual character deserved, the music of this school had been (and still is) widely dismissed as abstract, brain-made, and inhuman." Not only, says Smith, has this concerto revealed itself as "a masterpiece, which Constant Lambert . . . characterized as 'the most beautiful and significant piece of music written since the war' (1914-1918)," but it "has established, in the minds of those who have heard it even a single time, that the apparently forbidding musical language invented by Schönberg could convey thoughts and emotions that touch the hearts of those in its presence." The work may have done this for some; but I can testify that it has not conveyed such thoughts and emotions to some others who have been in its presence for the first time during the past week, or to me who have heard it more than once and have had to listen to one record repeatedly.

This has been in the process of hearing all these Columbia records on several phonographs. On a small machine of limited frequency-range the sound of the Enesco Rhapsody had a fidelity, spa-

ciousness, and sharpness of definition that were not to be heard in the thin, cold, but acceptable sound of the Schumann Symphony and Wagner Prelude; and there was a degree of brightness and clarity in the sound of the Tchaikovsky Symphony, as against the muddy sound of the Berg Concerto. On the large, wide-range machines for which the recordings are allegedly intended (I played them on a Scott 23-tube set with a fine Brush pickup, a Scott 30-tube Philharmonic with the latest Audax Pro-2, and on a privately made machine which is the finest I have ever heard) the Berg was terrible, the Wagner quite bad, the Schumann thin, pinched, nasal, the Tchaikovsky had a cold, hard clarity, and the Enesco's fidelity, spaciousness, and clarity were even more impressive. But even the Enesco did not have the wonderful beauty of sound which came from the Victor record of a Stokowski-Philadelphia Orchestra performance that I used as my standard of reference.

Nor—I must add—do Victor's own recordings of other American orchestras, particularly those of the Boston Symphony, which have been excessively and even harshly brilliant, and at times laceratingly sharp. B. H. HAGGIN.

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The Shape of Things

THE GERMAN AND FINNISH ARMIES SEEM TO be closing in on Leningrad, and despite the tenacity of the Soviet defenders the city is in grave danger. With the Finns moving in on its rear along the eastern shore of Lake Ladoga, the Soviet High Command must face the problem of whether to order Marshal Voroshilov to evacuate his troops while there is yet time or to risk locking up a large garrison in the city in the hope that a prolonged stand there would further upset the Nazi timetable. In his cable on page 215 Louis Fischer refers to the industrial importance of Leningrad. Its strategic significance is equally great, for if it falls, the Russian Baltic fleet will be forced either to scuttle or to surrender. Another consequence will be the cutting of communications between Moscow and the Arctic ports of Murmansk and Archangel, through which some kind of connection has been maintained with Britain. Occupation of the Leningrad area would also present Hitler with an opportunity to make a flanking movement against Moscow in conjunction with a new push on the central front. However, it is just in this region that the Red Army has launched a counter-offensive which, the latest reports indicate, is developing formidable proportions. If Marshal Timoshenko is able to throw back the Nazis in the Smolensk district, while Leningrad continues to resist, it will be the turn of the German commanders to look to their right flank.

✱

HITHERTO NAZI OPERATIONS IN RUSSIA have benefited little, if at all, from fifth-column aid. For years prior to his onslaught on the Soviets Hitler had cultivated the Ukrainian nationalists, and he also has under his thumb a small group of czarist exiles with headquarters in Berlin. But even Dr. Goebbels has not been able to paint pretty pictures of the German army advancing into the Ukraine amid the delighted cheers of the populace. And there have been no reports from any source indicating the emergence of quislings in the conquered Russian provinces. However, Moscow has become anxious about one potential fifth column, at present very far from the fighting front—the large German colony which has long been settled on the Volga. According to a decree

signed by Mikhail I. Kalinin, President of the U. S. S. R., evidence of disloyalty and espionage by many of these Germans has been accumulated by the military authorities. Consequently another of the tragic migrations which have accompanied World War II has been ordered, and nearly 400,000 Volga Germans are to be moved into the heart of Siberia, where new lands are being assigned to them. This drastic action, with winter approaching, is bound to cause great suffering. But in view of the way in which the Nazis have used German colonies in the Balkans to assist their aggressions, the Soviet government can hardly be blamed for taking strong measures.

✱

THE MOST THAT CAN BE SAID FOR THE TAX bill passed last week by the Senate is that it is slightly better than the House bill. Its chief advantage lies in the fact that it will produce some \$3,600,000,000 in revenue as compared with the \$3,200,000,000 provided by the House measure. The additional \$400,000,000, though small in comparison with projected federal expenditures of more than \$20,000,000,000, should aid appreciably in the struggle to retard inflation. Most of the additional funds are to be provided by lowering the income-tax exemptions from \$2,000 and \$800, for married and single persons, respectively, to \$1,500 and \$750. This change, though regrettable in some respects, is defensible as an emergency measure. But it is difficult to justify it in view of the inadequate levies on excess profits and estates. As Senator La Follette has pointed out, the Senate bill would raise only 15 per cent of federal revenue from excess-profits taxes as compared with 45 per cent raised by this means in 1920. The taxes on estates are absurdly low. As the bill stands, an unmarried factory worker would pay a heavier tax on \$100 a month earned in wages than a wealthy man would pay on a \$41,000 inheritance. This makes a travesty of the President's assurance that the next taxes would be levied on the basis of capacity to pay.

✱

WE APPLAUD THE PRESIDENT'S ACTION IN establishing a new division in the OPM to deal with subcontracting and the conversion of civilian facilities to defense production. The executive order setting up a new division of contract distribution on a par with priorities, labor production, raw materials, and civilian supplies is all the more welcome because it came so soon after the OPM, by a reshuffle of its own, had sought to give the public the impression that a fundamental reform had occurred in subcontracting. On the appointment of Floyd Odum to head this new division we suspend judgment. His unconventional career in finance and business and the friendships he has won among the New Dealers lead us to hope that his attitude will not be that of a typical big

business man. We must stop running the defense program on a monopolistic basis, with huge backlogs in the hands of a comparatively few companies, if production is to be speeded up, idle machine power brought into play, and civilian industry and labor saved from "priorities unemployment." Odum's first move to win public confidence must be to get rid of Robert L. Mehornay, the Kansas City furniture dealer, who has been a dismal failure in the job of stimulating wider subcontracting. A similar shake-up in the War Department's subcontracting service provides additional ground for hope of forthright action at last in this most vital sector of defense.

✱

THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT PRODUCTION of military planes in August passed the 1,850 mark comes as a welcome surprise after the discouraging figures of recent months. While far from the 50,000 planes a year asked for by the President, this is more than three times the number produced in August, 1940, and is twice the output of six months ago. Precise figures on the proportion of bomber, fighter, and trainer planes produced in August have not been released, but it may be assumed that the increase is largely in combat planes. It is known that several models of bombers and fighter planes are just getting into large-scale production, and further substantial increases in the output of these types are expected shortly. Although the prospects for production are distinctly more encouraging than they have seemed in the past few months, they are still disheartening when compared with the pressing needs of Britain, China, and the Soviets, to say nothing of our own armed forces. It is generally agreed, for example, that a few hundred first-class bombers could turn the tide of war in China and effectively destroy the threat of further Japanese aggression. But so far we have not been able to spare any heavy bombers for either China or Russia and have delivered comparatively few to Britain. From this point of view the Battle of Production is still running against us.

✱

JUSTICE HOLMES IN THE SO-CALLED "PIPE-line cases" said that ownership of the pipe lines enabled the major oil companies to control the fields "without the necessity of owning them." The man who owns the well must sell at the terms they offer or be unable to transport his oil to market. This explains the anxiety of the great oil companies to build new pipe lines rather than to revive the use of railroad tank-car transportation. The oil monopoly ever since the older Rockefeller's day has been built on control of the means of transportation, and the pipe line is more easily controlled than the tank car. These are the real issues behind the quarrel over the oil-transportation shortage in the East and the reluctance of

the oil companies to settle it by using idle cars, barges, and pipe lines now engaged in carrying gasoline west from the Eastern seaboard when they could be carrying gasoline east. John J. Pelley, president of the American Association of Railroads, told the Senate committee investigating the oil shortage that 20,000 tank cars are available, and there is now hope that they will be used and the artificially high rates exacted for their use reduced. We believe that precious steel supplies should not be diverted to pipe-line construction until all alternative methods of meeting the transportation shortage have been tried.

★

NEGOTIATIONS WITH MEXICO NOW HAVE reached the point where an early settlement of all outstanding issues between it and this country is confidently predicted. Arrangements have been completed for granting Mexico a loan of from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 to stabilize its currency and complete the pan-American highway. Although the two matters are not definitely linked, it is understood that the Mexican government will use a part of the foreign exchange thus obtained to make initial payments to the American oil companies for the properties commandeered some years ago when the companies refused to accept an arbitration award in a labor dispute. The remaining payments are to be made in oil over a period of years. A somewhat similar arrangement is expected with the British oil companies. Although some conservative financial interests profess to be horrified at the immorality of such a settlement, it offers a realistic solution to what has been one of the knottiest problems of pan-American relations. As it works out, neither Mexico nor the United States has had to give way on what it regarded as a matter of principle. Both will receive tangible benefits from the arrangement. And, what is most vital, the agreement will contribute substantially to the strengthening of hemisphere defenses.

★

THE LIVES OF THREE ALLEGED COMMUNISTS have been exacted by the German military authorities in Paris as the price of a minor wound suffered by a German non-commissioned officer. The victims of this blood sacrifice appear to have been selected at random from the thousands of hostages recently rounded up in occupied France. There is no evidence that they were Communists, but the Nazis continue to harp on the Communist theme in the vain hope that the French people may be persuaded that this suppressed party is the only source of opposition to collaboration. Actually, we can be certain, the methods of terrorism by which the Germans are now trying to crush the spirit of France will only result in the tightening of the opposition against them and the handful of French traitors who have sold out to the "New Order." What is more, every "Communist" ex-

cuted is likely to become a martyr and the influence of the party greatly enhanced. Among the acknowledged Communists now threatened by a death sentence is Gabriel Peri, former deputy and scholarly foreign editor of *l'Humanité*, who is being brought to trial before the special court which has been created by the Vichy government as an earnest of its desire to cooperate with the Nazis in suppressing the French people.

★

ON SEPTEMBER 4 THE NEW YORK TIMES published a Washington dispatch of which the first three paragraphs read as follows:

The United States is letting Spain have large quantities of petroleum products as part of an effort to prevent Spain's entrance into the war on the side of the Axis, it was learned today.

A steady stream of Spanish tankers has been calling at Port Arthur, Texas, picking up large oil and gasoline cargoes for transport to Bilbao, Santander, Barcelona, and Malaga.

These oil shipments, which were particularly heavy in late August, have been sanctioned by the State Department.

By a happy, but by no means surprising, coincidence the Spanish Phalangist paper *Arriba* on the same day published two of the most violent anti-American editorials of the year. They carried these eloquent headlines: "Roosevelt, Satellite of Stalin," and "Roosevelt and the Last Days of the Power of Gold." A few lines from the chief editorial indicate its point of view:

Let us pass over the campaigns of the United States in Cuba, the Philippines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, and Puerto Rico to deal with the actuality of today. As repulsive as the way in which Eden perverts the truth, we find Roosevelt's invocation to freedom and religion, used by him as a cover for aid to the Soviets.

The flow of vituperation from fascist Spain seems to be wasted on the State Department; it won't take no for an answer.

Our New Board

TOO often, in our opinion, do contributing editors serve as ornaments on a masthead rather than as active participants in the affairs of the journals which proudly display their names. Too seldom do they either contribute or edit. We hesitate to draw illustrations from our own respectable past, but we seem to recall a day when a junior editor discovered the name of Anatole France on *The Nation's* list of contributing editors at a date considerably after the demise of that distinguished author. A faint hope that we may be mistaken restrains us from checking our memory by reference to the files. In any case

the incident, apocryphal or true, suggests the quiescent role frequently assigned by journals to the eminent persons who are presented to the public as collaborators.

This week *The Nation* takes pride in announcing the appointment of a board of five contributing editors whose decorative qualities will in no way interfere with their active functions as writers and advisers. All of them today write either regularly or frequently for the paper. In their new capacity as editors they will provide the additional benefits that come from constant consultation and more carefully planned and integrated contributions.

The five persons who have agreed to serve on the new board are Norman Angell, Jonathan Daniels, Louis Fischer, Reinhold Niebuhr, and J. Alvarez del Vayo. Their names will be added to the masthead next week.

These men bring to *The Nation* very diverse qualities of mind and experience. In the period just ahead, when American foreign policy will assume more momentous importance every day, we welcome particularly the intimate knowledge of international affairs possessed by the two Europeans, Norman Angell and J. Alvarez del Vayo, as well as by Louis Fischer, who for so many years served as *The Nation's* chief correspondent in Russia and other parts of the Continent. Norman Angell will regularly write editorials on foreign affairs and, less regularly, signed articles in the same field; J. Alvarez del Vayo will devote special attention to the problems of the Latin countries, in Europe and America, and will contribute frequent articles on developments in both hemispheres. Louis Fischer, at present in London, promises a regular page on his return, to be called, like his recent successful autobiography, *Men and Politics*.

But foreign affairs, while they overshadow all else, do not diminish but rather increase and complicate domestic problems. The war is in our midst, and both Reinhold Niebuhr and Jonathan Daniels are primarily concerned with the social and political adjustments in America made necessary by the struggle in Europe. Mr. Daniels, whose page, *A Native at Large*, will continue in the months to come, has made himself, to use his own words, "a kind of watchman against the phony aspects of democracy at a time when we are talking so big and loud about democracy." He will write from various parts of the country, keeping a particularly close eye on defense activities as they affect ordinary people, workers and soldiers in the training camps and local politicians, as well as the people who run things in Washington.

Reinhold Niebuhr is a philosopher in politics. He is concerned with the play of forces—emotional as well as social and economic—in public action. He will write about opinion and behavior and policy from the point of view of a person who knows that the struggle in Europe is not only "our war" but a war which must be as decisively won in America—in every factory and government office—as on the Continent and the Atlantic.

The Nation has a complicated task to perform in the months to come. It will continue to support every aggressive, intelligent move against the armed power of the dictators; and at the same time it will attack the tendencies in our own country which stand in the way of a truly democratic victory. Our new contributing editors were chosen because they have so fully identified themselves with this purpose. They are not merely eminent as writers and thinkers. They are also fighters. And they join the staff as active participants in the many-sided struggle for the survival of freedom and the creation of a democratic world to which *The Nation* is unalterably committed.

After the Greer

BY FRED A KIRCHWEY

UNOFFICIALLY the Germans say that war with the United States has begun. The United States destroyer Greer, according to the Nazi version, attacked a German submarine; the submarine attempted to torpedo the destroyer; the United States navy was then ordered to hunt the submarine and "eliminate" it. This was an act of war, say the Germans.

One need not accept the Nazi statement of facts. We have the President's word that the submarine initiated the attack, launching several torpedoes at the Greer deliberately, in clear daylight; and that the Greer responded with several depth charges. We naturally accept his account in preference to that of the congenital liars in Berlin. But however reckless they may be in dealing with facts, one cannot contradict their conclusion. Who shot at whom first is almost beside the point. What is important is that an American destroyer and a German submarine met in battle; we are not yet at war with Germany, but an act of war—"shooting war"—has been committed.

It was not to be indefinitely avoided. Hitler obviously has hoped to put off the hour of combat; he has had no desire to become involved in an extension of the war in the Atlantic while his strength on land was being drained into the Russian earth. But on the other hand he could not afford to permit the American sea patrol to cut down British losses to a point low enough to make replacement possible. For if that point were reached and maintained, the British would have won the Battle of the Atlantic. In the last two months, since the extension of the American patrol to Iceland, British losses have dropped to their lowest level in more than a year.

The attack on the Greer was at once an answer to the growing effectiveness of the patrol and a test of American opinion. The torpedo that was launched in the general direction of the American destroyer was an emis-

sary from the German High Command. It carried a message reading: "We've had about enough of your interference with our blockade. This is a warning. If you don't want war, you'd better mind your own business; and we don't think you want war."

But such a message would not have been sent at all if Germany were not ready to face the consequences in case its challenge should be taken up. It took a genuine risk in order to make its position clear. And it would not do so if it did not feel that the flow of American goods safely reaching the fighting fronts was sufficient to endanger the Nazi position. If Germany can scare the United States into relaxing its vigilance, however unobtrusively, so that Nazi raiders can operate with better success and restore the proper percentage of sinkings, then the gesture will have been worth any risk. If the attempt fails, then Hitler will perforce accept war.

Now the American people don't want war, as our isolationists are forever announcing. And so it may be possible for the Nazis to persuade themselves that a real chance still exists of frightening the United States government into a change of policy. The Nazi press simultaneously attacks President Roosevelt as a liar and *provocateur*, and reports with satisfaction the "indifference" over the Greer incident displayed by the American public. But if the German government decides to base its policy on such haphazard speculations, it will meet with a severe shock. Americans are overwhelmingly committed to the policy of helping the powers resisting Nazi aggression—Britain in particular. This policy has been adopted by Congress and implemented through the Lend-Lease Act. The occupation of Iceland and the patrol of the ocean highways, challenged directly by the submarine attack on the Greer, had almost unanimous support in Congress and the press; and public-opinion polls have registered strong popular sentiment in favor of both. News of the attack on the Greer was received less with indifference than with matter-of-fact acceptance of the fortunes of war. When a nation sends its warships out into the sea lanes to protect war cargoes from marauding raiders, it discounts the consequences in advance. Under such circumstances an "incident" is in the normal course of events and creates neither alarm nor indignation. Such sentiments are reserved for the reign of piracy that made the patrol necessary and an attack likely.

The United States did not send its warships out into Hitler's "blockade" zone to avoid risks; it sent them exactly because the risks are there and, if our major policy of aid to Britain is to be carried into effect, must be faced rather than dodged.

This is, of course, the only possible reply to the message carried by the torpedo. It will undoubtedly be made by the President this week. The United States neither seeks war nor avoids it. Our purpose is to safeguard the

shipments of vital war materials which we have pledged ourselves to produce and deliver to Britain. If Germany decides that our purpose is being carried out with sufficient success to interfere seriously with its contrary aims, then presumably it will try to sink the ships of our patrol. Our answer will be to try to sink its raiders, preferably before they have an opportunity to attack. If this means war, it will be a war that the American people will both understand and support. Of that Hitler may be certain, no matter what Messrs. Wheeler and Lindbergh may tell him to the contrary.

Konoye's Terms

SPECIFIC news is lacking regarding the negotiations between the United States and Japan since the President's receipt of the extraordinary personal note from Premier Konoye. But such information as has leaked out in Tokyo and elsewhere justifies the pessimistic interpretation in I. F. Stone's Washington letter. The appeasers seem firmly in the saddle in the State Department. There is no disposition to force Japan to demonstrate the sincerity of its supposed change of heart by forcing it to withdraw from its recently conquered territory before negotiations are carried on. On the contrary, a real danger exists that Konoye's terms will be accepted, in part if not in whole.

Konoye is believed to have promised Japanese evacuation of Indo-China and the abandonment of Tokyo's program of expansion into the South Seas in return for a restoration of normal trade relations with the United States and the use of our influence in settling the Chinese war on Japan's terms. These terms are reliably said to include the removal of Japanese troops from Central and South China, establishment of a puppet regime in the Peiping-Tientsin area, and an agreement for economic "cooperation" between Japan and free China. In exchange for these concessions, Konoye asks that the United States recognize the "independence" of Manchoukuo and secure the consent of Chiang Kai-shek and Britain to the creation of a Japanese protectorate in North China.

On the surface these may seem fairly good terms for China. Actually they are almost precisely the demands which led China to take up arms against Japan in 1937. In view of the favorable turn of events in recent weeks, Chiang could hardly be prevailed upon to accept such an arrangement unless the United States followed the shameful example of England and France at the time of Munich and brought irresistible pressure to bear on him. It is difficult to believe that the State Department appeasers would dare go to such lengths.

There is a serious possibility, however, that the Administration will agree with Konoye on a more limited settlement which will give Japan everything it really wants.

Konoye might consent, for example, to make a token withdrawal from Indo-China and certain sections of China in return for a limited restoration of trade with the United States. This would give Japan a much-desired respite in which to prepare for a resumption of its program of aggression and the materials which it needs badly for its war with China.

Many observers believe that a collapse of negotiations with the United States would be followed by serious domestic disturbances within Japan. This is one of the arguments of the State Department appeasers in support of a settlement. It is true that failure by Konoye might lead to the emergence of a new super-nationalistic regime that would rush headlong into war on the side of the Axis. But it also must be kept in mind that Japan is weaker today than at any time in the past, and is much more manageable, from a military standpoint, than it would be if we were once more shipping it oil and other essential war materials. Moreover, any domestic upheavals that may occur in Japan will only weaken the country further and reduce its nuisance value. Now is the time to stand firm if we wish to make an aggressor pay the price for his crimes.

The Attack on Henderson

IT IS hard to overestimate the importance of the fight opened by Martin Dies against Leon Henderson. It is the Texan's first attempt at a comeback since his own state defeated his efforts to obtain a seat in the United States Senate. Dies is an unpopular man in Congress, and his humiliating setback in the election gratified the cloak-rooms immensely. It was hoped that this would bring the demagogue down a peg. He has been moving cautiously since then, on the lookout for a new foothold.

That Dies had decided to "get" Henderson has been common gossip in Washington for some time. The Texan hopes by this fight to mobilize behind him not only anti-red sentiment but the opposition of powerful industrial and agricultural interests to price control. The strategy is to shift public attention from the desperate need for new price-control legislation to the question of Henderson's political coloration and that of his aides.

Every month of delay in price control is money in the till for those who hope to profit by the growing shortage of raw materials and the curtailed production of civilian goods. The rise of prices, despite headlines about "crack-downs" on this group of producers and that, is frighteningly similar to that in the last war.

Axis fifth-column strategy, so often served consciously or unconsciously by Dies, could have no better objective than an uncontrolled price rise in this country. Rising prices mean not only lowered morale but an increase in the number of strikes, a sharpening of suspicion and

hostility between worker and employer interests. The Mediation Commission has done an excellent job so far in holding down the number of strikes, and it has won wide confidence in industry. It could hardly hope to maintain its record during a mounting spiral of prices and production costs.

It is significant that the spokesmen of finance and big business who talked so much of the dangers of inflation in the years after 1933 have so little to say now when runaway prices are in the offing. They do talk of cutting "non-defense expenditures," by which they mean social services and aid to the unemployed, but they scarcely mention the need for price control. The "dangers of inflation" are one thing when the government is spending money to end bread lines and rescue farmers from bankruptcy. Spending then cuts the power of the haves to buy the labor and the property of the have-nots. The "dangers of inflation" are something else again when huge profits may be made from shortages and skyrocketing prices.

When Mr. Roosevelt sought by spending and by manipulation of the gold content of the dollar to stop deflation and restore the balance between debtor and creditor, the most lurid stories of past monetary hysterics were invoked in the campaign against him. These facts are forgotten and discussion of inflationary possibilities is curiously hushed when control measures threaten to interfere with profits.

Not since his earlier attempts to smear the New Deal has Dies been granted so favorable an opportunity as now to serve powerful interests and obtain their support for his own future advancement. His intention is to make Henderson's position as Price Administrator and as member of SPAB, top defense agency, untenable. Dies is setting out to make himself one of the most powerful men in Washington.

If Henderson's participation in the campaign to aid the Spanish Loyalists can be used to embarrass the Administration to the point where his usefulness is destroyed, many of the top New Dealers are unsafe, and not the New Dealers alone. While Henderson helped the Spanish refugee relief campaign, Stimson helped the campaign to lift the embargo on war supplies for Spain.

The Henderson employees of whom Dies complains have already run the gauntlet of the FBI and the Civil Service Commission and obviously have been found, whatever their sympathies in the past, to be eligible for government jobs under the legislation which bars Communists from office. These agencies use methods and apply standards that tend rather to the crude than the subtle; in fact, they go far beyond affiliation with the Communist Party in their probing. Reading *The Nation* and *PM* has been enough in the past to bring government employees under suspicion. If they must also be subjected to the strain of a war of nerves waged by Dies, the government service will be further demoralized.

British Labor Demands Action

BY LOUIS FISCHER

London, September 7, by Cable

A YEAR ago today 350 airplanes flew up the Thames estuary, broke through the protective R. A. F. screen, and rained death and ruin on London. One hundred and three German raiders were brought down, but the grim struggle for the air of England continued for many weeks, until October 31, when the Luftwaffe retired exhausted. This morning and afternoon I have been celebrating the first anniversary of that epochal battle for Britain by sitting in a deck chair in our big garden, reading the Sunday papers in the warm sunshine. Giant chrysanthemums, dazzling dahlias and marigolds, and pink cosmos bloom on the borders of the broad lawn. When I started the financial page of the *Observer*, medium bombers were flying above me, going east. When I had finished lunch and the four papers, the same machines were roaring homeward to their airdromes. They had been on a visit to the Nazi-held Continent, but the Luftwaffe was absent today as it has been absent from London these many weeks. What remains of it is in Russia.

Private information reaching me tells of air-raid damage in the old, familiar Moscow haunts. R. A. F. machines and pilots are helping to defend Leningrad; they are thus defending London. But Leningrad is so nearly encircled on the land side that it cannot send its munitions to the rest of the country, and Leningrad produces at least 15 per cent of the Soviet Union's manufactured output. Add to this the factories in the Nazi-occupied Soviet provinces, plus those robbed of current when the Dnieper dam was blown up, and the total is an impressive diminution of the Soviets' capacity to replenish stocks of war materials. An "authoritative" source here announces that Russia's ability to replace munitions consumed in battle was about half as great as Germany's when the war began. It is less now. In the Russian winter industrial output normally lags, yet new reserves could be accumulated if the battle raged less fiercely. However, I imagine the winter won't bring a complete lull. The Nazi attackers will be greatly inconvenienced by the cold and snowdrifts, but they will enjoy an advantage as the rivers freeze hard and disappear as natural obstacles. Every lake then becomes an airdrome. There is no mud, no marshes. In March, 1921, the Red Army crossed the ice of the Gulf of Finland and captured the island fortress of Kronstadt in the face of shells fired into the ice by the rebels.

Unless the Reichswehr is more spent than most ex-

perts think, it won't give the Russians a winter respite. Therefore the problem of foreign supplies is supremely urgent for Moscow. The Kremlin is insisting on the early convocation of the Anglo-American-Russian conference and is impatient at the slowness of deliveries.

At the Trades Union Congress last week Jack Tanner, president of the Engineers' Union, affirmed that Moore-Brabazon, Minister of Aircraft Production, had stated in his presence that he was glad Russia and Germany were destroying each other so that England could become supreme. Moore-Brabazon's denial has not closed the matter, and this incident, as well as the entire subject of aid to Russia, will dominate the eagerly awaited reopening of Parliament. But even Moore-Brabazon would favor sending supplies to Russia, since otherwise the Soviets might not be able to destroy Germany. The British government is resolutely determined to grant maximum assistance to Russia. Lord Beaverbrook is also anxious to divert lease-lend munitions to the Russo-German front, for what Britain itself can do is very limited.

The central problem of this country, as I see it after six weeks' study, is like that of two people in bed trying to get warm under a narrow blanket. When one is covered, the other gets uncovered. Britain's resources in man-power and industrial plants are inadequate to wage this war. When skilled men are exempted from military service in order to maintain the output of factories and mines, the generals complain that they must have trained mechanics for a modern motorized army, but when experienced factory workers are mobilized for the army, employers and trade unions warn of the fall in production which must result. The Russian situation aggravates this dilemma. Some say, "Let's manufacture more arms and send them to Russia." Others say, "Let's quickly train a big mechanized force to invade the Continent and relieve the pressure on Russia." But what's the good of a force without sufficient arms? It is generally conceded that Britain has not now and is not likely soon to have either the trained soldiers or the equipment necessary for an invasion of Western Europe. For the moment Britain is turning out more tanks, planes, and guns than America, but it isn't enough.

This problem cast a shadow over the annual Trades Union Congress in Edinburgh last week. The congress was alive and militant. The trade-union movement is the backbone and banker of the Labor Party. Its vigorous stand and protests have gained it many members since the war, whereas the Labor Party, being in the govern-

ment and further removed from the daily troubles of the workers, has been meekly acquiescent and has lost members. No one, for the moment, thinks that Labor should leave the government or should not have joined it, but the independence of the Trades Union Congress is a tremendous asset which the trade unions intend to exploit. The delegates came away from the proceedings with the impression that even the general secretary, Sir Walter Citrine, had moved leftward.

The chief grievances of the Trades Union Congress were not personal or professional, like wages or pensions, but national. It was primarily concerned over the paucity of aid to Russia and the necessity of getting on with the war by stepping up production. The rank and file of the workers advocated workers' participation in management. The *Daily Herald* supported this trend editorially. The congress adopted a unanimous resolution asking the government to "associate the trade unions concerned with the administration and management of all vital war industries." Numerous speakers tried to convince the government that foremen and workmen often understood the causes of bottlenecks better than managing directors. Jealous of its prerogatives, the congress criticized Home Secretary Herbert Morrison's new compulsory fire-fighting scheme mainly because he had failed to consult the congress before promulgating it. He apologized. This was intended as warning to other Cabinet ministers who might overlook the trade unions.

The congress also won the first skirmish with Churchill. Last year Chamberlain refused to listen to its appeal to amend the 1927 Trades Disputes Act. It finds especially irksome two clauses which enjoin the trade unions composed of civil servants from entering the congress and prohibit local communities and boroughs from maintaining a closed shop in their communal enterprises. Churchill has consented to allow the T. U. C. to negotiate with the Tory party, and if they reach an agreement, legislation will be introduced into Parliament. The fact that the congress is meeting representatives of the Conservative Party is illuminating. Normally the Labor Party would conduct the conversations in behalf of the trade unions, but the T. U. C. believed that the Labor Party, as a section of the coalition government, could exercise less leverage and pressure.

The annual assembly in Edinburgh likewise took a strong stand against the government's announced policy of stabilizing wages at their present level. Ernest Bevin said in a recent speech at Llandudno that since the government is determined to stabilize prices it is also entitled to stabilize wages. The Trades Union Congress, as one journalist noted, gave this idea the "raspberry." Sir Walter Citrine, who has no irrepressible love for Bevin, led the assault by declaring that prices had risen more than wages. This technical truth becomes a fallacy if it is recalled that unemployment is practically non-existent

and that many more members of families now work.

But this is another narrow blanket. The trouble is not really the relationship between wages and prices; this country simply has not enough commodities to go round. Here is the proof: Before the war the government spent 23 per cent of the national income; today it spends 60 per cent, and that almost entirely on things which the mass of people cannot eat, wear, or live in. Yet the population is earning much more money because everybody is working and salaries are up. Since prices are controlled, it becomes still more difficult for people to spend their money. That is the great national problem—too much money and too little to spend it on. The government is trying to solve the difficulty by increasing taxes, stimulating savings and the purchase of government bonds, and proposing stable wages, but the trade unions won't have this last. Instead, they demand suppression of black-market speculation and of inequalities in the distribution of commodities, and extension of the rationing system to include more foods. One delegate, the slim Anne Loughlin, told the congress, "If something isn't done quickly, there'll be a bloody revolution in this country and women will lead it." Her main objections were that women must stand in queues after working long hours and that the middlemen's profits are high.

I discussed many aspects of the food situation the day before yesterday with Major Gwilym Lloyd George, Assistant Minister of Food. He made me aware of the simple principle that you cannot ration an article of food until you have enough of it for all. For instance, if you rationed caviar, each person would get a fraction of one egg. He told me that under the Lease-Lend Act cheese is arriving from America. Cheese is now rationed at three ounces per person, eight ounces for miners and agricultural workers. The supply of fish, he said, is down to 25 per cent of the pre-war figure, and the supply of meat is likewise lower, owing to a shortage of refrigerator ships. He added, "Fewer people are short of food than before the war because more workers are employed. The middle class is eating less, but scientists declare that all get sufficient calories, although variety is lacking. The diet is not poorer in nutriment, but we cannot afford to let it drop farther." He revealed to me that new commodities will soon be rationed. He was most concerned with the supply of milk for children; the country is consuming more milk than before the war because of the deficiency of other foods and also because the government has introduced a system of distributing milk to children, invalids, bombed-out families, expectant mothers, and so forth. He said the milk supply would break down unless additional condensed and powdered milk were received from America.

Britain also needs concentrated fruit juices and vitamins and canned meat if the people are to have the energy to work during the day and stand fire watch

during the night, all under terrific nervous strain. When I think how America wallows in luxury while this country ekes out its short rations I cannot have much respect for Christian civilization. As in Russia during certain years food is the favorite topic of conversation here. The

less food there is, the more talk about it. I heard a story yesterday about Vivien Leigh, the famous movie star. Her friends in America wrote asking whether she needed any food. Since censorship deletes all requests for food, she replied, "No, but send us a bad actor."

Memo on Japan

BY I. F. STONE



Washington, September 7

MEMO to the Home Office: I cannot confirm the story you heard that Jesse Jones might give the Japanese a loan if they agreed to behave more politely in the Far East. In one high quarter I was told that the Japanese did not need foreign exchange and in another that they did. I incline to the latter view. Whether the story is true or not, two days of visiting in the State Department have convinced me that the trend toward appeasement is stronger than ever.

In the lower ranks of the department there are wry faces, but higher up the thinking on the Far Eastern situation is still done in 1931 terms. We mustn't play into the hands of the extremists in Japan. We must help to strengthen the moderates. If we press too hard, there may be an explosion. This seems to be the prevalent frame of mind at the White House as well as the State Department.

One well-informed observer who has watched the Far East for many years believes the Japanese have gone as far as they care to at the moment. He thinks that they will mark time until the outcome of the Russo-German war is clearer, and that the Nazis cannot make Tokyo move earlier. The next best thing to a further Japanese advance is to fool the American government into giving Japan some more oil and war supplies.

Berlin is an old hand at these tactics. It let Mussolini play the come-on game with the British for six months after the war began while London supplied Italy with oil, scrap, and funds in the hope of weaning it from the Axis. Our State Department has been played for a sucker in the same way by Vichy and Franco and is ready to repeat hopefully with Tokyo.

I suppose I had better mention no names, but a certain local paper which is anti-interventionist and runs the editorial column of a certain famous chain publisher and the dispatches of his best-known foreign correspondent published recently an interesting dispatch from this correspondent in the Far East. He wrote that the Germans were much worried lest America succeed in inducing Japan to leave the Axis. This correspondent's dispatches have never been of a kind to make him *persona*

non grata in Berlin. He seems to have friendly contacts with high government circles in both Japan and Germany. It may be that these friends will be furious with him for "letting the cat out of the bag," or it may be that the Germans would like us to believe that Japan may leave the Axis. I think the dispatch was a coy glance and a dropped handkerchief. It should be possible to learn a little from what has happened in the Far East since 1931. The first thing to learn is that the Japanese always move in the direction where they think resistance is weak, and the best indication to them of weakness is an attempt to appease them. The Russians preferred to have them go south; the British and Americans preferred—if anything—to have them move north. They should have moved north in gratitude, for Britain connived in the Manchurian seizure and America supplied the materials for the war on China. These concessions, contrasted with the unofficial but bloody defeats administered to the Japanese on the Soviet-Manchurian border, convinced them it would be safer to go south.

To say that we must either give Japan supplies or fight it, is to beg the question. Japan's failure to interfere with the oil shipments to Vladivostok shows that its bluff can be called. We have the blandest of reasons for denying it supplies—we need them at home; and a joint British-Dutch-American embargo would deprive Tokyo of the means of fighting. Worthless promises are all we could get in return for those supplies anyway, and the bitter disillusionment of the Chinese people. For Japan will not evacuate China, and any deal would sell out China for the sake of British-Dutch-American imperialism.

I do not think a deal of this kind is politically possible. The situation is too explosive. This is Japan's opportunity for empire, and sooner or later it will move again and there will be war in the East. What disturbs one is the kind of thinking still going on at the top of the State Department and in the White House. How much faith can the common people of the world have in our four freedoms and our eight points, how much confidence can they place in our ability to build a better world after Hitler is defeated, if we go on playing this kind of blundering, old-style politics in the Far East?

War's Fourth Dimension

BY GABRIEL JAVSICAS

THE conveyor belt in industry introduced into modern warfare a new element as revolutionary in its import as the invention of the steam engine, which brought about the Industrial Revolution of the nineteenth century. As the airplane added a third dimension to war, the conveyor belt introduced the fourth—the time element. In the war of 1914-18 time already played an important role; with the development of mass-production methods it has become today the decisive factor. It deprives war of all spontaneity. No longer can a nation rise as one man and smite the enemy. The conveyor belt has made war a long-premeditated enterprise, chained to time.

In 1914 war fervor could be stirred up in a few weeks and an army mobilized in a few days. Equipment for the armies was on hand or could be produced in sufficient quantities by established war industries. Peace industries could quickly switch over to war production. Even so, the very complete preparations of Germany would have defeated France but for the breathing spell gained for French war industries by the victory of the Marne.

In the machine production brought in by the Industrial Revolution a finished article is produced not directly, by a craftsman or a number of workers, but indirectly, through the intermediate process of constructing a power-driven tool or machine. This method lengthens the time needed for the manufacture of one article, but materially reduces the time needed for manufacturing it in quantity. The conveyor belt developed during the long armistice since 1918, while it speeded up mass production, increased the time required for the construction of the first finished implement of war from months to years, and thereby made modern war a matter of long and careful premeditation. Thus it placed almost all the trump cards in the hands of the determined aggressor. *Blitzkrieg* is a misleading word. The surprise attack may look like lightning out of the blue, but actually it is the result of years of intensive preparation.

Terrible as is the destruction inflicted by the weight of the aggressor's accumulated material, the havoc wrought upon the time at the disposal of the defense is even more fatal. Only as the enemy attacks does he reveal the nature of the weapons which he has developed in years of secret preparation. It is then too late for the defense to produce the weapons with which it might resist these new offensive methods. With rare exceptions, such as the degaussing cable invented to combat the magnetic

mine, effective defensive weapons can be produced in quantity only on the assembly line. The invention and mass production of weapons that can stop the dive-bomber or pierce the heavy armor of a tank require months or even years in time of peace; in time of war the decisive battle may be lost, as the Battle of France was lost, before the blueprint can be put upon paper. Hence under the conditions created by the time element, the offensive is not only the best defense but virtually the only possible defense.

Before 1914 arms and ammunition could be accumulated leisurely over a period of years on a yearly war budget; they did not have to be used in offensive warfare in order not to be wasted. New types of arms were invented, but the new machinery required could be built under peace-time conditions while business continued as usual. Arms and ammunition used in the Boer war and earlier were still serviceable in 1914. Since it now takes from three to five years of intensive work and planning to make modern implements of war come off the assembly lines in appreciable quantities, the aggressor must plan the moment of his attacks years ahead. The Nazi war machine knew the approximate day on which its tanks, planes, and guns would come off the belt in sufficient quantities to conquer Europe. The non-aggressive nations could have no such foreknowledge. It is true that German rearmament was no secret, and theoretically France and Great Britain were in a position to counter the German armament program by one of their own, but practically the difficulties, both material and psychological, proved insurmountable.

General Mitchell in the United States and General Charles de Gaulle in France saw the importance of planes and tanks, and De Gaulle worked out the idea of mechanized warfare later adopted by the Germans. But neither of them were industrial experts. If they realized the task which the adoption of these instruments of warfare would impose upon industry, they considered it beyond the scope of their competence and did not occupy themselves with it. Inasmuch as their suggestions were rejected by the army bureaucracy and as the anti-militarist world in which they lived failed to support them, the problem of gearing industry to the quantity production of planes and tanks did not come up for consideration.

The French government had a dim realization of the difficulty, and after the remilitarization of the Rhineland in 1936, the inadequacy of plane production was debated in the French Parliament. On the ground that plane

models grow obsolete in a very short time, it was decided that France should not go in for mass production of war planes until war became imminent. The complications that were bound to arise when it became necessary to freeze the models and start mass production were not taken into account. No one, apparently, had any conception of the time that would be required to conquer these difficulties. In this respect the course of action of France and even Great Britain was as little related to practical experience as the speculations of the ancient Greeks were to the experimental method of modern science.

Germany, however, having accepted the principles of modern warfare developed by De Gaulle in 1934 in his book "*Vers l'armée de métier*," acted upon them. It took Germany about six years to build a modern army. It may be assumed that it could have accomplished this in half the time if some other country had done the pioneering. Once Germany had passed the experimental stage and had built the necessary new factories, its intended victims could describe their own defensive efforts only as "too little and too late." When Hitler remilitarized the Rhineland, German industry was well advanced in the mass production of planes and tanks, while France was totally unprepared in spite of its large standing army.

From then on the trump card, adequate industrial preparation for war, remained in the hand of Hitler. It conferred such tremendous advantages upon the Nazis that all their apparently reckless words and actions now look in retrospect like models of moderation and caution. Conversely, Britain's traditional policy of maintaining a balance of power on the Continent and its cautious wait-and-see attitude now appear as the height of foolhardiness. Englishmen still thought France was wielding the big stick in Europe, while in reality Germany had seized that weapon. They failed to perceive that the time factor was shifting the balance in favor of Germany.

The purely technical difficulties imposed by the time factor upon the nations dedicated to defense were enhanced by psychological complications. A nation could not make the effort for total defense while its government was straining every resource to appease the enemy. As long as they hoped that war might be avoided, the people of France and England could not be expected to renounce all social progress in order to prepare for war. It is not easy to grapple with a hypothetical danger several years ahead of time. The more peaceful a people is, the less likely it is to attribute bellicose intentions to another people. And our energies fail where our imagination does not reach. Two million men in Great Britain took a solemn oath that under no conceivable circumstances would they go to war. In such an atmosphere Liddell Hart's theory of the superiority of defense over offense fell on willing ears.

As British statesmen indulged in the luxury of spending their week-ends away from their desks, and as French

democracy habitually reshuffled the Cabinet every six months or so, Hitler seemed to choose these moments for action, and the legend grew that he had an unfailing sense of timing. But country week-ends and fallen Cabinets were only superficially the cause of democratic inaction. Actually any day was propitious for any of Hitler's undertakings, since he was always several years ahead in his preparations for war. France and England had missed the bus in 1933.

Nevertheless, modern industry contains one element which, properly used, can defeat the aggressor in the long run. Capitalism differs from any system of economy which preceded it in being revolutionary in tendency, whereas the others were static. The same horse-drawn cart served the Roman economy and medieval feudalism. In an industrial economy, however, machines and the products of machinery grow obsolete in shorter and shorter periods of time. Each year industry must retool for the mass production of ever improved motor cars. Because Great Britain froze its war-plane models later than Germany, it gained an edge in quality which enabled it to defend the British Isles successfully against invasion. Now the United States is starting the mass production of flying fortresses superior to the long-range bombers of Germany, and already Germany has been forced to reduce its output of planes in order to retool for newer types. Moreover, while Germany had the initial advantage of being able to coordinate the mass production of all implements of war for the chosen day of attack, it was also compelled to go to war as soon as it was ready. To delay would have made all its preparations useless by rendering its weapons obsolete. No nation can afford to perform this work of total war preparation more than once in a generation.

Drawing upon the experience of the British and German war industries, a determined United States can turn the tables on Nazi Germany. The comparative value of the various implements of war in actual battle is no longer a secret. The struggle for Crete and the sinking of the Bismarck have solved the problem of sea power versus air power in favor of coordination, as the question of land power versus air power was settled by the Battle of France likewise in favor of coordination. It is now imperative that the time required for the production of each implement of war be tabulated, and that a coordinating body of all the armed services and of industrial experts work out a schedule which will make all the needed equipment ready at the same time. If battleships cannot be completed as quickly as the rest of the program, it might be wiser to build destroyers, speedboats, and flying fortresses.

At the same time an expeditionary force must be prepared. And it must be ready when its equipment begins to roll off the assembly lines. In the preparation of this

force the important point again is not its size but its striking power. The thin end of the wedge must be exceedingly sharp.

Germany was compelled to go to war as soon as its armament program was completed, but the United States is under no such compulsion as long as Great Britain continues to fight. American planes, tanks, and ships will not accumulate and rust or become obsolete for want of immediate employment while these tools of victory can be shipped to Great Britain. Should Britain go down, however, the compulsion of the time element to go to war without waiting for the attack of the enemy would become operative here. Germany, having conquered Europe, can put more than a hundred million people to work on a new armament program of its own. Hitler did not boast when he said that the German armies would have better equipment next year than they now have. While Germany alone cannot match the industrial resources of the United States, the entire European continent plus a conquered Russia might. It is true that the millions of subjugated workers in Europe are unwilling workers, but they can only slow down the fulfilment of the Nazi program. They cannot revolt. The days of the

barricades are gone forever. No other factor demands all-out aid to Britain and Russia so compellingly as the time element, for if they fall, the United States will either have to fight Germany at once or, like France and Russia, fight it with weapons made obsolete by the accelerating progress of industry and invention.

Although Russia had prepared for total war for fifteen years, the time element has not been without importance in the Battle of Russia. Stalin left to Hitler the advantage of fixing the moment of attack; consequently Soviet Russia, like France, could not freeze the models for its tanks and planes at the right moment. If the democracies have suffered from "too little and too late," Soviet Russia, in a way, is suffering from "too much and too soon." Its equipment was ready for an attack which did not come until much of it had become obsolete.

The fourth dimension in modern war, the time element, has created for the democracies the problem which France failed to solve: to designate the enemy and to seize the offensive without waiting for an act of aggression. Whether England holds out or goes down, American industry is working against time. No task is more difficult for a peaceful nation than to resolve to fight



NOT QUITE THE SAME THING

before it has been attacked. Of that the Nazis are well aware. The Roosevelt Administration is equally clear on this point. It remains to be seen whether the people of America will develop that spirit of solidarity with the conquered nations, and with Britain, which alone can

justify to their own conscience a well-timed declaration of war. As long as Britain and Russia hold their lines, America has time to prepare. Upon the use it makes of this opportunity will depend the outcome of the last battle in this world war.

Land for Puerto Ricans

BY CARL HARTMAN

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL becomes governor of Puerto Rico, after an absence of more than three years from the front ranks of the federal service, charged with the conduct of an experiment in land-tenure reform which indicates that the New Deal has kept sight of that long-range social and economic objective, despite the engrossing importance of the armament program. Tugwell told the Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Affairs that he did not intend to give Puerto Rico a system of communal landholding similar to that of Russia or Mexico, or to do anything to decrease the island's productivity. However, last spring the insular legislature passed a law providing that all corporate landholdings larger than 500 acres should be converted either into big units leased by individuals from a public agency and distributing at least 85 per cent of their profits to farm laborers, or into family-size plots, on which small-scale operation would inevitably decrease the volume of the intensively cultivated sugar crop—if this had not already been limited by AAA quotas. This law was drafted with the advice of Tugwell, who as adviser to Secretary Ickes on land-use problems in Puerto Rico made a study of the subject. Probably Tugwell will try to distribute the land according to the provisions of the law; and he has said that if the experiment is successful he will advocate its extension to the factory farms of the Middle and Far West and to Hawaii.

The roots of the redistribution policy go back to a joint resolution passed by Congress in 1900, forbidding any corporation to own or control more than 500 acres of Puerto Rican land. This was made part of the Organic Act of 1917 and confirmed by the insular corporation law. No determined attempt was made to enforce it, however, until 1935, when the legislature, on Washington's inspiration, acted to provide quicker procedure for punishing offending corporations, and the New Deal appointed a new insular attorney general whose chief interest was the land problem.

It was not until March of last year that eight members of the United States Supreme Court—Justice McReynolds did not participate—validated this new legislation, and the federal courts are still listening to a dispute over the

appointment of the first receiver. Not one of the 400,000 acres said to be illegally held has yet been sold. The island's Justice Department has filed several other cases, but their progress has been slow for numerous reasons, including the fear that throwing many large tracts of land on the market at one time would be disastrous to the island's economy—that is, ruin the sugar corporations. Another difficulty is that variations in the legal structure of the different companies make necessary innumerable subsidiary rulings.

Last November's territorial elections brought into power the *Partido Popular Democrático*, pledged to the slogan *Pan, Tierra, y Libertad* (Bread, Land, and Liberty). This party had disdained to join the violent but academic debate on statehood versus independence which has screened political job-grabbing in Puerto Rico for forty years. It fought an anti-corporation campaign, warning the country people that they were making a poor bargain if they continued their traditional practice of selling their votes to the candidates representing the big landowners. At its first session last spring the *Populares'* legislature enacted a broad social program, on which the carefully drawn land law occupied the foremost position. The program was approved almost in its entirety by a thoroughgoing New Deal governor, Guy J. Swope, now director of the Interior Department's Bureau of Territories and Island Possessions.

The new law sets up an eight-man Land Authority, on which the commissioners of agriculture and commerce, of the interior, and of labor will serve. Tugwell will appoint the other five, with the advice and consent of the insular senate. The Land Authority will have power to acquire land by expropriation and resell it to landless farmers in 10-to-100-acre plots, to be paid for in forty years, and to create what are called "proportional-profit farms" of 100 to 500 acres or even larger, to be operated by individual lessees for from 5 to 15 per cent of the net profit—the rest of the profit to be distributed among the laboring families established on the property, proportionately to their earned wages. To finance the plan, the legislature appropriated \$2,000,000 from the insular treasury, authorized the issuance of \$5,000,000

worth of insular bonds, and authorized the Land Authority itself to issue bonds up to 75 per cent of the value of the land it acquires.

It is expected that some federal agency, probably the Farm Security Administration, will lend the farmers money to buy the land. This money will then be available to the Land Authority for further purchases, which will in turn enable it to issue more bonds. The estimated value of land held in large units in Puerto Rico varies from \$30,000,000 to \$150,000,000.

While the land law was before the legislature, Tugwell thought he had persuaded *Popular* leaders to prohibit the holding of more than 500 acres of land by individuals, as this had long been prohibited for corporations and as the legislature was planning to prohibit it for trusts and partnerships. About 100,000 acres are held in such large tracts by individuals—almost all of them Puerto Ricans and some of them contributors to the campaign fund of the *Populares*, through whom they may have expected an opportunity to pick up choice corporation land at bargain rates. A week after Tugwell left the island, the legislature passed the law—with all references to individual holdings carefully excised.

Whether Tugwell can obtain the change he wants, or whether he will carry out his threat to "boycott" the Land Authority, may not be settled until the legislature meets again in February, unless the Governor calls it into special session earlier. At the moment Tugwell appears reconciled with Luis Muñoz Marín, president of the Senate and leader of the *Populares*. In any case, the FSA will probably reorganize its Puerto Rico office in order to attack the problem with larger funds.

The problem is this: Puerto Rico was overpopulated when the United States moved in forty-three years ago. Since then the population has almost doubled, until the island is now one of the most thickly settled areas on the globe, with about 1,900,000 inhabitants living more than 540 to the square mile and with less than an acre of tillable soil to each inhabitant. The average cash income per farm family is about \$135 a year. Despite a government-sponsored contraceptive program, the birth rate shows no appreciable decline, while public-health measures are constantly reducing the death rate. Industry is feeble, with little prospect of expansion, and the acuteness of the economic situation is concealed rather than alleviated by federal expenditures on relief and defense projects.

The sugar-mill corporations, whose stock is held largely in continental United States, have continued to acquire land until—according to the latest (1936) available figures of the AAA—fewer than twenty control more than half the land in farms. Four firms have almost half of that. Between 1920 and 1930 the area of all rural property managed by owners decreased by more than 300,000 acres, and the area managed by non-owners in-

creased correspondingly. The small sugar grower, traditionally financed by the mill, was either losing his land for debt or leasing it to the mill owners, with whose mass-production agricultural methods he could not compete. The smallest farmers became share-croppers.

It will be impossible to alter the basic position of sugar in Puerto Rico's economy for many years. Although state agencies and independent agronomists encourage experiments, the island cannot grow nearly enough food for itself; at the same time the sugar market guaranteed by the tariff and the AAA-subsidized quotas exerts an irresistible pressure on the farmer. All that can be done now is to divert into the island's economy the \$3,000,000 exported every year in dividends. Obviously, this sum would spread thin among a rural population of about 1,300,000.

If the federal government cooperates, the plan will probably be for the Land Authority, perhaps with RFC assistance, to purchase as much land as possible. It is said that the corporations are now eager only to drive as good a bargain as they can for their land. Despite their past insistence that mill operations are unprofitable unless the same interests control great tracts of land, they apparently can be persuaded to continue simply as processors. Tugwell has said that "valuation of properties to be acquired ought to be determined without regard to governmental benefits." This is probably an initial bargaining position, since without the AAA and tariff subsidies Puerto Rico would be too high-cost a production area to make cane growing a good business proposition—especially in view of the comparatively high minimum wage for field workers (\$1.20 a day) enforced by the Department of Agriculture as one of the conditions on which its subsidy is paid.

The FSA, as is its practice, would lend farm families the entire amount they need to buy land and set themselves up on it with house, tools, and seed. Although the older farm-credit agencies think that the farmer should put up at least 10 per cent of the loan himself so that he will "feel he has a stake in the property," it would be difficult to find many landless farmers able to do this in Puerto Rico. The FSA claims a high repayment record during its seven years' existence.

The plan must, of course, be regarded as an experiment, conducted in a quiet backyard from which the sugar lobby's cries of communism will echo only faintly in our reactionary press, occupied as it is with more sensational matters. The New Deal deserves only partial credit for the undertaking. The electoral victory of the *Populares*, without which nothing like the land law could have been passed, was not helped, or expected, by Washington. However, it is to the Administration's credit that an agricultural economist of Tugwell's undoubted ability and prestige in liberal circles was charged with taking advantage of the opportunity.

Le Dossier Laval

BY HAL LEHRMAN

HENRY TORRES escaped aboard a British ship to North Africa before his friend, Pierre Laval, could jail him. Between the desert and the sea the great French lawyer waited for his government to follow. But when Laval won the Battle of Bordeaux and the first fatal skirmishes at Vichy, Torrès understood



Pierre Laval

the finality of the treason. He voyaged on to Rio de Janeiro and then to New York. Last month the man who gained acquittal for Schwartzbard, assassin of the Ukrainian dictator Petlura, and

for Germaine Berton, murderess of the Royalist gang leader Marius Plateau, published a new brief, "La France trahie—Pierre Laval,"* a book not yet available in English. A few days later a Free French youth shot Laval down.

Torrès will never be allowed to plead for Paul Collette. The Nazis refused to let him head the defense in the case of the Reichstag fire. They can hardly be expected now to welcome the attorney engaged by world liberals for Herschel Grynszpan. It doesn't matter. The biography in acid French which Torrès has written does with its indictment what Collette did with his bullets.

Laval, twenty-six, had just opened an office as a proletarian lawyer in the Faubourg Saint-Martin—a district enveloped "in the comforting aroma of a symphony of cheese"—when Torrès, eighteen, made his acquaintance. They collaborated on some cases, were opponents in others. Torrès watched Laval win twelve Cabinet posts and the Premiership three times; acquire newspapers, radio stations, a castle, a spa which gushed polluted water; use his political power to make himself one of the richest men in France. In Parliament, Torrès, as vice-chairman of the Chamber's Foreign Affairs Committee, fought the Laval policy of flirtation with Germany, alienation of Russia, surrender in Ethiopia, and sabotage of collective security. In three major scandals—those centering in Hanau, Oustric, and Stavisky—Laval skirted

the shadow of the penitentiary, confiding to *son vieux Torrès* his basic credo: "Virtue doesn't pay, and sacrifice never issues dividends."

Torrès shows the man behind the blunders and the ultimate treachery, unveiling dim first causes. Laval was ignorant. Philosophy and literature were useful only for supplying quips to amuse lobbies and constituents. His knowledge of history consisted of a few dates and mnemonic rhymes remembered from the *lycée*. In the Quai d'Orsay he set up a diplomatic "night school" where foreign correspondents filled him, by command, with "episodes of Montreux, anecdotes of Lausanne, epigrams of Geneva, gossip of Locarno." This was his only discipline for the solution of world problems. Bored by diplomatic papers, he chose to conduct great international affairs like little business ones—by direct contact, private horse-trading. Discredited and overthrown, he blamed not himself but "the English, the Jews, the leftist parties, the people, the nation." He grew convinced he was being persecuted by the democracy which had elevated him from his father's beer-slopped cafe to greatness. In the end he reached the tragic conclusion that "all wars are civil," that dictatorship alone would avenge his fall.

France was only the last of his victims. He had already betrayed his origins, his party, his friends. For this he was superbly equipped. Torrès describes his baggage thus at the outset of his journey to disaster:

He was armed with an instinct sure and subtle. Sometimes by intuition, sometimes by calculation, he always took the exact measure of men. He was convincing without being eloquent, moving without being moved, disdainful of friendship, its sacrifices and rewards, but skilled in camaraderie as a science.

From boyhood "a rebel against hydrotherapy and the toothbrush," Laval cultivated slovenliness as a political advertisement. Even his white tie, symbol of bourgeois evening splendor, was a reassurance to labor when worn by daylight in revolt against conformity. He began as a socialist teetering on anarchism. "Capitalism is disorder!" his first campaign posters screamed. In 1914 he hid behind his parliamentary privilege to escape the trenches. He was on Malvy's *Carnet B* of dangerous radicals—fomentor of mutiny, intimate of Trotsky, tracker of *Poincaré-la-Guerre*.

When the Clemenceau-Mandel clean-up of defeatism began in 1917, Laval sold out, turning informer against his ex-comrades. Some faced firing squads, others exile;

* Brentano's, \$1.50. A translation will be published by the Oxford University Press in October.

he survived to vote against the peace treaty, accomplishing a double double-cross. Defeated for reelection, he returned in 1924 as an "independent Socialist," and three years later put himself forever beyond the reach of labor by entering the Senate, a sphere unharassed by direct popular vote.

To get rid of low-fee clients he moved his office to a villa in one of the most aristocratic quarters of Paris. His law was meager, but his cunning in maneuver and manipulation was matchless. The new litigants were "war profiteers, industrialists of the invaded departments who had falsified their indemnity claims, corporation directors

who had dipped into company funds, bankers who had borrowed deposits for the gaming tables." As his political power grew, the swindlers were crowded aside by international cartelists and other dignitaries who zealously paid out fortunes for the benefits of M. le Président's detached "counsel."

Last week I visited Henry Torrès and asked for his personal reaction to the attempted murder of his one-time friend. Torrès replied that as a pleader at the bar he had never condoned political crime and could not do so now. But he casually recalled a definition of czarist Russia—"despotism tempered by assassination."

Carey and the Communists

BY JAMES A. WECHSLER

Camden, September 5

THIS would seem a poor moment for any labor union to machine-gun a talented and experienced leader, but the ouster of James B. Carey from the presidency of the C. I. O.'s United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers' Union was dictated by more esoteric considerations than his labor record. Carey was relieved of his post primarily because he refused to play the part assigned to him by the Communist machine in the union. He declined to reenlist in the Popular Front as of June 22, 1941. This is the simple if sordid fact; and while a number of other items contributed to his defeat, they were incidental music to the main theme. Carey was deserted by the men with whom he had worked since the union's birth in 1936; when the party-liners decided to abandon him he found that the union's machine was in their hands. Nearly all the paid officials of the union openly or furtively abetted the opposition.

Carey's defeat, in large terms, is a measure of the internal chaos in the C. I. O. With Philip Murray ailing and harassed, with John L. Lewis's conduct now wholly unpredictable, with the Communist bloc seeking to change partners again, there is little affirmative, democratic C. I. O. leadership to combat such events as the anti-Carey drive. While caucuses flourished behind the scenes of this convention, Carey fought virtually alone—except for the disorganized support his personal popularity still commanded. The unseating of the twenty-nine-year-old union head, who is also the C. I. O.'s national secretary, was not a Lewis-engineered coup, as many reports hinted; Carey's successor was a frank aid-the-Allies candidate, and there was no sign of a Lewis cabal here. But the outcome was a plain setback to any plans Philip Murray may still have for curbing Communist power in the C. I. O. And unless Mr. Murray's

health and temperament permit him to give renewed support to his own followers, the result of this convention may be only a prelude to a new Stalinist boom in the C. I. O.

The actual proceedings of this convention are by now familiar. At the outset it was clear that Carey could keep his job if he displayed a proper degree of discretion. He was urged to abandon any demand for a specific condemnation of Communist activity and, more important, for a constitutional provision empowering locals of the union to bar Communists from office. But Carey, weary of interminable somersaults by his associates and fearful of their unbridled power if he yielded now, decided to risk their wrath. After long hours of private powwows he was defeated six to five on a roll-call vote. When the execution was over, flowers were gracefully strewn on the grave to dispel any unpleasant impression; James J. Matles, director of organization and generally recognized as party-line leader in the union, delivered a eulogy of Brother Carey's past services, and even urged his reelection as secretary of the C. I. O. The comparative charity manifested by Matles's speech may confirm what many suspect—that Carey's defeat might have been averted if the convention had been delayed a few weeks and the new party position of friendship and brotherly love for all Hitler-haters given time to crystallize. But that is speculative; the fact is that Albert J. Fitzgerald, a motor-repair mechanic and union vice-president from Lynn, Massachusetts, tactfully agreed that it was harmful for the union to enact blanket criticism of Communists. His views on the subject were appreciatively greeted by the Stalinist contingent.

The tragedy of this affair is that the U. E. R. is an important and influential union, not a letterhead. It has grown under Carey's leadership to a membership of

300,000; it holds contracts with enterprises like Westinghouse and General Electric; it is the fifth largest international union in the C. I. O. Carey rose swiftly in C. I. O. ranks as well as in his own union because, at a time when the paucity of labor leadership was acute, he possessed a valuable blend of responsibility and aggressiveness. He achieved increasing stature each year, displaying a degree of integrity which is not inevitably associated with the business of labor-leading.

In the building of the U. E. R., as in that of many young C. I. O. unions, Carey worked side by side with a substantial number of Communists and their sympathizers. This may now be retrospectively considered sinful, but it was inevitable in the absence of other assistance. Moreover, with the advent of the first ill-fated popular front Carey imitated a good many of his contemporaries: he assumed that it was possible to share the trenches with Communists without risking a bullet in his back. He gave considerable time to the American Youth Congress and lent his prestige to it. In return for his tolerance the Communists in his union displayed their familiar zeal. The union grew up, won major battles. In the process the party machine steadily appropriated key posts in the union framework, but Carey neglected to worry until the Nazi-Soviet pact was signed.

In the ensuing two years his anxiety steadily increased. His failure to build a counter-machine in that interval may be ascribed to a number of things: his reliance upon his personal influence, forgetting that thousands of new members never saw him; his excessive trust in some of his associates; the increasing pressure of general C. I. O. work, especially since Philip Murray's illness. The conflict within the union grew sharper; after some delay Carey plugged for aid to Britain and supported the reelection of Roosevelt. With such heresies he ceased to be the boy hero of what is euphemistically called the C. I. O.'s left wing. He backed the efforts of the National Defense Mediation Board and was excoriated as a Hillmanite—despite his own frequent criticism of Hillman's moves.

Then the Nazis marched east, presumably paving the way for a happy reunion between Carey and his critics. But by then he was so disturbed by the glibness of the party-line performance that he insisted upon pointing out what had happened. In Communist eyes this was not considered a jolly thing to do since we were now all for trouncing Hitler. Carey himself signed a joint officers' report hailing this newly acquired unity. But he could not drop the subject of past behavior. At the convention he was begged to forgive and forget. He didn't.

There was an independent opposition to Carey centering around the Lynn local; and the party-liners astutely exploited the feeling of some delegates that Carey's Washington duties were enough for him. There was also authentic rank-and-file bitterness over reckless Dies com-

mittee red-baiting, and this was once more used to gain immunity for Communists generally. The bulk of the delegates—and the large majority of the union membership—do not echo the current Communist manifesto; it is deplorable that the acts of their convention will give the union so much to live down in popular distrust. And it was equally painful to see Carey placed against a wall for reasons unrelated to the welfare of the union.

In the Wind

THE NEWS RESEARCH SERVICE, INC., of Los Angeles published on August 27 a bulletin alleging that the forthcoming investigation of the motion-picture industry by a subcommittee of the Interstate Commerce Committee was inspired by West Coast pro-Nazis. The central figure in the intrigue is said to be Russell Mack, a former script writer who went to Germany shortly before the war and returned an ardent pro-Nazi. Photostats of bank checks show that Mack subsidized one G. Allison Phelps, radio speaker and writer, who in several pamphlets and talks has charged that the movies are a Jewish monopoly. Just before the inquiry was announced, Phelps visited Washington and talked with Senators Reynolds and Wheeler. Two days after the investigation was approved, Phelps, in a radio broadcast, took credit for launching it.

INTIMATES of Burton K. Wheeler say that if Wendell Willkie handles the defense in the motion-picture investigation, the Montana Senator, who had planned not to take part in the proceedings, will appear to oppose Willkie.

IN ITS REPORT of the shooting of Pierre Laval and Marcel Déat, the Atlanta, Georgia, *Journal* said: "The aged Marshal heard the news of the assassination attempt Wednesday night while attending a special rendition in his honor of the first act of the opera 'Faust,' in which the aging Faust makes a pact with the devil." . . . Jay Allen, the writer who spent several months in a Nazi jail in Paris, has started a private campaign to have the key of the Bastille, presented to General Washington by Lafayette, sent back to Marshal Pétain.

THE ANGLO-SAXON FEDERATION, headed by W. J. Cameron, Henry Ford's public-relations' chief, and one of the oldest native-fascist, anti-Semitic organizations, is still a going concern. It will hold its convention at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in mid-October, and the featured speaker will be Boake Carter.

AN ANONYMOUS anti-interventionist group has been sending out postcards making its own use of the "V" symbol. The message reads: "These Vain Visionaries would send our Valiant Vanguard to Africa's Vilely Vicious clime, Victimized by Verminous Voracious insects, Venomous snakes, Vitiating, Voodooed, etc., etc."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

For Non-Sectarian Recreation

I KNOW it is not nice to criticize the good people. Anybody who has ever practiced small-town journalism knows that the most unproductive enterprise possible is to criticize the preachers and their friends. But having stuck my neck out once before about the U. S. O. by saying that in the defense towns its component organizations sometimes seem more interested in their own sects than in the soldiers, I'm sticking it out again.

One of the things this second world war is teaching us is that we did not learn much from the first one. Of course, we did learn. The elaborate lessons that we learned the hard way in 1917-18 are elaborately filed in Washington. But the same good people who made the first mistakes are so anxious to make them over again that it is almost impolite to suggest that anybody pay any attention to what sensible men put down about their own work at the end of the last war as a warning for the future. In this U. S. O. business, nevertheless, I want to put a witness on the stand. On June 1, 1919, Raymond B. Fosdick, who was in charge of the same sort of work in the army and navy during the last war, made a report on what he had learned. This report was not any secret when plans were made for providing recreation for soldiers and sailors and defense workers in this crisis. Mr. Fosdick wrote:

As one who believes sincerely in the work of these societies [Y. M. C. A., Y. W., K. of C., Jewish Welfare Board, Salvation Army, etc.], I may perhaps be permitted a comment on the future development of the kind of work which they have been conducting. I have come increasingly to the belief, in two years of intimate association with this work, that the sectarian basis underlying much of it is fundamentally wrong. None of the societies, of course, works exclusively for its own constituency. Their facilities and privileges are open to all regardless of faith, but the auspices through which those privileges are extended are in some cases sectarian. The tendency of this arrangement is to stimulate rivalries and a jockeying for position that are disheartening to witness. . . . Even were competition utterly eliminated, sectarian divisions in work of this kind are unfortunate. To have Protestant huts, Catholic huts, and Jewish huts in the same camp or operating in the same area not only is wrong in principle but represents a waste of overhead and a duplication of personnel, even when the total volume of the work thus carried on is necessary. No one resents this thing more than the troops them-

selves. A baseball is a baseball to the soldiers no matter whether it is presented by the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, or the Jewish Welfare Board. The same is true of huts, chocolate, entertainment, stationery, or good advice.

In this regard certainly the young in service have not changed from one war to another. Unfortunately, however, the sectarians have not changed much either. They united for collecting but are separating as rapidly as possible for spending. And the results are not only wasteful of money meant for soldiers, but destructive of the true local unity developing in some defense centers.

"Somebody ought to say something quickly," one of the federal government's own officials in an important defense center told me recently, "about the growing conflict between good community organization and the 'taking-over' process of U. S. O. In numerous communities in defense areas the U. S. O. through sheer 'jackpot' power is nullifying the rich local effort by a suave offer to 'take over' the service centers, the expense of operation, etc. Few town councils can resist this bait, even though they thereby lose all local control. There is actually no U. S. O. control either, despite the last-minute compulsion to send out a U. S. O. field staff (not affiliated with the separate agency budgets). All actual control, despite the 'holding-company' aspect of national U. S. O. in finance, local budgets, personnel, and agency policy lies with the national offices of the six separate agencies."

He shook his head: "It is time the country was warned about what is happening before it is too late."

I don't think it is too late. The U. S. O. will ask again—and it will ask again presumably for the welfare of the men and not for the welfare of the organizations. Maybe it is too late to take advantage of Mr. Fosdick's informed advice and set up a system by which the men will be served as men by Americans and not as Catholics, Protestants, or Jews by organizations of Catholics, Protestants, or Jews. But it is not too late for the growth of insistence that the word "united" in the U. S. O. mean what it says: a unity spreading out to the soldiers in their service and not merely a meeting in New York of the big shots of good works to get more money to divide and spend separately. To the country such a unity begins to look phony, and if it is, U. S. O. will begin to look like a phony cause. Nobody wants to see that happen, but if it is not going to happen, the unity in the advertising must get beyond the collection plates into the camp towns. That's where it belongs.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

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Here's a War Correspondent!

NO OTHER ROAD TO FREEDOM. By Leland Stowe.
Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

ONE day in July, 1937, Lee Stowe walked into my office in Madrid. He brought accurate news about the state of public opinion in the outside world and a large quantity of excellent English bacon. There's a war correspondent for you! But Stowe, I soon discovered, had more to his credit than bacon—and a Pulitzer prize. He was not a military expert and he was not a political theorist; yet in a few days he had formed a remarkably just opinion concerning the war. And he was not repeating the opinions of others, for his views differed sharply from those that were conventional in Madrid. It was, I realized, the vigor and directness of the man and his fundamental moral simplicity which enabled him to push through the jungle of propaganda and theory.

The same qualities are evident in this invigorating book. At times I disagree, at my risk, with some of his judgments, as in his estimate of the extent of fifth-column activity in Norway. Yet, speaking of Norway, I know also how profound was the effect in England of Stowe's reporting of British muddling in the Norwegian campaign. And looking back on the early stages of the present conflict, anyone can see that the cardinal political fact of the war at that time was the incompetence and unparalleled lack of vision of the Chamberlain government. However bitter and indignant a war correspondent may have been over that campaign, it was his job, and his duty, to report the facts. And Stowe, by hard work and not a little daring, got at the facts. In all sobriety one may say that his article, the publication of which was delayed in London, had a great deal to do with the awakening of British opinion and thus with the downfall of the fumbling defeatists who were losing the war. I still think that story was the best piece of work Stowe has done to date. In his book he amplifies and drives home the lesson, which now concerns Americans more than Britishers.

The horror and sheer unreason of the Russo-Finnish war are well described in a chapter fittingly entitled Goodby to Reason. The only sound political basis for resistance to Nazism is the struggle for national liberty, which Stalin's stupid aggression obscured. Stowe's fine description of Finnish morale hammers home the point. Had that superb fighting spirit been utilized on the right side, as well it might have been, Leningrad and the world might stand in less jeopardy today.

From Norway Stowe went to the neurotic Balkans, thence to Greece. That campaign, which shattered Italian morale and turned Italy into an occupied country, provides material for the most gripping part of the book. Again, contrary to all pseudo-leftist reckoning, a semi-totalitarian country was possessed of fiery spirit. Upon the evidence here presented I should say Greece was rather like Spain. A national temperament that had invited the derision of northern Europeans

and made Greek indolence and talkativeness something of a folk theme in Europe was found to possess incomparable strength. And the loudest and most argumentative of the talkers, as in Spain, turned out to be the best fighters! Reading Stowe, one realizes that it was only the Arctic weather of those chaotic hills of northern Greece which saved Mussolini from immediate disaster and gave Hitler time to prepare his campaign. The Greeks, Stowe writes, knew they would have to reckon with Berlin, but that did not paralyze them. Again, the lesson is for this country.

A good journalist must acquire a massive sophistication, yet he must at the same time keep the essential simplicity which permits him to be excited, and astonished, by reality. The last chapter of "No Other Road to Freedom" records Stowe's astonishment upon returning to his own country. He had gone to Europe an isolationist, not, it is true, of the thoroughgoing kind, but one who believed that America had no very active role to play in the war. He returned a forthright interventionist and expected to find public opinion well informed, thoughtful, and resolute. Instead, he met the alarming reality.

Mr. Stowe devotes the last chapters of his book to the exposition of his views, arguing powerfully that a democratic victory over Nazism depends entirely upon the will of this country. He has a reasoned faith in Anglo-American victory, provided we do not continue to make Chamberlain's mistakes. "Unless we win at home, our armed men will never be victorious, wherever they may fight," Stowe says. The war must not be considered as primarily a military fact. Isolationists and interventionists alike think too much of making America safe, as France did, by means of armaments. The determination not merely to maintain but to improve democratic institutions must be the foundation stone of American intervention—a sound conclusion to a lively and exciting book.

RALPH BATES

Using the Past

THE GROUND WE STAND ON. By John Dos Passos.
Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

THE best that can be said about a history which is otherwise sound is that it reads like a novel, so that if ever a fine novelist should turn his talents to historical writing, both the professional guild and the public should rejoice. Especially in these days, as Mr. Dos Passos points out in his Introduction, we need a clear, purposive view of the past, of our own past in particular, for comfort and guidance. "The Ground We Stand On" is thus a title that admirably expresses the importance of tradition, known or unknown, and the book itself was designed to make a few chosen moments of that tradition vivid for mature readers. The author has studied in detail the lives and times of Roger Williams, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Joel Barlow, and Alexander Hamilton—among others—and he

has sought to weld his information into a narrative that might shed light on the principles of freedom, self-government, and equity which form, in another sense, the ground we stand on.

So excellent is this intention and so complete my sympathy with the aims and talents of the author that it grieves me to have to call the book a failure. It is a failure of point of view, of technique, of proportion, of style; a disturbing failure which can be summed up in a word by saying that for the first time in my experience Mr. Dos Passos is dull. His 400 closely packed pages deal at length with some of the most exciting, the most naturally dramatic events of the last three centuries: portions of the Puritan, the French, and the American revolutions. Yet except here and there when handling a minor detail in a private life, his depiction remains as dead as a chromo and as incoherent as a kaleidoscope. In the long section devoted to Roger Williams, Mr. Dos Passos obviously had a subject well adapted to his powers—an individual career set against world events (Newsreel) and lighted up by the narrator's reflections (Camera Eye). But until nearly the last of these 130 pages Williams remains a blurred and indifferent figure, crushed by the weight of irrelevant detail concerning James I, Sir Edward Coke, Raleigh, Milton, and the Cromwellians. As for these great personages, they form a gallery, not a drama; and around them the mass of petty facts turned up during research clutters the ground without adding solidity or character to the scene.

It might be enough to stop here and record merely an unsuccessful venture detracting nothing from past achievement, if the whole question of the use of history were not explicitly raised and answered by the author and his work. Many books have already appeared professing to show us the genesis of our troubles or the meaning of our traditions; many more are to come. What tests can we apply to them? Power of synthesis is surely the first; then comes sharpness of analysis. After reading Mr. Dos Passos, it is impossible—though his subtitle is "examples from the history of a political creed"—to tell what courses of political action he thinks valid. He comments fitfully and interprets with excessive generality. From frequent praise of the English Common Law, one gathers that he regards its spirit as fruitful of civil liberty and the ways of self-government. But he is unable to remain true to his belief—as who could be?—that Anglo-Saxon means "freedom" against Latin "authority." Indeed, the words "authoritarian," "law," "liberty," "power," which are the key words in his attempted demonstration, are used by him in accordance with what may be called textbook usage, that is to say, a jargon only one degree below journalese for looseness and misleading abstraction.

Most unsatisfactory of all is that doubtful entity, used by many besides Mr. Dos Passos, "the rising middle class." It should be "the forever rising middle class," whose buoyancy too readily explains every movement from the medieval guilds to the Reform Bill of 1832. Particular facts are not wanting, in this and other histories, to show how wars, marriages, dynastic falls, and revolutions affect not the form but the personnel of social groups; yet the facts and the empty categories remain separate. But how can social groups be treated historically? Mr. Dos Passos, for one, tends to dislike and discredit the holders of power and property. Yet when he comes to Jefferson—the most lovable of his chosen figures

—he points out with a kind of surprise that the abundance of talents contributed by Virginia to the new federal government was probably due to the ease, security, patriarchal concern with slaves, and habit of management which the Virginia aristocracy possessed. Here, again, is no guiding thread to history, nor is it an argument in favor of aristocracy and slavery; but is it not an argument against the melodramatic notion, linked with the idea of a "rising middle class," that virtue lies in disinheritance?

In the matter of form Mr. Dos Passos is no less at odds with himself. He has an artist's eye for the concrete and tries to tone up his narrative by spurts of "effective" writing and sudden descents into colloquialism and slang. But the past cannot be made to live again by a mere touch of familiarity. In an author whose legitimate ambition is to make history clear, useful, compelling, these defects are not trifles. Taken together, they argue a want of standard by which to select, and a want of philosophy by which to organize, the endless materials of any history. There is, in short, neither the analytic nor the synthetic power required.

Mr. Dos Passos rightly says that as a nation we lack the historical sense, and it is obvious that it can be cultivated only by studying or reading history. But reading with vacant minds will not yield us what we want, nor will picturesque detail unsupported by the reflective imagination fill the mind. I think I find a clue to Mr. Dos Passos's jumbled historicism in the bibliographical notes, where he says, quite truly, that the early American historians—Randall, Parton, Tucker, Sparks—are, with all their faults, better than their successors. But he adds soon after that Parrington's "Main Currents" is the only work comparable in scope and imagination to that of the British liberal historians. Now Parrington's industry and high average worth are undoubted. His disastrous lack is lack of imagination—about ideas, about art, about life. In the end, it is only imagination applied to the past that can free us from the trammels of scholasticism, of dull prejudices, of meaningless clichés, and so give us the historical sense.

JACQUES BARZUN

Speaking with a French Accent

THEY SPEAK FOR A NATION: LETTERS FROM FRANCE. Edited by Eve Curie, Philippe Barrès, and Raoul de Roussy de Sales. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

FRANCE ON BERLIN TIME. By Thomas Kernan. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.75.

A WOMAN IS WITNESS: A PARIS DIARY. By Ernst Lothar. Translated by Barrows Mussey. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

ALMOST everything that comes out of enslaved Europe these days is bound to be interesting. As one who has for months been broadcasting twice weekly to the French people, I find particularly fascinating the reports that issue from France, for they help me to gauge the state of mind of the invisible audience that tunes in on the B. B. C. Here is a group of such reports, especially valuable because of the widely divergent points of view they represent. One is a collection of sincere and often deeply moving letters



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—*Lewis Mumford*

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THE GROUND WE STAND ON

"Looks like one of the best
biographies of the new season."

—THE NEW YORKER

VICTORIA'S HEIR
THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE
by George Dangerfield

This brilliant book dramatizes the great historical change which has made us all Victoria's heirs. When Edward VII reached the throne of England, he had seen an old world change into a new. As Prince of Wales he was a cornerstone of the aristocratic order; in every other way he was a symbol for the new age. He is the focal point, moving among the eminent Victorians and Europeans of his day, in a book which is both biography and history. Mr. Dangerfield has made these vivid characterizations part of a larger story, mounting to the charged prophetic finale of present world chaos.

Illustrated, \$3.00

written by French men and women from both zones to the British and American radio stations which are their only contact with the outside world. The second is an eyewitness account of France under the iron heel, written by an intelligent American publisher very familiar with French life. The third is the work of an Austrian refugee who spent several years in France.

All three volumes offer authentic reports on the state of the French nation. But Ernst Lothar's novel, because it is a novel, has the authenticity of fiction, which, according to Aristotle, is greater than that of history. His Austrian Catholic heroine—who tells her own story in her diary—comes to Paris at the time of the *Anschluss*, loves and marries a French journalist, sees him off to the Maginot Line, receives him when he returns to die in her arms, and then herself dies before a Nazi firing squad. As a contrasting background for her tender romance with Pierre Durand the author has used the somber events of 1939 and 1940—much as Martin du Gard in "Summer, 1914," made his picture of France on the verge of another war more profoundly stirring by the contrast of Jacques' and Jenny's breathless love. But the almost inevitable comparison with "The Thibaults" crushes Lothar's novel, which fails to communicate a convincing impression of life. The deficiency can be traced in great part to the excessively representative aspect of the heroine's experiences. She comes in contact with the Paris law courts and the Gestapo, she knows people in both the German and American embassies, she spots Nazi spies and fifth columnists before the defeat, she witnesses a suicide at the American Hospital which is a ringer for that of Dr. Thierry de Martel, she meets Himmler and even talks with Hitler on the steps of the Pantheon! And don't forget that the story ends with her court martial. Oh, this is fiction all right, and yet in the main lines the picture it paints is true. But I don't think Aristotle was speaking of just this kind of fiction.

From her father's book on the Nazis, Ernst Lothar's heroine quotes a sentence which might serve as epigraph to Thomas Kernan's "France on Berlin Time": "The whole race theory and world concept of the Nazis is a mere cynical fraud, planned and executed in order *legally* to blackmail, plunder, and murder their competitors wherever they are." Mr. Kernan, publisher of the Paris *Vogue*, saw the Germans doing just that, and he vividly describes the process and its results in France. His description of the financial manipulations of conquest based on the Reichskreditkassen is the clearest I have seen anywhere, and the chapter on the Propaganda Bureau and its now brutal, now subtle maneuvers is especially rich in personal experiences. In general surprisingly objective and calm, Mr. Kernan becomes bitter on the subject of the French teachers and doctors. Since his facts are doubtless true, one can understand his bitterness.

All three books speak with a French accent. Mr. Kernan has the special syntax and Gallic idioms, charming when unconsciously used, that mark the American who has made his home in France. Likewise the little Austrian-French girl often translates her thoughts from French. The letters of "They Speak for a Nation," very carelessly translated, abound in expressions like "the old marshal who takes care of himself at Vichy," "the United States range themselves," "dirty hinged-cross rags," and a hundred others strange to anyone

who does not know French. But this only adds to our impression of their genuineness: they sound like letters which a friend might read to us aloud, translating as he goes. Classified under such headings as Life in Paris, The Hardships of Material Life, The Vichy Government, England, America, the many letters provide a cross-section of French opinion on the questions most vital to the French. From women, school children, nurses, office workers, officers in the colonial army, farmers, and refugees, they tell the same story of courage and hope, while permitting one to read between the lines a tale of immense suffering and privation and shame and bewilderment. In the eighteenth century Vauvenargues wrote that "servitude debases men to the point of making them love it." But these people will never accept the fate of slaves. This collection of letters proves, if nothing else does, that the few who embrace their conquerors are anomalies. Though the temptation to quote is very great, I shall limit myself to the exhortation to the outside world of a man in the unoccupied zone: "Let each one of those not yet engaged in the military struggle consecrate a part of his time, his activity, his means to aid in warding off one of the most terrible scourges that ever menaced humanity."

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

T-Squares and Trailers

THIS BUSINESS OF ARCHITECTURE. By Royal Barry Wills. New York: Reinhold Publishing Corporation. \$2.75.

MOBILE HOMES, A STUDY OF TRAILER LIFE. By Donald Olen Cowgill. Washington: American Council on Public Affairs. \$2.

"THIS BUSINESS OF ARCHITECTURE" might better have been called "The Confessions of a Successful Architect." Speaking straight from the shoulder, Wills declares that an architect can make a good living without knowing much about architecture—so long as he has a good business head. Aside from understanding certain fundamentals about contracts, budgeting, and overhead, the man behind the T-square must absorb the basic principles of stalking, capturing, and satisfying clients. Wills's hints on stalking and capturing range from radio talks to store-window exhibits, from becoming a civic leader to playing poker with prospective clients instead of business competitors. Clients are satisfied, Wills explains in detail and through amusing line drawings, by the architect's "getting the house inside the pocket-book," by being humored when they offer suggestions, and by being given modernistic houses that look like Gothic castles, if that is what they want.

Wills avoids some of the basic business problems that face American architects. He says nothing about architects on government pay rolls. He steers clear of the suggestion of the American Institute of Architects that the architect try to assume wider responsibilities and become the coordinator and head of the building operation. Nevertheless, his book is required reading not only for prospective architects but for all those who may some day shop around for the right architect. With Wills's book under your belt, you will have a better idea of the difficulties an architect labors under and

not expect too much. You will also know how to humor him when he offers suggestions.

The second book presents the most comprehensive study to date of the American trailer, the motor age's dramatic challenge to both the home and the architect. A few years ago Roger W. Babson predicted that half the population would be living in trailers within two decades. Cowgill is more conservative. His outside estimate is 15 per cent. Although even this would have profound effects upon the entire housing industry, the prospect does not frighten him. As a sociologist, he is pleased to find that trailerites are generally well educated, go to church, and vote regularly. Although they usually pay no direct taxes in the communities they visit, they spend money earned elsewhere and should be welcomed as community assets rather than greeted with icy hostility. With the exception of some extra irritation caused by cramped quarters, says Cowgill, the family life of trailerites appears to be quite normal and stable. Sociologists should therefore be more cautious in evaluating mobility as a disorganizing factor.

Editorial writers have been fond of imagining what would happen if architects and builders would only give us a streamlined house that could be run off a conveyor belt like a trailer. Then, the story goes, we would really have low-cost housing. One of the troubles with this parallel is that we still haven't got low-cost trailers. Show people are about the only low-income people using them. The defense program has broken this price barrier by ushering in subsidized, public trailer camps. Trailers are the super-panzers of defense housing, being rushed to sectors of the industrial front where the housing shortage must be cracked without delay. It is to be hoped that Cowgill will continue his study by exploring the new problems raised by the defense trailer.

BERTRAM M. GROSS

Hegel and Liberalism

REASON AND REVOLUTION: HEGEL AND THE RISE OF SOCIAL THEORY. By Herbert Marcuse. Oxford University Press. \$3.75.

WITH the exception of Nietzsche none of the great German philosophers has fared so badly at the hands of posterity as Hegel. In contrast to the current misinterpretation of Hegel as the prophet and inspirer of the totalitarian state and of fascism, Dr. Marcuse emphasizes the fundamental critical and revolutionary impulses which drove the young Hegel to philosophy and determined both the substance and the form of his ideas.

The author sets out to demonstrate from Hegel's early theological, historical, and political writings that his philosophical beginnings had their source in contemporary political events as much as in philosophical considerations and were animated by an acute consciousness of the inner contradictions of contemporary liberal society, a consciousness which found its philosophical expression in the antinomic structure of his new dialectic. The further Hegel progressed in his work, however, the more his growing accommodation to his time led him to forsake this critical and revolutionary

attitude and the more he was satisfied with the mere intellectual "abolition" of the contradictions of liberal society within the framework of his system. When, therefore, after his death Karl Marx took up his ideas with the claim that philosophy, having found its consummation in Hegel's system, had come to an end, and would have to abdicate in favor of its application to social reality, he was in fact returning to the original attitude of Hegel and fulfilling the real purposes of Hegel's negative, dialectical philosophy.

While Hegel's philosophy and its critical tendencies found fulfilment in Marx's materialistic dialectic—which preserved and fulfilled it precisely by transposing it to the practical plane—other attempts to grapple with the social issues of capitalist society developed in violent opposition to Hegel; above all the manifold shades of positivism, which, by their repudiation of any comprehensive philosophical system or critical evaluation of present society and their blind admiration of brute facts, constituted themselves avowed or unavowed apologists of the existing order and ended in a colorless neutral science of sociology modeled upon the natural sciences. In recent years this antagonism between positivism and the critical spirit of Hegel's philosophy of reason has flamed up again in the violent denunciation of his ideas by leading Nazi educationalists, who have thus shown themselves more acutely conscious of the real Hegel than their fascist colleagues.

Within the narrow scope of this review it is impossible to do justice to the wealth of erudition with which the author expounds his thesis or to discuss the many and intriguing issues he raises, such as the question whether the contradictions revealed by the dialectic structure of Hegelian philosophy are indeed, as he claims, an expression of the perversity of present capitalistic society, due to disappear with its abolition in the classless state of the future, or, as the present reviewer is inclined to believe, a permanent characteristic of all human activity and society.

Dr. Marcuse's endeavor to combine the exposition of his

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thesis with a complete reinterpretation of Hegel has tended to prevent him from doing full justice to either, and it would probably have been better if, assuming a general acquaintance with Hegel on the part of his readers, he had devoted his whole effort to elucidating his main line of argument. As it stands, much of his exposition of the general development of Hegel's thought has little bearing upon the central argument and merely serves to obscure it, while, on the other hand, such an important point as his claim that Hegel's system formed the philosophical expression of *liberal* society remains a mere assertion which one would like to see elaborated. Such a restriction of the first part to its central theme would at the same time have reduced the present disproportion between it and the subsequent analysis of Hegel's successors and opponents in the development of social theory

and given more scope to the trenchant criticism of positivism and of its divorcement from the guiding hand of philosophy which forms perhaps the most brilliant part of the whole. (Compare Jacques Barzun's simultaneous onslaught in his recent book "Darwin, Marx, Wagner," in which Mr. Barzun, ignoring Marx's Hegelian foundations, arrays Marx *with* instead of against positivism.) It might also have provided more space for the final chapter, on Hegel's fate under the ax of fascism, which in its present form is the least satisfactory section of the book.

HERBERT ROSINSKI

Romantic Adventure

THE SUN IS MY UNDOING. By Marguerite Steen. The Viking Press. \$3.

SWEEP, speed, and extravagance are the outstanding qualities of Marguerite Steen's roistering historical novel of the Gold Coast days, when Englishmen still engaged in the slave trade and poor Uncle Tom was generations away. First the sheer physical bulk of the book, almost twelve hundred pages, strikes one, then the multiplicity of characters and places, and lastly the rough and tumble of action, incident piled on incident. Miss Steen seems to have so much material that she just skims the top of the plot, passing over details which might themselves have been whipped up into novels.

The opening chapter is compounded of greed and intrigue, with death or murder stalking an old man on a sickbed on the night that handsome young Matthew Flood came home and put on a cock fight leading to a scandal that ran down through the years in Bristol. Matthew Flood is a hero suited to the tale; his motives and actions are in the straight romantic-adventure vein. Whether he is loving the delicately beautiful Pallas, whose moral indignation at the slave trade is a little in advance of the time, or the alluring black barbarian Sheeba, who is troubled by no morals at all, he is the devil-may-care, swashbuckling hero to whom action is the breath of life, and let the stay-at-homes do the thinking.

Bristol, hard, bright, and money loving, opens and closes the story, but the great middle section of the book deals with Matthew's exploits in the African slave trade and his luxurious dissipations in Havana, where in the spirit of insolent travesty he goes through a marriage ceremony with his black mistress. The scenes of wreck and carnage, the horrors of the death-infested slave ships, the picture of men at the very edge of endurance are not what you might expect from a woman novelist. Or perhaps you would. Miss Steen has infused both her story and her hero with the dark, hypnotic power that has marked a good many of the men created by women both before and since Charlotte Brontë thought up Rochester. And when hero turns into heroine—not along the involved lines of Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*—there is no letdown in the excitement of incident and passion. The daughter of the English slaver and the African slave transmits to *her* daughter enough of both to make her strange company when she returns to Bristol for her triumphs.

"The Sun Is My Undoing" is really no book to be reviewed. It sets out to tell a tall tale and it does so with enthusiasm. Yarns like this are to be read, not discussed.

GRAHAM BATES

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Notice to Publishers

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The Fall Book number of *The Nation* is scheduled for publication on October 11. An early space reservation will assure efficient handling of your notice in this feature issue.

The NATION
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

IN BRIEF

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. By Virginia Cowles. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

It is a hard assignment for a journalist at this date to write a "different" book about the same crises, but Miss Cowles achieves it. Furthermore, though she is intimate with all the "right" people in cosmopolitan society, she is also on the right side, perhaps because as a young American employed as correspondent by the London *Sunday Times* and *Daily Telegraph* she has never lost a certain detachment from the glittering circles in which she moves. By social as much as by journalistic wire-pulling she has managed to come face to face with Hitler, Mussolini, Chamberlain, and a host of other key men of various degrees of importance. Miss Cowles also did a great deal of difficult traveling under conditions of severe hardship. She gives the impression of being as faithful a reporter as is humanly possible; but being human and having apparently finished her book before the recent Soviet-German break, she slipped up slightly on Russia.

DANIEL DE LEON, SOCIAL ARCHITECT. By Arnold Petersen. New York Labor News Company. \$2.50.

This collection of essays and addresses on De Leon's contributions to Marxian science, which the author does not put second to Lenin's, suffers from two kinds of repetition. Prepared for various occasions, they perhaps inevitably cover the same ground more than once; written in a spirit of violent partisanship, in their monotonous denunciation of everyone who has ever differed in the slightest degree from the author or his hero they almost achieve caricature of the family quarrels which have discredited the sectarians of the extreme left in the eyes of ordinary rational liberals. This is a pity, for De Leon was a remarkable man in many ways.

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET AND OTHER ESSAYS. By John Erskine Hankins. University of North Carolina Press. \$3.

A long essay on the main subject is supplemented by seven which document and elaborate various aspects of the problem. The author is well up on Hamlet studies, offers a few thoughtful suggestions of his own, and writes pleasantly enough, though like most professors of English he dilutes and

weakens his effect by thesis-like factual glosses where an ordinary educated writer or reader would be satisfied with an allusion.

GROWING UP IN THE BLACK BELT. By Charles S. Johnson. Washington: American Council on Education. \$2.25.

This is a study of personality development among Negro youth prepared for the American Youth Commission by the head of the Social Science Department of Fisk University. Based on the most up-to-date tests supplemented by personal interviews, it is a very useful document for the record, even if the conclusions were already well known to many who are not sociologists.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PIERCE. Selected writings. Edited by Justus Buchler. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

Mr. Buchler's earlier study of Pierce's empirical philosophy fully qualifies him to edit this volume of selections, for which there is genuine need. For "Chance, Love, and Logic," edited by Morris Cohen and published before the appearance of the six volumes of "Collected Papers," not only fails to represent the whole range of Pierce's thought as completely as the present volume but is no longer in print. This volume contains as much as anyone but the specialist on Pierce is likely to need, and is headed by a very compact and lucid introduction. Because it is no longer possible to know about contemporary American culture without reckoning with Pierce's influence on its philosophy, Mr. Buchler has rendered scholarship a valuable service in editing these selections.

DRAMA

Dissertation

WHEN the late Alan Dale or, for that matter, the late William Winter, faced a play like "Village Green" (Henry Miller Theater), his problem was simple. He could describe it as "wholesome" and "homey," secure in the conviction that this was, and would be taken to be, high praise. He could even call the central character "lovable" and congratulate himself upon having discovered the *mot juste*. But things are not quite so simple today. Not only are the words worn out; the ideas behind them are under suspicion.

And besides, we do not take claptrap as inevitably the basis of any workable theatrical action.

Only seventeen years ago when I took over this column, about the time that Alan Dale and William Winter were passing to whatever rest a drama critic earns, my own problem would have been almost as simple as theirs. I should have been, or at least managed to get, quite righteously angry. Such a play I should have felt was treason against the Modern Theater; or if not a deliberate attempt to sabotage advanced thought, at least a criminal waste of stage space that might otherwise be used to some good purpose. I might have lamented in passing the waste of so good an actor as Frank Craven on so hokey a part, but I should have spent more time drawing an indignant parallel between "Village Green" and "An Enemy of the People." This New Hampshire lawyer who quite unexpectedly finds himself a champion of liberalism because his daughter's beau paints a nude figure in a mural for the Town Hall is, I should have said, merely a Yankee Dr. Stockman who finally wins out instead of finally losing everything except his own soul. And this shamelessly manipulated happy end has the effect, I should have concluded, of perverting the whole thing. It makes the play soothing instead of tonic. The moral is not that brave men are scarce but rather that the country is full of village Hampdens sure to triumph in the last act, and that therefore we may all go home to pleasant dreams.

But this is neither the heyday of Alan Dale and William Winter nor so much as seventeen years ago. I still think "An Enemy of the People" is a better play, but I realize that even the author of "Village Green" may possibly think so too, and I can't work up any particular indignation. This may possibly be due merely to increasing age and the attendant sluggishness of the adrenal gland, but the fact that people are less likely now than they were once to make such a piece the occasion for a discourse on the superiority of good old-fashioned sentiment over new-fangled acrimony may have something to do with it also. Plays like "Village Green" are the ones on the defensive today, and it makes me generous. I can admit that I enjoyed it mildly myself and that I accepted tolerantly the creaking at the joints as the plot extended itself. Of course I could make some cracks. I could say, for instance, that though it is the author's first produced play, he is obviously thoroughly familiar with dramatic literature, especially that of the recent past. Or I

could remark that Mr. Craven, who recently declared the stage no longer what it used to be, is doing everything possible to disprove his own contention. I could even elaborate a textile metaphor involving homespun that looks more like shoddy. But I won't.

And Mr. Craven really is a very fine actor—a joy to watch because of the sureness with which he uses a thousand little gestures and a thousand little flickers of expression which one must look close to be aware of but which make him a living figure no matter how dead the material he is struggling with. In fact, the whole cast is human and credible, and so for that matter is a good deal of the dialogue. What we learned commentators call the manners of the play seem quite authentic. Only the fable is completely cooked up and unconvincing.

During the early 1900's the commonest criticism leveled at the theater was that there were no plays which an intelligent man could accept without condescension. More recently the commonest criticism has been that there were no plays one could take his grandmother to. "Village Green" supplies that lack, though most of the grandmothers I know would regard it as a bit on the sweet side. My guess is, however, that it will enjoy quite a pleasant little success not by any means due entirely to the patronage of the aged.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

THE Budapest Quartet, which is to play all of Beethoven's string quartets at the Y. M. H. A. again this season, is now broadcasting the works for the Columbia Broadcasting System Sunday mornings at 11:05. For me the first broadcast on August 31 had two advantages over the concerts: I could hear the performances undisturbed by the restlessness of an audience; and I was offered only two Beethoven quartets instead of the concert's three or four—which is to say that no more was demanded of my powers of concentration than they were capable of even under these favorable conditions. Moreover, the fifty-five-minute period was sufficient for Op. 18 No. 1 and Op. 135 in their entirety; and the transmission from Washington provided excellent reproduction of the Budapest group's always newly incredible playing. If C. B. S. does as well in the later broadcasts—if, above all, it assigns enough

time for the works, instead of following the standard broadcasting practice that N. B. C. followed with the Primrose Quartet's Beethoven broadcasts, of hacking out portions of the works to fit them into the initially assigned period of time—the series will be one of the most notable in broadcasting history.

My August 2 article on the earnings of union and non-union symphony orchestra musicians, with its incidental reference to composers' royalties, has brought a letter from a member of the music department of an eastern college about the difficulties which composers have in getting their music published and performed; and at one point my correspondent writes: "Recently I had occasion to present over the radio several programs of modern American music and I wished to include the piano works of the head of the piano department in one of our largest universities. I selected four numbers which he had published himself, since publishers will not consider works of serious merit. The radio station asked him to sign a release for the performance, but since this release was so worded that the station had the right to record, cut, alter or use the works in any manner it wished he checked further into the release contract. It provided that for one dollar he relinquished all rights to the number and not only did the station (one of the largest) expect him to accept this amount, but it wished to include all four numbers in the one agreement: 25 cents for each number which had cost him not only considerable time and labor to produce, but had set him back at least \$50 each for printing. And for 25 cents [each] he was to relinquish all rights to the numbers. Naturally the radio station disavowed any intention of infringing on the composer's rights, but a written contract is still a legal document. The pieces were not performed."

The fight between ASCAP and the broadcasting chains revealed in ASCAP's functioning some serious injustices in the apportioning of royalty revenues among the members, and other abuses affecting both members and non-members; but it was obvious that the chains' talk about these injustices and abuses was utter hypocrisy, and that the only justice they were concerned with was the one to themselves of paying the composer as little for the use of his music as they could get away with; and how little that might be, if he were not protected by ASCAP, is indicated by my correspondent's letter. Without even in-

vestigating the exact figures I am sure that BMI, which the broadcasters set up to compete with ASCAP, pays its composers more than the amounts he mentions; but just as the anti-union Boston Symphony trustees might be less generous if there were no union in other cities to set schedules of pay which must be matched to keep the union away from the Boston Symphony, so BMI probably would not pay the composer what it does pay him if there were no ASCAP to compete with.

Among the few September releases of Victor which have reached me thus far is a new set (801, \$5.50) of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3, with Iturbi playing the solo part and conducting the Rochester Philharmonic from the piano. I like the effect of Iturbi's style of piano-playing as little in Beethoven as in Mozart, and prefer the music as it is played with simplicity and strength by Schnabel in Victor Set 194. And even the one thing the new set might offer—superior recording—it does not have: on a large, wide-range machine the recorded sound of the Schnabel performance has a depth and warmth—in addition to excellent fidelity and clarity—that are in welcome contrast to the hard, thin, sharp sound of the Iturbi performance (this sound, and the similar hardness and harshness of other recordings, seem to confirm the statement made to me by an engineer that outside of Camden Victor, like Columbia, records on acetate instead of wax). On a small machine the limited frequency range produces a sound that is more agreeable.

Dvorak's String Quintet Op. 97 (Set 811, \$4.50) I do not find interesting; and the Prague String Quartet with an assisting second violist play it with musical understanding but with no great beauty of tone. My review copy had several surfaces with noisy defects indicating poor processing.

On the other hand we get a fine set (803, \$3.50) of two interesting early works of Berlioz, the "Francs-Juges" and "King Lear" Overtures, well played by Boult with the B. B. C. Symphony. Tovey demonstrates that the second work has no connection with Shakespeare's tragedy: "What Berlioz has achieved is exactly what he has attempted: a magnificent piece of orchestral rhetoric in tragic style. . . . Let us frankly call this overture the Tragedy of the Speaking Basses, of the Plea of the Oboe, and of the Fury of the Orchestra."

B. H. HAGGIN



Letters to the Editors

Newspaper Guild Politics

Dear Sirs: You put the head "On Using Troops in Strikes" on Milton Kaufman's letter in your issue of August 23. That was kind to Mr. Kaufman, a candidate for reelection as executive vice-president of the American Newspaper Guild. But it wasn't the subject: the letter was a canny campaign broadside, for newspapermen who read *The Nation*.

This is the point: As national executive of the Guild, Kaufman, last June, wired local Guild presidents urging them to take a stand on the outlaw strike at the North American Aviation plant. Not on its outlaw-ness; Kaufman doesn't like to discuss that. He wanted newspapermen to overlook that issue, and simply to oppose the use of troops. Therein he revealed the essential irresponsibility which has made many of us turn against Kaufman and his associates. We don't like the use of troops to break strikes, but we hold Kaufmanesque labor tactics largely responsible for public acquiescence in the use of troops. And now, in your columns, Kaufman has the effrontery to whimper because Milton Murray, president of the Detroit Guild and opposition candidate for the presidency of the American Newspaper Guild, made his telegram public! What gall!

It is such evasion of issues, such reckless demagoguery, which encourages labor-baiters in Congress and fosters the psychology that uses troops in strikes. In union, and in unions, there may be strength; but there can be no strength without responsibility. So, since you have lent your columns to Kaufman's campaign, I beg leave to use them to urge newspaper workers who hate the use of troops in strikes to support the responsible, opposition - to - Kaufman's-group, Murray-Rogers-Eubanks pro-Guild ticket.

LEWIS GANNETT

New York, August 29

Nazi Law and Justice

Dear Sirs: What Rustem Vambery says in "Hitler and the Decalogue," in *The Nation* of August 9, badly needed saying, and it needs constant, unremitting reiteration.

Whatever definition we choose for international law, no one can doubt that

it is a manifestation of the belief that there is a higher morality than that of superior force. The long struggle to formulate a set of rules for international conduct and to put those rules into effect is evidence of the human, Christian striving of men to better themselves and their world. The Nazi attitude toward international law is just as clearly a manifestation of the decadent and degrading character, the essential barbarism, of Hitlerism.

If the fact that law as we know it does not and cannot exist in a Nazi world can be brought home to the people of this country, much will have been done to unify them in the determination to resist Hitlerism. We are so conditioned to a belief in law and order that most of us find it difficult to relate what we know about the working of Nazi "justice" to our own experience. Of course our laws are not perfect and our justice is frequently inequitable, but whenever manifestations of injustice come to our attention, we are indignant and ashamed. We have an ideal of law and justice, and we expect the reality to bear some relation to that ideal. To comprehend the real nature of Nazism we must become aware of the complete suppression of one of our most deeply cherished beliefs wherever the Nazis rule.

JOSEPH E. JOHNSON

Williamstown, Mass., September 2

Confiscation Means Anarchy

Dear Sirs: I venture to call attention to some implications of the article by Nathaniel Peffer entitled Squeeze Japan Now, published in your issue of August 2. Among other proposals for carrying hostilities to Japan, Mr. Peffer makes the following statement:

There must be complete non-intercourse—joint Anglo-American economic blockade at first, with the weapon of naval blockade held in reserve. If Japan retaliates by confiscating American property and assets in Japan and China, then Japanese property in this country should be confiscated, dollar for dollar. Whether Japanese assets in this country are greater or less than American assets in Japan or China is beside the point. America can afford the loss, while Japan cannot. Americans in the Far East whose property is expropriated can be compensated by being allotted pro rata the proceeds of the sale of Japanese property here. Thus domestic political complications can be avoided. It is mani-

festly unfair for certain groups to be penalized by the execution of a policy held to be in the national interest.

Without discussing Japanese-American relations, and apart from the fact that the sanctions policy advocated is recognized as inviting reprisals and war, the implications of confiscating private property deserve consideration. Not only is confiscation lawless and subversive of any reasonable hope of future order and peace, but adoption of the policy would hurt the United States infinitely more than Japan. Confiscation of foreign-owned private property strikes at the roots of international trade, international investment, and international law. It makes the safety of foreign investments dependent upon superiority in arms. The policy of confiscation, like the policy of embargo, arousing the instinct of self-preservation, is a powerful stimulus to conquest and self-sufficiency and to the cutting off or cutting down of international trade permanently. Even if it forced surrender in a particular instance, its long-run effects would still be ruinous to the Western nations. It is contagious, domestically and internationally.

The whole policy of sanctions makes ironic the suggestion for a post-war availability of raw materials to all nations. The monopoly of raw materials and the abuse of that monopoly may ultimately unite the disinherited countries against the sanctionists. The suggestion of confiscating private property of aliens invested in a country in good faith and in reliance on law is unwittingly a counsel of anarchy, and I fear it is anarchy that the policy of sanctions ultimately produces.

EDWIN BORCHARD

New Haven, Conn., August 27

Crime and Housing

Dear Sirs: We should like to praise, and confirm, Jonathan Daniels's article in *The Nation* of July 12 on crime and crowding in Washington, D. C.

The patriotic visitor to the capital would be appalled if he left the broad avenues and visited one of the back streets. He would find overcrowded, vermin-infested tenements in which oil lamps are the only means of lighting, the window panes have been broken out,

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by Eugene Lyons

REVIEWED BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

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and the walls are cracked and peeling. Here Negro children are reared to face a hostile world.

These conditions, we feel, are not merely a boom-town problem, though the figures on Washington's recent amazing growth were required to bring them to the public eye. Nor are they found only in Washington. Crime accompanies them everywhere. We urge you to publish more articles on the same theme.

EDMOND AND DORIS ZASLOW

Tamiment, Pa., August 25

Can They Be for Hitler?

Dear Sirs: The attitude of our State Department with regard to immigration becomes less and less understandable and more and more disturbing. By the end of December the year 1941 will have witnessed the death of some 60,000 Jews in Eastern Europe from disease and starvation, with no relief in sight. Perhaps 250,000 Jews lost their lives as a direct result of the German invasion of Poland, the vast majority of them non-combatants. The lot of those who remain in German-controlled territory we know only too well.

Does the State Department keep a straight face when it says that out of these will come spies and saboteurs? The Jews of America will guarantee that not one who is brought to this country will become a public charge. Palestine, even today, is eager to receive them by the thousand. Those who are able will gladly join the armed forces of any country now doing battle with the Nazis.

The millions we are spending yearly to provide a mere sustenance for the suffering Jews of Europe could be used much more advantageously if a portion of them were brought here. How can the State Department think that they might be our enemies?

NORMAN H. DIAMOND

New Castle, Pa., September 2

One Way to Save Gasoline

Dear Sirs: There is a call to save gasoline and oil. There is an aggravated parking problem. There is an aggravated motor-accident problem. Too many automobiles are on the streets and roads, a large proportion driven by persons who lack the means and the financial responsibility they should have to operate automobiles. As a consequence, they drive dilapidated, unsafe cars and they carry no insurance; they cannot afford insurance and they have no fear of a judg-

ment against them, because they are financially judgment-proof.

A not inconsiderable number of cars could be removed from circulation by requiring all drivers to carry adequate insurance as a condition of being granted a license. A law to this effect, under pressure of the present urgent need for conservation of gas and oil, could probably be more easily passed now than at any time before. Possibly the automobile manufacturers would be less likely to succeed now in blocking such legislation.

M. SCHULMAN

New York, September 4

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The Shape of Things

FROM BERGEN TO BORDEAUX, FROM ATHENS to Amsterdam resistance to the Nazi conquerors is boiling ever more furiously. There are reports daily of riots and mass arrests, sabotage and heavy collective fines, assassinations and executions. Joseph Harsch, the distinguished correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, states in his recent book, "Pattern of Conquest," that in the summer of 1940 Hitler had a real opportunity to capture the leadership of Europe. The conquered peoples were in a mood for change. They were disillusioned about the structure of their societies, disgusted with the governments which had led them to defeat. They were ready to accept a "New Order" which offered peace, bread, and economic equality. The correct behavior and even the studied friendliness of the German armies of occupation seemed to offer them a hope. But disillusion set in rapidly as the vultures of the Reich Economic Ministry and the Gestapo swarmed in behind the soldiers. Quickly they went to work bleeding each country white by their methods of "scientific looting," and it was not long before the conquered peoples were made to realize that the benefits of the New Order were solely for the *Herrenvolk*. For the rest of Europe there was no prospect save a future of political and economic slavery. As this realization sank in, the spirit of resistance grew and found organized forms. Today the Nazi forces throughout Europe must more and more bend their energies to hew off the heads of popular revolt. They will find that for each head that falls a dozen will spring to life.

★

NO PEOPLE IN EUROPE HAS STRUGGLED against German occupation more stoutly than the Norwegians, whose solidarity has been brought into high relief by the utter failure of the Nazi attempt to provide them with a native Führer in the person of the ridiculous Quisling. In impotent rage this puppet premier recently made a speech declaring that if the people continued to oppose him and his German masters he would crush them by acts of terror. The answer of the Norwegian workers was a general strike in Oslo, which led in turn to the proclamation of martial law in the district by the Nazi

Commissar Joseph Terboven. There followed mass arrests and the deposition of many trade-union leaders in favor of Quisling's henchmen. Two leading Norwegian labor leaders, Viggo Hansteen and Rolf Vikström, were shot; others condemned to long terms of imprisonment. These brutal actions have not quelled the Norwegians, and they have caused an explosion of anger throughout the North. In Sweden, where the government has at times gone to great lengths to avoid upsetting Berlin, the press has been outspoken in its condemnation, while the Swedish Labor Federation opened its annual congress by passing a resolution of sympathy and solidarity with the Norwegian workers.

✱

"THE BULLETS THAT FELLED HANSTEEN AND Vikström," wrote the leading Swedish conservative organ *Svenska Dagbladet*, "whizzed closely above the heads of the Labor Congress delegates in Stockholm, ricocheted across the Baltic Sea, and did not miss their mark even in Finland." It is reported that the assaults made on the Norwegian trade unions have profoundly impressed the Finnish workers, who, however bitterly they resent Russian aggression, are dismayed to find their country the very junior partner of Nazi Germany. There are many indications that the Finns are by no means as wholeheartedly in favor of the present war as they were when the country was resisting the Russian attack in 1939. Despite all denials, rumors of a possible separate peace between Finland and the Soviets persist. Now that the old frontiers have been regained there is evidence of great reluctance among both civilians and soldiers for a further advance in support of Nazi imperialist designs. In a curious speech on Sunday Vaino Tanner, Minister of Trade and Communications and leader of the Social Democrats, declared that Finland would not make a separate peace. He went on to assert, however, that Finland was not a party to the great war. "It is for us," he said, "an entirely defensive war, with the aid of which we desire to secure our frontiers and a lasting peace. Whatever is needed to secure this must be done, but there our task also ends." By some observers this speech is interpreted to mean that the Finnish army will halt its offensive and cease fighting unless attacked. It is a little difficult, however, to imagine that the Nazis

would countenance such inaction, which would put the German divisions based on Finland in a parlous position. And it must be remembered that, apart from the argument which German arms may present to the Helsinki government, Berlin has a whip-hand over starving Finland in the matter of food supplies.

✱

THE ATTACK ON CHARLES LINDBERGH HAS become almost unanimous; at present the anti-Lindbergh front extends all the way from the White House to William Randolph Hearst. We join the ranks with enthusiasm, regretting only that the exigencies of weekly publication have delayed our enlistment by several days. What the America First Committee feels about its young Führer is not known. But the violence of the public reaction to his recent speech may induce the policy makers of that organization to consider seriously the course its leading spokesmen have lately been following. Anti-Semitism has roots in this as in every country, but its flowering waits upon the triumph of fascist reaction. And that will occur only if Hitler is allowed to win the war. Today anti-Semitism and Hitlerism are popularly regarded as Teutonic twins, doomed to die if the blood bond between them is severed. If America First wishes to hold its franchise as a native growth, it will do well to play down the racial theories of Mr. Lindbergh—and of Senators Wheeler and Nye as well. Meanwhile it may be worth remarking that Lindbergh's attempt to single out the Jews as separately responsible for a vigorous anti-Hitler policy is a monstrous libel against the rest of the community. It would be a sorry commentary on this country if the people who understood the Nazi menace were limited to a meager 2 or 3 per cent.

✱

OBSERVERS FROM CHINA REPORT A MARKED improvement in internal conditions there. Civilian morale has been greatly strengthened by concrete evidences of American aid and by our restrictions on Japanese trade. A succession of military victories has also given heart to the population. The recapture of Foochow marks the first time in the war that an important city has been retaken from the enemy. Traffic on the Burma road, seriously disrupted last spring, has been reorganized and greatly speeded up through certain measures recommended by American advisers. This has offset a decline in the flow of war materials from the Soviet Union. Of great importance also has been the reduction of Kuomintang-Communist friction. While no formal or final settlement of their differences has been achieved, armed clashes between the rival groups have ceased, and it is reliably, though unofficially, reported that the Fourth Route Army has been permitted to reoccupy the territory south of the Yangtze from which it was driven last

September 24 will see the appearance of *Free World*, an anti-fascist monthly of international affairs. Edited by a distinguished group of European, Chinese, and Americans, including J. Alvarez del Vayo, Louis Dolivet, Norman Angell, Chin Meng, Pierre Cot, Walter Millis, Freda Kirchwey, and others, this journal will, we believe, be a valuable addition to the current literature of democratic resistance. In next week's issue we shall publish full details about the venture and the terms on which *Free World* will be made available to readers of *The Nation*.

winter. This has made possible a restoration of the united front on much the same basis as that of the greater part of the past four years. *

EVIDENCE OF THE SERIOUSNESS OF NAZI activity in South American countries continues to accumulate. In last week's radio address President Roosevelt summarized the recent disclosures regarding Hitler's "intrigues, plots, machinations, and sabotage" in Uruguay, Argentina, Bolivia, and Colombia. And even as he spoke, ten German citizens were being arrested in Chile charged with activities threatening the security of that country. All were socially prominent persons with important business interests in Chile. In Argentina the powerful Conservative bloc in the Chamber of Deputies rather unexpectedly threw its support to a Radical resolution demanding that the German Ambassador, Baron von Therman, be recalled. This action followed specific charges by the Chamber's investigating committee that the Ambassador had abused his diplomatic privileges by directing Nazi activities in the Argentine. Another Nazi diplomatic agent, Fritz Wiedemann, has been closely watched since his arrival from Rio de Janeiro on a mysterious mission. The investigating committee also brought in a report showing that Transocean, the official German news agency, had spent approximately a million pesos in the last three and a half years, compared with legitimate revenues of 23,000 pesos. The character of the "news" distributed by Transocean may be surmised from the disclosure that financial inducements were sometimes offered to newspapers to use the agency's reports. This series of revelations about the nature and extent of Nazi activities deserves the attention of our isolationist Senators, who have been so eager to accept at their face value Hitler's protestations of disinterestness in this hemisphere.

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AMERICAN EXPORTS TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE during the first half of 1941, compared with the same period of 1940, appear to show an intensification of our defense effort. Shipments to the empire in the 1941 period totaled \$1,301,000,000 as against less than \$850,000,000 in the first six months of 1940—a gain of nearly 54 per cent. This striking increase might be attributed to the effects of the lend-lease program if a further comparison were not made with the figures for the last six months of 1940. Such a comparison reveals a gain of less than 4 per cent, despite a sharp rise in shipments to Egypt and South Africa. The unvarnished truth is that aid for Britain under the Lend-Lease Act has bogged down to a dangerous degree. Possibly complaints by American exporters that Britain was selling products in South America utilizing raw materials obtained from the United States has been a factor in discouraging all-out American assistance. If this is so, the agreement between the British

and American governments restricting the reexport of lend-lease materials should remove excuse for the grave lag in American aid to Britain.

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THIS LAG IS ILLUSTRATED IN AN EVEN MORE alarming fashion by the figures in the President's second report to Congress on operations under the Lend-Lease Act. In his accompanying letter Mr. Roosevelt wrote: "We are not furnishing this aid as an act of charity but as a means of defending America. . . . The lend-lease program is no mere side issue to our program of arming for defense. It is an integral part, a keystone, in our great national effort to preserve our national security for generations to come by crushing the disturbers of our peace." Unhappily the statistics he has to offer lack entirely the eloquent ring of these words. Since the passage of the Lend-Lease Act, six months ago, and the appropriation by Congress of \$7 billion for financing its purposes, only \$324,563,749 in war materials and other essential supplies and services has been transferred to nations resisting Axis aggression. That is less than 5 per cent. But out of this wretched sum only \$185,953,670 represents goods which have actually reached their destinations—mainly in Britain but also in Egypt, Africa, China, and the East Indies. The bulk of shipments delivered was accounted for by foodstuffs and industrial commodities. Lend-lease deliveries of aircraft to all fronts up to August 31 totaled only \$6 million. Ordnance supplies were valued at \$35½ million, tanks and other vehicles at \$26 million, ships at under \$3 million. And as I. F. Stone brings out in his Washington letter on page 244, transfers of armaments and materials on hand at the passage of the act, for which Congress provided a limit of \$1,300 million, have accounted for only \$97 million. What is the explanation? Is it the lag in production, or the reluctance of the War and Navy departments to release their stores, or the shipping shortage? We hope Congress will insist on an answer to these questions.

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AN IMPRESSIVE BOARD OF HISTORIANS AND educators, headed by President James P. Baxter of Williams College, has been assigned by Colonel William J. Donovan, Coordinator of Defense Information, to the task of testing the accuracy of news reaching this country from foreign sources. According to the *New York Times*, it will endeavor to work out a system "which would filter available information in such a way as to present the nearest possible approximation to truth and be a basis for official action." As Peter Stevens shows in an article on page 248, the propaganda departments in the totalitarian countries not only prevent correspondents from sending much of the news but frequently conscript them in the war of nerves, forcing them to send tendentious and false

reports. It is good to know that the Administration is going to check more carefully on news which may have been contaminated at the source. It would be better still if the findings of the experts could be made available to the general public, which must often rely on its own unaided wits to sift facts from propaganda in the news dispatches. Otherwise the gap between the President and public opinion may grow wider, since the conclusions of each will be based on different information.

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THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN LABOR Party is being decided by the liberal voters of New York City in an important municipal primary as this is being written. For the past two years this hopeful offspring of the New Deal has been torn by a fight over Communist control. The Communists, of course, have used every trick in their fabulous repertoire to capture the organization, and under the circumstances it was probably inevitable that the anti-Communists should retort in kind. Last week, however, the A. L. P. right wing played a low kind of politics in a case that did not in any way involve the Stalinist issue. It refused to renominate Councilman Harry W. Laidler because he had supported Norman Thomas in the last election and was therefore judged to be in opposition to the President's foreign policy. Mr. Laidler says that this is not entirely true, that he supports aid to the democracies. We are not informed on his precise stand, but we fail to see how it can be of such importance as to justify the party's action. For thirty years Harry Laidler has been a scholarly and incorruptible Socialist. As a city councilman he has led his labor colleagues in the fight for decent housing and cheaper electric power. These are things that will be needed, war or no war, and it is downright political stupidity to excommunicate an honest man for his views on matters which are not at issue.

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FOR THE SECOND TIME IN LESS THAN A month the New York State motion-picture censors have effectively suppressed the John Steinbeck-Herbert Kline documentary film "The Forgotten Village" by ordering the distributors to delete two sequences. Mrs. Grundy's explicit objection to this moving chronicle of Mexican peasant life is based on a scene showing a midwife trying to hasten childbirth by applying manual pressure to the abdomen and on one of a woman suckling an infant. It is claimed by the censors that all this is not only obscene but harrowing. Others may find it both obscene and harrowing to have to listen to their priggish nonsense. Fortunately the distributors are holding firm, and the picture will not be exhibited until it can be shown in its entirety. We hope that everyone who was not brought into this world by a stork will dispatch an early protest

demanding that "The Forgotten Village" be shown as its authors, both fine artists, made it.

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THE DEATH OF GEORGE SCHUMM AT 85 brings an intimate sense of loss to those members of *The Nation's* staff whose memories reach back into the years when he served as this journal's proofreader. He was a unique person. Profoundly learned, a scholar in several languages, Mr. Schumm was at the same time a political thinker whose anarchist philosophy permitted no compromise. He was ready always to sacrifice his personal interests to his principles and ideas. Because he disbelieved in the exercise of power by one man over another, he refused to hold positions of authority for which his experience and talents well fitted him. But this stern adherence to principle produced no corresponding sternness in "Papa" Schumm's personality; he was so genial and so gentle that his very presence in the office created an atmosphere of friendly warmth which his old-time colleagues will never forget.

Japan Behind the Headlines

THERE has been every indication this past week that the American public is being prepared for an agreement with Japan which will represent a full-fledged return to the appeasement policy followed during the past four years. As in Britain at the time of Munich, the press has been doing a subtle but effective job in setting the stage for this development. Washington dispatches cautiously refer to the "lessening of tension" in the Far East and the possibility of a settlement. News-agency reports from Tokyo stress the growing "moderation" of Japanese policy and seek to give the impression that civilian elements are gaining the upper hand over the military. Cautious forecasts of the nature of the settlement between the United States and Japan are allowed to leak out, although none have revealed Japanese plans for the partition of China as given in last week's issue of *The Nation*. In fact, China is rarely mentioned in these inspired dispatches.

If Japan could be wooed from its Axis alignment and restored to the family of law-abiding nations, it would indeed be a signal triumph for American diplomacy. But there is no evidence that a real change of heart has occurred in Tokyo. Nationalist newspapers continue to denounce the United States in vigorous terms. Just one article has appeared that was in any sense critical of the Axis, and the issue of the paper containing it was immediately suppressed by the police.

The centralization of the Japanese army under a new General Defense Headquarters commanded by the Emperor has been widely interpreted in our press as evidence of the ascendancy of civilian elements over the extremists of the army. Actually, the reverse is the case. As Seigo Nakano, president of the Fascist Party of Japan, the *Tohokai*, told a huge mass-meeting in Tokyo, the militarists have all but exhausted their patience. Unless the United States accepts Konoye's terms in full, including the partition of China, they threaten to overthrow the civilian government and "blast their way to Singapore and the Persian Gulf."

Most observers believe that their program would be preceded by a wave of political assassinations. In this situation placing the Emperor in a position of direct control over the army appears to be a clever and desperate attempt to hold the militarists in check by invoking the sacred prestige of the Throne. Such a step has never before been resorted to in Japanese history. Unfortunately, however, it may prove a boomerang. For while it places the civilian government for the first time in a position of authority over the army, it also may serve to cloak any action of the army with the sanctity of the Emperor's prestige.

Considering the circumstances in which Japanese-American negotiations are being carried on, we should be skeptical of reports that Tokyo is prepared to make far-reaching concessions to obtain a settlement with this country. For Konoye or any other leader to suggest withdrawal from the whole of China or abandonment of the goals of the East Asia campaign would be an act of personal as well as political suicide. About all that can be expected, as the New York *Herald Tribune* accurately phrases it, is that the United States shall be admitted as a junior partner in Japan's "co-prosperity sphere in the Far East."

Yet it is evident from all reports from Washington that both the President and Secretary Hull are anxious to obtain a settlement. We cannot believe that they will go so far as to sell out China on Japanese terms. But even a limited agreement restoring normal trade relations in exchange for a Japanese "promise" to discontinue its aggressive moves toward the South Seas would in effect constitute a betrayal of China. By stopping shipments of war materials to Japan, we have made it possible for China, for the first time, to stage an effective offensive and recapture a major city. A renewed appeasement policy permitting Japan to receive those badly needed materials would be a bitter blow to Chiang Kai-shek's courageous armies, which have been fighting our battles, as well as their own, these past four years. It would constitute a shameless surrender to the threats of the Japanese militarists, and thus provide another link in the chain of diplomatic victories won by the aggressors at the expense of democracies which were too civilized to fight.

Propaganda or History?

THE movie industry is open to public criticism as a near-monopoly. It is dangerous to leave its huge opinion-forming machinery in the hands of a small group of men. In no other opinion industry, neither in the press nor in radio, is control as concentrated as in the films; the consent decree obtained by the Department of Justice last November against the industry is a sham. The films are still subject to the worst kind of censorship, the censorship of private bigots operating without any authorization of law under a production code which enables the Catholic church to bully the movie magnates and the magnates to bully the independents. Under the industry code independents who decline to submit their scripts in advance for approval may be barred from showing their films in any of the 2,800 first-run theaters. This censorship, headed by Will Hays, who left the Republican Party under a cloud and entered the movie industry under a halo, is ostensibly concerned only with sex. Actually it is also political, as is shown by the fact that the Hays office forbade the filming of Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here." Hays, according to the New York *Times*, objected to the film on the ground that it was anti-fascist. Far from being too vigorously anti-Nazi, the movies, as long as they could, avoided making any films that might endanger their markets in Germany and Italy. Business was their first consideration.

All this, in honesty, must be said before one can enter a defense of the movie industry against the preliminary investigation now being conducted by the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee. It is not the nobility of the movie magnates but the context of the inquiry and the motivation of those behind the investigation which make it suspect. We venture to say that a majority of the members of the subcommittee holding the present hearings will dare neither to recommend strong action against monopoly practices nor to criticize the unofficial censorship imposed on the industry by the church. The inquiry is only one aspect of a widespread campaign to "soften up" the American people, to make them believe that Nazism—despite all Hitler's statements to the contrary—holds no danger for this country, and that we can safely repeat the errors made by the British and French when they decided that the advance of the Third Reich into Austria and Czecho-Slovakia was no concern of theirs. The American people are expected to believe, after all that has happened in the past decade, that the Nazi menace is a figment of the Jewish imagination. The theme of the campaign of which the Senate investigation is a part was set by Lindbergh when he said in his Des Moines speech that "their [the Jews'] greatest danger to this country lies in their large ownership and influence in our

motion pictures, our press, our radio, and our government." The purpose of the Interstate Commerce Committee inquiry is to spread the impression that the reason we have anti-Nazi movies is because many of the big motion-picture companies are owned by Jews, and conversely that the evils of Nazism depicted in the pictures are grossly and deliberately exaggerated.

This thesis grows the more ludicrous the closer it comes to actual details. John T. Flynn complained that the film "Underground" sought to display the Germans, the German government, and German soldiers "in acts of brutality so savage and so inhuman that the spectator revolts and is filled with a desire to wreak vengeance." But can any movie hope to surpass the bald facts of what has happened within the Reich and in the countries it has conquered since Hitler came to power? Flynn objected that the film "That Hamilton Woman" sought subtly to put across the idea that "you can't make peace with Hitler." Can any movie hope to equal Munich in this respect? Can any actor aspire to give as convincing a performance in the role as did Chamberlain during his lifetime? There may be some doubt about what is propaganda, but there is no doubt as to historical fact. Oranienburg and Dachau, the persecuted Poles and the new disease-infested ghetto of Warsaw, Hitler's peaceful protestations and attacks without warning—these exist, and if they are to be kept out of our movies, why not out of our newspapers and our history books? One of the favorite Nazi devices in dealing with a weaker country is to require it to bar "hostile propaganda" from its press and radio and films. The Senate committee in effect is demanding what Goebbels would never dare ask of the United States.

The Roosevelt Strategy

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

THE President's speech said exactly as little and exactly as much as could well have been said at the moment. Less would have been nothing; more would have been war. Less would have meant abandonment of our announced purpose to make the Atlantic highway safe for American cargoes en route to the various battle fronts. More would have precipitated the issue of war in Congress.

The President could not retreat from the obligations we have assumed under the terms of the Lend-Lease Act and through a score of official pronouncements without sacrificing the whole policy upon which our future depends. But if he had proposed measures which went beyond those obligations and thus called for a showdown in Congress, the consequences might be almost equally serious. For the necessity of the hour is action;

and the habit of Congress is inaction—inaction elaborately implemented by the techniques of talk and parliamentary maneuver. As it reassembles this week, Congress has before it a bill to appropriate new lend-lease billions. It would have been reckless to subordinate, and so endanger, this immediately essential measure by precipitating a major debate on war and peace. And it would have been even more unwise to center a war-and-peace debate on the issue created by the Nazi attempt to sink the Greer.

Two definite gains, however, have been made. The ruling of Attorney General Biddle exempting several outlying parts of the British Empire from the restrictions imposed by the Neutrality Act—notably Singapore and certain West African bases—opens important new areas to American ships carrying materials to the anti-fascist forces. And Secretary Knox's clear-cut statement that the patrol system will hereafter be as effective as convoying offers genuine assurance that we will go about our job in a workmanlike manner.

Congress and the people have amply demonstrated their support for all measures necessary to the job of getting war supplies to the various fronts where other nations are spending their blood to stop Hitler's advance. That the job involved risks was evident when it was undertaken. Now that the risks have materialized in attacks and sinkings, the need to act in defense not only of our ships but of our policy is apparent; and the reception of the President's speech proves that it is almost universally accepted. But this does not mean that the people are ready for war. They will accept war, no doubt, if Hitler shoves it down their throats. They will accept it as the logical, if regrettable, consequences of a policy they have approved. But the more profound and simpler reason for fighting—the necessity of actively helping to defeat Nazism—has not won the public mind; it lurks there, biding its time, but it has not yet cleared out the host of illusions and forlorn hopes that still rule American thinking and so American policy.

For this, I believe, the President is largely responsible. Since long before the war began he has shrunk from the political implications of his own remarkably clear vision of world developments. From the day he made his "quarantine" speech in Chicago until the other night in the White House he has handled American foreign policy according to his favorite quarterback tactics. He has taken the ball, run a few steps, dodged back to avoid an opponent; sometimes he has advanced it a few yards, sometimes he has been thrown for a loss. Each time he has announced a clear position he has half retracted it or belittled it the day after. At every crucial point the major issue has been subordinated to the immediate one; and while this has sometimes facilitated specific acts, it has left the country mentally and emotionally unready for the terrible decisions that face it today.

So again, in his latest and most momentous speech, it was necessary to announce a course of action which emerges directly and inevitably from policies already approved and in effect. It is a course which, as usual, avoids the hazards that lie in the public mind and in Congress. To have faced those hazards by proclaiming a policy which met the full, fateful demands of the future—to have asked, in short, for a declaration of war—would have resulted almost certainly in a defeat in Congress and a probable rejection of the necessary next steps. No one can wish that the President had applied such all-or-nothing strategy.

What one can wish, with passionate regret, is that the President had prepared the American people for the war that will sooner or later emerge from the policy to which the country is now committed. Germany will, it is clear, continue to try to prevent war supplies from reaching Allied ports; its ships of war will shell or torpedo merchantmen, belligerent and neutral, and the American naval vessels which convoy them. And American warships will attack any German raiders they meet in the rather undefined waters under the protection of the fleet. Soon war will be in progress whether or not it

has been "declared." But the American people, misled by the President's step-by-step tactics and by his attempt to limit discussion of American policy to the question of our safety and our rights as a neutral, are likely to believe that we are fighting because the freedom of the seas has been flouted and ships have been sunk by Nazi pirates. And this will be a profoundly serious error. For these are only superficial reasons why, today, we are moving into a naval war with Hitler.

The underlying reasons are both more important and more honorable. We have a right to protect our national interests—including the freedom of the seas. But we have an absolute obligation to protect the more fundamental freedoms which the President himself has so eloquently proclaimed. The extermination of those freedoms in all of Europe and the threat to exterminate them here and in Latin America can be our only true reasons for going to war. We may "remember the Greer" because the attack on the Greer helped to arouse us to the necessity of a more active role in the world struggle against fascism. But war against Hitler must be waged as a war for freedom and our democratic institutions—not for shipping.

Joining the Two Fronts

BY LOUIS FISCHER

London, September 14, by Cable

BITAIN, I think, is now safe from invasion for at least the next five months if not for the duration of the war. What, then, is Churchill planning to do with his army and its munitions? He hesitates to put it on the Continent because it is not yet a fully trained or adequately equipped offensive force. Public sentiment is strongly opposed to adventures which may end in a heroic evacuation. Generals are aware of the criticism and witty jibes to which the army has been subjected; they don't wish to invite more by premature sorties overseas. Moreover, hitherto they have been able to argue that a large-scale landing on the Continent would require unceasing naval support which could be given only at the expense of British interests in the Battle of the Atlantic. America's new policy of convoying ships most of the way across the ocean may alter the weight of this consideration; nevertheless, it would be unrealistic for the Russians or others to base their plans on the formation of a second front in the near future. An early Libyan offensive, which is being bruited here, would not quickly influence the balance of forces in Eastern Europe.

Yet Moscow is clamoring for action. Litvinov contributes a telegraphed article to this week's *Reynolds'*

News in which he lays down the "absolute principle" that "the efforts of the Allies may be divided in space but in no circumstances may they be divided in time." Just as Litvinov before the war advocated simultaneous, coordinated acts for the preservation of peace, he now demands simultaneous, coordinated acts to stave off defeat. Anything else, he affirms, "may have irreparable and fatal consequences to all the countries concerned—except Hitler, of course." And his last sentence is a pithy, ominous warning that humanity is following with deep interest "not only the military events on the eastern front but also the relations between the Allies." Soviet authorities likewise are chagrined by the delay of the tripartite Moscow conference. Stalin has never liked to be kept waiting by foreign powers. It has been hinted that he has the same alternative as that he adopted to his country's harm in August, 1939. I have just come home from an open-air Communist meeting on the square between the Ministry of Information and the British Museum; Harry Pollitt, speaking to the assembly, demanded an immediate second front, and said, "A second front may mean death to tens of thousands of Britishers, but if we are not ready to make sacrifices we haven't the right to expect the Russians to continue to fight."

Several days ago Stalin told a caller that the situation on the Leningrad and central Ukrainian fronts was grave. I don't know whether this is a "line" or the truth; it may be both. Moscow must steer its communiqués and propaganda between the Scylla of optimism, which would induce people to say that Russia doesn't need help, and the Charybdis of pessimism, which would inspire "it's too late" talk.

While disinclined to stage a serious westward diversion for the Reichswehr, the British are not opposed in principle to raids, but since June 22 they haven't tried to imitate Lofoten. Last week's British descent on Spitzbergen wasn't really a raid, for the island was not enemy-occupied territory. The Royal Navy undertook the expedition at the request of the Soviet government, which wanted 1,900 Russian miners there brought home and was unable to do this itself. British ships called at Spitzbergen and took the Russians home, returned, fetched a thousand Norwegians, and landed them in Scotland. Before forsaking the Arctic island, the British blew up the wireless station and power plants, fired huge accumulations of coal, and destroyed all accessible property so that, it was stated, the Germans couldn't seize it. In a sense, therefore, this was another evacuation executed to forestall a possible Nazi initiative.

But the British are determined to go all out in the matter of supplies for the U. S. S. R. They have already transferred heavy aggregates of their American lease-lend weapons to Russia and will continue to do so, even though they are short themselves. They have also delivered more R. A. F. machines, as well as invaluable raw materials which Russia doesn't produce. The Anglo-American arsenals will manufacture the tools, and the

Russians will fight. That is the likeliest division of labor on land. Whether the Kremlin will find this solution satisfactory is another matter.

The Red Army is consuming munitions so fast that I cannot see how shipments from England and America could make good these losses to any appreciable extent before next summer. Everything consequently depends on Soviet industry's ability to replenish the stocks of arms which the country has been accumulating for many years.

For the Allies the problem of supplies is complicated by the difficulty of communications. To date the best British approach to Russia has been through Archangel and Murmansk, approximately 1,800 miles. This Arctic lifeline loses some of its value in the winter and may be cut by military successes of the Germans. Attention, therefore, is concentrated on Iran. Here there is for Britain a sea trip around the Cape 15,000 miles long, and it is not much less for America, but the advantage of Iran is that it is relatively safe. Moreover, the arrival of materials in the Middle East would improve relations with Egypt and Palestine and exercise a good effect on Turkey. For while the winter won't stop the fighting in northern Russia, it will put a premium on fighting in southern Russia, and if the Crimea and the Caucasus are the next objectives, Bulgaria and Turkey will become centers of special interest. In recent months Turkey and Russia practically have not been on speaking terms, and intermediaries are striving hard to patch up relations—with partial success which sways with the tide of battle in Russia and the availability of British munitions in the Near East. A storm is brewing around the Black Sea.

Defense Stumbles On

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, September 14

THE coming week—this is being written on Sunday—will be an exciting one. It will see (1) the beginning of a campaign to make Wendell Willkie Secretary of State in the hope of sidetracking Sumner Welles and the cookie-pushers; (2) the filing of a consent decree which will save the major oil companies from the \$1,800,000,000 suit brought against them under the Elkins Act by Thurman Arnold; (3) an attempt by Secretary Ickes to override SPAB's refusal to grant priorities on the steel needed to build that Texas-New York pipe line; (4) the revelation that Jesse Jones, a Shylock in dealing with ordinary business men, negotiated a contract with the Aluminum Company of America

that gave it everything but a second mortgage on the White House, although it does not guarantee us more aluminum; and (5) the disclosure that although the transfer of \$1,300,000,000 worth of war materials from stocks of the War and Navy departments and the Maritime Commission was authorized under lease-lend, only \$97,000,000 worth has yet been shipped to our allies abroad.

Two other events-of-the-week will be the grilling of Floyd Odum, new subcontracting chief, by the Truman committee, which smells Wall Street fire and brimstone in the appointment, and Leon Henderson's meeting with the automobile manufacturers to discuss further curtailment in automobile production. The latter will be worth

watching for the part which labor may play in the conversion of automobile facilities to defense production. The latest word from Henderson's division today was that somebody from Hillman's division would probably be at the meeting with the automobile manufacturers to represent labor, and that there would be a full committee from Detroit headed by Walter Reuther but that it would not be called an "advisory" committee out of deference to the C. I. O., which is on record against advisory committees. Although a 26½ per cent cut in passenger-car production was ordered for August, September, October, and November, the increase in truck production during these first four months of the model year is so large that combined car and truck quotas for the four months are only 1½ per cent below last year. In August production ran almost 100 per cent above August of last year, and there is some fear that the automobile manufacturers may try to exhaust their quotas in less than four months and then threaten a complete shutdown as a means of bringing pressure on OPM to permit them to make more cars.

The automobile manufacturers, who have been building up huge inventories of raw materials, are now telling anyone who will listen that the shortage of raw materials has been very much exaggerated, and that if we had a system of "dated priorities"—which would keep the army and navy from building up similar inventories—we could ease up on the curtailment of car production. The situation has reached the point where Knudsen in a private conversation last week spoke very sourly of his industry. Not for some time, if ever, is he likely to say the same things publicly.

Henderson hopes that curtailment will force the automobile manufacturers to find defense uses for machines partially or entirely idle; many smaller manufacturers are already pulling machines out of assembly and production lines for the manufacture of ordnance, tank, and plane parts. Reuther still believes that the full potentialities of the industry for defense will never be realized until its machine power is pooled and its production planned for the period of the emergency, but no one in the top ranks of OPM has the courage to press the idea.

If SPAB, which has ordered an inventory of defense needs in terms of material, would also order an inventory of American machine capacity and its defense uses, the problem of conversion could be tackled on an organized and scientific basis. Some people here hope that Floyd Odlum will have the vision to fight for such an inventory as a means of speeding up the spread of orders and mobilizing machinery now idle or soon to be left idle by priorities. The outlook for the spread of orders is more hopeful than it has been for some time. The President, in setting up the new Odlum division only two weeks after Knudsen and Hillman had "reorganized" its subcontracting predecessor, is said to have shown a good

deal of impatience and annoyance. The one weakness of the new executive order is that the War and Navy departments can still ignore Odlum's recommendations, and his effectiveness will depend on how much support the White House gives him. I am inclined to believe that not only the White House but many top men in both War and Navy, as distinct from the procurement officials in the lower ranks, are now convinced of the need for new methods in purchasing and production.

SPAB's refusal to allocate steel for that new Texas-New York pipe line was encouraging, but not so difficult a decision to make as it seemed to be. The hullabaloo about the oil shortage has served its purpose. The price of oil has gone up. Congress passed the Cole bill clearing the way for the Baton Rouge-Greensboro, and Chattanooga-Port St. Joe pipe lines, which are nearing completion. These lines, planned before the war, are the only ones the major companies really wanted. The companies used plans for the Texas-New York line, which they didn't particularly want, to get the pending consent decree from the Department of Justice. The suit which will be ended by the decree was a serious threat to the oil companies. They have been averaging 30 per cent a year on their investment in gasoline pipe lines, and it was the government's claim that all these earnings over a normal profit were really a rebate to themselves and a violation of the anti-rebate provisions of the Elkins Act. Triple damages can be collected under the act, and this was the first attempt to use it against the pipe lines. The companies argued that with this threat hanging over them they could not be expected to build new pipe lines, even with the RFC's money. If Ickes is wise he will get rid of his Standard Oil advisers, bring in a few independents, and watch his step in the future. He is a brave and good man, but the oil companies have made a sucker of him—again.

Not so big a sucker as Jesse Jones. If the President wants an effective defense organization, he had better pry Jones loose from control of Defense Plant Corporation. I have a copy of the contract between Jones and the Aluminum Company of America for an expansion of 400,000,000 pounds a year in aluminum production. I don't claim to understand all its complicated and tricky terms, but the government puts up all the money and takes all the risks. Alcoa loads a heavy share of its costs on the new plants under a complex pooling arrangement in such a way as to insure little profit on the government-owned plants, a wider share of profits on the old Alcoa plants. One of the extraordinary features of the contract is that Alcoa may limit production in these plants to as little as 40 per cent of their capacity. While Jones signed this kind of contract with Alcoa, he forced Reynolds Metals, Alcoa's tiny competitor, to mortgage its plants in the ordinary way to obtain government financing.

The State as Boss

BY STERLING D. SPERO

LAST JUNE a strike on New York City's transit lines was barely avoided. The crisis was caused by the city's refusal to enter into a collective-bargaining agreement with its transit workers. In August Detroit's municipal transit system was tied up for five days by a strike growing out of the rivalry between an A. F. of L. and a C. I. O. union. The central issue was a demand for exclusive bargaining rights by the A. F. of L. union with which the city had had contractual relations for nineteen years. Shortly after the end of the Detroit strike New York City's Welfare Commissioner, William Hodson, refused a request for exclusive bargaining rights made by a union claiming to represent a majority of the Welfare Department's employees.

These controversies were not regarded as ordinary labor disputes. The demand for collective-bargaining rights which for the past few years has been considered fully justified when made by privately employed workers was looked upon as a challenge to public authority when put forward by city employees. The workers involved, their governmental employers insisted, were servants of the sovereign state, which could not "in its nature" treat them as equals to the extent of entering into collective-bargaining agreements with them.

Forty years ago a President of the United States attempted to carry this philosophy to its logical conclusion. He issued an executive order forbidding federal employees to seek to influence legislation in their own behalf, "individually or through associations, save through the head of their departments." His subordinates, taking their cue from the White House, proceeded to interfere with any efforts of their employees to join organizations of which they disapproved. The results were unrest, defiance, threats, and strikes, culminating in 1912 in the passage of legislation sponsored by the American Federation of Labor which guaranteed to federal employees the right to organize, to affiliate with outside labor organizations, and to seek legislation affecting their interests. State and local governments, with exceptions here and there, followed the federal policy. Unions of government employees maintained increasingly influential lobbies at every capital. Under pressure of the political power of the organized employees, legislation became the method of fixing standards and conditions in the public services.

As long as the public services were comparatively small and confined to the traditional functions of government, this system worked very well. However, striking changes have taken place in recent years, and the

public services now provide the livelihood of more than 4,500,000 men and women (this, of course, does not include soldiers), one out of every nine workers in the land. Since 1933 the size of the federal establishment, at present comprising nearly 1,500,000 persons, has almost tripled. The City of New York alone now employs nearly twice as many persons as did the whole federal government when the merit system was adopted in the eighties.

The expansion of government functions which these figures indicate has been to no small extent in fields hitherto associated with private business. In the case of the TVA the government started a new undertaking of a kind previously left in private hands; in the case of the New York subways and the Cape Cod Canal the government took over an enterprise from its private owners. The industrial workers on these enterprises performed the same functions for the government that they had previously performed for private employers. Most of them continued their membership in the union of the trade or industry to which they had always belonged. All that was changed for them was the name of their employer. It was not unnatural for them to expect to deal with the new boss in ways proved effective with the old one.

The size and complexity of the public services today make the old method of dealing with personnel problems—through legislation and informal office contact—at once too rigid and too haphazard for satisfactory results. It is hard to think that a subway or power plant could be run efficiently with the workers constantly asking the legislature to compel the management to do this or to forbid it to do that. Under such circumstances all the civil-service reform in the world could not keep these enterprises from being honeycombed with politics.

The demand for collective bargaining is the logical outgrowth of these new conditions, and it has, in fact, been granted in many government establishments. Formal agreements covering wages, hours, working conditions, seniority, the handling of grievances, and other personnel matters are in force today in the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Inland Waterways Corporation, and the Alaska Railroad. The first two are government-owned corporations; the third is an agency of the Department of the Interior. Similar limited agreements are in force in such non-industrial agencies as the Securities and Exchange Commission, the United States Housing Authority, and the National Labor Relations Board.

From its beginning the TVA has conferred with em-

employee representatives on personnel policies. In 1935 the Authority's Board of Directors issued a "statement of employee-relationship policy" which, though unilateral in form, claimed with truth to be "in a real sense . . . a product of cooperative and collective effort." In line with this policy wage conferences have been held annually between representatives of the management and the employees, the latter being represented by the TVA Trade and Labor Council, a federation of fifteen construction craft unions of the A. F. of L. A summary of the results of these conferences, issued by the Authority, contains the following declaration: "These conclusions were reached in negotiations between authorized representatives of management and of labor. As such they are binding upon both groups. Otherwise the processes of collective bargaining have no real significance." In the summer of 1940 the TVA and the unions signed a formal agreement.

On the Alaska Railroad also a unilateral though consultative relationship has evolved into a formal collective-bargaining agreement. Now the general manager of the road signs formal agreements with the railroad brotherhoods covering transportation employees and with the American Federation of Government Employees covering the mechanical and maintenance-of-way departments, the government hotel at Curry, and telegraph, telephone, and clerical employees.

Employees organized in the State, County, and Municipal Workers of America (C. I. O.) and the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (A. F. of L.) have agreements with such cities as Fairmont (West Virginia), Hammond (Indiana), and Reading (Pennsylvania), and with many small towns. In September, 1939, an agreement was signed between the latter union and the City of Philadelphia.

All these agreements represent an attempt to solve problems by mutual consent with due regard to the administrative peculiarities and the legal powers of the employing government agency. In Inland Waterways, where no civil-service merit system existed when the agreement was signed, a complete closed shop is provided. Some agreements cover wages; some include the check-off of union dues; some provide little more than machinery for handling grievances. In no case has the law been flouted, public authority undermined, or the public interest sold out through a "conspiracy of politicians and union leaders," as certain newspapers, viewing with synthetic alarm, expected.

All the formal agreements in force in federal agencies were concluded with full knowledge of a prior statement by the President concerning the limits of governmental collective bargaining. The President had said:

All government employees should realize that the process of collective bargaining, as usually understood, cannot be transplanted into the public service. It has its

distinct and insurmountable limitations when applied to public personnel management. The very nature and purposes of government make it impossible for administrative officials to represent fully or to bind the employer in mutual discussions with government-employee organizations. The employer is the whole people, who speak by means of laws enacted by the Representatives in Congress. Accordingly, administrative officials and employees alike are governed and guided, and in many instances restricted, by laws which establish policies, procedures, and rules in personnel matters.

Limitations of this character are not peculiar to the public service. The Railway Labor Act prohibits a closed shop. Railway bargaining agreements therefore cannot provide for one. The Railroad Retirement Act sets up a pension system. Collective-bargaining contracts cannot interfere with it. In industrial employment the wages-and-hours law sets a ceiling for hours and a floor for wages. Later agreements cannot disturb them.

Many unions seek to apply to the public services devices and procedures developed to cope with problems in private industry which are not present in government employment. In private employment the closed shop serves the important purpose of preventing anti-union employers from systematically introducing non-union workers into their plants to undermine the organization and break down established standards. In public employment, however, when civil-service merit principles prevail, standards, whether determined by collective agreement or by statute, are publicly proclaimed and uniformly established. The closed shop or the compulsory union shop would not therefore have the same justification as in private industry, while its undesirable aspects—the tendency to perpetuate union administrations and lift them above rank-and-file pressure—would continue. The closed shop and the union shop are practical devices, not sacred principles. There seems no need to transfer them to public enterprises merely because they serve a purpose in private enterprise. The same objection would hold for the application within the public service of the compulsory check-off of union dues, a usual complement of the closed shop.

A third device, the exclusive bargaining agency, seems to be as useful in the public service as in private enterprise if its agreements go beyond the handling of grievances and set standards and procedures. Administrative necessity probably played as great a part in the development of this device as trade-union convenience. If the employing authority is to bargain, it must have a recognized agency to bargain with. The only practical bargaining agency is a majority group.

In the background of opposition to governmental collective bargaining there always lurks the issue of the strike. There is, however, no more relation between collective bargaining and strikes than between legislation and strikes. A strike threat led to the passage of the Adamson eight-hour law for railway workers in 1916.

Strikes and strike threats were factors in the passage in 1912 of the act guaranteeing organization and lobbying rights to federal workers. Strikes are questions of power, not of legal right. When determined men regard their grievances as sufficiently great they will strike regardless of the word of the law. The Detroit transit strike took place in the face of an opinion of the Attorney General's; the New York transit workers voted to strike in spite of the city's explicit denials of their right to do so.

While unnecessary and undesirable union devices should be eliminated, it is doubtful whether such action would change the attitude of those public authorities who oppose collective bargaining. They regard their opposition as grounded on fundamental principles. In their view the concept of the sovereign state is opposed to that

of a free labor movement. With the public service already employing one-ninth of all the wage-earners in the land and rapidly expanding, this view becomes a major threat to economic and civil liberties. If the labor movement permits the claims of the state to go unchallenged it will be consenting to that subordination of labor to governmental power which is a dominant characteristic of totalitarian society. If, like Samuel Gompers, it opposes the expansion of governmental activity as a threat to labor's freedom, it will contribute to social disintegration by limiting government's ability to meet the problems of the times. Those conscientious public officials who oppose their employees' demands for recognition as a threat to the social order might well consider the implications of their own position.

Our Goebbeled News

BY PETER D. STEVENS

IN THE *Atlantic Monthly* for September, Lowell Mellett says: ". . . there has been developing an American propaganda weapon that is certain to obtain results, notwithstanding it was not developed for that purpose and *does not actually deal in propaganda*. I refer to the *free* American press associations, the finest and fairest news-gathering and news-disseminating agencies in the world, and to the *free* American radio. In practically every country these two agencies have set a standard of truthful reporting . . ." (the italics are mine).

Mr. Mellett's complacency is dangerous, for as Director of the Office of Government Reports and executive aide to the President he is in a position to infect high quarters with his starry-eyed enthusiasm. Those of us who through bitter experience have been forced to adopt a more cynical view wish that Mr. Shirer or some other recently returned foreign correspondent could spend a week-end on the Mayflower and tell the President some of the facts of life—of the life of a reporter in Europe today.

This summer many Americans were surprised and annoyed to learn that the reporters for their favorite newspapers were not being allowed to see anything of the Russo-German war but were forced to sit in Berlin or Moscow and base their stories on the preposterous communiqués handed out by the general staffs or the ministries of propaganda. These stories were so obviously absurd and contradictory that the reporters' home offices had to explain what was wrong and that they were helpless. The situation was not a new one; for the past two years little if any news has come out of Europe except in a form and at a time which pleased some propa-

ganda bureau. This means that since last winter, when practically all of Western Europe became German, news stories have had to be approved by Dr. Goebbels and timed to suit his purposes.

Those who have been doing the actual reporting in Europe say that our news gathering has been good "under the conditions existing." That phrase covers a multitude of sins of omission and commission. As a matter of fact, our news from Europe as a whole has been inadequate, inaccurate, and heavily weighted with the propaganda of Axis political warfare. A recent example was the story of the riots in Paris on August 13. According to one American news agency, the riots took place at the Porte St. Denis near the suburb of the same name, which is well known as a Communist quarter. All the hundreds arrested, it was said, were Jews. This story was read by millions of Americans, and went back to Europe via the short waves. Of course, the truth is that the Porte St. Denis is nowhere near the suburb of that name; and I am assured by an informant in France at the time that those arrested were average Frenchmen who detested the idea of France collaborating with the *Boche*. We were badly misled by the German decision to call all opposition "red," "Jew," or "Communist."

By serving the world with the Goebbels version of the Paris riots and other events in the belief that we are impartially broadcasting the news, we are in fact doing an excellent job for the Berlin Ministry of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment. Before this war our news reporting had a high reputation for honesty, and when this story reached the occupied countries via our radio it was very probably believed. Many millions of people may

thereupon have said to themselves: "Since only Jews and Communists protest against Pétain's collaboration with Germany, most Frenchmen must be behind the New Order. If the French, a great and strong people, have given up, perhaps we too must cooperate or be exterminated."

The peoples on the continent of Europe already under the Nazi heel are as much a part of the defense of America as are the armed forces of Great Britain. If it is to our interest to send arms and ammunition to England, it is equally to our interest to supply honest news and encouragement to those millions who still resist behind the German lines. Radioing back to Europe Associated Press and United Press news which has been Nazi-indoctrinated at its source is little better than sending straight Deutsche Nachrichten Büro official reports. At the least such news should be carefully rewritten and the insidious German bias eliminated.

It is even more important that the American people should have their news free from the Goebbels retouching process, for unless they are informed of the true facts, they will be unable to make right decisions. After all, Congress does keep its ear to the ground, and President Roosevelt is especially sensitive to public sentiment; listening to it is essential to his conception of democracy.

Two kinds of censorship are in force in Europe today, "positive" censorship and "negative" censorship. Negative censorship forbids the sending of certain news because it is unfriendly or unfavorable to the censoring power or is of a military nature. Positive censorship demands that all reporters use the terminology of the regime; it insists that stories which in fact are mere maneuvers in the war of nerves be dispatched as news and that all news place the country and its leaders in a sympathetic light. These rules are not set down in black and white and correspondents are informed of them mainly by polite suggestion, but woe betide the man who violates their spirit.

Both of these types of censorship could have been considerably eased for our newsmen if their American employers and the State Department had upheld their rights with some vigor. When an American reporter in Germany or the conquered countries falls afoul of the propaganda chiefs and the police because he attempts to send out honest news, our State Department representatives put up no real fight for him. As a result he is either expelled from the country or bullied into compliance. It often happens like this: John Jones, representing the Amalgamated Press, has been sending "unfriendly" news or has failed to cable rumors and releases which the Propaganda Ministry wanted published. He gets a notice to appear before the police, receives an order to leave the country, and is given four days in which to get out. Jones assumes that our diplomatic representatives are

there to protect him, his employer, and the right of the American public to get the news. He soon learns otherwise. Read William Shirer's entry in his "Berlin Diary" for December 30, 1935:

Dodd called us [the press] in today for a talk with William Phillips, Under Secretary of State, who is visiting here. We asked him what action Washington would take if the Nazis began expelling us. He gave an honest answer. He said, "None." Our point was that if the Wilhelmstrasse knew that for every American correspondent expelled, a German newspaperman at home would be kicked out, perhaps the Nazis would think twice before acting against us. But the Secretary said the State Department was without law to act in such a case—a lovely example of one of our democratic weaknesses.

The situation has not changed since Mr. Shirer wrote. Last winter when I was in Southeastern Europe our diplomats would make no more than a half-hearted token protest when a newspaperman was expelled—usually for the crime of reporting the news with zeal and honesty.

Even more demoralizing than the State Department's attitude has been that of the employers of the correspondents. It is both expensive and disruptive to service for a paper or a news agency to have its representative expelled from a country. A new man must often be sent in from a distance. He has to make new contacts, redistribute largess to clerks in the Foreign Office and the Propaganda Ministry, settle into a new atmosphere, work in what is often a strange language. His employers may be without adequate coverage for some days or weeks. Because of these facts men who have not a great personal reputation are often made to feel that they will lose their job if they fail to get along with the powers that be in the country to which they are accredited. The agencies would doubtless deny that they ever threatened to fire a man for getting into trouble while trying to send the news, but last winter in Europe I asked some twenty American correspondents this question, "Do you think you would lose your job if you were kicked out of here?" and without exception they agreed that they very probably would.

Last November an American woman reporter was representing some Western papers in the Balkans. She was given a four-day expulsion order for not meeting the implied demands of positive censorship: she had rejected some stories released from government sources as "phony." Turning to our consulate for aid, she was kept sitting on a mahogany bench outside the consul's office for the best part of four consular days. During this period the consul had time to see some dozens of refugees; no doubt it was his duty to see them, but not, I venture, before admitting a representative of our press. Many of our diplomats look down snobbish noses at the

press as "a gang of rumor-mongers and trouble-makers." In this woman's case the situation was complicated by the fact that she was not socially acceptable to the little English-speaking group of which the consul and his wife were leaders. On the last of her four days she was received very coolly by a vice-consul and told that nothing would be done. She had to leave the country.

Early last winter Hugo Speck, then of the United Press, now of International News, was expelled from Turkey with no official explanation. He was told unofficially that he might have been too friendly with an Italian hotel proprietor, or possibly it was because he had been photographed shaking hands with the German Ambassador, Franz von Papen. The German ambassador in any country is a customary source of news for a correspondent. Speck begged the embassy to take the matter up with the Foreign Office in Ankara. It did little or nothing, and he had to leave Turkey. When an Englishman or a German is in this difficulty, his country demands an explanation, and barring some real transgression on the part of the reporter, usually gets the expulsion order rescinded.

Later last winter I remember being in a room of the Hotel Grand Bulgaria in Sofia with six American newspapermen. Among them they had unmistakable proof that the Germans were going to occupy Bulgaria with the consent of the Bulgarian government within six weeks. They knew that Foreign Minister Popov was

conferring in Vienna with Ribbentrop on the details of the occupation. They knew that representatives of the German General Staff were in Sofia for the same reason. They knew what bridges were being strengthened for tanks, where the troops would enter Bulgaria, and even what barracks were being "modernized" for use by German troops. In order to send this information to America all these reporters had to do was to make a telephone call to Switzerland and have it radioed to New York—there was no censorship on the telephone. But not one of them dared send the news.

"Why should I send it?" one said; "I've a wife and kid at home and if I get bounced out of here I'll be out of a job. I've got to make a living, and those bastards down at the legation won't do anything for me and neither will the New York office."

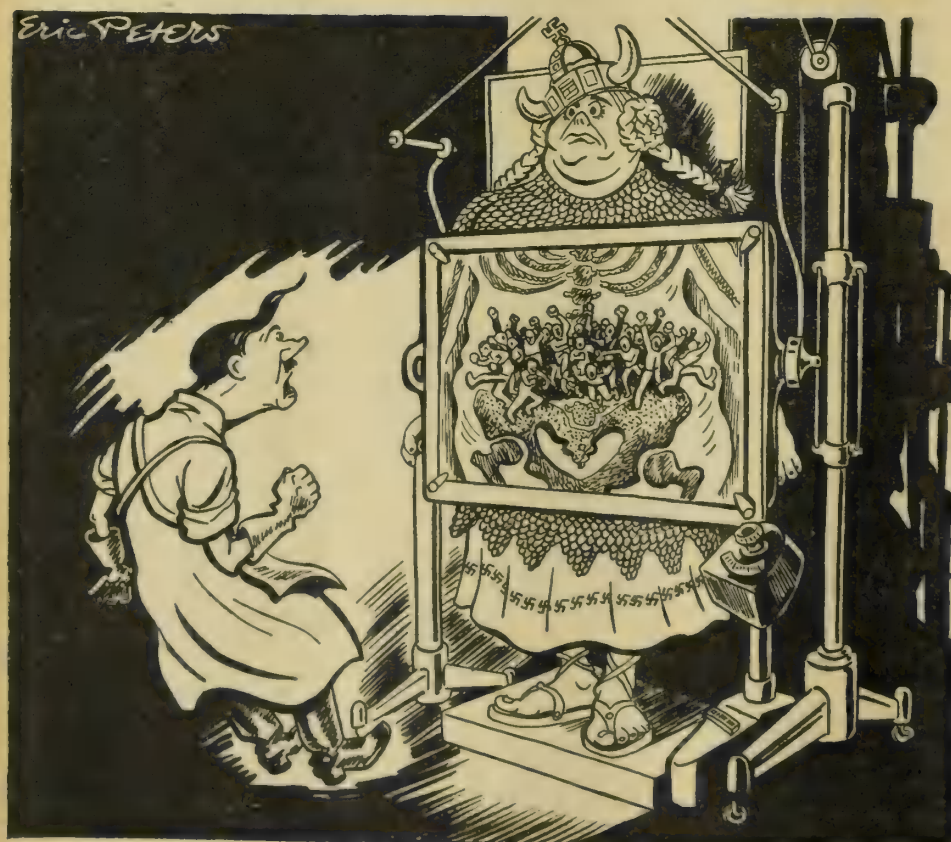
The story of the approaching German entry into Bulgaria was given to Americans by their "free" press and radio three weeks later, when it suited Dr. Goebbels's puppets in Bulgaria to allow its release.

Don't blame the poor browbeaten correspondents. If they are cautious, it is because they must depend on an antiquated State Department with an appeasement worm at its core. It is also because they are employed by private enterprises trying to make a profit in a highly competitive field. If the news-gathering agencies pooled their news and their power to protect their men under the slogan "all the news or no news," we might not now

have to swallow the fact that much of our news originates in the brain of Dr. Goebbels.

Other countries, notably Germany and England, have special press attachés in their embassies and legations. We have commercial, treasury, naval, air, and military attachés, and others whose job it is to protect special American interests. Isn't the news worth protecting, too?

If we are a democracy we are ruled by public opinion. If our public opinion is to be enlightened, it must be fed on straight facts about events abroad. Is it not, then, every bit as much a governmental responsibility to see that we get foreign news uncontaminated by our enemies as that we get pure foods, prompt mail deliveries, or cheap electricity?



A New Disorder

Caribbean Headaches

BY W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS

CONSTRUCTION work is under way at all the Caribbean bases acquired by the United States from Great Britain except in the Bahamas, where a site on Exuma Island has just been chosen. The ninety-nine-year leases are considered equivalent to an outright cession of the territory, for never in history has land been returned to the power that yielded it upon the expiration of such an agreement—though often a wholly unforeseen disposition has been made of the lease at an earlier date. The problems offered by the new footholds are therefore permanently ours, and the United States government must seek their prompt and rational solution.

The Stars and Stripes were formally raised at Galleon Harbor, Jamaica, on April 4, and the local press, the labor unions, and political groups lost no time in amassing complaints. The wage scale for unskilled Jamaican workers was thought niggardly. Race discrimination was charged, and fear was expressed that this would increase until it brought about a social crisis. While the grant of the base was approved because of the protection provided and the Yankee money that would be spent in the island, the possibility of annexation was dreaded. There was resentment because the wishes of the Jamaican people about the details of the lease had not been consulted.

In Trinidad the reaction was similar, with perhaps a sharper edge of rancor owing to the tinge of Stalinism in the labor movement. The United States navy has taken over Chaguaramas Bay and islets adjoining the northern peninsula above Port of Spain, and army engineers have set thousands to work inland clearing away the jungle for two great airfields. These will not be ready before November unless actual war enforces a speed-up. Very little construction has been done as yet on the bases in Antigua, St. Lucia, and British Guiana, which are to be secondary service stations with facilities chiefly for seaplanes. But the Bermuda stations for both arms are far advanced, and there the work has been done with a minimum of friction.

The most irksome question everywhere is the basic one of human relations. By and large, Americans have not been tactful in handling the natives. In the British West Indies law and custom have developed a class system bearing little resemblance to the color line to which Americans are habituated. Pure whites form about 2½ per cent of the population, unevenly distributed. In some of the small islands less than 1 per cent is white. Persons of mixed blood, however, amount to nearly 30 per cent of the whole. For many generations there

has been no strict demarcation based on color. Those who are almost white automatically belong to the upper class, but educated persons of any shade of complexion make their way in the professions, business, and politics, and are to a considerable extent accepted socially. Intermarriage is not uncommon, save between the extremes of light and dark. The only serious taboo is that set up by the light-colored, who are likely to shun the black peasantry and in their eagerness to be rated as white as possible play the sycophant to those paler than themselves. The intelligentsia and the new political and labor groups are comparatively free of this type of inferiority complex. There are no legal "Jim Crow" restrictions in the British Caribbean possessions. Exclusive clubs and hotels discriminate, but they do it cautiously. The mere rumor that an American firm in Jamaica had posted signs over its rest rooms, "For White," "For Colored," led N. W. Manley, chairman of the People's National Party, to protest vehemently and demand a law to prohibit such acts.

The United States officials have the right to make whatever regulations they please within the confines of the leaseholds. Foreign nationals, including the residents of adjoining territory, may not enter without permission. American lawbreakers within the zone are tried by the zone courts, though other offenders must be turned over to British courts. If Americans commit offenses outside the base, they are subject to British law but may be represented by American attorneys. Many of the island magistrates are Negroes, a fact which might be accepted calmly by a New Yorker but would anger men from the Southern states, especially in a case turning on a race quarrel. Unless the garrisons live under rules which make it unlikely that anyone will be taken into court on that issue, ugly hostility on both sides may be anticipated.

Many local workmen are being housed in barracks built by the United States government, while others come and go from villages under the British flag. All the important positions have been filled by whites so far, and the question of social equality has not arisen. But the touchy islanders have learned that American Negroes applying for jobs as bookkeepers at the Trinidad base were turned down on account of their color, and they fear that this forecasts a general policy of discrimination. The excuse given by the United States Civil Service Commission was that the British had "requested that we do not send any Negroes to the island."

While the Panama Canal was being dug, segregation of the races was enforced and was not formally resented

by the Jamaicans and Barbadians who made up the mass of unskilled labor on that job. They were in a foreign country and they had no leaders. The same sort of thing at the Caribbean bases would stir up a good deal of bad blood, though I have no doubt the workers would swallow their resentment because of the pay. The animosity engendered, however, would spill over into the towns near the base sites, and unpleasant incidents might be expected.

The recruiting of labor, the wage scale, and the working conditions constitute the second major problem. There is, of course, frenzied competition for the jobs; unemployment has long been a curse in the colonies and since the outbreak of war has become acute to the point of calamity. The banana business in particular has been hard hit by England's recent decision to bar that fruit as a luxury, and thousands of plantation hands and dock workers have lost their only means of livelihood. The building trades are in a slump. Ill-disciplined, aggressive unions have tried to influence the American engineers, but it has been ruled that the Labor Adviser, a British official, shall pass upon all applicants and that the Americans shall hire workers from those whom he approves. Big money, according to the standards of the day, was paid for unskilled labor on the Panama Canal. Knowing this, the two million Negroes of the British West Indies have imagined that the minimum daily wage would now be \$6. But they will find no such bonanza at the bases. Washington has declared that the best pay prevailing in a given locality will be met.

In Bermuda, a tourist resort and little else, money is fairly easy, and laborers get \$2 a day. The moment the preliminary surveys started, it was announced that this would be the fixed wage at the naval and air bases and that applicants would have to register through the Bermuda Labor Board. A mass-meeting of workers was held, and an association to protect their interests was formed. But trade unionism, which might have developed the power to boost wages, was not seriously contemplated. There never has been unionism in Bermuda; indeed, on this occasion it was averred to be "un-Bermudian." Nor is there any political agitation worth mentioning. The colony has a form of representative government favorable to the upper classes and will accept any arrangement made by Britain and the United States, even annexation.

A sharp contrast is presented by Jamaica, by no means the poorest of the Caribbean colonies. Four years ago the Jamaican laborer was lucky to get 2 shillings a day, a little less than 50 cents according to the pre-war rate of exchange. Strikes organized by unions formed by Alexander Bustamante, an impromptu leader, swept the island in 1938 and 1939, and wages were slowly forced up to from 3 to 4 shillings a day. The best rate now being obtained by union members is 3 shillings and ninepence. This formerly would have been equivalent to about

90 cents, but with the pound sterling officially at \$4.03¼ it has dropped to a little under 80 cents.

Meanwhile, the cost of living has risen at least 20 per cent as the result of war taxes, increased customs duties, and a shortage of shipping. Flour has gone from 3 cents to 4½ cents a pound, rice from 3½ cents to 5 cents, cornmeal from 3 cents to 4½ cents. Cooking oil used to be 24 cents a quart and is now 30 cents. Bacon has jumped from 30 cents to 45 cents. Condensed milk manufactured locally was always expensive at 14 cents for a twelve-ounce tin, and is now 18 cents. Kerosene oil, which most of the population use because they cannot afford electric lights, is 25 per cent more expensive.

Inquiries made before the work started at Galleon Harbor showed that the average rate in that neighborhood was 3 shillings a day. The American authorities wished to pay no more than that, but the British Labor Adviser persuaded them to raise the minimum to 3 shillings and ninepence. Native employers use this as an excuse for paying no more in any circumstances, and thus the Jamaican laborer's income is held at an utterly inadequate level, given the cost of living. A few skilled workers at the base, such as carpenters, are being paid £2 (\$8) a week, chauffeurs receive somewhat less. I learned of a cook, black of course, a former chef on a passenger boat, who was offered only the minimum 80 cents a day.

A writer in *Public Opinion*, a Jamaican weekly, recently drew a parallel between the American bases in the Caribbean and those that have been established by the British in Iraq. He declared that in both cases the goodwill of the native population was necessary for what he called the "ground security" of the airplanes on station, and added significantly:

The American base authorities, with the silent co-operation of the Jamaican government, could accomplish all that the British sought and lost in Iraq. By setting a fair and adequate wage scale the Americans would almost automatically cause an increase in wages throughout the island. . . . This would start a market for a number of small consumer industries (clothing, shoes, etc.), further decreasing unemployment and increasing the prosperity of the island. Also, the Jamaicans would be grateful to their American benefactors, thus guaranteeing by peaceful means the ground security of the bases.

In Trinidad the conditions are similar, with commodity prices about the same and a minimum wage somewhat less favorable to the local workman. However, more jobs have been created. Trinidad, it appears, is to be the major base on territory leased from Britain. Of an estimated \$318,050,000 to be spent for development of the new defenses, nearly one-third, or \$90,000,000, has been scheduled for Trinidad. The Chaguaramas Bay naval station alone will cost \$49,955,000. Probably 8,000 la-

borers will be steadily employed until the first of the year, after which date completion of part of the work will necessitate a reduction of the working force. An illustration of the low pay given native office helpers by Uncle Sam is found in the wages of draftsmen, who begin at \$60 a month.

Trinidad labor unions are numerous and vocal, but not very effective. As in Jamaica, the English Labor Adviser has the last word in making all deals with the Americans. Political movements which got under way before the war are poorly organized. The Labor Party is considered a failure, and there is talk of replacing it with a Socialist Party. This is needed, according to one Trinidad critic, to "take working-class politics beyond the resolutionary stage." But it is too late for the popular will to have any effect on the terms under which the American leaseholds are operated.

The reluctance of persons in the lesser colonies to criticize or complain, particularly in writing, implies the existence of a fairly rigid censorship. I have sent many letters of inquiry and have received only the most guarded answers. A correspondent in Antigua states that the Americans "are following vicious local examples," with the excuse that "to pay more would upset local wage scales." Actually, the prevailing rate in both Antigua and St. Lucia is about 1 shilling (20 cents) a day. It was possible for a laborer to live on that before the war, but he can scarcely do so now. Rising prices and a shortage of cargoes from abroad have created a menacing crisis. There is nothing resembling trade unionism to protect the workers against exploitation. Nor is there any local employment worth mentioning. If Washington pays only a shilling a day, it is taking advantage of a meaningless technicality. It might better resort to the practices of a serf economy and distribute wholesome rations as the sole remuneration.

Another correspondent writes me that the press, except in Jamaica, has "evidently been warned to keep quiet." He adds that "in Trinidad the power of censorship is rather widely and arbitrarily employed." Ironically, the servant problem has become acute in Trinidad. The American officers and contractors, not being obliged to follow the rule about paying "prevailing rates" to their personal employees, have almost doubled the current wage for good domestics, and British housewives are in a frenzy.

I believe the base authorities would do well to revise the whole plan of labor relations in the West Indies. After all, Uncle Sam is going to be there a long time and cannot remain indifferent to the problem of social rehabilitation which the region presents. One might well expect a higher standard of social justice to be set by Washington. This would be generous, and in the long run better business than the acceptance of evil local precedents.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Facing Inflation—I

FIVE cents a dozen more for eggs, butter two cents higher, another rise in the price of pork chops; that is how the housewife learns about the effects of price inflation. But while the effects hit her squarely in the pocket-book, the causes probably elude her, for inflation is one of those abstract nouns which everyone uses but comparatively few understand. For one thing most people, remembering the German experience of the early twenties, make a mental association between inflation and immense issues of paper money. In this country we have seen a fairly sharp increase in currency circulation during the past year, but that fact is merely incidental to the threat that hangs over us. The quite simple cause of the price inflation which is coming, unless drastic steps are taken to check it, is the lack of balance between the amount of purchasing power at present in our collective pockets and the volume of goods available for purchase.

During the first seven months of this year national income was 15 per cent greater than in the same period of 1940, while income payments in the form of salaries and wages, which together account for the greatest mass of purchasing power, rose by 20 per cent. Now this increase in incomes was the counterpart of a corresponding increase in goods, but not of goods which the housewife would find, or want to find, in market. For the most part the expanded output consisted of factories, machines, tanks, guns, planes, and other war materials. There was some increase in consumer goods, for manufacturers of automobiles, household machinery, and some other articles were making hay before priority regulations cut down their raw materials, but this did not alter the fact that the nation's spending money was accumulating more rapidly than the supply of purchasable commodities.

Under such circumstances only the most violent interference will prevent the forces of supply and demand from exercising an upward pull on prices until they reach an equilibrium point where the reduced purchasing power of the community will be just sufficient to absorb the diminished supply of goods. If we lived in a society where incomes were equalized, the burden of scarcity could be fairly divided by leaving prices to supply and demand. As things are, however, price inflation brings great hardships to some people but fortunes to others. There are many groups whose incomes are fairly rigidly fixed; their purchasing power and their standards of living must decline as prices rise. Other groups are able to keep their incomes at least in step with higher living costs, and a few people are in a position to reap profits which put them far ahead of the game. But in the long run, as Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau pointed out the other day, no group in the community profits from inflation "except the Three Horsemen—the Speculator, the Profiteer, and the Hoarder."

Nearly everyone agrees that it is the government's job to do something about inflation, but all too many of us think that Washington should crack down on the other fellow. The farmers are heartily in favor of price ceilings on industrial goods and of frozen wage levels, but they want Mr. Henderson to keep his hands off farm commodities—at any rate until they have risen a good deal higher than they have already. The trade unionist insists that there must be no interference with wages, and almost every business man is certain that while it may be all right to crack down on some industries there are good reasons for allowing him to put up his prices. The truth is that the government can hardly hope to grapple successfully with the problem of inflation unless all groups of citizens exercise some restraint. The housewife who indulges in panic buying, filling up cellar and closets, the farmer who lobbies against the release of government wheat stocks, the worker in a key position who presses for steadily increasing wages, the merchant who expands his profit margin, the industrialist who exacts a scarcity price—each of these is adding to the impetus of the inflationary spiral.

Hitherto the Administration, lacking adequate sanctions for a price-fixing policy, has sought to discourage inflationary moves by controlling prices of a few key commodities. It is now seeking legislation, but its present proposals do not touch wages and would permit considerable elasticity to agricultural commodities. Personally, I think that there is a good deal of merit in the argument that a stable price level can hardly be secured if farm products, which play a star role in the cost-of-living index, and wages, which are an element in all costs, are left out of account.

But in any case I doubt whether price-fixing by itself, however widely applied, is going to save us from inflation. It will not cure the fundamental fact that we have a growing volume of purchasing power competing for a shrinking volume of goods. Under such circumstances attempts to restrict the prices of scarce commodities may very well result in their disappearance from normal trade channels and their reappearance in "black markets." Even the Nazis, with all their apparatus for stringent enforcement of price regulation and their eight years' elaboration of economic controls, have not been able to suppress illegal trading entirely. We can illustrate what is likely to happen here by considering the position of refrigerators, the production of which is likely to fall far below demand during the next year. The price at the factory and the store may be fixed, but if the retailer has two or three customers clamoring for every unit he can secure, he is probably going to find some method of charging a premium.

Mr. Morgenthau, in the speech at Boston already mentioned, suggested two other angles of approach to the problem of securing a balance between purchasing power and goods which are well worth consideration. In the first place, he proposed that measures should be taken to increase the available quantity of goods on the market where this would not interfere with the defense program. It was absurd, he pointed out, that the consumer should be penalized by artificial scarcities. Wheat, cotton, and other farm commodities have risen well beyond the point where producers can

claim they are receiving an inadequate return, in spite of the fact that there are enormous stocks within the country. It is time that the government released part of the reserves which it took off the market when prices were unduly low. The ever-normal granary cannot operate as a one-way street.

The second approach involves further attempts to curtail purchasing power by means of additional taxation and increased savings, voluntary or compulsory. But I must defer discussion of these problems until my next article.

In the Wind

JUST BEFORE Mayor LaGuardia, as civilian-defense chief, suggested that filling stations on the eastern seaboard resume night operations, an assistant to Secretary Ickes called a meeting of interventionist leaders in New York. Representatives of Fight for Freedom, the Committee to Defend America, and several other groups were told that the isolationists were making political capital of the gas situation and that it was up to the interventionists to strengthen civilian morale on this question. The government man had a statement in support of the curfew which he wanted those at the meeting to sign, but they considered it too weak-kneed and drew up a stronger one of their own. Two days later LaGuardia returned from Washington and announced that it was no longer necessary for the stations to remain closed at night.

FROM A DISPATCH to the New York *Post* by Vincent de Pascal of Buenos Aires: "High Uruguayan sources here believe President Alfredo Baldomir of Uruguay may execute a coup d'état in the interest of democracy. According to these sources he would dissolve Congress, proclaim a dictatorship, and put through the constitutional reforms which the pro-Nazi Herrerista opposition has blocked."

FROM AN EDITORIAL in *Social Justice* for September 1: "If and when a shooting war eventuates, it is our belief that Catholic draftees will lay down their arms and become conscientious objectors to a Communist alliance."

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT has been testing the effectiveness of professionally handled advertising campaigns for winning recruits. Three inland states—Iowa, Indiana, and Missouri—were selected by Barton, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn for a summer campaign, and the final reports show that recruiting was tripled over May, the month before the drive started.

JOSEPH CURRAN, of the Maritime Workers, and Representative Vito Marcantonio, both of whom remained isolationists for some time after the Communist line changed, have finally indorsed the new party line. Only Michael Quill among the pro-Stalinist labor leaders has failed to execute the latest turn.

[The \$5 prize for the best item received in August goes to M. R. of New York for his story on the Ku Klux Klan, published on August 23.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

War Scars the Mountains

THEY are not talking much, the people who are supervising the digging up of the laurel. It is a new cash crop in the North Carolina mountains now that brier roots for pipe bowls are not coming from Italy and France. The hard, burlled roots are shipped in blocks to New York and New Jersey to be made into the polished bowls of pipes. It's a new chance for a new industry. But there are people who have seen the big mountains in bright flower who are disturbed.

There are no such mountains anywhere else in eastern America. They have lacked the poets to praise them that New England's hills have had. But in North Carolina, where the laurels are being dug up, there are twenty peaks that rise higher above their green and blue slopes of conifers than New England's Mount Washington rises. There are gorges which only the noon sun can find; there are cliffs so precipitate that they would make a buzzard dizzy "iffen he flew offen 'em." The high springs let loose the lively water in which the trout swim down to the creeks and the rivers by cascade and fall, through misty canyon and steaming glen, to the flat valleys full of corn and sun. But the beauty is not merely rock and rise, swift stream over high stone, altitude and the awe of distances. The earth is spectacular by the roadside in June when rhododendron and laurel, and azalea run like flame and coolness, too, in almost a waste of flowering.

It is not being wasted any more. Getting out the big, twisted laurel roots is hard work, but four mills at least are waiting for them at different points close to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, to which more tourists come than to any other national park in America. One was recently working double shifts. Mountaineers are getting from \$1 to \$2.25 a ton for the roots, and that's a lot of money up by Burnsville and Boone, where there is almost as much poverty as beauty. Also a ton of roots is a lot of laurel. If they keep digging them up, much of the beauty beside the new and magnificent Blue Ridge Parkway, which the federal government is running across the mountain tops, will be shipped to Brooklyn.

"So far," said a man who went to study the situation for the state, which is interested in tourists as well as in pipe bowls, "the digging has been back from the main roads."

Proper harvesting of even so lovely a bush as the laurel is possible, as the Forest Service has indicated by the regulations on its lands. Also this attack on the laurel may be limited to the duration of the war abroad. Laurel roots, mountaineers say, were dug before, when the last great war got between smokers and imported pipes. But the pipes which have been made from the laurel roots are good-looking pipes and good-smoking ones. A new industry may be a lasting one. On private lands no law compels the preservation of public scenery. And even if the laurel, with the rhododendron and the azalea, seems to run everywhere, twisted and intertwined, across the mountains, long cutting, careless cutting, might do great damage to one of the loveliest lands left in America.

I suppose it is a little thing in this present world. So many things are being uprooted and cut down that there will be little disposition to worry about the laurel. They would be beautiful mountains still if all the flowers were cut away from their slopes. But this pipe-bowl business must be only one of many similar things which are happening to the American land while the country keeps its eyes on war, and while war keeps away from these shores things which once came from abroad.

"There will always be an England," they have been telling us. I am sure of it. There will undoubtedly always be an America, too. But before this war began we were beginning to learn that even in peace poor men intent on labor and rich men intent on gain could make terrific changes in the landscape which used to be America. We had almost cut down the forests before we began to cherish them. There are naked mountains now, not many miles away from the places where the laurel is being dug up, which stand like pinnacles of destruction. And all around those mountains in America there are still scars where the haste and hungers of the last great war did their work. We shall have to be wiser if it does not happen again.

I hope we shall be wiser. Perhaps I worry too soon about a very little thing. The laurel is a long way off. It is not blooming now. There are many other things, more important things, to be disturbed about. But I have seen it blooming. Some millions of other Americans have ridden the new roads to see the old flowering. It is important as symbol, I think, even now of the America we really mean to defend. This will be America, of course, when all the laurel is cut down, but not the one we knew and had a right to enjoy and to save.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Red Thirties

THE RED DECADE: THE STALINIST PENETRATION OF AMERICA. By Eugene Lyons. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.

THE strange phenomenon of which Mr. Lyons is the recorder is undoubtedly worthy of the painstaking historical labors he has devoted to it. His story is the account of the curious aberration in left circles which made the corkscrew turns of an unstable Russian foreign policy authoritative not only for political groups under the influence of Stalinist communism but for intellectuals as well. While Mr. Lyons, as he himself admits, is not exactly the ideal historian for this curious undercurrent in American life, he is certainly a competent one. Ever since he lost his own faith in Russia and recorded his disillusionment in "Assignment in Utopia," he has criticized with relentless tenacity the more stubborn credulities of his fellow-journalists and other molders of opinion and recorded their subsequent tardy apostasy with mounting scorn. While his mood betrays him into occasional injustices, particularly in his assessment of motives, it cannot be denied that his mastery of the subject gives him a special right to be the historian of the "red decade."

Part of his volume is devoted to an analysis of Russian foreign policy proving that Russian national interests primarily determined the various changes from a strictly revolutionary condemnation of all capitalist governments, through a discrimination between fascism and democratic capitalism in the Litvinov period, to a return to the original position with the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact. The newest phase, with its rediscovery of "democracy" subsequent to the Nazi invasion of Russia, is naturally not treated fully, since the book was essentially completed before that event. The publishers inserted a prophecy in a footnote which the author had deleted after the invasion. It read:

The chance of Stalin turning against Germany seems, at this writing, remote; the chance of Hitler turning against Russia seems exceedingly real. In either case the American Peace Mobilization will either fold up or reverse its line. So we may still have the thrill of hearing Paul Robeson sing, and Vito Marcantonio shout, and Mike Quill bluster for America's entry into the war.

Chapters devoted to the Communist Party in America trace the subservience of that organ to Russia from the time Stalin took the party out of the hands of Lovestone and Gitlow, who controlled 90 per cent of its membership, and placed it under the leadership of Foster and Browder. The author's characterization of the leading officials of the party is based on very considerable detailed knowledge and is usually shrewd, sometimes maliciously so.

That a political party, ostensibly devoted to an international revolutionary movement but actually the instrument of the foreign office of a foreign power, should be able to function with relative impunity and success in our nation is, as Mr.

Lyons frequently reminds us, a phenomenon so unique as to require the most careful analysis. It is not completely unique in history. The Catholics in Queen Elizabeth's England had difficulty in obtaining toleration chiefly because a small group among them were actually conspiring for a Spanish victory over England. There may be other similar examples. Yet when the history of this era is written, the simple credulities of the Communist faith which gave Russia the benefit of foreign legions in all the nations of the Western world will be regarded as one of its most significant phenomena.

Mr. Lyons rightly devotes the greater portion of his historical analysis, not to Russia or the small party apparatus, but to the general temper on the left which made it possible for a party obviously under the control of a foreign power to maintain so wide an influence and to give its glaring inconsistencies such a measure of plausibility. He is properly full of scorn for the "innocents" who believed in Russian "democracy" despite all the evidence to the contrary, who hailed the Russian constitution as the last word in free government only a moment before Stalin made a laughing-stock of them by his purges, and who protested against any identification of Russian and Nazi dictatorship only a few weeks before the two dictators came together and Molotov declared like or dislike of Nazism to be a matter of "taste." In trying to understand them he decides "they were more deserving of pity than of ridicule, for only men tortured by a terrible thirst could have lapped up putrid ditch water with such relish." That observation, which Mr. Lyons applies to the innocent tourists in Russia, is a fairly accurate description of the whole leftist intellectual movement which revolved around the Russian center; if elaborated, it would explain a great deal in the spiritual climate of the decade chronicled.

The weaknesses of Mr. Lyons's account spring from the animus with which he views the scene. He is entitled to his scorn when he records the belated confessions of journalists who made a virtue of having refused to believe the truth until history overwhelmed them. Yet even in such cases he frequently attributes motives which some of us know to be false. He is also unfair in recording the too credulous acceptance of Russian claims without giving credit for subsequent criticisms. I cite only one case. He makes much of George Counts's original devotion to the Russian cause and says nothing about the strenuous work Counts has done to purge the Teachers' Union of Communist control. If a personal reminiscence is permissible in a review, I remember attending a dinner at which the Russian Ambassador and at least a dozen and a half of those very intellectuals were present about whom Mr. Lyons leaves the impression that they remained uncritically loyal to Russia until the signing of the pact. The dinner was held after the second series of Russian trials, and actually almost all those present grilled the Russian Ambassador mercilessly; the poor man could offer no explanation but the unsatisfactory official story. It is true that one ardent lady finally called a halt to the proceedings by declaring that we didn't know enough about Russia to cast

doubt upon the official version and that in any case to doubt it would be to aid and abet the fascist foe; therefore she appealed to the "will to believe." It was a remarkable performance, in perfect conformity with many similar instances cited by Mr. Lyons. But the great majority of the participants were merely amused.

In regard to Mr. Lyons's severe criticism of the two liberal weeklies (*The Nation* comes off slightly better than the *New Republic*), it must be said that it is hardly fair to identify the views of one or two of the editors of those journals with the views of the whole staff, particularly when the chief editors were critical of Russian pretensions for many years. In each case the impression is left that the magazine followed the Russian line until the Nazi-Soviet pact. As a matter of fact, the correspondence columns of both weeklies were filled for some years with protest from comrades and fellow-travelers against their critical attitude toward Russia. I have the evidence in my files that *The Nation* was publishing reams of criticism of Stalinism in a period in which Lyons accuses it of being completely compliant.

A final form of the author's unfairness is his failure to do justice to the fact that many of us who were active in organizations standing for "collective security" had no illusions about Russia or about the motives of the comrades who cooperated with us. Some of us spent considerable time trying to prevent the Communists from gaining control of these organizations, though it must be admitted that this was a pretty difficult task. We did not leave these organizations in disillusionment when the pact was signed. The Communists left at the bidding of the Russian master. Our experience will make us less eager to engage in a united front with local Communists now that international strategy demands a united front with Russia. But the facts and the motives were a little more complex in the "red decade" than Mr. Lyons assumes.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Town Mouse, Country Mouse

THE LISTENING LANDSCAPE. By Marya Zaturenska.

The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

POEMS 1930-1940. By Horace Gregory. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

MISS ZATURENSKA is the country mouse, in the sense that Marie Antoinette was a shepherdess. How did the pastoral first enchant Miss Zaturenska? One sees her, perplexed with this sick disease of modern life, standing in the subway reading "Finnegans Wake"; she frowns; across sits Einstein reading the "Anti-Dühring"; he frowns; it is like a nightmare. A schoolgirl begins to recite her homework, "Corinna's Gone A-Maying." Word by word, stanza by stanza, the repose and order of the pastoral settle over Miss Zaturenska's troubled mind, over Miss Zaturenska's feverish spirit, like a wet blanket. Joyce, Einstein, Engels fade away, are quite forgot; the subway is a mass of ivy. Miss Zaturenska goes home, sits down among her geraniums, and writes a pastoral; another; she sits there to this day, like the salt-mill at the bottom of the ocean, grinding out pastorals.

Miss Zaturenska is as efficient as a sheet of carbon paper.

She includes reasonably exact facsimiles of all the physical properties of pastoral, excludes any embarrassing interference from actuality, and hopefully supposes that she has attained the classical order that has fascinated her. But the classicism of exclusion is academicism; the real strength and use of pastoral are what Miss Zaturenska, obsessed with the trimmings, never guesses. All these clouds, marbles, legends, ferns, and nymphs ("by Fragonard") are only bystanders, innocent, unemployed, unemployable; their *esse* is purely *percipi*, they are powerless as a mirage. (I made up a motto for Miss Zaturenska: Every Man His Own Poussin.) Her curious literalness—combined with an unreflecting facility for language, the immediate, approximate, and smothering word—make her read, generally, like a rather good translation; she reminds one of the man who played the violin "by main force." Miss Zaturenska reads Auden and Yeats (once or twice they shake her branches like a breeze), yet she is satisfied with the stalest romantic diction—"Elysium-echoes of far worlds unborn," and so forth. She is handicapped, for poetry, just as Santayana was: by not having spoken English as a child. And she is regrettably literary—one picks one's way through a landscape full of painters and authors and goddesses; her *tableaux* are less *vivant* than Tussaud.

But Miss Zaturenska has obvious virtues: force, emotion, sweep, some amount of form; her poems often have a real subject, are recognizably hers, really get somewhere. Her pieces are like stage scenery, imposing and successful to the glance, coarse to a closer look: approximations. Poems like "The White Dress" or "Forest of Arden" show her at her rather disquieting best; they are rough and evitable successes—the work of a poet who has a real talent, but not for words.

Everyone is familiar with the romanticism of the far away and long ago; but what is today a more popular kind goes almost unrecognized—the exoticism of the ticker-tape, let me call it. Crane said that poetry must assimilate the machine, metropolitan existence; this sort of romanticism *exploits* the machine, and considers intrinsically valuable the showily topical and megalopolitan terms it translates everything into. Mr. Gregory (a mouse from Twenty-third Street) tells you that Macbeth embezzled, the market fell, his life insurance went to the banks; this is the strategy, intensive and extensive, of his most typical poems. "Ticker tape/on private yachts: ring them up on the cash register/cable them" will show how concentrated and wilful such imagery often becomes. Unfortunately, the modernity of its terms does not guarantee the truth or even the modernity of an insight. Imagine a writer of the '90's who conscientiously put everything in the latest metropolitan terms—bicycles, incandescent lamps, street cars—and you will see how much power, in themselves, such things keep after a generation. This whole fashion of writing (and it has been enormously fashionable) rests on a variant of the old fallacy that there are classes of words or objects which are themselves poetic. The romantics had failed before, had to escape from, the modern world: they had employed, as much as possible, "poetic" words and objects; what they rejected as anti-poetic—the mechanical, the sordid, the prosaic—was perhaps a sure means to success? A fortuitous collocation of the anti-poetic (plus, for emotion or profundity, the same old romantic and sentimental excesses) was too many poets' solution of the problem of how

to express the modern world. It was a mistake, of course; to the Muse of Poetry—a neutral monist from way back—Crane's burnt match skating in a urinal is just another primrose by the river's brim.

For poems like these Mr. Gregory employs a suitable rhetoric composed largely of parodied quotations, tags, literary clichés, mixed with slang or advertising or tabloid banalities, non-literary clichés. He gets both from his main source, Eliot; the second also derives from Joyce, Cummings, and Crane. His use of this rhetoric is heavily ironic; the automatic undifferentiating irony of many of the poems is full of the easy "disillusionment" of the '20's, the favorite defense mechanism of the sentimentalist. It is the debunker's attitude: we're all rotten, what's the good of anything? Well, what's the good of this sort of irony? Marx said that he had stood Hegel on his head; often Mr. Gregory has simply stood Pollyanna on her head. Right side up she accepts all, upside down she rejects all. And her inversion is disconcertingly inconsistent; the irony and disillusionment are never extended to the poet's own sentimentality, or to the past with which the present is unfavorably compared. The Cummings-like sentimentality of the earlier poems (a consumptive lover "coughs the moon and a gallon of stars") persists throughout the book; the embarrassingly romantic and sentimental are Mr. Gregory's Mount Sinai, a haven that is the source of all ultimates. This is natural; sentimentality and cynicism (or brutality) are complementary excesses. Mr. Gregory is Whitman on a spot—the spot being contemporary New York. The old confused and rhapsodic acceptance no longer is possible, is broken up or overlaid by an equally confused rejection; we still get all the lists' details, but ironically presented as decadence, and it is only by a sort of temperamental sleight-of-hand that the poet manages to rise into emotional acceptance. (Mr. Gregory's favorite model for passage-work is the conclusion of "Gerontion." Eliot uses an illogical series of terms so well selected that they generate their own emotion, a whole attitude; most imitators make a list and paste on an emotional conclusion.) Mr. Gregory even seems to admire this confused acceptance in other people: he speaks of "wide-breasted Whitman" (surely so ironic a poet might have said "soft"), and Emerson, at least in these poems, seems his favorite writer—subject too.

Some of Mr. Gregory's poems have merely appeared in the *New Yorker*; others are *New Yorker* poems: the inclusive topicality, the informed and casual smartness, the flat fashionable irony, meaningless because it proceeds from a frame of reference whose amorphous superiority is the most definite thing about it—they are the trademark not simply of a magazine but of a class.

Mr. Gregory's radicalism—I am talking not about his personal beliefs but about their manifestation in his poetry—seems to me more a sentiment than a body of ideas, something the age furnished him just as it did his irony or his prosody. There is more social sympathy (Mr. Gregory knows and cares about poor and ordinary people) and social satire (a radical point of view is a great additional source of irony) than social insight in the poems. His radicalism is contradicted by his Whitmanish acceptance, his Eliotish insistence on the inferiority of the present; but these are so much stronger one hardly notices or cares about the contradiction.

Most of Mr. Gregory's poems do not have regular meters, line lengths, or stanzas; any poet knows how hard it is really to organize a poem without these. But his feeling for speech and tone, his real selectivity, plus his absolutely magnificent rhymes, do manage to hold his poems together surprisingly often. The rhythmical flow of the poems, which in his middle period is broken up into a fashionable sort of stream-of-consciousness collage, is restored in the fantastic reveries of the later poems, monologues of a queer improbable verisimilitude, full of the "feel of the times."

I have talked so much about Mr. Gregory's weaknesses because they are fascinating to me, so beautifully representative; but he has most of the representative virtues of the time as well. He belongs more to the conversational-colloquial half of modern poetry than to the rhetorical-obscure half; his textures often have the particularity and precision and bareness of successful prose. He is an accomplished, sensitive, and complicated poet; honest, too: he never fools his readers without fooling himself. I found his poems much better than I had remembered, and felt for them much respect and a little enthusiasm. But one must not make out too imposing a case for his poetry: there is something curiously passive and automatic about even his individuality, as if he were the age's Trilby. His poetry is the sort the next age will take only at a tremendous discount. Probably he has been overrated; but he is a rather creditable sort of poet to overrate; anyone who can write poems as good as his best ones—"Interior: the Suburbs," for instance—deserves one's affection or awe. RANDALL JARRELL

There Is Yucatan!

YUCATAN. By Lawrence Dame. Random House. \$3.

THE FOLK CULTURE OF YUCATAN. By Robert Redfield. University of Chicago Press. \$3.50.

THE AZTECS OF MEXICO. By George C. Vaillant. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$4.

REVOLUTIONS are made by men as they are, and they seek to guide men who are not ideal. Revolutions, in crashing out of the present, collide with the framework of the past, and that framework rarely turns out to be frail or brittle. Sometimes, though very rarely, the persistence of the past aids a revolution: when their lands were restored to the Mexican Yaquis, it was found that five centuries of oppression and hostility had not destroyed their communal thinking and their collectivist techniques. The changed techniques of production are far more important than the new status of property, for in a very definite sense a revolution is a change of production method. It is made for that purpose, and it fails if the change is not achieved. The three books under review all contain powerful stimuli to thought about revolution and reform.

Mr. Dame is a Boston journalist. His book has almost all the faults a travel book can have, and yet it not only powerfully asserts itself as one reads but vigorously survives in one's memory. Mr. Dame is no Tomlinson describing a monotonous and safe Amazon voyage in prose that has the gorgeousness and intricacy of a tropical forest. Any one passage in his book appears flat, heavy-footed, yet without

compensatory thoroughness. He is politically naive and sometimes invites one to be nostalgic for the days of the Yucatan millionaires. And he does not know whether consistently to deplore the disease and the malnutrition, the unadorned crudity of present-day Mayan life or to recommend its idyllic peace. But one virtue Mr. Dame's book does possess and it is the vital one, without which no travel book is worth paper and ink. Mr. Dame has a burning enthusiasm for Yucatan.

And what a place it is! Chichen Itza covers almost the area of London, and though one must not think of the ruins as once a city in the sense that London is a city; their size is even more astonishing when one bears in mind that it was principally a theological center, existing for religion. The Mayan people were already in hopeless decline when the Spaniards came. No one knows why: perhaps because the colossal burden of tribute to the gods and the priesthood broke the popular will or stirred revolt, perhaps because the clash of the Aztec theology with the Mayan, despite apparent fusion, undercut the props of belief. It has been suggested that the agricultural technique exhausted locality after locality, causing the Mayans ever to move on, carrying upon their backs an impossible burden of religious duty. An army or a people marches upon its stomach. But it cannot crawl forever beneath whole cordilleras of temples, beneath continents of carved limestone. A little old man squatting in a ruined temple in Uxmal told me the Mayans had been driven out by hordes of hydrophobic bats—and even this fantastic theory has one tiny grain of plausibility. But there is Yucatan, \$75 away, a land where the Mexican Revolution has conspicuously failed. Though it is not his purpose, Mr. Dame tells you something of the problems the revolution had to meet.

Mr. Redfield's scholarly volume is not concerned with evaluations but with the discernment of cultural horizons and the disentanglement of contributing streams. This is done with subtlety and competence, and the result is a book which anyone interested in the Mexican Revolution definitely ought to read. Mr. Redfield takes four cultural centers as types of historical development: Mérida, the center of an urbanized fusion of Spanish and local culture, with the Western predominating; Dzitas, a railroad town in which the Mayan folk culture is strong, but yielding and considered inferior; Chan Kom, a fairly progressive village in which the native elements are vigorous and respectable; and Tusik, a pure and very belligerently independent community of the "jungle" Maya. In all, the technique of maize cultivation is the same, though other elements differ widely. This fact forces one's political attention upon the true nature of the *ejido* as the basis of Mexican agrarian reform. The *ejido* idea has been a failure in the remoter regions of Yucatan because in the great "unpossessed" areas there was no revolutionary incentive to the acquisition of land. A *milpa*, or cornfield, could be burned out of the common forest and held subject only to easy clan controls and religious laws. The revolution has not been without effect in Chan Kom. A school has been established, and a fairly rapid secularization of ideas as to causality has occurred. But the granting of an *ejido* has not caused the remote *milpa* patches to be abandoned. Only a mechanization of the *ejido* or some other means of raising its yield, such as its extension and fertilization, could have done that.

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In his unique, intimately informing style, the author of *400 Million Customers* introduces us to our "Good Neighbors." Illustrated. \$3.00

The whole problem of the re-creation of a people's character can be studied through Dr. Vaillant's superb account of the rise and fall of the Aztec nation of the Mexican highlands. "The Aztecs of Mexico" is not merely the best general account of that tremendous sequence of events but so far as I know the first really competent effort to cover the whole ground. The fruits of long research in the field are summed up here and incorporated in a body of knowledge derived from a thorough survey of documentary sources. The book, despite its necessary difficulty, is marvelously good reading for the layman. Mr. Dame, an enthusiastic visitor, is skeptical of the revolution. Dr. Vaillant adopts a different attitude in the brief section in which he refers to recent events.

The Aztec system of land holding had permitted possessive privileges to a certain few, who were distinguished by function. The land in general, however, was a national possession, administered and parceled out by the clan for "individualist" working. The Spanish administration, then at the height of its centralist phase in Spain, did not recognize communal property and arbitrarily stabilized the existent distribution upon the basis of personal title, thus disrupting the entire economy. Chiefs became landlords where they had been public stewards. But this was not all. Lands were granted to Spaniards, and with lands, rights to labor. "Most of the Indians lost their land and labored on haciendas or in the mines," Dr. Vaillant says. Later centuries completed the process. The Indian's will to live was virtually broken. The revolution has begun to restore Mexico to the Indians, or, in the author's words, "Lazaro Cárdenas has made super-

human efforts to drag the Indians out of bondage into participation in the active and political life of the country." The *ejido*, the granting of land in usufruct, in a certain sense recreates the old forms, at the same time investing them with new meanings. Most of the difficulties have been those attendant upon failure to localize, as it were, the federal state, so that it might substitute for the vanished tribe or clan. The intensification of local cultural activity and the localization of economic aid, aiming at an increase of individual and communal sense of purpose, is what the Mexican land reform needs. Dr. Vaillant does not indulge in such speculations, of course. His book excited the reviewer to think again about the Mexican Revolution, for it places recent years against the long perspective of a tremendous drama. "The Aztecs of Mexico" demands full tribute as a brilliant and unfailingly lucid treatment of a noble theme.

RALPH BATES

A Freudian Autobiography

FROM ORIENT TO OCCIDENT: MEMOIRS OF A DOCTOR. By Leon Weber-Bauler. Translated by Bernard Miall. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

SOME autobiographies describe an adult's life—his work, politics, avocations, and friends. Others, more subjective and introverted, initiate us into the life of a child—his first vivid impressions of the world, his elemental loves, fears, and longings. In the latter type of book we seem to see the same sights, feel the same sensations, as the child, and breathe the familiar odors of the author's early home. Such an autobiography conforms to the observation of Freud that the period of early childhood not only contains the most intense emotional experience of our lives but is formative and determining for the shape of the events that follow.

More than half of this book is devoted to childhood memories, and the latter part is an account of early influences as they persisted in adult life. The author's career as a doctor who worked with Pasteur in the early days of antiseptics, his artistic interests centering around the Russian Ballet, which brought him into the company of Bakst, Diaghilev, Benois, and later Isadora Duncan and Jacques Dalcroze, his activities as medical referee of the secretariat of the League of Nations, are only briefly touched upon. There are but fragmentary glimpses of the life of his time. The book's two motifs—perhaps they are really one—are Russia and the author's mother, a descendant of feudal landowners who elected to devote her life to the liberation of the proletariat and fled as a political refugee from Russia to Switzerland, to Italy, and finally to Paris. The hunted, neglected childhood of her son was pervaded with a nostalgia for the old home in Russia and a passionate devotion to his indomitable, revolutionary mother. Beginning and ending with a dream, the book maintains throughout a mood in keeping with the author's conclusion in a lonely adolescence: "From the moment when our early childhood is past, when the personality begins to take definite shape, it tends to isolate itself; and it seems that a great part of the effort of life henceforth will be given to mitigating this solitude by a constant endeavor to understand others."

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IN BRIEF

PEACE AIMS AND THE NEW ORDER. Outlining the Case for European Federation Together with a Draft Constitution of a United States of Europe. By R. W. G. Mackay. With a Foreword by Norman Angell. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

Like so many British political theorists just now, Mr. Mackay is convinced of the absolute necessity of federation in the post-war world. He believes world federation impossible for a long time, however, and British-American federation a less promising beginning than European federation, for which he provides a draft constitution. Given the fact that Great Britain is part of a world-wide empire and given the essential solidarity of the English-speaking countries, many will feel that anything short of world federation would be little more than a fresh complication.

PROPAGANDA AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: 1763-1783. By Philip Davidson. University of North Carolina Press. \$4.

The thesis that the American Revolution was the work of a minority, consciously employing unremitting propaganda to change the attitude of the indifferent majority in the span of a single generation, is here developed. The documentation is thorough and the material well organized and effectively presented. It is so extensive as to leave little room for dissent. This book reinforces what is rapidly being recognized as the true view of the Revolution and the origin of the Constitution.

PERSONAL REVOLUTION AND PICASSO. By Louis Danz. Foreword by Merle Armitage. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.75.

This is an attempt to evaluate Picasso's "Guernica," which is reproduced as the frontispiece, and to draw from it certain fundamental principles about aesthetics. What Mr. Danz has to say is illuminating, but his style, much influenced by Miss Stein, for all its learned allusions and esoteric vocabulary, can only be described as baby talk. If a man has clear ideas, as Mr. Danz seems to have, why should he hesitate to put them clearly? It wouldn't make so long a book, of course, and it might not impress the *haute Bohème*. But must a philosopher now be always either pedantic or precious, and never a man of sense?

THE COMMON SENSE OF WAR AND PEACE. World Revolution or War Unending. By H. G. Wells. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

The subtitle—and Mr. Wells's previous books—will tell you what to expect. The author believes that under democracy revolutions are possible without violence and without throwing out the baby of civilized individualism with the bath water of rugged capitalism. It is to be hoped this is true; for Mr. Wells, who has been the Cassandra of the literary world as Mr. Churchill was in the political, has a way of predicting what actually comes to pass. Of the two alternatives he sees before us there can be little doubt which is preferable.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

ARKANSAS. A Guide to the State. American Guide Series. Hastings House. \$2.50.

SELECTED POEMS. By George Barker. Macmillan. \$1.90.

JOSEPH CONRAD. Poland's English Genius. By M. C. Bradbrook. Macmillan. \$1.

COME THE THREE CORNERS. Achievements of the Empire Overseas Since War Began. By Sir Harry Brittain. Hutchinson. \$2.75.

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By Margaret E. Burton. University of Chicago Press. \$4.50.

THE CAMBRIDGE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM THE DECLINE OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Vol. I. The Agrarian Life of the Middle Ages. Edited by J. H. Clapham and the late Eileen Power. Macmillan. \$7.50.

MEET THE SOUTH AMERICANS. By Carl Crow. Harper. \$3.

FINLAND REVEALS HER SECRET DOCUMENTS ON SOVIET POLICY. March 1940-July 1941. Funk. \$1.

VOLCANIC ISLE. By Wilfrid Fleisher. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.

WAR IN THE AIR. September 1939-May 1941. By David Garnett. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.50.

WHERE STANDS A WINGED SENTRY. By Margaret Kennedy. Yale University Press. \$2.

STRICTLY PERSONAL. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

BALTIMORE ON THE CHESAPEAKE. By Hamilton Owens. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.50.

THE MYTH OF THE TOTAL STATE. Europe's Last Bid for World Rule. By Guenter Reimann. Morrow. \$2.75.

THE QUEST FOR LAW. By William Seagle. Knopf. \$5.

MEN OF EUROPE. By André Simone. Modern Age. \$2.50.

YOUR FOREIGN POLICY: HOW, WHAT, AND WHY. By Robert Aura Smith. Viking. \$2.75.

AN ADVENTURE IN EDUCATION. Swarthmore College Under Frank Aydelotte. By the Swarthmore College Faculty. Macmillan. \$2.50.

THE GREAT CULTURAL TRADITIONS: THE FOUNDATIONS OF CIVILIZATION. Vol. I. The Ancient Cities. Vol. II. The Classical Empires. By Ralph Turner. McGraw-Hill. \$4.00 each.

THE INTENT OF THE CRITIC. By Edmund Wilson, Norman Foerster, John Crowe Ransom, W. H. Auden. Edited by Donald A. Stauffer. Princeton University Press. \$2.50.

DRAMA

Bombs over Broadway

THE author of "The Wookey" (Plymouth Theater) is an American newspaperman named Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. By his own ready confession he has not seen Britain at war, and his play is frankly synthetic—or, if you prefer a phrase with more favorable connotations, "based on research." There does not, however, seem much risk in guessing that it will be one of the hits of the season, and I think it deserves all the success it can win.

No doubt some considerable part of the tumultuous applause which greets the fall of the final curtain is a tribute to the subject, the courage of the little man in England, rather than a tribute to the play as a play; but it would be a mistake to suppose there is no more to it than that or to take it too readily for granted that any play on so timely a subject could provoke so abundantly the response which an audience right now is doubtless ready to make. Such a play might very easily seem maudlin or cheap, but this one, for all its frank theatricality, is not fundamentally either. And I do not remember that the last great war produced, during its duration, anything one-half so effective.

What Mr. Brennan has written might be described in coldly professional terms as a melodramatic comedy-drama of character. The central figure—the Wookey himself—is the almost fabulous Cockney owner of a junk barge who stubbornly refuses to have anything to do with a war as badly managed as this one until the bombs begin to fall around him, but he ends as almost a symbol of dogged, matter-of-fact resistance against what looks like overwhelming odds. The two big melodramatic scenes of an air raid and after come, as they should in a melodrama, in the penultimate position, and they are tremendously effective, in part no doubt

because one of Jo Mielziner's sets is unusually fine and because the sound effects, recorded in London by permission of the British Ministry of Information, are wonderfully convincing. The play ends on the day of the greatest raid on London with the Wookey, whose wife has been killed and whose cellar has been, with official irony, designated as a "shelter," climbing up with a machine-gun in his arms to face the swooping raiders.

Mr. Wookey himself, though like all the characters drawn in broad strokes, is an original conception—the portrait, almost the caricature, of the great-little man who is the center of his admiring circle, the unquestioned king of his household, and great in his own estimation as well as great, though in different ways, in actual fact. All the other characters, including the fighting Irishman and the Rabelaisian Aunt Gen who gives up strip-teasing to ladle out soup, are as true to stage tradition as they are to life; but for once at least theatrical conventions seem capable of carrying genuine observation and emotion. Perhaps I can best indicate to what extent this is true by making a confession highly complimentary to the author but possibly discreditable to me—namely, that if it were not for published information to the contrary I might very well have assumed that Mr. Brennan wrote from London and have proceeded to point out how a man who has been deeply moved by contact with some powerful reality may manage to give genuine expression to his thought and feeling even though using as vehicle literary or dramatic conventions previously learned. And I am not at all sure that something of the sort is not still appropriate, that Mr. Brennan has not done just that, has not written a play much more genuine than an analysis of its methods would tend to make seem possible. Nor should it, of course, be forgotten that presentation has much to do with effect. All the roles are well played. Edmund Gwenn is superb as the central figure, whether he is being comically self-assured or genuinely heroic, and Carol Goodner is precisely what she ought to be as Aunt Gen.

It may be that we shall have better, at least subtler and more intellectual, plays about the war at some later date. "Journey's End" and "What Price Glory" came, of course, in the twenties, and Bruce Bairnsfather's "Old Bill" transferred to the stage was about as near as either England or America came to expressing its war-time self in

the theater during the period when the war was still being fought. "The Wookey" has a touch of the toughness of "What Price Glory," perhaps even a much slighter touch of the kind of caricature represented by Old Bill, but it suits a war-time world better than either because it is moving without being actually painful, because it is saved from being the latter not only by its robust comic aspects but by virtue of the fact that it is full of courage and respect for courage. Perhaps it is also appropriate to remark that to whatever extent propaganda may or may not be part of the intention, "The Wookey" is very effective propaganda indeed. It does not say that England should be aided. But it makes Englishmen seem to deserve our aid as much as they need it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

TO THE eleven songs from Schubert's great "Winterreise" cycle that Lotte Lehmann recorded for Victor are now added seven that she has done for Columbia (Set 466, \$3.50); "Gute Nacht" (No. 1 of the cycle) and "Wasserflut" (No. 6) on 71174-D; "Letzte Hoffnung" (No. 16), "Die Wetterfahne" (No. 2), and "Auf dem Flusse" (No. 7) on 71175-D; "Rast" (No. 10) and "Frühlingstraum" (No. 11) on 71176-D. These Columbia offers as its Volume 1; and presumably its Volume 2 will give us the remaining six. All the 24 songs of the cycle will, then, be available, but thoroughly mixed up in three albums, so that to hear them in their proper sequence one will have to play a side or even half a side of a record in one album, then a similar part of a record in another album, and so on. You or I could not produce anything like that; it takes the mind of a recording executive. You or I would supply the German text of each song and an English translation and put them on a leaflet that could be held comfortably when one read; it takes a recording executive to supply only the English and paste it on the cover of the album, which therefore one has to hold open uncomfortably.

Lehmann's resources of voice, of personal emotion, of specifically musical feeling are as always deeply affecting; and as always there are details of phrasing which one disapproves of while one is affected by them. One is moved by the dramatic over-intensification of "DIE Liebe liebt das Wandern" in

"Gute Nacht," but one would prefer to be moved by musically effective phrasing of the melody as it is written: "DIE LIEBE liebt das Wandern"—phrasing of the sort that is to be heard in Paul Ulanowsky's fine piano accompaniments. And in the rapid "Wetterfahne" Lehmann betrays vocal difficulties—in breathless and shrill singing, in slovenly phrasing, in changes of Schubert's melody. The records reproduce her voice with remarkable fidelity; but all the attention seems to have been concentrated on that, and not enough on good recording of the piano, and on such refinements as cleanness and quiet: with the music one hears grit, crackling, hissing.

These noises are especially bad in Giesecking's set (X-201, \$2.50) of five Brahms Intermezzi for piano: Op. 118 No. 6 and Op. 76 Nos. 3 and 4 on 71172-D; Op. 116 No. 4 and Op. 119 No. 2 on 71173-D. The performances are excellent and reproduced with fidelity of timbre on the records; the pieces I dislike. But one hears the noises in lesser degree on other records: the set (X-202, \$2.50) of Szigeti's superb performance of Corelli's beautiful "La Folia," which is reproduced with a brassy sound; Barbirolli's August set (X-200, \$2.50) of Brahms's Academic Festival Overture, with performance and recording that are fair; the single disc (71190-D, \$1) with Bartlett and Robertson's fine performance of Chopin's uninteresting Rondo Op. 73 for two pianos; another single (71192-D, \$1) with Risé Stevens's beautiful singing of "Connais-tu le pays" from "Mignon" and her excessively mannered singing of the Habanera from "Carmen"; still another single (71193-D, \$1) with Bacaloni's raucous singing of "La Venedetta" from "The Marriage of Figaro" and "A Un' Dottor" della mia sorte" from "The Barber of Seville."

And noises of that sort, indicating careless processing at one point or another, are also occasionally to be heard from Victor records—for example, the set (802, \$2.50) of American works for solo wind instruments and string orchestra: Bernard Rogers's Soliloquy and Wayne Barlow's Rhapsody "The Winter's Past" on 18101; Burrill Phillips's American Dance and Homer Keller's Serenade on 18102. The works are competently written, but not in any way significant or distinctive; Howard Hanson's performances with the Eastman-Rochester Symphony seem good and are well recorded.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

All Aid—for What?

Dear Sirs: "War aims" is an ambiguous phrase: it means, on the one hand, the fighting objective, such as self-defense, conquest, victory, destruction of the enemy; it means, on the other hand, goals beyond the war but motivating it as a whole, such as revenge, imperial power, wealth, *Lebensraum*, peace, democracy, civilization. The failure of the League of Nations to "make the world safe for democracy" undoubtedly makes more difficult any effort to set up as a goal a new scheme for a world order acceptable to our culture. It makes difficult any motivation beyond survival, revenge, and restoration of the *status quo ante*.

Such goals are all illusory. "Survival" would mean little if in order to "survive" we gave up values for which we would lay down our lives—freedom, democratic responsibility, honor, humanity. The *status quo ante*—"business-as-usual"—can never be restored, thank God, for if it could it would be precisely that explosive, greedy "peace" which has already bred two world wars. Reprisal, which (*per* Gallup poll) now motivates half the English population, may win the war but lose the peace. It kills the enemy but revives the enmity. Lodge's and Clemenceau's revenge produced Hitler's hate. Hitler's revenge would perpetuate England's hate. Heaven protect us from the aftermath of our own revenge! But heaven won't.

The answer is not appeasement. Criminals at large must be stopped, not encouraged, even though we know nowadays what causes criminals. But while we take emergency measures against crime, we begin to recognize that only community reorganization and normal opportunities for all will prevent its increase. A situation in which international crime "does not pay" will be a world in which international good-will *does* pay; in which it will be more worth while to play the game under decent rules of live and let live—rules in the making and enforcing of which all men of good-will and good faith who accept them may have a share.

If the achievement of good-will and good faith are to be war aims, the United States should demand them as the only price worth the stupendous sacrifices we are now asked to make.

The defeat and uprooting of governments in most of the democracies should make their federalization a practical possibility, under the temporary shelter and hegemony of the Anglo-Saxon nations. A projected plan for the pooling of world resources for equitable access by all might check or offset any remaining greed on our side, and might be an inducement for starved peoples to recognize the ultimate folly of nihilistic power politics.

No war aims are ever fully realized as envisioned. But without positive, constructive goals beyond the war we die in vain. Our America may gain the whole world but lose its own soul.

THOMAS D. ELIOT

Evanston, Ill., September 10

Mr. Ransom to Miss Bogan

Dear Sirs: Only yesterday did I have the pleasure of reading Louise Bogan's review of my recent book in your issue of July 12.

I do not understand yet all of Miss Bogan's objections to it. For example, she refers to my discussions of "texture," and then oddly goes on to speak of "textual" criticism. She does it twice, and seems to identify me with the "textual" critic. Does she consider "textual" and "textural" the same thing? I have heard the two words pronounced much the same way by Southerners: is she then a Southerner, and influenced by the regional idiom? Or does she think the two adjectives are not the same, but either is so bad for the critic that it does not matter which he is, and he may take it either way without improving his position?

Other objections of hers I have to accept. She rebukes me for many things, but chiefly perhaps for a whole book that is "tense" and "abstract." I may not have realized how extreme my book is in both those properties. But Miss Bogan may recall with me one of the best things that T. S. Eliot ever said, I think in reviewing a book by Arthur Symonds: that it behooves the critic to write about poetry in prose language rather than poetical language. At any rate, I think I assumed that a critical book in plain economical prose is in order if the critic pleases to write one, without disparagement to the critical books written on other principles. I am

sure the result is no better than it should be, but I had rather expected that in *The Nation* it would fall into the hands of a reviewer who would examine its arguments instead of into those of a lady looking for literature and "images."

Miss Bogan turns back finally "in relief" to her beloved library of the writings of I. A. Richards, who is good enough to supply her with a perfectly gorgeous image from the Chinese, the one about riding bicycles round the parapets of heaven. But she had better be careful. Mr. Richards, if he has read her piece, is not charmed with it, for he is a tough thinker, and I must now defend him against her. I should like to know whether she has read Mr. Richards's first book, "The Meaning of Meaning," which strikes me as quite abstract and possibly tense too. If she has not read that one, she invites the designation of a four-flusher reviewer, for assuming to have more cards in her hand than she has. And then I should like to know whether she has read his formidable last book, "Interpretation in Teaching"; if she has not read that one either, she will have to go down as a three-flusher.

You, Sirs, might have handed a book entitled "The New Criticism" to a reviewer who was familiar with the new criticism, including the kind written by Mr. Richards.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM

Gambier, Ohio, August 30

Miss Bogan in Reply

Dear Sirs: Let me begin with the highest level of Mr. Ransom's letter. I quite agree with Eliot that the critic should write about poetry in prose language rather than in "poetical" language. But there are many different vocabularies in prose language, as I. A. Richards has spent more than twenty-five years making clear. And if one is to be a true critic of literature, beneath any vocabulary must exist a state of sensibility, an intuitive grasp, an open mind, and a generous and humble heart. Richards has spent years demanding such critical equipment, in the face of the disgruntled specialists. His intuition that "art and the rest of life are continuous" and his certainty that "art is the most valuable form of activity" have enraged pedants before this. Richards also be-

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believes that "there is but one end for the sciences"—an inclusive and humane end. He wishes to tie up even rhetoric, grammar, and logic with larger knowledge, not to isolate and deform them. Because he holds these beliefs, he is "new"—not because he draws diagrams and conducts experiments in the classroom. His best *dicta* are "new" in the same way as the critical *dicta* of Baudelaire, Flaubert, Yeats, Rilke, and André Gide: consistently adhering as they do to the spirit, as opposed to the letter. Textbooks deal with the mechanics of the human spirit. Literature deals directly with that subtle, infinitely complicated spirit itself, and does better under the imagination of the artist than under the rules of the schoolmaster.

I find in my précis of that "formidable" book, "Interpretation in Teaching" ("interpretation," mind you!) the following sentence which the neo-classic school of critics might take to heart: "It is perhaps important to insist that abstract thinking is not a highly specialized, sophisticated intellectual feat."

And may I say that, after having reviewed books for eighteen years, and lived for forty-four, without ever having been called a lady, a four-flusher, a three-flusher, a Southerner, or (implicitly) a fool, Mr. Ransom's pure truculence in calling me all these things made me laugh very much?

LOUISE BOGAN

New York, September 9

P. S. And it is the "altar" of heaven, not the "parapets"!

L. B.

Pan-American Student Center

Dear Sirs: We are pleased to inform you of the establishment in Bogotá of a Pan-American Student Center (Centro Panamericano de Estudiantes) whose aim is the realization of the following objectives: to establish close bonds and cultural exchanges among the American nations; to exchange books and publications and maintain correspondence with certain universities and similar organizations of this continent; to organize conferences on various phases of American culture to be conducted by professors of international law, diplomats, and literary figures; to welcome and entertain visiting American students; to undertake studies dealing with American international law, American sociology, and other subjects pertaining to our economic, artistic, and literary realities; to work for the foundation of similar centers in the other American republics.

Realizing your special interest in everything tending to strengthen the feeling of solidarity and mutual understanding among the American nations, we hope that you will bring our organization to the attention of your readers. We shall be grateful for the donation of theses, magazines, newspapers, or any other publications.

LUIS ORTIZ BORDA, General Secretary
Bogotá, Colombia, August 20

Tea and Currency

Dear Sirs: My household is drinking tea imported from England, and my mother is sending tea from here to my sister in London. I am quite sure the same is happening in other families. Would it not be possible to establish an agreement by which people could pay in dollars here for tea delivered in England to their families? It would give England foreign currency without wasting boat space.

JULIE MEYER

New York, September 5

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The Shape of Things

REPEAL OF THE NEUTRALITY ACT MIGHT seem a mere formality after the issuance of the President's shoot-on-sight order to American naval patrols. One by one the provisions of the act have been whittled away by legal interpretations or administrative rulings. The zones into which American ships are forbidden to enter have been gradually reduced, first by executive interpretation, more recently by Attorney General Biddle's opinion that Eire and all but five of Britain's overseas possessions are excluded from the terms of the act. The State Department further weakened the act by its ruling that Americans escaping from the war zone may travel on belligerent ships. The provision barring loans to belligerents was long since scuttled by the lend-lease program. In fact, the whole policy of all-out aid to the countries resisting aggression stands in direct contradiction to the isolationist philosophy underlying the Neutrality Act. But though the act has been circumvented in many respects, it still remains a formidable barrier to our present national policy. It prevents us from arming our merchant ships and from using American-flag vessels for the shipment of lend-lease cargoes to Britain or European Russia. Administration leaders naturally dislike the prospect of a Congressional battle over repeal, but a showdown must be risked. Repeal by nullification is a subterfuge which should be abandoned in the interest of defense and of honesty.

✱

JAPAN'S REFUSAL TO OFFER EVEN HALFWAY decent terms to China appears to have saved this country, temporarily at least, from a humiliating compromise with Tokyo. Instead of abandoning its aggressive aims, as some dispatches had indicated it would, the Japanese government has officially, through its Foreign Minister, reaffirmed its determination to establish a "new order in East Asia," and pointed to Manchoukuo as an illustration of the new order. Reports from the Far East indicate that the danger of a Japanese invasion of Siberia has increased considerably in the past week as a result of Nazi successes in the West. Fear that Japanese protests to Moscow against floating mines are part of the stage setting for invasion has led the Soviets to withdraw a num-

ber of the wives and children of the embassy staff in Tokyo. The Soviets are also reported to be strengthening their military and naval defenses in the Far East. A Japanese attack, if it is to come, must be made within the next fortnight or so, for winter comes early and is extraordinarily severe in this region and the Japanese have shown themselves to be bad cold-weather fighters.

★

THERE COULD BE NO WISER CHANGE THAN that which has taken the Office of Export Control from the hands of Brigadier General R. L. Maxwell and placed it in those of Vice-President Wallace, with Milo Perkins in charge. The administration of the Office of Export Control by General Maxwell has been legalistic, pettifoggish, and sympathetic toward appeasement. It was his office which whittled down the President's "embargo" on aviation gas for Japan to aviation gas of a certain octane content, negated the scrap embargo for months by limiting it to No. 1 heavy melting, and exempted most of our machine tools from the embargo on basic necessities of the defense program. By placing the Office of Export Control under the new Economic Defense Board the President moved this vital bureau farther away from the State Department. The Vice-President, as chairman of that board, made the best of choices when he picked Perkins to administer the duties of the Office of Export Control. Perkins is not an appeaser or a pettifogger or a brass hat, but one of the most progressive and able administrators in the New Deal. Economic warfare should now take on new vigor and meaning.

★

REACTIONS TO LINDBERGH'S SPEECH AT Des Moines continue, two weeks after the event, to be vigorous and almost universally unfavorable. Scarcely a newspaper has failed to rebuke the ex-colonel. With the exception of Senator Nye, no one of any consequence has ventured a public defense of Lindbergh's anti-Semitism, and even a few case-hardened fellow-travelers, like Hugh Johnson, Arthur Capper, and Herbert K. Hyde, have fallen away. The Keep America Out of War Congress, organization of liberal and radical non-interventionists, entered a prompt demurrer. Washington observers report that anti-Semitism, which a few weeks ago cropped out almost daily in speeches on the floor of Congress, has not made a single appearance since the Des Moines incident. Probably the most effective, though indirect, answer to Lindbergh was the action taken at the American Legion convention in Milwaukee, which to the surprise of most people gave the government's foreign policy a blanket indorsement. The convention was remarkable for the absence of Lindbergh-America First sentiment. Even the resolution favoring aid to Russia passed with a comfortable majority. On the whole the

attempt to inject anti-Semitism and other forms of Nazi demagoguery into the discussion of foreign policy seems to have backfired.

★

THE NOMINATION OF J. M. KEYNES AS A director of the Bank of England is a portent of the revolution by consent which many recent visitors have observed to be making rapid progress in Britain. For the institution over which Sir Montagu Norman has presided for so many years is perhaps the last British stronghold of nineteenth-century financial orthodoxy. With the protagonist of managed money and a compensated economy penetrating its thick walls we can be sure that it will not return to the cult of the golden calf. Sir Montagu, however, is not yet ready to surrender all. At the semi-annual meeting of the bank's shareholders he announced that although he has reached the retiring age of seventy he was going to remain in office for a twenty-third term. It is a tribute to the power residing in the semi-official but privately owned Bank of England that he has lasted so long in the face of constant attack. His obstinacy was rightly blamed for Britain's effort to re-introduce the pre-1914 gold standard after the last war—an effort which cost the country millions of unemployed. He took an active part behind the scenes in the political conspiracy which overthrew the second Labor government in 1931. Finally, as friend and admirer of Dr. Schacht, Sir Montagu Norman was one of the bulwarks of appeasement during the Chamberlain era. It is an ironical fact that Norman, always an opponent of planned economy at home, should have lent his moral support to Schacht, who did so much to adapt Keynes's ideas to Hitler's purposes. Now Keynes, who already has won a position of great influence at the Treasury, is going to have a chance to wield a new economic broom in the dusty recesses of Britain's financial holy of holies.

★

NAZI TERROR HAS SO FAR FAILED TO STEM the upsurge of popular resistance to Hitler's rule in the captive countries. Berlin admits that at least 295 persons, including women, have been put to death since August 1, most of them victims of the barbarous practice of shooting hostages. In Norway mass arrests continue, and the Quislingites are said to be trying to get hold of trade-union archives preparatory to staging a mass trial of labor leaders. In France conditions are rapidly approaching open insurrection despite the shooting of some thirty-five patriots in reprisal for attacks on the German armed forces and their French puppets. The extent and strength of the ferment within France can be roughly gauged by the extreme measures taken to suppress its manifestations. In addition to the indiscriminate shooting of hostages, a strict eight-o'clock curfew has

been imposed in Paris. Marshal Pétain has made another radio appeal to the French people asking that they cease their attacks upon the Nazis. In Belgium the Nazis have issued a warning that at least five hostages will be shot for every German attacked. By such acts of repression the Nazis have forfeited all hope of winning support among the conquered peoples.

★

MAYOR LAGUARDIA'S SUPPORTERS WERE frankly apprehensive last week over the results in the New York City primaries. Although he won the Republican nomination from John R. Davies, who campaigned as an anti-New Deal isolationist, the Mayor ran behind in two counties and was strongly opposed in two more. Equally disquieting was the surprisingly low total vote, interpreted by some observers as a sign of the apathy on which Democrats have been counting to reduce LaGuardia's strength among independent voters. Leftist victories in the American Labor Party primary, in which LaGuardia was unopposed, gave an additional issue to the Democrats and further endangered his chances of reelection. Troubled reform leaders found no solace in the acceptance speech of William O'Dwyer, Democratic nominee, who denounced anti-Semitism and unequivocally supported President Roosevelt's foreign policy. Although Coughlinite influence in the Democratic Party is increasingly evident, O'Dwyer's speech probably upset any possibility of uniting the Jewish and interventionist vote against him. LaGuardia was still the favorite as the week closed, but odds were slowly being whittled down.

★

THE RUMOR THAT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in some unspecified manner, is going to "call off" the Congressional elections in 1942 so that he can carry on his interventionist plans without interference by the American people was first launched in the *New York Daily News* of August 9. It has been going the rounds ever since. It is a new version of the old charge that the President intends to set up a dictatorship, and it would probably have run its course, like the earlier variations on the same theme, if Arthur Krock, Washington editor of the *New York Times*, had not given it status in his column of September 18. In his blandest manner Mr. Krock not only took the rumor seriously; he wrote as if the only question now was how this legerdemain might be accomplished. "Is There a Way," ran the headline, "to Dispense with Elections?" As a matter of fact, his own article demonstrated that if anyone as shrewd as Mr. Roosevelt really did aspire to become a dictator, he would not choose this particular method. But instead of dismissing the rumor, a conclusion which the logic of his own argument called for, Mr. Krock sent the balloon into the air once more in his last paragraph. "But suppose the fear now being expressed," he wrote ominously,

"should prove to be justified . . . who could do anything about it?" Mr. Krock has been carrying on for some time one of the most partisan of all campaigns against the Administration—in the most pompous prose in the trade; but he has struck a new low in perpetuating for his purposes a stupid and dangerous rumor.

★

THE SECURITIES EXCHANGE COMMISSION IS to be commended for its courage and clearheadedness in holding that a community of interest between the two firms makes it illegal for J. P. Morgan and Company to act as indenture trustee for securities underwritten by Morgan, Stanley and Company. The intent, if not the letter, of securities legislation has already been violated by permitting the Morgans and other great private bankers to organize underwriting affiliates. It would have been a pity if the SEC had permitted a similar circumvention to take place under the Trust Indenture Act of 1940. One of the principal duties of the trustee is to check closely on the underwriter, and obviously this check cannot be relied on when trustee and underwriter are the same firm or closely linked firms. It is true that partners in J. P. Morgan and Company recently divested themselves of stock holdings in Morgan, Stanley and Company, but Thomas W. Lamont's wife, the Lamont family holding corporation, and the son and legatee of Horatio Gates Lloyd, Morgan partner, still hold stock in the underwriting firm. No rule is more important for protection of investors than that which keeps the functions of buyer, seller, and trustee in the money market completely independent of each other. Most of the abuses of the past have arisen because the same firm or bank acted as all three, and it is most encouraging to see the SEC hew to this line, though the chips fall on Morgan and Company.

★

LAST SEPTEMBER TWO PROMINENT GERMAN anti-fascists, Dr. Rudolf Hilferding and Dr. Rudolf Breitscheid, arrived in Marseilles. Having been lucky enough to obtain American visas, they were about to sail for the United States and safety when they were ordered back to Arles in unoccupied France. Five months later, so the tale runs, they were informed by the French authorities that they were being removed to Vichy so that they would not be kidnaped by the Gestapo. Instead, they were taken to the demarcation line and turned over to the Germans. Last week it was reported in Berlin that Dr. Hilferding had been found hanged in a prison cell somewhere in occupied France—and suicide has long since been recognized as a synonym for murder when the victim is an anti-fascist caught by the Gestapo. The death of Dr. Hilferding adds another gruesome entry to the record of Nazi brutality, but the complicity and sadism of Vichy in the persecution of two helpless men seem to us even more revolting. Our disgust centers

nearer home when we consider that other anti-fascists in France are headed for the same fate through being refused American visas by our own State Department—to which Vichy's representative is still *persona grata*.

Strategy and Supplies

THE Anglo-American delegation headed by Lord Beaverbrook and W. A. Harriman is reported to have arrived in Moscow—far too many weeks after the President and Mr. Churchill first proposed its dispatch and received a prompt reply from Stalin. We hope it will now make up for lost time by rapidly concerting plans with the Russians on the general strategy of the war, for lack of coordination between Britain, America, and Russia can only play into the hands of Hitler.

However much Nazi claims are discounted, there can be no denying that the situation on the eastern front has deteriorated seriously in the past week. Leningrad, it is true, appears to be holding firm, but the Germans have made some progress in clearing its outer defenses in the Baltic. In the central district, east of Smolensk, the much-advertised Soviet offensive does not seem to have developed into more than a series of local counter-attacks not sufficiently weighty to divert Nazi forces from other parts of the line. It was completely unable to check the German break-through at Kiev, which, together with the advance beyond the neck of the Crimean Peninsula, leaves all the eastern Ukraine open to the invaders. Berlin declares that thirty Red Army divisions have been caught within its pincers and broken up, but it is probable that this claim will prove as exaggerated as were similar ones in the past.

Nevertheless, during the last three months Russian losses both of men and material have undoubtedly been extremely heavy. There are plenty of trained reserves to fill the gaps, but the problem of keeping them supplied with adequate quantities of weapons is not easily solved now that some of the most important Russian industrial areas have been overrun. Moscow is urgently pleading for supplies from this country and Britain, but it is also asking for military action in the west which will compel Hitler to divide his forces. In London authoritative spokesmen have declared that Britain has neither enough equipment nor enough men to risk a Continental invasion at this date. But even if this proves unduly pessimistic, Russia cannot expect both a large-scale diversion and a flood of war material.

What is possible is a new British stroke in Libya, where campaigning weather is now returning. Throughout the summer the British naval and air forces in the Mediterranean have kept up an unrelenting attack on the Axis supply lines. At the same time the British army in Egypt has been strongly reinforced, and it may be in a position

not merely to repeat but to better Wavell's advance of last December. The complete conquest of Italian Africa remains a strategic objective of the highest importance. It would provide the best possible guaranty against any attempt by Vichy to hand over its North African colonies to Germany; it would add to the growing demoralization of the Italians; and it might even open the way for a landing in Sicily. But again the question arises: Can Britain afford to reduce its reserves of planes and tanks in the Near East for the benefit of Russia and also undertake a large-scale offensive?

That is the kind of conundrum for which the Moscow conference must find an answer. It must also give very serious attention to the question of Turkey. Reports from the Balkans suggest that Germany will shortly force a showdown with Ankara. The Turkish government may be invited to open the Dardanelles to Axis warships and to render other assistance in the conquest of the Black Sea. The penalty, in the event of refusal, would be invasion, with the Bulgarians forced to provide at least part of the necessary cannon-fodder. Should Turkey decide to resist—and most observers believe that it would, despite some wavering in the Turkish Cabinet—then it would be essential, both on military and political grounds, for Britain to render all possible aid. In fact, recent reports from Syria speak of heavy concentrations of material on the Turkish frontier ready for immediate dispatch if Ankara gives the signal.

To the difficulty of providing against such contingencies while simultaneously giving full aid to the Soviets must be added the difficulties of communication between Russia and the West. The shortest available supply line is to Archangel, but that port is isolated from the main fighting areas and moreover is barred by ice in the winter. The joint Anglo-Russian occupation of Iran has thrown open a new route which should prove invaluable. But the landing of supplies at the Persian Gulf involves a fifteen-thousand-mile voyage round the Cape from Britain or an almost equally long trip across the Pacific from the United States. And even when supplies have been put ashore, their delivery to the fighting front will be handicapped by the limited capacity of the Iranian railroads and highways.

Despite all such difficulties it is essential that America and Britain pour into Russia all the material which can possibly be scraped together. With the best will in the world we can hardly expect to make up for more than a fraction of what the Red Army has lost in the past three months. But every plane and tank counts and not only because of military but also because of moral value. The Red Army has shown a tremendous capacity for dogged resistance; it deserves every encouragement to go on resisting inch by inch. It has still vast spaces and vast resources behind it. Even if it is being forced to give more and more ground, it is weakening the Nazis, per-

haps to a greater degree than we can now realize, for the fruits of attrition are a slow growth. In the past two weeks we have shed the complacency which half-persuaded us to sit back and watch Russia strangle Hitler. That is all to the good, but we should not rebound violently into the depths of despair. We should rather determine grimly to get on with our job and to give the Russians the aid and hope that will enable them to do theirs.

Speed Lend-Lease Aid

IN ASKING for an additional \$5,985,000,000 for the lend-lease program, President Roosevelt urged that there be "no interruption in the flow of aid to those countries whose defense is vital to our own." With his request for additional funds there can be no legitimate quarrel. It has been evident since last spring that the original appropriation of \$7 billion was just a beginning and that several times that amount might be needed before Hitler was defeated. But the President's request was badly timed in that it came but a few days after his singularly disheartening report on the first six months of operations under the Lend-Lease Act. The fact is that the flow of aid to the countries fighting aggression can hardly be described as even a trickle. Excluding food and raw materials, the total of defense materials actually exported to Britain and China under the act during these vital six months has amounted to a mere \$72,000,000—as contrasted with the \$1,300,000,000 worth which was to be transferred from existing stocks of the army and navy. No details are given as to exactly how many tanks, bombers, and fighter aircraft have reached the anti-Axis powers since passage of the Lend-Lease Act, but we know their total value to have been only \$34,000,000—enough, perhaps, to replace a few days' losses on the eastern front.

Fortunately, as the President points out, these lend-lease deliveries do not comprise the only materials that have been moving to the countries defending themselves against aggression. Mr. Roosevelt stresses the fact that our total exports to the British Empire since the beginning of the war are valued at approximately \$4,400,000,000. That is a huge amount. But its significance can only be measured if we compare it with Germany's war potential. Britain can hope to win the war only if our assistance gives it unquestioned material superiority over Nazi Germany. This it does not remotely do. For Hitler obtained materials worth about \$3 billion from France alone during the first year of the occupation, and an additional \$1½ billion worth from the other countries of Europe. Thus Germany has obtained as much in one year from the occupied regions of continental Europe as the whole of the British Empire has received from the

United States in two years. And Germany's own production of war material greatly exceeds that of the British Empire.

Practically all the lend-lease assistance so far has gone to Britain. A small amount has been given to China and the Dutch East Indies, and still smaller amounts to the exile armies of Poland, Norway, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Yugoslavia. The country which is today bearing the brunt of resistance to Hitler—the Soviet Union—has received virtually no aid from this country beyond that paid for out of its own funds. Three months have passed since the invasion of Russia provided the democracies with an unexpected new front in the struggle against Hitler. During this period the United States has advanced a pitiful \$20,000,000 in credits to the Soviet government. Of this, \$10,000,000 was advanced against gold to be delivered in this country—a credit granted, according to Secretary Morgenthau, so that United States manufacturers and producers who had been selling to Amtorg could get their money promptly. The remaining \$10,000,000 represented the amount advanced out of the \$100,000,000 credit to be provided against the delivery of Soviet raw materials to this country. So far about the only material assistance that the Soviets have received from the United States has been a few tankers of high-test gasoline, paid for out of funds previously on deposit in this country.

There are many factors to explain this disheartening record. The most obvious one is the time required to expand plants, provide machinery, and fabricate the complicated weapons of modern warfare. But this does not explain the failure of the Administration to turn over large amounts of existing army and navy equipment as provided for by Congress. Nor does it bear on our failure to advance material aid to the Soviets while such assistance can do some good. For the plain fact is, despite Mr. Harriman's journey to Moscow, that no real aid has been planned for Russia except that forwarded by Britain. The United States has made no provision for financial assistance on the scale needed. Although the President did not explicitly exclude the Soviet Union in appealing for a second lend-lease appropriation, it appears to be generally understood that none of these funds are to be used for shipments to the eastern front. Presumably the question of a loan to the Soviets is to be considered later. It would seem almost an established rule in the American aid program that no country is to receive our assistance until it has resisted aggression for at least a year.

Whatever our attitude may be toward the economic and political policies of the Soviet Union, that country is putting up a stubborn and costly fight against Hitler. Moscow has enough men to carry on the war indefinitely. But as more and more of its industrial areas fall under Nazi control, it is bound to encounter increasing diffi-

culty in provisioning and equipping its troops. The eastern front can be maintained through next summer only if we provide aid on a tremendous scale. And as past experience with the lend-lease program so clearly shows, the necessary materials will not be forthcoming even next spring unless plans and appropriations are made within the next few weeks. For our own self-preservation we must somehow shake off the fatal habit of procrastination.

For a Free World

BY FRED A KIRCHWEY

ON JUNE 15 a group of men and women met in Washington. They represented sixteen countries, and among them were many leaders of democratic organizations and governments. They agreed at that meeting to found an association and launch a magazine, both to carry a name which today must also be a battle cry—"Free World." The new movement had one main object around which all its varied activities were to revolve. Its object was to draw together the tested elements of democratic resistance to fascism from every nation to form a concentration of experience and devotion, a dynamic center of energy, which would be directed to the double task of defeating Hitlerism and preparing the groundwork for a democratic peace.

That was three months ago. Today the Free World Association is organized and functioning, and the first issue of *Free World* is on the newsstands. For the first time émigrés from all the conquered countries have joined with political exiles from the fascist states and representatives of the democratic belligerents and with Americans of the whole hemisphere, north and south, to form a true "united front" against the threat of Nazi world dominion. This is a fact from which even the most dispirited and cynical must draw hope. Many of these persons bear on their bodies or in their minds the scars of fascist torture; many more have endured tests of fortitude and judgment that would have overwhelmed smaller natures. Here in this new league of democrats are some who will play a major role in constructing a more sturdy international society once Hitler's monstrous order has been abolished.

That they have united with American groups to carry on the struggle is itself an omen of the change that is due to come over this country. No matter what desperate Hitleresque maneuvers the isolationists may execute, it is clear that the United States is destined to be one of the last great battlefields in Hitler's world war against democracy. We may or may not be spared the full fury of bombing and shelling; we shall not avoid total participation. And in that struggle the services of the men and women who have brought from Europe and the Far

East not only the experience of war itself, including the lessons of defeat, but a passionate understanding of what democracy means and a determination to fight until it is finally established will be worth whole panzer divisions in the battle for freedom.

In the three months of its existence the Free World Association has developed its activities in this country and extended them into Latin America and China. Associations have been started in Cuba, Mexico, Uruguay, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Colombia. More than a hundred local committees in China, originally organized under the International Peace Campaign, have affiliated with the association and are carrying on vigorous work against appeasement. In Europe special envoys of the association have helped organize resistance against Nazi control in ways that cannot yet be told. The temporary director of the association, Clark Eichelberger, is now in London, where a branch has also been founded.

In this country the association has instituted regular short-wave broadcasts to Europe and Latin America, employing as speakers men and women who use the language of the nations addressed, whose names and records are known, and whose words bring encouragement and honest information. Besides this radio work—of first importance in the counter-offensive against Nazi lies and intimidation—the association is sending speakers to various American cities where local chapters are being formed.

But the journal, *Free World*, is the most striking achievement of the group so far. I know what the launching of a magazine involves, and I have been close enough to this one to appreciate the energy and courage that have gone into it. If I may draw on our own past for a comparison, *Free World* recalls most vividly the International Relations Section published as a supplement to *The Nation* in the tumultuous years following the last war. *Free World* seems to me to offer the same combination of high scholarship and fighting spirit that our late colleague, William MacDonald, established as the tone of that section. From the introductory drawing by Luis Quintinilla to the reports of Nazi terror and intrigue in the final pages, *Free World* has vitality, style, and concentrated purpose. Only a few of the articles have erudition without vigor. Most of them bring fresh analyses and constructive proposals to the problems of war and peace. The discussion of Vatican policy by Count Carlo Sforza is a provocative treatment of this much-debated subject. Henri Laugier's learned article on science and the war puts forward a most important idea for organizing a General Research Administration as part of the defense program. Other contributions I particularly like are Archibald MacLeish's song, *The Western Sky*; Walter Millis's candid discussion of American foreign policy; and the lively round-table conversation

on the origins of World War II, led by J. Alvarez del Vayo. In this last, Pierre Cot, former French Minister of Air, reveals for the first time the intimate connection of Marshal Pétain and members of his staff with the plot against the government hatched by the Cagoulards.

If it is true, as I fully believe, that this war can only

be won by a combination of political and military effort, the Free World movement should receive the fullest encouragement from all the people of this country who favor the defeat of Hitler. For the required mobilization of the democratic forces there could not have been a better beginning.

Making Defense Safe for Alcoa

BY I. F. STONE

I

Washington, September 19

LAST Monday the Truman committee, a Senate committee investigating the defense program, heard two witnesses. One was Jesse Jones. The other was Arthur H. Bunker, executive vice-president of the Lehman Corporation, now chief of the aluminum and magnesium section in the materials division of the OPM. Both were unwilling witnesses. The story drawn from them, painfully and piecemeal, was a sensational story and an important story, for it dealt with aluminum. Without enough aluminum we cannot make enough planes, and without enough planes we can neither help the British and the Russians to survive nor defend ourselves in the event of their defeat.

Some important stories are dull stories—full of statistics and complicated facts. "Pig iron" we used to call them. The story developed by the Truman committee hearing was hardly dull. The testimony showed that (1) Bunker, the dollar-a-year man in charge of aluminum and magnesium, is still drawing his \$60,000-a-year salary from Lehman Corporation, which owns stock in the Aluminum Company of America and its sister corporation, Aluminum Ltd., of Canada; (2) after four months not a shovelful of dirt has been turned on the 600,000,000-pound aluminum expansion program announced by the OPM last May; (3) the first contract to be signed under that program obligates the government to spend \$52,000,000 to finance new alumina and aluminum plants but leaves the Aluminum Company of America to build these plants when it chooses and to operate them as it pleases; (4) this one-sided contract was negotiated by Jesse Jones, who can be the country's most hard-boiled horse-trader in dealing with some small business man or municipality; (5) Jones signed the contract two days after the receipt of a letter from Secretary of the Interior Ickes protesting that the contract was unfair to the government and contrary to the public interest, and ought not to be signed; (6) Jones testified that the contract was written "in the first instance" by "Mr. Cliff Durr, our general counsel," but a moment later Durr

was forced to admit that the first draft was written by Oscar Ewing, counsel for the Aluminum Company of America. I can add, as my own contribution to this story, that there was very little difference between the first draft of that contract and the last, and that Ewing is not only one of Alcoa's principal attorneys and local lobbyists but also vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. At this point the Truman committee pulled its punches.

I went over the contract between Alcoa and Jesse Jones last week-end and mentioned it in last week's letter because I was naïve enough to think the press could hardly ignore the story and would squeeze all the juice out of it before a weekly could get around to covering it. I saw eight or nine newspapermen at the committee hearing on Monday, and I see a good many papers every day, but the only place I saw the story printed was in the *Baltimore Sun*, which ran a short Associated Press account. Until yesterday the only clipping the Truman committee had received on the hearing was from the *Baltimore Sun*. The Ewing angle is political dynamite, but the Republican *Herald Tribune* in New York charitably overlooked it. The *New York Times*, which is for all-out aid to Britain, seems to have failed to see the connection between aluminum and planes. It does not hate Hitler less; perhaps it merely loves Alcoa more. The Washington papers kept mum on the story, although the *Washington Post* on Monday ran a rewrite of an A. P. dispatch saying that Jones would be put on the griddle by the Truman committee.

I think the silence of the press on the matter is as shocking as the inactivity of the OPM. Together they present Mussolini with a fine example of what he calls a "pluto-democracy." They show how little the real controls of the defense program have been changed behind all the recent scene-shifting and shake-ups. This is the kind of thing that rots empires and prepares defeats, and it is time that Mr. Roosevelt woke up to what is going on in his own defense household instead of continuing the grandiose farce by which a Stettinius—more responsible than any other man for the delay in expand-

ing aluminum production—is placed in charge of “speeding up” the lend-lease program!

The darkest aspect of this aluminum story is its one bright spot. When William L. Batt appeared before the Truman committee last May 12, he was able to show by some strenuous arithmetic that the present production of aluminum plus the expansion planned would be just enough by the spring of 1942 to take care of our “direct” military needs. The new bomber programs—which remain headline hashish without aluminum—have since increased those “direct” military needs for the light metal. Four months have been lost, and the only contract signed covers but half the expansion planned. The new aluminum-producing facilities will not be ready by next spring. I learned from Truman committee investigators, however, that the consequences will not be as serious as might have been expected because the lag in aircraft production is greater than the lag in aluminum production. Aircraft production is now expected to hit its full stride by December of 1942 instead of next spring, and aluminum planning is in terms of the winter and spring of 1942-43.

Judging from the testimony last Monday and the contract, what we have to begin worrying about now is whether present expansion plans will materialize in time to take care of expanded plane production in the winter and spring of 1942-43. Unless Alcoa’s grip on the OPM and the RFC is loosened, I do not think we will get that aluminum in time. The contract with Alcoa provides for four new plants. One is for alumina, the intermediate product from which aluminum is made. This plant, to be erected in Arkansas, will supply 400,000,000 pounds of alumina a year, or enough to make only an additional 200,000,000 pounds of aluminum. The three other plants are aluminum plants, one with a capacity of 150,000,000 pounds a year, to be built near Massena, New York; the second, with 90,000,000 pounds’ capacity, to be constructed “adjacent to deep water” in Washington or Oregon; the third, with a capacity of 100,000,000 pounds, to be set up in Arkansas. That is a total of 340,000,000 pounds of aluminum. No contracts have yet been signed for the rest of the 600,000,000-pound expansion promised in May, or for the additional alumina required to produce the aluminum, or for the additional fabricating facilities necessary. Aluminum ingots don’t fly.

The contract is full of loopholes that lawyers will appreciate. No time is fixed for completion of the plants, and there is, of course, no penalty clause. Alcoa merely agrees to “use its best endeavors” to obtain the land necessary for construction of the plants, and it is doubtful whether the sites have yet been picked. The best Jones could say was, “I think the site at Massena, New York, has been picked. I am not certain about Arkansas. I think the site for the Northwest plant has been picked.” Alcoa

agrees to prepare plans, and if the plans are approved by the government, to complete the work “as soon as practicable.” Jones said it was his recollection that Alcoa thought it would have the plants ready in less than a year’s time. When Hugh Fulton, counsel to the committee, asked him why that wasn’t put into the contract with a penalty clause attached, Jones said, “I can’t tell you.” Jones’s testimony is a lexicographer’s nightmare. At one point he interpreted the word “shall” in the contract as meaning “maybe,” and at another he said “or” meant the same as “both.” In the construction of the plants Alcoa is not obligated to exercise “good faith and reasonable care,” the usual formula, but “good faith or that degree of care which they normally exercise in the conduct of Alcoa’s business.” The non-lawyer reader may take my word for it that the second clause would make proof of negligence, much less bad faith, very difficult. Fulton wanted to know why the term “reasonable care” wasn’t used instead and why the contract said “or” instead of “and.” I quote from the record:

Jones: . . . I don’t agree with you that “or” means one or the other. “Or” means both.

Fulton: “Or” means “both”?

Jones: Certainly. . . .

Aluminum is made from alumina and alumina from bauxite. Ninety per cent of the country’s high-grade bauxite, the only kind being used, is controlled by Alcoa. After the bauxite is purchased, on Alcoa’s terms, the government will still have to ask Alcoa’s permission to make alumina from it in the government’s own alumina plant. The contract says, “When the alumina plant is completed, production of alumina therein shall be at such rates within its capacity and for such periods as shall be agreed upon from time to time by Defense [Plant] Corporation and Alcoa.” Fulton asked Jones, “Suppose Alcoa tells you it doesn’t agree that that plant should be operated, even though you have a good many millions of government money in it? I don’t quite see under this contract, how you could require it to be operated.”

Jones: I suspect you could if you were to try.

Fulton: Under what provision of the contract?

Jones: You could do it without a contract. . . .

Fulton: Why sign a contract where they have a right such as that, Mr. Jones, when you have no right to control and operate the plant? Why not insert a provision authorizing you to operate the plant if they don’t want to?

Jones: I think we are fully protected. . . .

Under the contract, after Alcoa has permitted alumina to be produced in the government plant, the government cannot use its own alumina to make aluminum in its own aluminum plants except at a price satisfactory to Alcoa. If any alumina is left over, which could be made available to other manufacturers of aluminum, it cannot

be sold except on terms satisfactory to Alcoa. Alcoa gets a five-year lease on the aluminum plants. The lease begins either seven years from the execution of the contract or whenever production reaches 80 per cent of capacity, whichever is earlier. This allows two years for construction of the plants. Once they are in operation, production in the government-owned plants is to be at the same rate as in Alcoa's plants, and under the contract the gov-

ernment cannot cancel the lease unless production is restricted to less than 40 per cent of capacity. I am going to tell some more about this extraordinary contract and its equally extraordinary companion contracts with the Canadian aluminum company next week. In the meantime I wish some Senator would have the courage to ask Jesse Jones whether this contract was written to defend the United States or the Aluminum Company of America.

Bad Neighbor Vargas

BY PAULO DUARTE

SELDOM does a day go by without leading newspapers in the United States publishing long articles on the political situation in Brazil. The strange thing about it is that these articles, with rare exceptions, describe a Brazil which is absolutely unknown to Brazilians and to others who are well acquainted with that important South American nation. The praise given to the dictator and his regime and the view of Brazilian politics indicate that the source of information can be only the government's own propaganda office, prodigally maintained for the purpose of preventing other countries from learning the truth about Brazil during this time of crisis for America and the world.

Thus Getulio Vargas is often described as very different from the dictators of other enslaved countries. He is said to be a magnanimous person, loved by the people; or it is asserted that there is no real dictatorship in Brazil, the proof being that the head of the state is called a "president"; or the existence of political persecution in Brazil is denied. One journalist recently affirmed that the Brazilian dictator is affectionately nicknamed "Ge-Ge"; another wrote that the people call him "Dad Getulio"; a third went so far as to say that only a negligible minority is against Brazil's dictator. Some of these articles carry the signatures of famous writers who visited Brazil without the time or means necessary to acquire a knowledge of the country's situation and were quite obviously enveloped and submerged in the tendentious publicity of the dictatorship. As a consequence they brought home and published impressions of the country completely different from reality.

HOW VARGAS BECAME DICTATOR

Let us examine the facts. Toward the end of 1937 Brazilians were getting ready for the presidential elections. The *União Democrática Brasileira* (Brazilian Democratic Union) presented as its candidate Armando de Salles Oliveira, ex-governor of São Paulo, a name well known in Brazil and in the United States as well.

But Getulio Vargas did not wish to leave the presidency. In defiance of the wishes of the whole nation, Vargas allied himself with the Integralistas, popularly known as "Greenshirts," in order to make a coup d'état and prevent the presidential election from taking place. The support of the army was essential. To obtain it Vargas plotted with several generals of clearly totalitarian and pro-German tendencies to set up in Brazil a government similar to that of Germany. But an excuse to silence the voice of the Parliament was lacking; this could be done constitutionally only through the declaration of martial law. In order to create the necessary "emergency," Vargas persuaded the army's Chief of Staff, General Goes Monteiro, and his Ministers of War and of the Navy to announce to Parliament that the government was threatened by an imminent Communist uprising, which could be prevented only if full powers were given to the executive. These men also stated that the details of the plot could not safely be disclosed either to the Chamber of Deputies or to the Senate. Confronted with such high guaranties, Parliament voted to put the country under martial law as requested.

Once in possession of the necessary powers, Getulio Vargas, on November 10, 1937, promptly dissolved the federal Parliament and the state legislative assemblies. Then he promulgated a new constitution creating a totalitarian regime. Having established his absolute control through this fraud, Getulio Vargas abandoned his supporters, the Greenshirts, and as promptly began to do away with his most dangerous enemies, the Democrats, who represented then as now the mass of the Brazilian people. To accomplish such a goal a Gestapo hardly less efficient than its Nazi model was instituted in Rio de Janeiro. The prisons were filled, and even today thousands of men whose crime for the most part was that of desiring a free country are held in the prisons of Rio de Janeiro and the states and on the inhospitable island of Fernando de Noronha. Many have died from the cruelty of the Rio police, others are crippled, and still others, as

the result of the tortures to which they were subjected, have lost their minds.

A "Tribunal of Safety" was created to pass judgment in political cases. This summary court, manned by personal friends of the dictator, has condemned to prison some of the most distinguished members of the opposition. It has also brought false charges against respectable officers of the army, persons of blameless reputation who have rendered notable services to the nation. In the case of certain leaders, however, neither the police nor the tribunal was able to contrive plausible charges and proofs. Hence it was decided to drive them out of the country. This the police accomplished by arresting, freeing, and rearresting these men, until in despair they went into exile.

Meanwhile other assaults on civil rights continued. One of the most important mediums of democratic opinion is published in the city of São Paulo. Always a strong democratic newspaper, *O Estado de São Paulo*, even after the coup d'état of 1937, remained loyal to its tradition of freedom. Since the censorship of the press forbade any manifestation against the dictatorship, the journal adopted an absolutely neutral attitude; if it could not express its opinion, it at least refrained from any praise of the regime. But the dictatorship needed *O Estado de São Paulo*. Unable to bend it to his uses through peaceful means, Getulio Vargas used his most efficient weapon, violence. He first exiled the director of the paper, Dr. Julio de Mesquita Filho, who ever since has lived in Argentina. Then, since even this was not sufficient to force *O Estado de São Paulo* into line, the newspaper was seized by the police in March, 1940, a little more than a year after its director had been expelled from the country. Its proprietors in turn were driven from their homes, and the dictator appointed as manager a personal friend who ever since has given the paper a totalitarian bias. The owners have never received any compensation for their property. Indeed, there was no legal procedure in the process of expropriation. The owners were simply thrown out, and their great newspaper was handed over to the agents of the dictator.

PRO-NAZI FOREIGN POLICY

Brazil's foreign policy has two faces, and it is this duplicity which has misled public opinion in the United States. There is a policy of "collaboration" and of inter-American solidarity designed to keep us happy, and there is the *real* policy of playing the Nazi game. The first policy is forwarded by the charming smiles of Foreign Minister Oswaldo Aranha, formerly a popular ambassador in Washington, a capable and attractive personality whose political ambitions have submerged his democratic inclinations. But even the formal pretenses of good neighborliness are not always observed. Negotiations about the only base (Natal) made available to the United

States for the purposes of hemisphere defense were protracted and difficult. And now the Brazilian government has very much reduced the value of its concession by appointing to Natal and the surrounding military district a number of officers particularly notorious for their Nazi sympathies. Among them is a close relative of the pro-Nazi Chief of Staff, General Goes Monteiro.

In Brazil, Hitler did not have to organize a fifth column; he found one made to order in the government itself. A short time ago the military seized the offices of the Rio newspaper *O Diario Carioca* because it had published news concerning the political and military activities of Brazilian Nazis. General Goes Monteiro summoned to his office representatives of several of the other newspapers and told them that if they wished to continue publication it would be necessary for them to change their attitude and stop showing sympathy for Britain, as they did at every opportunity. More recently, on an official occasion with many diplomats present, General Goes Monteiro reprimanded a Brazilian journalist for supporting England and told him in effect that he had better change his views since anyone who was not on Germany's side was a traitor to Brazil. This incident was witnessed by the diplomats and others present, for the General was angered by the journalist's words and both raised their voices. About three months later two Brazilian ships were attacked by a Nazi plane in the Mediterranean; several members of the crew were killed and many were injured. Not until two weeks afterward were the newspapers authorized to give out a part of the story, without any mention of Germany.

A Brazilian mission whose members were high officers and civilians notoriously sympathetic to Germany, represented Brazil at the recent commemorative ceremonies in Portugal. The head of the mission, a general, went on from Portugal to Spain especially to offer a sword to General Franco in the name of Brazil. Two members of the mission, a major and a civilian, both well-known pro-Nazis (the civilian is one of the leaders of the Greenshirts), were, on invitation of the German government, entertained in Germany and in some of the occupied countries, where they were shown the effects of the invincible Nazi power. The major, who today holds a high position in the War Department, on his return to Brazil published a series of articles describing his trip in terms of undisguised admiration for the Nazis. Ironically, these articles appeared in *O Estado de São Paulo*.

Brazil's Department of Propaganda exercises a complete censorship over all newspapers, motion pictures, and radio broadcasts in order that nothing may be said or published which is unfavorable either to the Vargas regime or to Nazism. It has even gone so far as to fail to rebroadcast President Roosevelt's speeches, brazenly stating after the event that transcriptions had not been made in Brazil because the announcement of the speech

had not arrived in time. The department lacks even the elementary common sense to conceal this attitude, which is opposed not only to the popular feeling of the country but to the pretended policy of the government. Last year it sent to the motion-picture producers of the United States a circular of which the first two paragraphs follow:

1. Stop the exhibition of pictures dealing with the present war when these touch disparagingly, however lightly, upon any of the nations at war, because Brazil wishes to maintain its neutrality and avoid the resentment of this or that country.

2. Stop the showing of films favorable to liberal democracy, because Brazil, having a strong government, cannot permit propaganda against the regime. The word "democracy" to be cut from pictures, even when used alone.

Various other events reveal the true attitude toward the Axis of the Vargas dictatorship. Several court actions have recently been instituted in Brazil against Axis ships, mostly Italian, which remained in port because of the British blockade. The complaints were lodged by Brazilian creditors. The first step taken by the dictatorship was to assume responsibility for the debts incurred by the shipowners. Then, extending its protection even farther, it published the following decree dated April 10, 1941:

Article I. Credits, obligations, and contracts involving subjects of belligerent countries living in Brazil cannot be subjected to legal action for the duration of the war.

Article II. All laws to the contrary are hereby revoked.

Lately the Nazi problem in Brazil has taken on an even more alarming aspect. Certain military leaders believe that Nazi penetration is now so far advanced that it will be impossible to check it from Rio de Janeiro to the southern border. The Japanese fifth column works side by side with the German-Brazilians and with the Greenshirts, which are once more in the good graces of the government. All of them operate under the direct supervision of Nazi leaders, one of whom is a general attached to the German embassy who was recently expelled from Argentina. The Greenshirts regularly hold their meetings in the German embassy.

Recently, during the official celebrations in honor of Santos Dumont, in the presence of the Minister of War and representatives of the Chief of Staff and the Department of Press and Propaganda, the army officers who were the principal speakers openly attacked the United States, asserting that the time had come for Brazil to "cast off the American yoke." Leaflets were distributed among the crowd violently attacking both the United States and Great Britain. The São Paulo censorship recently permitted an Italian paper to print a scurrilous criticism of Mrs. Roosevelt. On the next day students

of the University of São Paulo set fire to the building in which the paper was published. This is an eloquent proof of the gap which now separates the people and the government of Brazil.

FRAUDULENT FINANCE

One of the chief points of Vargas's propaganda abroad, a point which has been particularly stressed lately, is the economic and financial stability of his administration. The dictator is supposed to have executed a notable financial program, among the advantageous results of which is a vast decrease in Brazil's external debt. Nobody, apparently, has thought of examining the manner in which the debt was reduced. I shall try to sum it up here.

After the "funding" operations of 1898 the Brazilian government paid punctually both interest and amortization on the external federal debt. In 1931 Vargas decided to suspend payments; for three years he gave only scrip to the creditors. It was by this method that the debt was reduced the first time. In 1934 Sir Otto Niemeyer, representing British creditors, developed a plan to satisfy the holders of Brazilian bonds. This plan, called an "agreement" although it was imposed by Vargas upon the creditors, was in force from March, 1934, to March, 1938. Under it the value of the "coupons" of the Brazilian debt was compulsorily reduced. This was the second method used for reducing the debt. Not satisfied with this, Vargas in 1937 again decreed suspension of all payments, and thus for the third time the debt was reduced. In 1939, in order to obtain new foreign credits, the dictator restored interest payments but only to the extent of one-third of the value of the "coupons" that had been compulsorily lowered a few years before. Thus the debt was reduced for the fourth time, and the agreement previously imposed completely disregarded. Financial manipulations of such a fantastic nature may seem scarcely credible. Skeptics, however, may easily confirm this abbreviated record by turning to the financial notices published periodically in the North American press. The simple fact is that the dictator of Brazil reduced his country's debt by swindling its creditors. This is the secret of his much-advertised financial wisdom.

There exists in Brazil an institution created by President Vargas called the National Department of Coffee, which under the pretext of aiding the coffee producers has actually exploited them for more than ten years, levying export duties which are exclusively used for political purposes. The sum collected by this department amounts to many millions, and there is no record of the uses to which it has been put. The department's balance sheet has never been published. But this is not all. For many years the department has been burning a large part of the coffee produced in order to overcome overproduction and obtain better prices. Putting aside questions as

to the economic value of this procedure, which has chiefly served to benefit foreign competitors, the most serious aspect of the system is the government's illegal and dishonest behavior. Of the coffee turned in by the producers for burning, the department "embezzles" a large proportion, which it sells clandestinely in defiance of the provisions of the federal law; it then employs the millions thus obtained for purposes of propaganda, bribery, and repressive police measures. The National Department of Coffee in Rio de Janeiro constitutes one of the greatest financial scandals of South America.

Another point is worth mentioning. The Vargas government has taken as its model the monetary system of the totalitarian countries and officially adopted two exchange rates—the official and the so-called "free" rate. The government receives millions of dollars in export duties at

the official rate and then sells a large part of this foreign currency at the "free" rate, with a profit of nearly 20 per cent.

Thus it will be seen that the glowing reports of casual journalistic visitors to Brazil must be discounted. Vargas is a despot hardly less hated than the despots in Europe with whom he is secretly allied. Those Brazilians who call him "Ge-Ge" do so not in affection but with the purpose of ridiculing him; popular carnival songs in which references to "Ge-Ge" appeared were prohibited by the censor. Vargas's adversaries are the people of Brazil. During his period of dictatorship he has had to face five revolutions, and he has remained in power only by methods of military and police control comparable with those applied by the Nazi and Fascist dictators, whom he openly admires and privately supports.

Budapest's Fake Mission

BY IGNAC SCHULTZ

A COMFORTABLE suite in the Hotel Marguery in New York City is the present headquarters of a Hungarian member of Parliament, Tibor de Eckhardt, whose mission in this country deserves more publicity than it has hitherto received. For his job is to arrange insurance against an Axis defeat for the feudal coterie which rules Hungary by the grace of Hitler.

The Budapest government has for a long time been playing the jackal to the German tiger and has been rewarded by choice morsels from the tiger's kills—portions of Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. But it is by no means confident that Germany will finally win the war, and it wishes to arrange matters so that, if the tiger is destroyed, the jackal will not be forced to disgorge its gains. Meanwhile, of course, it proposes to go on serving the tiger, who after all may still prove the victor.

Mr. de Eckhardt reached this country by a roundabout route through Athens, Egypt, and South Africa. Officially he was not sent by the Hungarian government; he was merely given a passport and a permit to leave the country—precious papers not obtainable by persons who have incurred the disapproval of the authorities. Moreover, in all Nazi-dominated countries these matters are subject to the control of the Gestapo, which surely would have vetoed Mr. Eckhardt's exit visa had it regarded either him or his mission as opposed to German interests.

Yet in America Mr. de Eckhardt poses as an anti-Nazi and explains his objective as the formation of a united front of all people of Hungarian nationality or origin to rally support for an independent and democratic Hun-

gary. In this connection he is endeavoring to obtain the blessing of influential Americans, as well as the support of the leading Hungarian organizations in this country. According to the *Amerikai Magyar Nepszava*, a New York Hungarian-language daily which gives rather cautious support to the Budapest regime, he is being received in high American political and diplomatic circles. And it is known that he has twice conferred with Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles.

If Admiral Horthy's government is really restive under the Nazi yoke, as is sometimes asserted by poorly informed Magyarophiles, and wishes to make connections with the democratic countries, why did it choose this particular emissary? Let us examine Tibor de Eckhardt's claims to represent democratic opinion in Hungary in the light of his record. When still a very young man he became a leader of the "Awakening Magyars" and the "Race Defenders"—secret societies directly responsible for the white terror which ravaged Hungary after the collapse of Bela Kun's short-lived Bolshevik revolution. They were not merely anti-Communist but anti-Semitic, anti-democratic, and fiercely chauvinistic. They were responsible for the murder of thousands, for the imprisonment of tens of thousands, of men and women. Their methods of terror and torture provided a model for the later activities of Mussolini's Blackshirts and Hitler's storm troopers.

It ought not to be forgotten that Hungary was the first fascist state in Europe. Some time before the March on Rome, years before the Reichstag fire, gentlemen like Tibor de Eckhardt were infecting Hungary with a disease

destined to wreck the weakened constitutions of a dozen European states. Eckhardt and his associates have never expressed any remorse for their part in the birth of fascism.

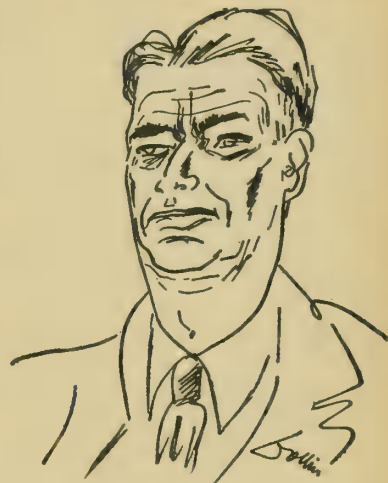
After the white terror a new oligarchy was established in Hungary, half feudal, half fascist. As a reward for his services Eckhardt, who is related to the family of Admiral Horthy, was appointed chief of the press department of the Foreign Office. Later he performed similar functions in the Prime Minister's office. Some of his activities during this period went far outside the boundaries of legitimate propaganda. The Prague press accused him of organizing armed bands in Slovakia with a view to undermining the stability of the new Czechoslovak state. It has also been alleged that he organized the manufacture and distribution of counterfeit Czechoslovak currency. This charge has not been proved, but the counterfeiting became public when one of his woman friends was arrested with the goods on her.

Eckhardt resigned his government post because he was denied cabinet office. He took refuge in domestic politics, gaining control of the *Kisgazda*, or Small Farmers' Party, which up to then had exercised a conservative but moderating influence in the Hungarian Parliament. In his hands this became another counterfeit, for while it continued to appear before the world as a peasant organization, it in fact represented the interests of the middle-sized estates and proved subservient to whatever ministry was in office. Actually a real peasant party cannot be formed in Hungary because the landless laborers who form half the population have only a theoretical right to vote.

There are differences between Eckhardt's *Kisgazda* Party and the great landlords who hold supreme power in Hungary, but they agree about the necessity of holding down the rural proletariat and maintaining the supply of cheap labor. In some respects the owners of the smaller estates are even more reactionary than the great feudal lords, who are often less narrow intellectually and less nationalistic in outlook. For instance, Tibor de Eckhardt, an anti-Nazi in New York, voted enthusiastically in the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies for the new anti-Semitic laws which have been drawn up on the Nürnberg model. It was the aristocratic members of the upper house, many of whom have intermarried with Jewish families, who opposed this legislation.

In 1934 Eckhardt reappeared in the fields of diplomacy when he went to Geneva to represent Hungary at the League of Nations. The Budapest government was at that time in a tight spot. On October 9, 1934, King Alexander of Yugoslavia and the French Foreign Minister, Barthou, had been assassinated in Marseilles by Croat gangsters. Hungary, Italy, and Germany were all involved. The guns and bombs used for the murders came from Germany and Italy, the assassins had been

trained in Italy and Hungary, and it was from the Hungarian city of Nagy Kanisza that they set out on their mission provided with regular Hungarian passports issued to false names by the Budapest state police. Not long before, King Alexander had been openly condemned to death in the pages of the official organ of the Croat terrorists, a paper published in Berlin and edited by one Gerhardt Ratter, who also held an important position in the office of Alfred Rosenberg, the philosopher and "foreign minister" of the Nazi Party.



Tibor de Eckhardt

Eckhardt did a good job at Geneva in covering up the responsibility of the Hungarian government. He was openly supported by the Italians and secretly by Laval, then Premier of France and already the recipient of personal favors from Mussolini. Yugoslavia was unable to obtain satisfaction, and fascism proved triumphantly that it could get away with international as well as domestic murder. It was a landmark on the road to Munich and the invasion of Poland.

Since that day Tibor de Eckhardt has been a consistent proponent of Nazi policies in his own country. But Budapest is a long way off, and the American public is not well informed about Hungarian politics. This has encouraged him to come here, posing as a democrat and anti-fascist, seeking to put out an anchor to windward for himself and the Hungarian reactionaries whom he represents. If he is able to rope in the Magyar societies in America and to sell himself to the State Department as a liberal patriot representing all the opposition elements in Hungary, then should America enter the war he might be able to get recognition as head of a government in exile and obtain control of the frozen Hungarian funds in this country. In any case he would have put himself in a favorable position for a place at the eventual peace conference, where he could plead that Hungary had been a victim of *force majeure* and attempt to save its governing class from suffering their just deserts.

But surely America will not fall for this confidence trick; surely it will not betray the oppressed and struggling democrats of Hungary, who have their genuine representatives in America. Mr. de Eckhardt should be recognized for what he is—a fascist agent. Serious negotiations with him would be a "stab in the back" for all those who look westward for deliverance.

Wooden Nutmeg of Socialism

BY WILL CHASAN

AMERICAN politics exhibits few paradoxes stranger than that of Bridgeport's Socialist mayor, Jasper McLevy, whose most influential supporters are to be found in the local Manufacturers' Association and Chamber of Commerce. Bridgeport business men have not, of course, been converted to Marxism. The conversion has occurred on the other side, with the result



Mayor McLevy

that Bridgeport has enjoyed the unique distinction of being governed by a Republican administration under a Socialist emblem. "A sheep's administration in wolf's clothing," one Bridgeport labor man calls it.

Little in McLevy's record refutes this characterization. A prudent, homespun politician with a slightly Lincolnesque

appearance and a passion for office, the Mayor continues to assert that he is a Socialist, but his socialism seems of a piece with the wooden nutmegs of Yankee folklore. His program for municipal ownership of public utilities was shelved soon after he took office in 1933. Appropriations for an attempt to lower utility rates have been left unspent. Labor has received a few crumbs in the back room, but even the most bellicose employers have found no occasion to grumble. The leit-motif of McLevy's policy has been economy and a low tax rate, to the evident satisfaction of Bridgeport business men, some of whom talk slyly about his "Scotch thrift" and are amused at the idea of an economy government headed by a Socialist mayor.

He has provided what the men in the club cars like to call a "sound business administration." It has been honest, moderately efficient, with no social frills. His most notable achievements during eight years of office have been the introduction of civil service and a central purchasing agency, both of which have been under attack for irregularities; a \$3,000,000 reduction in bonded indebtedness; and the construction, with the aid of \$16,000,000 in federal grants, of several parks and a certain number of miles of roads and sewers. There

has been no important enlargement of social services. Nor have municipal employees been unduly pampered. A strike of garbage and ash removers was unceremoniously broken, and an attempt to establish a \$1,000 yearly minimum for civil-service workers was rebuffed. All this, of course, is in the best tradition of "soundness."

McLevy's pursuit of economy has led him into acts at which a Socialist, or even the mildest liberal, would be expected to balk. He opposed a \$6,500,000 low-cost federal housing project on the ground that, being tax exempt, it would mean forfeiting \$25,000 in yearly tax income. Other reasons given for his opposition were equally incongruous from a Socialist. At a public hearing one of his lieutenants quoted Hamilton Fish approvingly to the effect that federal housing was "a humbug and a fraud." Another denounced the hearing itself because it was "packed" by housing advocates. A spirited fight led by two young newspapermen finally aroused so much sentiment for the project that McLevy reversed his stand. He now claims credit for Bridgeport's housing developments, although he still is hostile to the idea.

This hostility caused him to obstruct defense housing projects and is partly responsible for the acute housing shortage which has developed in Bridgeport since the influx of more than 25,000 defense workers. McLevy's contention that the defense projects now going up over his opposition will overhouse Bridgeport is unconvincing to anyone who has seen the city's slums. It also ignores the reports of Harold Poole, his own housing administrator, who admitted last June that "from fifty to seventy-five freshly evicted tenants a day [were] looking for low-cost apartments, because landlords have boosted rates beyond their power to pay." Although rent speculators were having a field day, McLevy did nothing until August 7, when mounting criticism and pressure from federal authorities induced him to appoint a fair-rent board. However, the evictions continue. On the day the rent board was appointed, McLevy's right-hand man, Fred Schwarzkopf, discussing the housing issue with me, said indignantly, "We don't want the federal government in here squandering the public money."

McLevy's attitude toward the defense program as a whole is worth recording. He has no enthusiasm for Roosevelt's foreign policy, probably because of isolationist sentiment among Republican business men and in the city's powerful Catholic church, to which he has consistently deferred. In addition he is a firm believer in business-as-usual, and the need to produce guns for

the democracies apparently is overshadowed in his mind by the increase it will require in the Bridgeport budget. This is McLevy's main concern. He will have to expand Bridgeport's fire and police services, build additional schools, and raise other appropriations, all of which he is loath to do. One has the feeling that he would rather reverse our foreign policy than add a mill to the city tax rate.

The Bridgeport *Herald*, a liberal newspaper with an engaging irreverence for politicians, frequently refers to the Mayor's fondness for "rubber stamps." Socialist and other city officials unsympathetic to his economy-first regime have been swiftly purged from the party and administration, both of which he dominates completely. McLevy has placed most jobs under civil service, but enough remain for his political needs, and the prospect of receiving one of the more desirable municipal posts has usually proved effective in discouraging potential oppositionists. Members of the Common Council, on which the Socialists have a fifteen-to-one majority, rarely dissent from the Mayor's wishes. The case of School Superintendent Worcester Warren, a well-regarded progressive educator who was recently dismissed for opposing McLevy's efforts to run the School Board, is a good example of how the administration operates.

There is a story that when McLevy was first elected some Republican clubs removed signs reading, "Republican Club, Pinochle Tuesdays and Thursdays," and substituted, "Socialist Club, Pinochle Tuesdays and Thursdays." The Bridgeport Socialist Party contains between four and five hundred members, a great many of them ex-Republicans. Purges and conscientious scruples have taken most of the pre-1933 members out of the party; those that remain are mostly McLevy's old cronies now holding municipal offices. The Norman Thomas branch of the Socialist Party broke with the Bridgeport mayor in 1936, and the rightist Social Democratic Federation, of which ostensibly he is national chairman, has no use for him either. The S. D. F., strongly New Deal, was embarrassed last year by his refusal to support Roosevelt, and is in the anomalous position of having a national chairman who not only disagrees with it on major policy but is not legally a member, since the Socialist Party of Connecticut has never become affiliated with it.

The Mayor occupies an interesting position in Republican strategy. In 1934 he prevented the Democrats from gaining control of the state legislature by electing Socialist representatives from Bridgeport. In 1938, as a gubernatorial candidate, he corralled enough normally Democratic working-class votes to defeat the New Deal Governor, Wilbur Cross, and enable the Republicans to capture the State House and a number of Congressional seats. Close observers of the campaign say that McLevy and the Republican gubernatorial candidate concentrated their fire on the Democratic Party and dealt gently with

each other. In local politics the Mayor is supported by important Republican elements who approve of his administration, and who realize that knifing him in favor of the Republican ticket might result in a Democratic victory. The fact that McLevy is a help in state politics and neutral in national politics enables them to support him without tangling their lines.

In a sense the Mayor owes his Republican support and his office to the attitude of Bridgeport labor groups, which have rarely been aggressive enough to demand more than he could grant without antagonizing his conservative allies. He has never become involved in a serious industrial dispute in which his action might bring down on him the hostility of one side or the other. He is on friendly terms with most A. F. of L. officials, having done them discreet favors and appointed a number of them to municipal jobs and commissions. The reply of one of these to my question, "What has McLevy done for the unions?" was, "Why, nothing much, but then Socialists aren't interested in unions. They're politicians." Several A. F. of L. leaders, under Democratic influence, oppose McLevy, but they are in the minority. A more substantial threat to his political future is offered by the C. I. O., which is hostile because of a succession of minor disputes and a pronounced difference in temperament. The attitude of rank-and-file workers ranges from enthusiasm to dislike, with a broad area of apathy in between. For some, the Mayor's habit of driving an old car, going around in shirt sleeves, and inviting people to call him Jasper has an undeniable appeal. Those who have suffered from the raw edges of the defense boom—from evictions, for instance—are less affected by his shirt sleeves, which according to a Democratic critic are all that remains of his proletarian philosophy. The strains of the boom may eventually create enough discontent to alienate the bulk of Bridgeport labor and drive McLevy from office.

Such a development is dimly discernible in a proposed alliance of anti-McLevy A. F. of L. unionists, the C. I. O., and the Democratic Party in the coming elections. It is unlikely, however, that any combination formed at this late stage can defeat the Mayor's bid for a fifth term, especially since the Democrats are badly split over the question of leadership. Some Bridgeport politicians believe that the alliance augurs his decline, but few concede it more than an outside chance of victory this year. The Republican organization is conceded no chance at all for the reasons already mentioned, and may even fail to find a sacrificial lamb to accept its nomination. The city apparently is prepared to endure another siege of McLevy's socialism with the same fine patience it has displayed through decades of rule by Democrats and avowed Republicans. The only people upset by the prospect, aside from the Democrats, are those who had expected that a Socialist mayor would at least act like a liberal.

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In the Wind

WHEN HE ADDRESSES the Fight for Freedom rally in Madison Square Garden on October 5, Wendell Willkie will tell all that he knows of the origins and purposes of the Wheeler-Nye-Clark motion-picture investigation.

RECENT CRITICISM of the Polish government-in-exile for harboring pro-fascists and anti-Semites has had some good effect. Not long ago General Duch, chief of the Polish Legion in Canada, was asked to attend a function in Detroit that had been organized by outspoken reactionaries. The General refused and addressed an open letter to the Polish press expressing his dislike of anti-Semitism.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT is circulating an article by Penn Kimball of *PM* praising Major Walter Griffin, author of the pamphlet dealing with an imaginary war between "Almat and Kotmk." An accompanying release says that Major Griffin intended no analogy between "Kotmk" and Germany.

CAPTAIN GEORGE SMITH, who was arrested in New York last week for rioting, has never been, as he claimed, ex-Colonel Lindbergh's bodyguard. He was, however, Father Coughlin's bodyguard and has recently been employed as chief bouncer at the New York office of *America First*.

FROM A GERMAN BROADCAST of September 27, 1940: "Satisfaction is felt in Oslo now that a stable order has been created."

MARTIN DIES may soon announce that he no longer supports the Administration's foreign policy. The defection is said to be due to Russia's entry into the war.

A NEW YORK NEWSPAPERMAN has discovered an article written by Gerald P. Nye during the last war in which Nye urged that the older La Follette be ousted from the Senate for his opposition to American intervention.

THE NEWS LETTER *France Speaks* reports that just before Pierre Laval was wounded by Paul Collette he was trying to make capital of his former Socialist connections. Agents of Laval visited several trade-union leaders in unoccupied France and informed them that a fight was going on between Laval and Darlan. Laval, they said, was secretly opposed to collaboration. They urged that the patriotic labor leaders join forces with Laval, who would lead them in a fight against the Nazis. According to the report, all who were questioned flatly rejected the proposition, sensing that it was a trick to aid Laval in his fight to return to power.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Prison Horrors in America

THIS man, Raymond Farris, threw down his chain-gang hammer in the quarry near Roanoke, Virginia, and with another convict started running. Guards brought the other man down. They put buckshot in Farris's back. He headed north and made 200 miles at a remarkable rate, apparently entering Pennsylvania by the village of New Freedom. Less than a week after he escaped he was in jail at York on a charge of drunkenness, a condition which, he said, he had reached by drinking the rubbing alcohol he had bought to put on his gunshot wounds. Jailers used a hacksaw to take a steel ring off his leg. He talked about prison conditions in Virginia. They did not sound pretty. The jail doctor took the shot out of his back. The Reverend Docham Harris of York, county probation officer, said he was going to use whatever influence he had to prevent Virginia from getting Farris again. A local lawyer volunteered in the cause and petitioned the Governor not to let Virginia get Farris back. The *Gazette and Daily* of York took up the convict's cause. And York is confident that it has a man as worthy of its defense as the gentleman who wrote "I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang" nearly ten years ago.

Perhaps it has. Certainly recent disclosures as to the lashings and sweat boxes for convicts in Georgia's county camps do not indicate that as much progress has been made as might have been in that decade. This man Farris, a small-time forger and drunk who blames his collapse into crime on his divorce from his wife, may be telling the absolute truth about the quarry camp in Virginia. There, he says, the men are chained in bunks above their own excreta, and there even a man who works so hard among the stones that he ruptures himself may be strung up with his hands above him for hours at a time for not working hard enough. It may be so. I don't know. Some convicts have told me the absolute truth; others have told me some big and fancy lies.

Truth about prisons comes out only in storms of sudden, showy scandal. But it is apt to come out anywhere. There was the dreadful case a few years ago in York's Pennsylvania of prisoners who were cooked to death with steam as a result of an ingenious enterprise in prison discipline. York is still aware of that. A writer in the *Gazette and Daily* said, "Goodness knows we have had too many recent occasions of brutality in Pennsylvania's prisons and institutions for the feeble-minded." In con-

demned Virginia the warden of the state penitentiary at Richmond is respected by enlightened penologists as a man intelligently trying to better conditions. Whether he has had the support he needs in a state where a lot of power is still in the hands of courthouse rings which sometimes depend on the support of prison-camp guards I do not know. I'm ignorant about that—and I'm short of absolute confidence even about the conditions in jails and prisons in my own county and my own state. I wonder how many other Americans are just as ignorant about things just as near home.

The truth is that everywhere in America—except in Talmadge's Georgia—in recent months, years even, we have been hearing a great deal more about concentration camps in Germany than about conditions in jails in America. We have been listening with horror, as if horror were invented by the thick-necked torturers of Mr. Hitler. I certainly am not trying to minimize repulsion for these political and racial prisons of the Nazis. In the governmental order of even the most backward states in the United States there is no official insistence on sadism. But we have been contemplating cruelty as if it were altogether distant and totalitarian. My bet is that wherever in America anybody reads this piece cruelty in institutional secrecy may exist right now.

"In Pennsylvania," said the *York Gazette and Daily* man, "the victims of institutional brutality died; so all we could do was try to correct the conditions."

That is the universal American plan—the clean-up after the killing. It happens everywhere—and then, after the clean-up, the forgetfulness, or worse than forgetfulness. Today in the United States it could be almost set down as a universal rule that outside the federal prisons and a few others the wages paid prison guards are so low as to be almost calculated to attract none but the worst possible men. In spite of that, there is today a widespread delusion that in most places bad jail, prison, and institutional conditions can be considered in the past tense. Citizens do not know what happens in their prisons—and do not inquire. If they did, often they would find not brutality, which is generally easily hidden, but a political and pay situation which seems almost deliberately designed to make jails and prisons in America places we would view with horror if they were in Europe.

This Raymond Farris may be lying in York. There is plenty of unpleasant truth hidden in America just the same.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Three Tenant Families

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN. By James Agee and Walker Evans. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

THIS elaborate documentary of three Alabama tenant families succeeds at least in its principal function: its documentation. "Ultimately it is intended that this record and analysis be exhaustive, *with no details, however trivial, left untouched*" (my italics). It records and examines every single article in the possession of the families Woods, Gudger, and Ricketts, including a jar of menthol salve, the squeaking hinges of the Woodses' bedroom door, "the unlighted lamp which stands in the bare daylight in the beauty of a young nude girl" (*sic*), the crease in George Gudger's trousers, and a calendar of Mrs. Ricketts's advertising "—'s shoes" etc., etc., etc. The author's passion for the all-inclusive (I refer to Mr. Agee—Mr. Evans took the photographs) induces him not only to draw up this appalling inventory of the irrelevant, the incidental, and the relevant, but also to quote such stuff as: "*The Great Ball on Which We Live*. The world is our home. It is also the home of many, many other children, some of whom live in far-away lands. They are our world brothers and sisters." But behind all this rather pretentious whimsicality (a characteristic of a certain category of American literature for which the shade of Whitman ought to be impeached by the Society of American Authors), behind this I observe the figure of Mr. Agee in a posture of humility and supplication to the world in general and the three Alabama families in particular.

This book is just as much an act of violence as the worst poems of Whitman are acts of violence: by this I mean that they seek to achieve their ends by hammering desperately and cold-bloodedly on the sense of astonishment. For I see no other explanation of the fact that, halfway through the preface of the book, this sentence occurs: "The title of this volume is 'Let Us Now Praise Famous Men.'" It also goes to explain such a paragraph as the following:

The text was written with reading aloud in mind. That cannot be recommended [the volume has 471 pages]; but it is suggested that the reader attend with his ear to what he takes off the page: for variations of tone, pace, shape, and dynamics are here particularly unavailable to the eye alone, and with their loss a good deal of meaning escapes.

The effort to encompass a whole world of things in the merely conscientious enumeration of them—in other words, in such an enumeration as that of Mr. Agee, with its microscopic concentration on objects simply because they happen to be there—is in my opinion denigrated by such a remark as that of James Cagney (I believe) when he got back from Europe. "It's dead fish," he said. This is the shorthand of true penetration and perspicacity: it is the creation of the symbol that renders the inventory unnecessary: it is the principle of selection at work to produce the metaphor as epitome. Ultimately it is memorable speech, that is, poetry.

But there is more to this remarkable book than a list of

the families' furniture; it is also composed of poems, prose poems, and plain prose narrative. And when Mr. Agee gets down to his account of the abnormal relationships of the characters concerned, a sense of great natural dignity enters the writing and makes these passages take on the proportions of a major novel. Like Ernest Hemingway's writing, it becomes almost magnificent in its effort to be simple over issues which neither Mr. Hemingway nor Mr. Agee can ever wholly simplify. For human beings, even more than the world of objects, inexplicably transcend their own specifications. Thus in those passages devoted to descriptions of the behavior of the families among themselves I feel that Mr. Agee suspends the fairly hopeless business of tabulating action down to the last gesture and acknowledges the possibility of things happening between the lines. Then the dignity and, paradoxically enough, the idiosyncratic variations of the individuals are put across as by a kind of sleight-of-hand. And I take that to be one of the characteristic gifts of the good writer.

Summarily I would say that the virtues of this book are also its faults. For that generosity of sympathy which makes Mr. Agee feel so strongly about not omitting even ridiculous details from his book, in other words, his virtue of immense hospitality toward all things, is at the same time the vice of greed. His desire to establish a great memorial to these three Alabama families has ended in the accumulation of an edifice in which old boots, staircases, the exact texture of Mr. Gudger's overalls, and the number of hairpins in the possession of Mrs. Woods, all hang together like the articles discovered in aboriginal graves. But every now and then, from this extraordinary imbroglia, one of the figures of the Gudgers or Woodses or Rickettses rises and really looks at the reader with accusation and condemnation. Then the whole of the Alabama landscape appears behind this figure, with the social disparities and the domestic eccentricities lying about in a brilliance and clarity that never could result from any mere list of them. And at such moments this becomes a monumental book.

GEORGE BARKER

The Navies of the Pacific

THE ARMED FORCES OF THE PACIFIC. By W. D. Puleston. Yale University Press. \$2.75.

NO MORE timely publication could be conceived than this authoritative analysis by the doyen of American naval writers of the armed forces now arrayed against each other in the Pacific. A fervid believer in the Clausewitz-Mahan thesis that war is but the continuation of diplomacy by other means, Captain Puleston begins his study with a brief but excellent outline of the conflicting policies of Japan and the United States, policies which may one day set their armed forces into motion and determine their strategies. This basic sketch of the political background of a possible clash in the Pacific is followed by a more detailed examination of the defense machines of the two countries: their sea, land, and air forces, their systems of enlistment, conscription, and

training for both officers and men, the organization of their military hierarchies, the composition, role, and functioning of their staff systems; and, finally, of their central brains, the defense ministries, and of the supreme coordination of these ministries in the two opposing governments.

From this elaborate exposition of the organizational structure of the two sides the author turns to their prospective battlefield, examining in turn the main focal points of the naval strategy of the Pacific—Singapore, the Philippines, Vladivostok, the Japanese archipelago, and the Japanese mandated islands in the South Seas. Incidentally, he is emphatic in declaring that the strategic value of these islands as a barrier to an advance of the United States fleet westward has been grotesquely exaggerated.

The study centers in a detailed comparative survey of the opposing fleets, beginning with the age and constitution of their respective officer corps and enlisted personnel and continuing class by class, often ship by ship, with the results set down in a series of highly illuminating tables. The potential building capacity of the Japanese yards, the probable psychological reaction of the Japanese naval authorities to the situation created by the European conflict, the interruption of the Japanese navy's training and gunnery program as a result of the Chinese incident—these are only a few examples of the range and variety of factors taken into consideration in this brilliant piece of work.

The final chapter on the tactical and strategic aspects of a American-Japanese armed clash in the Pacific reveals Captain Puleston as a very strong supporter of an offensive strategy. Reiterating Mahan's warning against the fatal mistake of dividing the fleet between the two oceans, he gives vent in no uncertain terms to his conviction that, kept together, the United States fleet should be able to sweep like a cyclone across the Pacific to the Philippines and from there bring such pressure to bear upon Japan as eventually to force out its commander-in-chief to a desperate gamble. As Captain Puleston sees it, Japan's numerical inferiority is by no means offset by its strategic position, and the uncertainty as to the several lines of advance open to the United States fleet places it on the horns of a painful dilemma. The much-advertised "harassing attacks" by Japanese light craft from the mandated islands, in the author's opinion, could be expected to have no signal success, while this route would offer to American officers the best opportunity for dealing with the enemy piecemeal, particularly in view of the marked American superiority in the air, to which Captain Puleston devotes some of his most interesting pages.

HERBERT ROSINSKI

A Matter of Taste

PULITZER PRIZE POEMS. Compiled by Marjorie Barrows. Random House. \$2.50.

THIS book, according to the cover, contains "important selections from every book of poetry that has won the Pulitzer prize." It also contains, before the selections begin, the complete list of winners, and of their publishers. Following the selections we are given thirty-five pages "about the poets"; these include biographies, bibliographies, remarks by

some of the poets about poetry, and tributes. On the average, the poets get three tributes apiece. William Rose Benét gives most of the tributes, six; Louis Untermeyer gives five. The collection is not indexed.

Of the poets, Stephen Vincent Benét is given the most space, eighteen pages; MacLeish is next with sixteen; Lowell gets twelve; Robinson, eleven; Coffin, nine; Bacon, Fletcher, and Speyer eight each; Frost and Hillyer, six; Zaturenska, five; Wurdemann, four; Aiken, Millay, Dillon, and Van Doren, three each. Some of the items are familiar to the point of inevitability; Frost's *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening* and *Mending Wall*, Robinson's *Miniver Cheevy* and *Flammonde*, Lowell's *Lilacs*, Millay's *To the Not Impossible Him*. Of the less familiar matter, George Dillon's *The Dead Elm on the Hilltop* and *The Noise of Leaves* seem to me the most memorable; there are other poems which have something, but in general the collection contains, in my opinion, more verse than poetry, and more pretenders than poets. If the compiler's ability to recognize poetry can be judged from her own literary style, it is of doubtful competence: one of her phrases, at least, deserves a kind of immortality, her reference to Conrad Aiken, "who was to become one of the most original and foremost of modern American poets."

What good does all this do? Well, for one thing, presumably the poets have been paid for this use of their poems. For another, the completeness of the evidence will no doubt afford considerable perverse satisfaction to those who think the whole Pulitzer-prize business is anything from a great pity to a god-damned outrage. These will find delightful items not only in the text itself but in the *obiter dicta*—in Thomas Hardy's sententious observation that "America has just two great works of art to its credit, recessive architecture and the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay"; in Carl Sandburg's tautological howler, "I am not sure what an authentic poet is, but I know Archibald MacLeish is one"; in Robert P. Tristram Coffin's triple definition, "Poetry is saying the best one can about life. . . . Poetry is the best arrangement of the finest thoughts. . . . It is the art of making people feel well about life." Some questions for graduate students suggest themselves here: (a) On the basis of Mr. Coffin's first definition, criticize the poetic value of "Dans ce bordel ou tenons notre estat"; and "I must lie down where all the ladders start/in the foul rag-and-bone shop of my heart." (b) What is a fine thought? (c) Distinguish, on the basis of Mr. Coffin's third definition, between poetry and (1) medicine, (2) sexual intercourse. Finally, the book may make some money for the publishers; it will probably be purchased by many school and college libraries, and may even be adopted as a text in more progressive courses in literature.

Well, what harm does all this do? Probably not much either, for those who are capable of having their taste determined by it are presumably incapable of anything better; the others can reject it on instinct, or perhaps the sooner they get it crammed down their throats the sooner they will be revolted.

What should be said about the taste shown here is that, a little more refined, a little higher up the ladder, it is the same thing that devotes itself to queries on the book page of the *New York Times* on Sunday—you know, where somebody writes in to inquire about the lines

A window of heaven was just ajar
And all unseen by the sentinel star
An angel slipped out from the jasper throne
And wandered to this world alone,

and next week the whole poem is located by Mrs. Henry D. Holmes of Montpelier, Mrs. Sarah Searing of Auburn, and several others.

The Pulitzer-prize award, on the evidence before us, is the apotheosis of this taste. The attitude it reveals toward poetry is utterly bourgeois, in the worst sense of the word. It is all so refined and respectable: the poems "are not the highly difficult poems appreciated by the few"; the poets are nice, wholesome college graduates, with decent jobs and summer places in the country. None ever seems hateful or jealous, subject to acedia or mood-swings; none ever seems bothered by the unadulterated plain or complicated fancy kinds of hell that poets get into. None sounds a bit like Rimbaud or Rilke. Perhaps not; but is it fair to lead people to think that American poets and poetry are as simple as all this?

Sixteen poets. Just for ducks, here is a list of sixteen others who did *not* win the Pulitzer prize during the years 1922-41. (Are Pound and Eliot ineligible? How about Auden, then?) The list: Léonie Adams, Louise Bogan, Hart Crane, E. E. Cummings, H. D., Langston Hughes, Kenneth Fearing, Stanley Kunitz, Robinson Jeffers, Marianne Moore, Phelps Putnam, Carl Sandburg, Wallace Stevens, Allen Tate, Sara Teasdale, William Carlos Williams. And one more for luck—Elinor Wylie. I do not admire all these with equal fervor, or claim that they all are better than any one on the given

BY COUNT CARLO SFORZA

SOME valuable data on the European scene is revealed in these recollections of the former Italian Foreign Minister, now in voluntary exile. Count Sforza knows the peoples of Europe and their leaders as few Americans can know them. And although directly on the spot when much of modern history was being made, he now carefully reports it in the light of more recent events, from the standpoint of an experienced, detached observer.

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Although Count Sforza has many times been in a position to say, "I told you so," this book is distinctly not in the vein of recrimination or self-justification. Instead, he makes several important factual and interpretative contributions to the discussion of world events.

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list. But dare anyone deny that, by and large, it is a much better list? Or make up your own, gentle reader; and see how valid it comes out. This cannot all be a matter of politics, or luck, or timing; in the final analysis it comes down to the taste of the selecting committee. And there, with regret, we must leave it.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

The Crisis of Intelligence

FISCAL POLICY AND BUSINESS CYCLES. By Alvin H. Hansen. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.50.

DEFICIT SPENDING AND THE NATIONAL INCOME. By Henry Hilgard Villard. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.50.

AFTER more than a hundred years of devotion to superficial apologetics and elegant irrelevancies, bourgeois political economy has, in the last decade, experienced a genuine renaissance. The world crisis of capitalism, which has already extended over a full quarter-century of war, revolution, and profound economic disturbance, and which is even now approaching a climax in the Second World War, has forced economists to come forward with a critical appraisal of the operation of the society in which they live. No American has contributed more to this rebirth of scientific economics than Professor Alvin H. Hansen; his latest, and in many ways his most important, book deserves therefore the utmost attention of every student of world affairs.

"Fiscal Policy and Business Cycles," like several earlier works by the same author, is not an integrated treatise, nor is it for the most part written exclusively for the economic specialist. It is rather a series of related but nevertheless independent essays covering a wide range of topics, sometimes impressionistically, occasionally with all the paraphernalia of formal theory, but always originally and suggestively. The essential independence of the parts enforces a considerable amount of repetition of important principles, which, however, is in no sense to be accounted a weakness. The style throughout is straightforward and unpretentious; what is lacking in grace is made up in intelligibility and compactness.

Part One is an attempt to place the depression and partial recovery of the 1930's in proper historical perspective. Many of the ideas are already familiar to those who have studied Hansen's well-known T. N. E. C. testimony, but they are here set out in greater detail and with more supporting factual evidence. Chapters IV and V are of particular value in dispelling widely held popular misconceptions. In the former Hansen shows that the fiscal policy of the New Deal was compounded very largely of "salvaging" operations and had little in common with constructive economic planning; in the latter he properly underlines the special and very probably non-recurring factors which accounted for the mildness of depression and the extent of recovery in Great Britain—such factors as accumulated shortages from the relatively depressed '20's, the abandonment of free trade, the availability of very cheap imports from hard-hit agricultural countries, and so on.

Part Two is devoted to The Changing Role of Fiscal Policy. The American tax structure comes in for severe criticism on precisely the right grounds, namely, the colossal drag which it constitutes on the level of consumption. The vital

role which public debt has played since the very beginnings of capitalism is given full weight; in this connection the supporting data will come as a revelation to those who derive their picture of reality from the distorted mirror of the modern press. The United States national debt of today, about which until recently we heard so much clamor, is little more than half of our national income; by contrast, the English debt of 1818, after the Napoleonic wars, and again in 1923, after the World War, stood at a figure twice the national income.

Part Three contains the most difficult theoretical chapters. Here the interrelation of income, consumption, and investment is subjected to searching theoretical and empirical analysis. (The statistical appendix to Chapter XI on the relation of consumption to income, contributed by Paul A. Samuelson, is a gem.) Hansen senses the profound bias of our present economic order: in favor of expanding capital and against expanding consumption. Moreover, he makes of this the foundation stone of his explanation of our present economic dilemma, and he sees much more clearly than any other bourgeois writer that this difficulty would by no means be removed by that eternal panacea of the vulgar economist, a freely competitive price system. Chapter XV should be required reading for all those who plan to save the world à la Thurman Arnold. The upshot of this part is that we must have ever more investment, if not by business then by government, if we are to avoid a state of chronic depression in the future.

Part Four examines Investment Incentives, Past and Present, and comes to the conclusion that the role of government will in all likelihood be much greater in the future than it has been in the past.

Part Five, on problems of defense, is more topical than the rest of the book; it is also less substantial and, on a long view, less important.

What is to be said in criticism of this stimulating book is less a matter of detail than of fundamental approach. (The details can be safely left to that large number of professional economists who will doubtless find Hansen too bold and outspoken for their taste.) Hansen understands very well *what* is wrong with our present-day economy, and that is all to the good. But ask the question of this book: *why* have matters turned out as they have? You will not find much by way of answer. The modern world is very complex; rapid adjustments are needed, but certain habits and institutional patterns stand in the way. To deal with these problems we need "bold social engineering," and this will be possible only if we have the requisite "vision and courage." In the final analysis, therefore, the present world crisis is a *crisis of intelligence*. This is the inevitable implication of Hansen's position.

What Hansen does *not* see, and in this he is of course by no means peculiar, is that the economic troubles which he so skilfully describes and analyzes are manifestations of the real nature of the capitalist system itself. Capital, the dominant force in society, seeks its own self-expansion and cares not a hang for a smoothly working economy or for the consumption of the masses if they stand in the way. There is perhaps little in Hansen's analysis which is actually inconsistent with this interpretation but what a difference it makes to the

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conclusion! There is no lack of intelligence in the world; the trouble is that too much of it is in the service of the highest bidder, whose ends are entirely different from those which Hansen too easily takes for granted. There is no lack of courage and vision in the world; the trouble is that too much of it is betrayed into fighting on the side of that economic frustration which Hansen rightly accounts the fundamental evil of our time. In reality the future is both brighter and darker than he will admit: brighter because he underestimates the resourcefulness of the human race; darker because he underestimates the power of capital. On balance, however, his is surely the less cheerful outlook, for there is little evidence that the intelligence of the human race has changed for several thousand years, while the power of capital is at most a few hundred years old.

Henry Hilgard Villard's book, "Deficit Spending and the National Income," is much more specialized than Professor Hansen's and will therefore appeal to a narrower audience. A large part is devoted to analyzing recent theoretical work, particularly that which has to do with the so-called "multiplier" concept, a problem also covered, though in less detail, by Hansen. The doctrinal review is well done, and it is certainly not Villard's fault if more subtlety has been expended on the subject than it deserves.

Perhaps the most valuable of Villard's positive contributions is a careful calculation of federal, state, and local expenditures for approximately the last ten years. The results, however, will hardly change anyone's estimate of the forces at work during this period. Villard's own conclusions are so cautiously stated and so carefully hedged about with qualifications as to upset none but the most unregenerate opponent of government spending.

PAUL M. SWEETZ

The Life of the Hunted

THE JOURNAL OF ALBION MOONLIGHT. By Kenneth Patchen. New York: Printed by the Author. \$5.

OVER the pages of Kenneth Patchen's privately printed, handsomely presented "novel there emerge mental images of the religious art of the century preceding the advent of Francis of Assisi and his gospel of love. We recollect the sculptural symbols of a horror of the world in Lombard and Lucchese churches; the ferocious depictions of the state of being hunted and torn by ravening wild beasts totally masters of the situation. Symbols of similar terrors, similarly close to the night fears of small children, have reappeared in this wild, remarkable new opus.

Like "The Black Book" by Lawrence Durrell a bulking prose-fantasy in direct line of descent from "The Waste Land," "The Journal of Albion Moonlight" converts or seeks to convert to spiritual use a decadent lyrical material related to that of Eliot's epoch-making poem and merely more advanced in gaminess. Mournfully at times, satirically at others, and frequently in disgust it utilizes experiences of black rot and progressive mental and instinctive disorder and dissolution. There are feelings of bisexual impulses, and feelings of exposure to a degenerating influence destroying the power for happiness and good, and yearnings for the restoration of Jesus to suffering humanity—negated by some frigidity or

paralysis of soul. Dramatically, symbolistically, with an all in all unhackneyed technique, a bold "wit," the sound and color of words, metaphorical characters, and appropriate rhetorical forms and cadences, Patchen has contrived—under the influence of Blake of the prophetic books and of Rimbaud and Ducasse—to erect images of these sad feelings into a personal, savage, festering little world. The overwhelming force of evil in things takes shape in bloodhounds who chase and overtake the wandering Albion Moonlight. One wonders: is Christianity once again, as in the twelfth century, becoming dualistic, pessimistic, Manichean?

Our curiosity, indeed, might be very keen were the book somewhat more forceful. This latest production of the immensely promising young Ohioan is on the whole a grave, individual, poetic piece of work. Still it is impossible to feel that many of its readers will concur in Henry Miller's verdict that "The Journal" is "a work of unmistakable genius." The lyric depth, the direct insight and belief characteristic of exalted creative powers remain too spasmodically evident in it to warrant the extreme judgment. The left-wing speeches occurring at several points and plainly without satiric intention strike one as rather childish. There is a convincing pathos and even sublimity in passages of the frequently bitter or violent prose. Other portions of it somehow fail to carry one away. Some of the despair of goodness in things is touching, but some of it wears the look of mere sullenness—while on occasions the author thrusts his head through his canvas to assure us about what he is depicting. And great poetry is made only with the greatest decision about and sincerity toward the universe.

The author's skill, talent, ingenuity are none the less very noteworthy. With the drama through which he expresses his gloomy material, Patchen helps current literature to acquit itself of two of its perennial functions. One is that of direct protest. His picture of this festering world is a present-day young man's bitter cry of disbelief in man and condemnation of an earth given over to ravaging instincts; and—somewhat less admirably—his protest against American participation in the war. The sphere of ice in July, hounding dogs, decaying sex, multiplying impulses of murder, and blind search for Roivas—an anagram of Savior—is supposed to be a symbol of, a formation parallel to, the reality of the summer of 1940. The other perennial function is that of drawing the curtains of the couch about a humanity habituated to science and "harshly pressed upon by the importunities of excess of knowledge." I mean that this drama builds up a world out-pacing man, fundamentally a dream world improvised by the author; and one of literature's functions ever has been the stimulation of belief in what lies past the limits of experience. Doubtless the fabulous, surprising sphere reflected in the journal of the hounded and murderous Moonlight is as foul, discolored, and monstrous as the night world of a dementia praecox. Still a good nightmare may have great value as an unconscious warning or purgation.

The performance itself is frequently effective; extraordinarily, actively imaginative. The scenes, images, and forms in which Patchen has expressed his feelings are remarkably apposite and various. His prose unfailingly has rhythm and never plays him false; finding the color of the occasion; grandly conforming to the confused movements of the hys-

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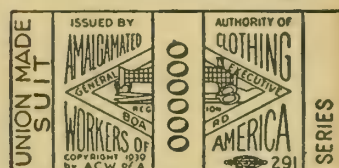
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terical mind of the "journalist." He possesses a gift of paradox: witness the charming pages of them commencing, "So it is the duty of the artist to discourage all traces of shame." In lines like "The word is the way something floats which cannot be seen/The word is the call of the tribe from down under the water/The word is the thing the wind says to the dead/The word is the white candle at the foot of the throne" this growing artist "fogs them in over the plate." And his exploitation of the vernacular is almost as telling as Cummings's—precisely as his technique bids fair in its freedom from staleness to rival Williams's invariably fresh and sharp one.

PAUL ROSENFELD

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

THE VIKING BOOK OF POETRY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD. Selected and Edited by Richard Aldington. Viking. \$3.50.

JAMES MADISON: THE VIRGINIA REVOLUTIONIST. By Irving Brant. Bobbs-Merrill. \$4.50.

BRITISH UNEMPLOYMENT PROGRAMS, 1920-1938. A Report prepared for the Committee on Social Security by Eveline M. Burns. Social Science Research Council. \$2.75.

PARADISE LIMITED. An Informal History of the Fabulous Hawaiians. By Thomas Blake Clark. Modern Age. \$2.75.

THE INDEPENDENT REGULATORY COMMISSIONS. By Robert E. Cushman. Oxford. \$5.

TAR HEELS. A Portrait of North Carolina. By Jonathan Daniels. Dodd, Mead. \$3.

THE HANDBOOK ANNUAL OF THE THEATER, MAY, 1940-MAY, 1941. By Wilbur Dingwell. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

SAVAGE LANDOR. By Malcolm Elwin. Macmillan. \$4.

GOVERNMENT AND THE AMERICAN ECONOMY. By Merle Fainsod and Lincoln Gordon. Norton. \$5.

THE NATURE OF MODERN WARFARE. By Cyril Falls. With an Introduction by Major George Fielding Eliot. Oxford. \$1.25.

MY LAST MILLION READERS. By Emile Gauvreau. Dutton. \$3.

THE HIGHLAND CALL. A Symphonic Play of American History in Two Acts. By Paul Green. North Carolina. \$2.50.

SUNRISE IN MY POCKET OR THE LAST DAYS OF DAVY CROCKETT. By Edwin Justus Mayer. Messner. \$2.

BIG FAMILY. By Bellamy Partridge. Whittlesey House. \$2.75.

TWO ENDS TO OUR SHOESTRING. By Kathrene Pinkerton. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75.

THE CONCISE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By George Sampson. Macmillan. \$4.50.

THE HISTORY OF PUBLIC WELFARE IN NEW YORK STATE, 1867-1940. By David M. Schneider and Albert Deutsch. University of Chicago. \$3.50.

THE TOTALITARIAN WAR AND AFTER. Personal Recollections and Political Considerations. By Count Carlo Sforza. University of Chicago. \$1.25.

THE DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT. A Collection of American Writings from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Edited, with an Introduction, by Bernard Smith. Knopf. \$5.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE NAZI ECONOMY. By Maxine Y. Sweezy. Harvard University. \$3.

METAPOLITICS. From the Romantics to Hitler. By Peter Viereck. Knopf. \$3.

NEWTOKIA: THE WORLD WE WANT. By P. W. Wilson. Scribner's. \$2.

BRAZIL: LAND OF THE FUTURE. By Stefan Zweig. Viking. \$3.

IN BRIEF

WHERE STANDS A WINGED SEN-TRY. By Margaret Kennedy. Yale University Press. \$2.

This is an account of the months of May ("ever-increasing gravity") to September ("we can take it") of last year as they seemed to an evacuated mother and her family and friends. Bombs, for the most part, appear only reflected. What is directly given is the curve of feeling of a cross-section of the British people—incrédulity, then stunned despair, rising to grim determination and restrained but well-earned confidence. The romantic preciosity of the author of "The Constant Nymph" and "Escape Me Never" and the inverted snobbery of the between-wars English intellectual are discernible here and there, but the book is fundamentally sincere and enlightening. The author says that people in Britain "have certainly taken life to pieces and found out what it is made of," and she makes one understand what she means.

THE UNTAMED BALKANS. By Frederic W. L. Kovacs. Modern Age Books. \$2.

Bellicosity and political intrigue, occasionally joined with assassination, corruption, and misery, squalor and ostentation—these are the constituents of the traditional picture captioned The Powder Keg of Europe. In our current war, however, most of the Balkan countries have behaved rather like Ferdinand the Bull. After a short intermezzo of treachery and heroism they have disappeared behind the limelight of Nazi conquest. In this fascinating book, which in spite of its thorough historical and economic background reads like a political thriller, Mr. Kovacs advances the view that the Balkan peninsula is but a "sleeping giant" and may continue the peasant revolts that began in the sixteenth century. The Nazi conquest has solved none of its problems, but has merely created half a dozen new Macedonias. Mechanization of agriculture on a large scale and the curbing of chauvinism must be the preliminaries to a vaster unity which alone can alleviate the peasant's misery and grant cultural freedom to national splinters. It is regrettable that slight inaccuracies, such, for example, as the misquotation of George Dozsa's name and the statement that only one million Magyars had been under Rumanian rule, should mar this witty and useful volume.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. Volume II: The Growth of the New Empire, 1783-1870. The Macmillan Company. \$10.50.

This volume, like Volume I in the same series, is made up of chapters by many authorities, and combines scholarship with literary merit. It will be thought only less interesting by Americans than the first, which dealt with our own early history. What is often called the Second British Empire owed much of its success to the lesson learned from the loss of the first through the American Revolution, and its development in the nineteenth century paralleled that of the United States.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY: 1776-1940. By John Holladay Latane and David W. Wainhouse. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$6.

This is a second revision of a book which combines a close-packed and amazingly well-rounded factual account with a searching commentary. Six excellent new chapters bring the survey down to September, 1939, and reinforce, by the consistent following of the fundamental threads from Jefferson to Hull and Roosevelt, the view of the inevitability of our present policy in its broad aspects. This invaluable textbook and book of reference can also be read for pleasure.

DEMOCRATIC FRANCE. The Third Republic from Sedan to Vichy. By Richard Walden Hale, Jr. Coward-McCann. \$3.50.

This comprehensive history is plainly the result of sifting a good deal of reading. In fact, the sifting is a little too obvious. The author is not an entertaining writer or a finished stylist, and his effort to tell only what happened seems to leave the book largely without a point of view. He also shows a tendency to write down to the presumably not very bookish reader. At best his book is useful as a review of recent French history and a reminder that the French are a politically active people whose present surface passivity cannot endure forever.

THE PASSING OF THE SAINT. A Study of a Cultural Type. By John M. Mecklin. University of Chicago Press. \$2.

This is a sociological study of the causes of the medieval saint's rise and

passing, and of his function, taking as examples St. Augustine, Bernard of Clairvaux, and St. Francis. On the surface it appears to be a scientific sociological study, but it is not disinterested. Implicit in the whole book and explicit in the Epilogue is the rejection of "the democratic myth," whose "empty formulas" the author subtly links with laissez faire capitalism. Woodrow Wilson's dream of a unified world was, he says, "merely a projection upon a world scale of the democratic ideal of Jefferson and Lincoln." This attitude is no new thing, but it should be pointed out wherever it appears in American letters. For it is fundamentally of a piece with fascism.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON: JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN AND JACKSONIAN DEMOCRAT. By William B. Hatcher. Louisiana State University Press. \$3.50.

Member of Congress from New York, Mayor of New York City, exile in New Orleans; then Louisiana legislator, codifier of its laws, Louisiana Congressman and Senator; finally Secretary of State and Minister to France under Andrew Jackson—Edward Livingston is outstanding in versatility and lasting achievement among American statesmen of the second rank. This scholarly, detailed biography, a valuable though slightly pedestrian contribution to American historical studies, places him in true perspective as an important figure in two transitional periods.

THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND. By Donald A. Stauffer. With Bibliographical Supplement. Princeton University Press. Two volumes, \$8.50. Separately, \$5 each.

That the eighteenth century, as the transition period between the Renaissance and romantic individualism, was the ideal period for considering a man as an individual and as a part of the scene in which he lived is demonstrated by the method of modern "scientific" scholarship. Biographies important and unimportant are summarized, analyzed, and annotated in the first volume; the second lists practically every biography or autobiography published—though not all that were written—between 1700 and 1800. This is the really valuable part, since it will save a prospective student or reader from wading through catalogues and other source books. Even the main volume is more for reference than for reading.

RECORDS

ONLY a few of Victor's September releases were sent to me; and the rest—which include things as important as Bach's Italian Concerto played by Schnabel, Mozart's Sonata K. 497 for piano four hands, Beethoven's Quartet Op. 59 No. 1, Handel's Concerti Grossi Op. 6 Nos. 1 and 5—I will comment on when I have managed to hear them somewhere (the difficulty is that in record-stores they can be heard only on small or otherwise inadequate machines, which I am unwilling to depend on for present-day orchestral and quartet recordings). And I hope that in a couple of weeks I will have the answers to the inquiries which are beginning to come in about phonographs.

Recent jazz records have offered only very few performances that are worth your attention: the exquisite muted trumpet solo—presumably by Buck Clayton—in the Basie Orchestra's "Goin' to Chicago Blues" (Okeh 6244), the Sidney Bechet New Orleans Feetwarmers' "When It's Sleepy Time Down South" and "I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of This Jelly Roll" (Victor 27447), the Ellington Orchestra's "Jump for Joy" (Victor 27517). Maxine Sullivan's singing of "If I Had a Ribbon Bow" (Columbia 36233) is charming; but Schubert's "Who Is Sylvia" is one song that doesn't lend itself to the Sullivan treatment it gets on the reverse side. And in "Close Shave" and "Bugler's Dilemma" (Victor 27567) the once exciting little John Kirby Orchestra is too slick and smart and pretentious for my ears.

As for older jazz records, Columbia continues its series of reissued classics with the volume "Hot Trumpets" (Set C-66, \$2.50). This offers one of the famous Trumbauer Orchestra performances with Beiderbecke, "I'm Comin', Virginia" (36280), one of Bessie Smith's classics, "One and Two Blues," with Joe Smith (36281), and one of the good Teddy Wilson performances, "Why Was I Born," with a beautiful solo by Buck Clayton (36283). And with these it offers the Miff Mole "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (36280), with a Red Nichols solo for those who are presumed to be panting to hear a Red Nichols solo; the Red McKenzie "Darktown Strutters Ball" (36281), with the least impressive Muggsy Spanier solo I can recall; Louis Armstrong's solo with piano accompaniment, "Dear Old Southland" (36282), which is not what I would pick to give anyone an idea of Armstrong's playing

at its most characteristic and best, and which is backed by the undistinguished Henry Allen "Body and Soul"; and the Ellington "Echoes of Harlem" (36283), with the Cootie Williams muted growling that I find unimpressive. The first three fulfil the real purpose of the series, which is simply to reissue the classics of hot jazz performance; the other five represent other purposes, having been selected to illustrate "the early white school of cornet," to demonstrate a questionable "development in Negro trumpet improvisation," and so on. And while pretentiousness gives us unimportant things, outstanding classics like the Bertha Hill-Louis Armstrong performances remain unissued.

Decca's "Gems of Jazz" Volume 3 (Set 242, \$3.50) is vastly inferior to the first two volumes—the best in it being the Horace Henderson "I'm Rhythm Crazy Now" (18171) and Buck Washington's solo piano performance of "Old Fashioned Love" (18169). As for Decca's volume "Louis Armstrong Classics" (Set 233, \$2.25), very little of Armstrong's work for Decca is outstanding, and even that little—"Savoy Blues," "Bye and Bye," "Hey Lawdy Mama," "Our Monday Date"—is not in this volume. The best in it are the first half of "West End Blues" (3793) and the end of "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" (2042).

The engaging Golden Gate Quartet is heard in "Jezebel" and "Daniel Saw the Stone" (Okeh 6204), and "Anyhow" and "Time's Winding Up" (Okeh 6238). The music in Victor's set "Smoky Mountain Melodies" (B-79, \$3) and in Okeh's Burl Ives set "The Wayfaring Stranger" (K-3, \$1.90) does not mean as much to me as it does to some other people, for whom I report that it seems to me to be sung and played well. Columbia's volume "Songs of the Red Army" (Set C-68, \$2) includes the two records that were issued a year or two ago, and a record of "La Marseillaise" and "Le Chant du depart" sung in French (36266). The choral singing is excellent.

If you find the intensity and subtlety of the inflections of Spanish Cante Flamenco exciting you will want Columbia's volume of singing by La Nina de los Peines (C-59, \$2.50). "Seguidillas" and "Peteneras" (36176) and "Saetas" and "Alegrias" (36178) were issued two or three years ago; newly issued in the set are "Solea" and "Soleares" (36177) and "Seguiriyas" and "Tango Flamenco" (36179).

Danny Kaye is amusing in "It's Never too Late to Mendelsohn" and "One Life

to Live" from "Lady in the Dark" (Columbia 36163); but his "Dinah" (36194) is an even funnier example of the Kaye method (his singing of "Molly Malone" on the reverse side is terrible).

B. H. HAGGIN

DRAMA

The More Cuckoos . . .

I HAVE compiled no statistics, but anyone who cared to do so would discover, I think, that there are more melodramatic farces produced in our theater today than plays of any other type. The tired business man who used to like legs better than anything else in the world is now assumed to prefer corpses, and the lonely villa has replaced Maxim's or the Moulin Rouge as the most familiar setting. Instead of exclaiming "So this is Paris!" the principal character is more likely to make his entrance to announce that a dangerous criminal—preferably with sadistic tendencies—has just escaped and may be expected any moment, while those who go up to see etchings do not get seduced, they get killed.

Having philosophized upon this subject on at least one previous occasion, I shall confine myself this time to the announcement that the only two new plays to reach Broadway last week were fair specimens of the genre, both good enough to satisfy those who have a definite taste for that sort of thing, neither sufficiently original to go down in history. "The More the Merrier" (Cort Theater) is the funnier of the two, it being fundamentally a good old-fashioned, multiple-door farce with all sorts of people popping in or out at just the right or just the wrong moment and not taking its horrors too seriously. "Cuckoos on the Hearth" (Morosco Theater) is less fast and furious, with slightly more stress on the shivers. Both assume a blizzard to cut off communication, and, rather more curiously, both also assume a stalled bus to explain the appearance of unexpected guests. "Cuckoos" revives that good old standby of the ten-twenty-third, the red-hot poker held before the heroine's eyes; "The Merrier," with greater ingenuity, imagines a corpse on roller skates who is scooted persistently about the stage so that most of the dramatis personae will suppose him to be only a drunk. Both have spinsters taking quite unnecessary precautions to protect themselves against amorous advances.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Letters to the Editors

Work for the New Board

Dear Sirs: I note with pleasure the presence of J. Alvarez del Vayo among your five new contributing editors. I should like to suggest that you campaign with Señor del Vayo to compel attention to Spain when the professed democratic aims of the Churchill-Roosevelt eight points are carried out after the war. The Spanish crime should be cleaned from the slate and the chief Spanish offenders sent to the firing squad. I don't advocate a blood purge, but we can at least have done with Franco and de Llano, the butcher of Malaga.

Another matter which you might watch is the role of Russia in post-war Europe. How much cooperation with Russia is to be expected of England after Russia has outlived its usefulness as an ally? The end of the war may well mean the end of cooperation. Louis Fischer may then find his golden opportunity.

HARRY J. MC ANDREW
Barre, Vt., September 17

Totalitarian Touchstone

Dear Sirs: Increasingly, in recent years, I have come to think of self-reference as the touchstone of totalitarianism. Self-reference as a principle is based exclusively on the formal logic of contradictions, rather than on the more normal logic of contraries. It demands, in other words, that every object in the world be identical with its subject, or opposite to it: it does not recognize legitimate similarities and differences between wholes.

This is, obviously, the curse of the totalitarian regimes. It is also the binding similarity between the Catholic church and the Communist Party. Communists regard as a theoretical enemy any radical who is anti- or even non-Communist. Radicalism has Communist value only when it strengthens the party—not when it contributes to the proletariat. Just so, piety has Catholic value only when it strengthens the church—not when it affects a soul.

I am moved to express these reflections by the news that the American Labor Party in Brooklyn has refused to indorse Dr. Laidler's candidacy for city councilman because of Dr. Laidler's support of Thomas against Roosevelt in 1940 and the suspicion that he

is an isolationist. Despite his great record of thirty years' active devotion to liberal causes, despite his fine work in the Council last year, the Social Democrats of the A. L. P. have rejected Dr. Laidler. They do not recognize legitimate agreements and differences; they demand identity or opposition: "if you want our support, you must think only as we do, do only as we say." They want not a good councilman but a stooge.

DANIEL LERNER
New York, September 12

Why Does the Army Gripe?

Dear Sirs: With regard to Why the Army Grips, I offer a few comments lest Lavine's article should alarm *The Nation's* readers. I have been a private for almost a month at Camp Lee, Virginia, and thus have had an opportunity to observe general conditions pertaining to morale.

Lavine is mistaken in finding the fundamental cause of disaffection in the fact that relatively few of the recruits have any idea why they are in the army or what the army is for. On the contrary, the great majority of recruits have a very good idea of the "why" and the "what for." They gripe simply because the interests of the nation conflict with their personal plans and ambitions. Their disaffection, however, is surface deep only, and has no possibility of developing into a cancerous growth of rebellion.

The majority of us do not hate army life, for we realize its necessity; we just do not prefer it. This is not a mere verbal distinction. The shade of difference is important. If one defines good morale as a fanatical devotion to army ways, then the morale of the men is definitely low. But if good morale is to be defined rather as a willingness to absorb the teachings of the army and to become part of an efficient war machine, then the morale of the recruits is excellent.

The often-mentioned abuses heaped upon the soldiers—such as low pay and ostracism by the fair sex—are not fatal to good morale. As a matter of fact, in the town of Petersburg, not three miles away, the girls do not seem at all averse to accepting the indirect benefits of the national emergency.

It is true that at many points the army

appears to be a bedlam of confusion, and this in certain instances causes some amount of cynicism and ridicule of superior officers. However, it is well to remember that this is all a new experience for most of our officers, who were but recently civilians themselves. I maintain that our officers are sincere and earnest in their efforts, and in my opinion there is more ground for anxiety about civilian morale because of business-as-usual complacency than about army morale.

PVT. BERNARD KAPLAN
Camp Lee, Va., September 18

The Colonel "Blows the Gaff"

Dear Sirs: About Colonel Moore-Brabson, British Minister of Aircraft Production, who achieved notoriety this month by expressing the hope that the German and Russian armies would destroy each other and leave Britain the dominant power on the Continent, I know only what the newspapers, the radio, and "Who's Who" have to tell. It is enough to reveal him as a typical Old School Tie, if not a Colonel Blimp. Son of a lieutenant-colonel, he was educated (in the purple of the British governing class) at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Since 1931 he has been Member of Parliament for Wallasey, in Cheshire. As a Conservative (the Colonel is a member of the Carlton Club), he doubtless supported Baldwin and the late Neville Chamberlain in the appeasement of Italy and Germany. But whether he was among the 281 M. P.'s who still supported Mr. Chamberlain in the Commons debate following the Norwegian disaster in the spring of 1940 is not known to me.

We are told that the London press "blazed with reports" of the incident. Jack Tanner related it at a trade-union congress in Edinburgh, and that "an authoritative quarter" described his accusation as "misrepresentation . . . [of] a passage in an extempore speech." There the matter seems to have rested until the lone Communist M. P., William Gallacher, raised it, and a "scene," in the House of Commons on September 11. Actually the scene was deliberately provoked by Winston Churchill, who explained that the Colonel did not really mean what his words said. He then rejected Gallacher's suggestion that

he get rid of the Colonel and other enemies of Russia, on the ground that Gallacher changed his opinions at the dictation of a foreign power.

The whole affair is, of course, Joe Stalin's concern rather than ours; and he obviously has been wise to the Colonel Blimps ever since Munich. Hence his non-aggression pact with Germany in August, 1939, and his refusal to join the war until Russia was attacked.

America is not yet attacked, except at sea. But we are being asked, more and more openly, to join the British in the "fight for freedom." Americans are contributing material support to the Russians as well as the British, and we are about to convoy supplies. Right; but we are not willing—at least I am not—to contribute to the betrayal of American ideas as those ideas were betrayed at Versailles by the British Colonel Blimps among others.

In view of the revealing words of Moore-Brabazon, as reported, I venture respectfully to suggest that our President state publicly, and very definitely, that we are not interested in what John Bright once called that foul fetish, the balance of power, or in making Britain dominant in Europe or anywhere else.

R. I. LOVELL

Salem, Ore., September 15

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Challenge to Gene Tunney

Dear Sirs: While there is considerable sentiment in this country against Hitler, it is doubtful that this is sentiment against fascism as an institution. On this point it is interesting to note the ultra-respectability of Spanish Fascists compared with the low standing of Spanish Republicans.

The State Department recently refused a visitor's visa to Alvaro de Albornoz, a Spanish Republican of center political allegiance, yet the pro-Franco surrealist Salvador Dali is feted from coast to coast, another Franco painter, José María Sert, has just completed a commission for the Rockefellers, and the openly pro-Franco musician José Iturbi is becoming an American citizen. While American citizens who took the side of the Loyalists during the recent war in Spain are still being attacked from all quarters, people who supported Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini in Spain, and still support them *in Spain*, are considered good enough to build morale in a presumed anti-fascist defense program.

The following letter was sent last week to one of Franco's supporters, the ex-pugilist Mr. Gene Tunney, who has not yet sent an answer:

In Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* of August 14, 1939, you wrote as follows: "As a matter of fact I have not become a partisan of Franco's cause since his victory but have worked and subscribed to his cause from the inception of the rebellion against the godless and inhuman government popularly known as the Loyalist government of the Spanish Republic."

Passing over for the moment your historically inaccurate description of the Spanish government, we hereby strongly challenge your fitness to assume "the responsibility of rallying together for unity and defense" the youth of this democracy in view of your staunch advocacy of the fascist cause of General Franco, a self-declared foe of democracy, an anti-Semite, a man who has said: "We must exile liberalism."

At the time when you felt called upon to defend yourself in Father Coughlin's magazine from a charge of lukewarmness toward the Spanish fascist movement, General Franco had already made clear to all the world his anti-democratic stand. Two years before he had told a United Press correspondent: "Spain will follow the structure of the totalitarian states, such as Germany and Italy. She will adopt corporative forms, for which the greater part of the formulas can be found in our own country, and will exterminate the liberal institutions which have poisoned the people."

To a correspondent of the *Leipziger Illustrierte Zeitung*, he said in July, 1937: "That

which the German nation has achieved with its liberation struggle, constitutes, in many ways, a model which we shall have in mind for our own resurgence."

Today Franco has built the fascist state he threatened to build in 1937. He is a key figure in Hitler's New Order. Do you still support him?

Before you can honestly continue as a self-appointed leader of American youth, you owe to the democratic-minded people of this country a complete disavowal of your support of the fascist Franco, and a clear statement of disbelief in all forms of fascism, including the clerical, corporate state.

KENNETH LESLIE,

Editor, *Protestant Digest*

New York, September 16

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The Shape of Things

THE THREE-POWER CONFERENCE WHICH HAS assembled at long last in Moscow is now rightly stressing the urgency of speed. Its task is to discover the most pressing needs of the Russians and to decide the channels of supply. It will then be up to Washington and London to strain themselves to the utmost to rush what is required to the eastern front. As Louis Fischer points out on another page, this country must be the main source of supply; Britain with its many responsibilities and limited capacity cannot hope to replace the Russian material used up in the past three months of intense fighting. But it may prove possible for Britain to furnish technical troops on a small scale to assist the Soviet armies. Already R. A. F. squadrons are operating successfully in Russia, and it is to be hoped that ways will be found to dispatch at least some of the tanks promised to Moscow with their own crews and maintenance formations. The momentary slackening in the German drive must not be made an excuse for any relaxation on our part. It was only to be expected after the fall of Kiev. The German General Staff never skimps its preparations, but it has shown a genius for rapid organization of communications and may well be ready to launch another full-fledged offensive in the eastern Ukraine before the cold weather sets in there. The latest reports show, however, that the Red Army has still plenty of fight left, and hopes are being expressed in London that a soft spot has been discovered in the German lines near Bryansk. If Moscow is definitely assured of strong material support from abroad, it will be encouraged to expend its own reserves in the development of a counter-offensive.

★

HITLER'S NEW ORDER IS RAPIDLY TURNING into a jungle of disunited states of emergency. The arrest of General Alois Elias, Premier in the Czech government of Emil Hacha, on charges of "treason and high treason" to the Reich and the execution of three Czech generals, the appointment of Reinhard Heydrich of the Gestapo as temporary Reich Protector of Bohemia-Moravia, and the declaration of a state of emergency in six important districts of the country are all drastic

actions. Berlin would not have taken them, and thus published to the world the resistance of the Czechs, if that resistance had not been fierce. It is rumored that Czech workers have slowed down production in armaments factories as much as 50 per cent in some cases, that peasants are burning granaries throughout the country, and that women have organized hunger marches. Meanwhile, the stories of sabotage in France increase rather than diminish despite the wholesale execution of hostages; and it is reported that the Nazis have sent several divisions, including dive bombers, to Yugoslavia to cope with thousands of guerrillas. A report from Italy, which has reoccupied the Dalmatian coast, puts the number of anti-Axis Serbs at 1,500,000! Finally, in the master's own country, Germany, several citizens have been sentenced to death or long prison terms for listening to foreign broadcasts.

★

NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED States and Japan for settlement of the outstanding issues between the two countries appear to have reached a standstill. In fact, some observers doubt whether anything as formal as negotiations were ever carried on. Exploratory conversations, initiated by Japan, have undoubtedly taken place and may still be continuing, but except in Tokyo newspaper correspondents have been unable to find anyone who would admit that formal negotiations were under way. The Tokyo reports could easily be ascribed to wishful thinking if it were not for the State Department's record of appeasement. Caught in the contradictions of their policies, the Japanese are almost frantic in their desire for a settlement with the United States. But for reasons of "face" they are determined that the settlement shall be on their terms. What will happen if the United States fails to accept the terms stated in Konoye's note is still a matter of conjecture. Most observers expect the military clique to attempt some sort of coup d'état. This clique, if successful in gaining power, would presumably precipitate Japan into the war, either by an attack on Siberia or on the Dutch East Indies. If the British, as reported, are strengthening their powerful land and air forces at Singapore with units of the battle fleet, a southward push would seem too difficult to be attempted. But the threat to Siberia will remain until the early Manchurian winter makes military operations impossible.

★

THE ARGENTINE GOVERNMENT PREVENTED what might have developed into a dangerous military upheaval last week by prompt action in occupying all army air fields and arresting the ringleaders of the incipient conspiracy. General Angel M. Zuloaga, chief of the air force, was relieved of his command, and the head of the military aviation school at Cordoba, where

the disaffection seems to have centered, was placed under arrest. Early reports indicated that the plot was inspired by Germany and closely connected with the subversive activities recently revealed by an investigating committee of the Chamber of Deputies. These charges were seemingly contradicted by subsequent reports which suggested that the plot was primarily domestic in origin. The chances are that it was a combination of both, for nothing pleases the Nazis more than to promote an uprising which on the surface looks like a popular revolt.

★

AT THE TOLAN COMMITTEE HEARINGS IN Detroit, Representative Arnold of Illinois said that the eight or nine months lost in converting the facilities of the automobile industry to defense use "might determine whether we get in or do not get in this war." What he meant was that it might determine whether we could send aid in sufficient quantity to the British and Russians to make our own intervention unnecessary. Mr. Arnold asked R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers, with what persons in Washington he had talked last fall about the Reuther plan. "Mr. Knudsen and Mr. Hillman," was the answer, "and the President." The responsibility for the failure to give the Reuther plan—first described publicly by I. F. Stone in *The Nation* last December—a full hearing rests on them. Had a survey been made last fall of the machine-tool capacity of the automobile industry and of the defense uses to which it could be put, the industry would not have used up a huge store of vital war materials in the greatest production boom in its history and automobile workers would not now be facing unemployment. Plans would be ready to turn idle men and idle machines to defense purposes. There is still no sign of any such study by the OPM, and the failure to mobilize the automotive industry may yet prove one of the greatest blunders of the defense program.

★

WHEN ANTI-LABOR NEWSPAPERS CONTROL radio stations, the radio stations are naturally as anti-labor as their owners. Allan S. Haywood, director of organization of the C. I. O., testifying at the hearings of the Federal Communications Commission on the question of joint ownership of newspapers and radio stations, cited refusals of time and cancellation of labor broadcasts by Hearst station KYA in San Francisco, by Hearst station WISN in Milwaukee, by Hearst station WINS in New York, and by the *News* station WWJ in Detroit. Haywood said these examples demonstrate "an aggravation of the problem where newspaper-controlled stations are concerned, in the sense that hostile newspapers tend to carry over their bias into the conduct of their radio broadcasting activities; and in the further sense that any newspaper monopoly of broadcasting would tend to deprive labor unions of recourse to a competitive medium when

the columns of the press are hostile or closed to them." We heartily indorse Haywood's request that the commission investigate "the whole question of anti-labor discrimination by all radio stations," and use its power to "protect freedom of speech on the air as it affects labor."

★

REFUGEES ARE STILL COMING OUT OF Europe. In spite of the State Department regulations of July 1, quite clearly designed to bar admission to as many refugees as possible, some visas have been obtained since then, especially for persons for whom they had previously been authorized and then withheld. The effort to save the most seriously endangered democrats of Europe from fascist vengeance is not a lost cause; it is only a terribly difficult cause to fight. The American groups which have pledged themselves to this fight need money. Three weeks ago we published a moving appeal from the Emergency Rescue Committee showing the results of a year's work in bringing out of Europe some of the men and women who have loved freedom too well to submit without a fight to its extinction. This week the International Relief Association adds its plea for help in rescuing from the living death of the concentration camp at least a few political refugees. We can think of no better use for any anti-fascist's money than this; it is a part of our own fight for freedom.

★

AFTER TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF LIVING IN what might be called a state of well-advertised obscurity, the Brooklyn Dodgers have finally come out on top and have won the right to oppose the lordly Yankees in the World Series. The story of how the Dodgers attained their present eminence is a homely saga only occasionally marred by sordidness. Until three years ago they were Nine Old Men mired in the lower reaches of the National League. They cultivated clowns and eccentrics. Anywhere else this sort of thing would have cost heavily in gate receipts, but in Brooklyn, which has always suffered from a kind of collective inferiority complex, it paid fairly well and cost little, since bad players can be had more reasonably than good ones. It began to pay even better, however, when one Leland Stanford MacPhail conceived the notion of continuing the under-dog tradition but at the same time winning ball games. With funds provided by the astute directors of the Brooklyn Trust Company, to which the team is now in hock, he bought up the best players available, encouraged sports writers to call them "dem bums," and then defied current practice by putting every game on the radio. This gave people all over the country a sense of identification with the Dodgers and soon they were "our bums" even on the West Coast. Whether they will continue to be so affectionately regarded if they become world champions is another question.

Eckhardt and the State Department

TIBOR DE ECKHARDT, the traveling salesman of feudal fascism, whose career was reviewed at length in last week's *Nation*, has now launched his anticipated "Independent Hungary" movement. Declaring that "the Hungarian nation is not responsible for the policies and acts of its present government, whose decisions are obviously subject to Nazi pressure," this counterfeit democrat and former white terrorist offers himself as the leader of the Hungarians abroad, calling upon them to labor for Hungary's liberation and a post-war peace based on genuine collaboration among the small nations of the Danube. It is noteworthy that none of the well-known Hungarian democrats living in this country have indorsed this manifesto. They are not unnaturally suspicious of the sudden anti-Nazi enthusiasm of one who, barely a year ago, voted for the application of the Nürnberg laws to Hungary and has not even had the grace to repent his fascist past before advertising himself as a herald of the free future.

But if Mr. de Eckhardt has failed to impress his fellow-countrymen, he has at least sold himself successfully in Washington and to American newspapers which ought to know better. The State Department, it is true, has not given him an official blessing, but it has busied itself, and persuaded Colonel Donovan's office to do likewise, in getting him publicity. It is inconceivable that the State Department was not aware of de Eckhardt's reputation. If our legation in Budapest has been negligent in supplying information, there are plenty of men in this country willing and able to provide a full dossier. We can only conclude that it is playing its old double game: blessing democracy with its left hand while reserving its right to pat reaction on the back.

It is sad to record that two such normally well-informed newspapers as the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune* should both have fallen for de Eckhardt's catchpenny eloquence. The *Herald Tribune* dignified his manifesto with an editorial indorsement, even accepted his outrageous comparison with Louis Kossuth, and either from ignorance or indulgence made no mention of his black record. In the *Times* Anne O'Hare McCormick was naive enough to applaud, as symptomatic of Europe's resistance to Hitlerism, "the proclamation of a 'Free Hungary' movement by Tibor Eckhardt in the United States and Count Karolyi in London," suggesting that these two men were acting in agreement. The fact is that Karolyi, a democrat whose twenty years' exile bears testimony to his faith, will have no truck with Eckhardt, who for the same period has backed feudal reaction in Hungary. Incidentally Washington and London have got their wires crossed on this

matter, for Karolyi's committee, while not officially recognized, must have received the green light from Downing Street.

The encouragement offered to de Eckhardt by the State Department is all the more inexcusable because less than a week before his proclamation appeared the American Federation of Democratic Hungarians met in Cleveland, with Professor Rustem Vambery—well known to readers of the *Nation*—in the chair, and approved a manifesto of their own. This document went straight to the heart of the Hungarian problem by saying:

Hungary and its oppressed people can be saved only if the Hungarian state and its antiquated structure be transformed into a modern democracy serving in reality the improvement of the Hungarian people. The first prerequisite of this is the distribution of the land accumulated by the feudal classes.

This is a vitally necessary reform which de Eckhardt, a champion of the landlords, naturally failed to mention in his proclamation. The Cleveland conference also called for "a reorganization of Central and Eastern Europe in the spirit of a democratic federation," and in this instance de Eckhardt echoed their thought. Such a reorganization can only be brought about by collaboration among all the states in the Danube region. But is it possible to ask the Czecho-Slovaks, who suffered for years from de Eckhardt's intrigues, to accept him now as a responsible democrat? Is it possible to ask the Yugoslavs to sit down with the man who defended the Hungarian accessories to the assassination of King Alexander? We wish the State Department would give thought to such questions before bestowing its patronage on plausible opportunists.

The New Charter and Allied Morale

THE ultimate purposes for which a nation fights have, of course, direct bearing upon its chances of winning the fight. For its aims will not only determine the extent of the sacrifice it will make for victory—it will not make much unless the aims are seen to be vital—but also affect the strength of the enemy's resistance, which will be great if it can be persuaded by its leaders that defeat will mean revenge, oppression, disaster. Hence the importance of the indorsement last week of the Roosevelt-Churchill "Atlantic Charter" by Russia and the exiled governments of the nations overrun by the Nazis. Of no less importance was the approval by those governments, and by the United States, of an outlined plan for a pool of food and raw materials in preparation for post-war reconstruction. The two measures are re-

lated. Hitler has done his best to persuade the German people that they will be strangled economically if the Allies win, and that nothing short of Germany's conquest of its neighbors—and "neighbors" in the day of stratospheric planes means the world—can insure its protection against hostile combinations bent upon inflicting a new Versailles. The charter, and the development now being given to it, will help to debunk that theme and prove that a Germany keeping the peace would not be deprived of the means of a prosperous life for its people; that the Allies—the United States, China, Russia, Britain, and a score of lesser nations—are not fighting to impose enslavement, economic or political, upon Germany, but to prevent Germany from imposing that enslavement upon others.

The plan for a post-war food and raw-materials pool will be an encouragement to the subjugated peoples to continue their resistance, since it will offer some assurance that victory will mean not merely a lifting of the fear and terror which hang over all Gestapo-ruled regions but also sustenance for famished bodies.

But something more will be needed as an answer to those who ask: "Suppose at the risk of torture and death we resist the Nazis and help the Allies win, what afterward? Is our country—Norway, Holland, Belgium, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, France, as the case may be—to be left once more to face by itself the possible vengeance of a Germany again perhaps rearmed a decade or so hence? Are we to have no aid in our future defense? If not, then we had better submit to the Nazis now." What answer are we preparing to give?

Russia's indorsement of the charter, with its affirmation of "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live," bears upon that aspect of the post-war problem. It means in effect that if Russia's right to choose the form of government it prefers is respected, it will not only respect that right in the case of others, but do its part in defending it. War is teaching the round dozen who have signed this charter what the years of peace failed to teach them, namely, the necessity of mutual aid, of hanging together if each is not to hang separately.

Common danger has now compelled cooperation. Because Russia needs the power of the Western democracies—Britain, the United States, the dominions—for its own defense, it will not want to undermine that power. Out of a common danger a common interest has been created, and on the basis of a common interest cooperation is possible.

Unless this common desire for security is fulfilled, none of the objectives, economic or political, foreshadowed in the charter will be realizable. For if a nation's safety is made to depend, not upon the maintenance of loyal cooperation with others for mutual defense, but upon its own separate individual power, then

the most elementary motives of self-preservation will push it toward "strategic" frontiers, however much they violate the principle of self-determination, and toward economic self-sufficiency, simply because the more self-sufficient a nation is, if it has not allies, the better it is equipped for war. This means high tariffs, exchange restrictions, all the apparatus of economic nationalism; which mean in their turn difficulties and disadvantage for other nations. To insure a nation the elementary right to existence, that is to say defense from violence, is the first step toward winning its fruitful cooperation with those pledged to defend it. In no other way shall we get peace and that "better world."

The Tax on Profits

SECRETARY MORGENTHAU'S suggestion that all corporation profits above 6 per cent be taken by the government appears to have caught the business lobby off its guard. Congress has just rejected a much milder excess-profits tax in the 1941 revenue bill, and it was generally supposed that the issue was settled, for the time being at least. The fact that there was no mention of the profits tax in Secretary Morgenthau's prepared statement suggests that the Treasury itself was not planning to bring up the proposal at this time. But the response to the Secretary's impromptu remarks indicates that the country—and many Congressmen—is prepared to go much farther than most observers imagined. The sudden drop in the stock market and the ill-concealed anxiety shown by conservative papers in denouncing the proposed levy revealed a defensive attitude. For though they would be the last to admit it, Wall Street spokesmen are fully aware that business got off extraordinarily lightly in the tax bill just passed.

Although personal income taxes, particularly in the low brackets, have been boosted far beyond the 1918 levels, our excess-profits taxes—even without allowance for huge loopholes for evasion—are much lower than in the first World War. And they are much lower than those now in force in Great Britain and Canada. Moreover, despite a considerable increase in taxes, big business is making huge profits out of the defense program. After all taxes had been paid, corporation profits in the heavy industries last year were 70 per cent above those of the previous year. This year many corporations have obscured their true profit figures by laying aside excessive reserves to meet taxes. But in spite of this, we find that the net profits of 360 leading companies in manufacturing, trade, mining, and service average some 20 per cent above last year's figures. Profits of the sixteen largest steel companies are 66 per cent higher than a year ago.

The arguments for the immediate imposition of an excess-profits tax along the lines suggested by Mr. Mor-

genthau may be divided into three categories: (1) ethical, (2) tactical, and (3) practical. The Secretary stressed the ethics of the matter when he pointed out that if we ask young men to serve their country for a dollar a day, it is fair to ask business to hold its profits to a reasonable 6 per cent. Quite apart from ethics, however, it might be urged that civilian and military morale demands that business accept a real share of the sacrifices necessary for defense. Many of the defense strikes have had their origin in the knowledge that employers are making huge profits out of the emergency. The public can hardly be expected to make real sacrifices until profiteering in high places has been ended.

Finally, a drastic excess-profits tax is imperative from a practical bread-and-butter point of view if the present upward price spiral is not to develop into a runaway inflation. As Mr. Morgenthau said, the battle against inflation must be fought "on all fronts." Of the various fronts none is more strategically vulnerable than that of profits. For excessive profits mean increased purchasing power in the hands of the wealthy, who will thus be enabled to outbid persons of more moderate means for a rapidly dwindling supply of consumer goods. The effect of excessive profits is also to stimulate the production of luxury articles at the expense of both defense goods and the necessities of life.

Unfortunately, these considerations are not clearly understood in Congress, and experienced observers do not expect acceptance of the Treasury's proposal at this time. But a preliminary blow has been struck at the business-as-usual clique, and it is possible that an effective tax on excess profits may yet be passed at this session of Congress.

Neutrality Is a Sham

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

A LOT of people, including the President, who had a hand in the birth of the Neutrality Act are today admitting that it was all a mistake. Confession is supposed to be good for the soul of the sinner, but it has never been known to exorcise the sin. Not all the regrets in the world will wipe out the bitter shame of Spain, or reduce this nation's share of responsibility for the failure of collective security and for the successful aggressions of the dictators.

The Neutrality Act was a misbegotten child of political scheming and national schizophrenia. It was an act no balanced, adult nation could commit. Like a drunkard who gets himself committed to jail to prevent himself from visiting the neighborhood bar-and-grill, the United States deprived itself of its rights as an independent nation, its rights to sail the seas and sell its goods to whom it chose, in order to prevent itself from plunging

into the next war. Even if the object had been a wise one—and the present world crisis shows how extremely unwise it was—the method was bad.

I recall a tract widely circulated in my college days by some church society, entitled "Better Not." It described in attractive detail a long list of acts, many innocent in themselves, which should be avoided by the young if they hoped to escape a final descent into crime and degradation. Even in those days of inexperience it occurred to me that the person who could not trust himself to play a game of gin rummy probably wouldn't be able to resist the more dangerous temptations that lurked in the shadows of the future. A nation, like a person, must take its chances—acting freely according to its best judgment as contingencies arise and refusing to adopt self-denying ordinances which will hamstring its future.

The Neutrality Act has been not unlike the Prohibition Act in its effect on our national life. Both were designed to keep us out of trouble. But like most regulations, public or private, which conflict with genuine desires and interests, it was in each case the law itself that got us into trouble.

Based on fear, on refusal to accept responsibility, and on a deep-seated emotional conflict, the fruits of the neutrality law have been just what one would expect. It helped bring about democracy's first great defeat in Europe—the overthrow of the Spanish republic. By refusing arms to the Loyalist regime, under an amendment adopted specifically to prevent aid to Spain, our government both injured that struggling republic directly and put its seal of approval on the shameless trickery of "non-intervention" through which Britain and France served as tacit allies of their future enemies, Germany and Italy. Similarly, and in direct contradiction to the President's quarantine speech in 1937, the Neutrality Act threw the preponderant weight of the United States against the whole collective-security movement. In effect we told Hitler and Mussolini to go ahead with their plans, assuring them in advance that we would refuse help to the victims of their aggression. War was brewing when the act was passed—but war could have been prevented by the concerted efforts of the non-fascist states. They failed to unite against aggression, and as a result war came. It is not too much to say that the existence of the Neutrality Act helped bring it on; the refusal of Congress to lift the arms embargo in the summer of 1939, when the President asked it to, was only a last gesture of American disinterest. Congress bears a heavy burden of guilt for its stupidity, but it can properly insist that the Administration was an accessory to the crime, since the chief harm done by the act was accomplished between 1935 and 1939, when we fatally succeeded in convincing the world of our impenetrable and irresponsible isolation.

Of course the appearance was deceptive. We were a nation in conflict with ourselves. Our isolationism was sharply contested by our hatred of fascism. We could not obey an ordinance that thwarted an important set of national desires and interests; neither could we repeal it. We could only do what we did in the case of the prohibition law—circumvent and so gradually annul it. This we have accomplished by a number of stratagems which served our immediate purposes but in themselves were neither honest nor intelligent. We lifted the arms embargo after the war began, but we solemnly hedged our action about with provision for "cash on the barrel-head" and prohibitions against sending American ships or sailors into combat zones. And then we circumvented this too by tricking out our ships in Panama flags and manning them with seamen of other nationalities. The financial restrictions were wiped out at one stroke by the lend-lease bill, which, however, was itself a subterfuge since it really provided for gifts rather than honest loans or leases. Some restrictions remain: our ships are still prohibited from entering certain waters, and they may not be armed. These represent serious obstacles to our major job of conveying safely to the battle fronts our vast and increasing war production.

Today a movement to wipe out these limitations or to abolish the act altogether is rapidly gaining ground. The nation is hardening in its determination to answer with stronger action Hitler's open defiance of our policy. American ships and American men must be a part of that answer. We can no longer in decency hide behind the Panama flag and let the sailors of other nations go to the bottom in ships carrying our goods.

A year ago repeal of the Neutrality Act could not even have been discussed in Congress. Today, in spite of the threats of the extreme isolationists, it is safe to predict that the act will at least be drastically modified. It should be repealed; anything less will produce a crop of new evasions. And the most important result of outright repeal will be not the lifting of restrictions on action, necessary as these are, but the tonic effect on public opinion. The existence of the act has served to perpetuate a fiction of neutrality which has been strong enough—and Hitler has taught us the power of myths over the public mind—to make us do what we must do on the sly and with a half heart and a bad conscience. We serve the anti-Nazi cause as if it were something a little shameful, to be done under the pretense that we are doing something else. It is time to end this tricky self-deception, this unhealthy business of finding ways of evading our own law. We are no longer seriously divided on the issue of helping to defeat Hitler. To end the hypocrisy of legal neutrality will not only prove that we are, as a nation, more nearly mature and whole; it will also help produce that condition. We shall feel a lot better when we have made an honest people of ourselves.

Making Defense Safe for Alcoa

BY I. F. STONE

II

Washington, September 26

THE contract drafted by Oscar Ewing, vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee and lawyer-lobbyist for the Aluminum Company of America, was signed with little change by Jesse Jones on August 17. The terms as given to the press made the contract seem a victory for the government. Alcoa would operate the new government-owned alumina and aluminum plants, but 85 per cent of the profits would go to the RFC. Alcoa would keep a modest 15 per cent as its operating fee. It was announced at the same time that Alcoa had agreed to reduce the price of aluminum ingot from 17 to 15 cents a pound. It looked as though shrewd Jesse Jones had driven another of his hard bargains.

It was not explained that the reduction in the price of ingot was a purely oral understanding, binding on Alcoa only so long as it chose to be bound thereby. It was not explained that before this oral understanding was reached the government had signed two contracts with Alcoa's Canadian Siamese twin, Aluminium, Ltd., for 700,000,000 pounds of aluminum at 17 cents a pound. One Canadian contract was signed on May 2, the other on July 15. Were Aluminium, Ltd., prepared to deliver that aluminum or any considerable part of it this year, it would be well worth the extra 2 cents. But while the cut in price goes into effect at the end of this month, deliveries under the Canadian contract do not begin until next year and continue through 1944. The 15-cent price, as long as it continues in effect, will serve to deter potential competitors in this country, while the Canadian affiliate, which need fear no competition, will continue to get 17 cents or more. The Canadian contracts contain escalator clauses permitting an increase in the price if labor, freight, or raw-material costs go up. The Canadian company will be receiving its raw material, bauxite, from Alcoa in Alcoa ships. It is not inconceivable that Alcoa might be encouraged by these escalator clauses to increase the prices it charges its Canadian alter ego for bauxite and shipping. Nor is there any clause in the Canadian contracts which would prevent Aluminium, Ltd., from buying 15-cent aluminum from Alcoa and reselling it to the United States for 17 cents. This may never happen, but Jesse Jones is rarely so trusting in the contracts he signs.

The signing of the contract was accompanied by announcement of the reduction in price to 15 cents, but the contract itself does not specify any price. The contract

provides only that the same price shall be charged for aluminum produced in the government-owned plants as for aluminum produced in Alcoa's. The peculiar system set up by the contract for pooling the operations of both types of plants and for allocating their expenses and profits is such that any price which covers the costs of the government-owned plants will yield a very wide margin of profit on Alcoa's.

The contract says that the price of aluminum is to be fixed from time to time by Alcoa and the Defense Plant Corporation, the RFC subsidiary which will hold title to the government plants. The contract contains provisions for arbitration in the event of disagreement on most matters, but the price of aluminum is specifically excepted from the arbitration clause. In practice this will mean that if Alcoa doesn't get the price it wants, the government will get no aluminum, for there is nothing in the contract which would force Alcoa to operate the plants at an unsatisfactory price or permit the government to operate them if Alcoa staged a sitdown strike. A sitdown strike will hardly be necessary. If Jesse Jones was willing to sign this contract, he is not likely to balk at giving Alcoa anything else it wants. The expenses of the government plants will be so high and their share of earnings relatively so small that the RFC will want a higher price set for aluminum in order to cover costs.

The provision for a uniform price is the heart of the contract. The high-cost government plants will be the price pacemaker for the low-cost Alcoa plants. Alcoa's plants will be obtaining low-cost bauxite from Dutch Guiana and its deposits in Arkansas. The government plants will have to bear the expense of developing newer and more costly sources of bauxite, much of it low grade. The difference in the cost of bauxite will provide the first, but not the only, extra profit margin to Alcoa under the uniform-price provision. The contract provides other profit margins for Alcoa by permitting Alcoa to overstate the expenses and understate the earnings of the government-owned plants it will operate.

The expense account is so padded as to give Alcoa large additional operating fees under the guise of expenses. All the costs of operating the government-owned plants will, of course, come out of their earnings, and as we shall see, the government will have no way of checking on most of these costs. This is like giving a reporter an expense account and telling him that most of its items will never be audited. In addition to all items which Alcoa considers operating costs, it is allowed

$\frac{1}{4}$ cent per pound of aluminum for expenses, salaries, and facilities used in connection with operation of the government plants, "even though part of the time of such employees and part of such facilities are also used in part in connection with Alcoa's own operations or own overhead." Jesse Jones admitted on the stand before the Truman committee that this might include part of the rent for Alcoa's office building in Pittsburgh.

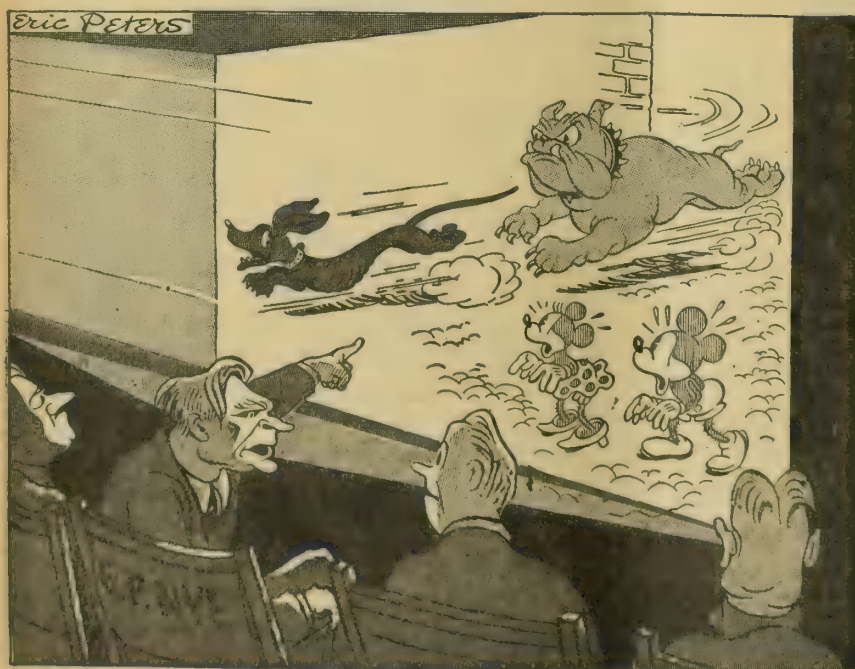
On top of all ordinary expenses and these part-time expenses the contract provides that "in order to compensate Alcoa for such portion of its own overhead as cannot thus be specifically allocated to the operation of the leased plants, Alcoa may also include as an item of operating expense the sum of $\frac{1}{2}$ cent per pound of aluminum produced in the leased plants (in which calculation two pounds of alumina will be considered the same as one pound of aluminum)." Two pounds of alumina make one pound of aluminum, and Hugh Fulton, counsel to the Truman committee, pointed out at the hearings that there was nothing in the contract to prevent Alcoa from taking both the quarter-cent and the half-cent on each two pounds of alumina and then an additional quarter-cent and half-cent on the pound of aluminum made from those same two pounds of alumina. On this basis, according to Fulton, the present contract, plus a new contract being drawn up with Alcoa for another 600,000,000 pounds of alumina capacity, would give Alcoa \$2,100,000 a year under the quarter-cent clause and another \$4,200,000 a year under the half-cent clause. Even if the quarter-cent for part-time services does not duplicate items that Alcoa will have already included in operating costs, the extra half-cent is really a disguised fee equal to a 4 per cent return on a \$100,000,000 in-

vestment. This isn't bad considering that Alcoa will not have a cent of its own money invested in these plants.

The contract does provide that Alcoa shall keep separate cost-accounting records on the operation of the government-owned plants, a point which would be taken for granted in most agreements of this kind but is regarded as quite a victory for the government in this case. But these figures can mean very little unless the government knows the comparable figures for operation of Alcoa's own plants. Otherwise it has no way of knowing whether Alcoa is dealing fairly with it. The contract gives the government the right to an annual accounting for purposes of comparison, but the only figures on the operation of its own plants which Alcoa agrees in advance to furnish are of a very limited character. They would cover merely the cost of labor and five raw materials entering into the manufacture of aluminum. These are alumina, power, cryolite, aluminum fluoride, and carbons. As for any other items of cost or expense, the contract says, "Such certified public accountant shall also report to Defense [Plant] Corporation with respect to any other facts deemed by *both* [my italics] Defense Corporation and Alcoa important and pertinent to a comparison of the operations in the leased plants with operations in other plants." This clause gives Alcoa the right to refuse any of these facts on the ground that they are not "important and pertinent." I do not think provisions of this sort would be accepted by Jesse Jones in leasing a plant of his own, or that they will encourage Alcoa to operate the government's plants with the maximum efficiency and economy.

The contract provisions for estimating revenues show Jesse Jones in as gullible a mood as do the provisions for

estimating expenses. The simple way to estimate the revenues of the government plants would be to multiply their output by the price per pound received, as the simple way to operate the plants would be to have them produce aluminum and furnish it at cost to the government. This is too simple for Alcoa. The contract has an Appendix A headed "Method of Computing Profit or Loss," which is based on the elementary method of accounting known as heads I win, tails you lose. Instead of the government-owned plants being credited with their actual production, they are to be credited with their "theoretical" production. The intricate and tricky formula for arriving at this production reads as if Alcoa had called in Einstein as a consultant. I am going to simplify it; even simplified, it may make the reader bite his nails.



"See! Blatant British Propaganda."

First, the actual amount of aluminum produced in the government plants is computed, and then it is added to the actual production in Alcoa's plants. This sum is then added to the amount of "any aluminum purchased and received by Alcoa" during the year. The percentage of government production to the second sum is then applied to the first, and this provides the figure for "theoretical" production. Let us say that during the year the government plants make 100 pounds of aluminum and Alcoa's plants make 100 pounds and Alcoa buys an additional 100 pounds elsewhere for its fabricating plants. The ratio of government production to this total is one to three. The ratio of one to three applied to the 200-pound

combined production of the government and the Alcoa plants gives $66\frac{2}{3}$ pounds. The government plants, instead of being credited with their actual production of 100 pounds, would be credited with a "theoretical" production of $66\frac{2}{3}$ pounds. Since revenues are pooled, Alcoa would no doubt siphon off the extra gravy in those theoretically non-existent extra $33\frac{1}{3}$ pounds.

Next week, in closing, I will show that in the rigging of this contract and in current negotiations for additional sources of aluminum Alcoa is using Jesse Jones and the OPM to safeguard its monopoly position not only at the expense of the government but at the expense of the defense program.

Supplying the Soviets

BY LOUIS FISCHER

London, September 28, by Cable

AID to Russia is a problem occupying the mind of the government and public to the exclusion of almost all other topics. If Russian resistance collapses, I do not see how England can win the war. I don't see how Germany can win it either, for with the help of American munitions Britain cannot be invaded, but in the absence of a German internal crack-up the loss of Russia's man-power to the Allied cause could only be made good by the arrival of a million American soldiers in Europe.

To date Britain has shipped more arms to Russia than America has, but as Britain's leading phrase and policy maker said the other day, for England to supply Russia is "like a squirrel feeding the elephant peanuts." Britain could under certain circumstances produce more, but it cannot produce enough to keep Russia going after the fall of Kharkov and Rostov.

I believe the Kharkov-Rostov line is Russia's Marne. Both cities are highly important industrial centers. Between them lies the Donetz Basin, which supplies 95 per cent of European Russia's coal. And all of Russia's railroads, most of its factories, and many electric power stations operate on coal. Rostov, moreover, is the key to Russia's only railway link with the Caucasus. If Rostov falls, Moscow cannot send reinforcements for the protection of the Soviet oil fields. For the last ten days I have been impressing upon leading Englishmen the necessity of quickly assembling a British expeditionary force to defend Baku and Grozni. Whether Stalin would relish the idea of Moslem Sikhs, Hindu Gurkas, or even Scots in the Caucasian Tower of Babel, I don't know, but if Germany gets the oil, both Russia's mechanized agriculture and Britain's blockade will be seriously crip-

pled. The statement that Wavell came here to confer on British military units for Soviet territory is now officially denied. But if he didn't he should have and maybe will.

It is generally agreed that ice-free Murmansk is not available for Allied supplies. There remain Vladivostok for American munitions and the Persian Gulf for American and British munitions. The meager communications inside Persia provide one of the most difficult obstacles, but fortunately the Persian railroad has the same gauge as English railroads. From the Soviet point of view it would be extremely advantageous if the British tanks, guns, and planes were accompanied by British crews. Britain cannot fight on the European Continent now and all advocacy of a second front there is a waste of breath, but it can sacrifice the envisioned offensive in Africa for a lightning thrust in Asia. That would also keep Turkey straight. But my God, how slow these British are! It takes them longer to make a decision than it takes Hitler to conquer a country.

The Russians need help badly. Authorities estimate Soviet casualties at three millions—of the best troops. Military experts are unrestrained in their admiration of the stamina and courage of Russian soldiers but are not so laudatory of the Red staff work. The Russians are good when making a stand, bad when they must move. But the real surprise comes from the Reichswehr's ability to launch attack after attack with apparently undiminished fury. I expect Germany to continue a fierce offensive in Russia throughout October in order to be able during the winter to reduce Russia's secondary front; then in the spring to turn on Britain with a combined peace and bomb blitz.

This raises the question of America's role in the war. I have talked with Lloyd George, who knows something

about conducting a war and making munitions, and with others who may not be quoted. They all agree that America would produce more arms if it declared war. Only a country at war will make the sacrifices necessary to enable it to turn out enough arms to defeat history's most gigantic military machine. The American public still resists a declaration of war because it does not wish to send men overseas. But if we declared war and sent all our arms overseas, we shouldn't have an army equipped to send overseas. The navy is another matter; it has al-

ready got its shooting orders. An American air force may be needed if Hitler makes a desperate attempt to invade Britain, but if America won't send an army abroad, and if it cannot be attacked while Britain stands—and I am sure it cannot—isn't it common sense to keep men in factories making weapons for Britain, Russia, and China, whose citizens no longer have a choice about dying? In an arsenal the maximum number of men should be at the lathes manufacturing arms instead of in camps learning to use them.

Russia's Chances—Now

BY ALEXANDER KIRALFY

TO THOSE who followed the simple rules laid down in my Key to the Eastern Front in the July 5 issue of *The Nation*, the events of the past three months on the Nazi-Soviet front will have occasioned no surprises. A reapplication of those rules to the present line of battle and an amplification of certain phases which were covered in that article in a few words only should, I believe, furnish a means of gauging the value and significance of the future movements of the respective armies. The need for a Soviet large-scale offensive appears pressing, and of equal importance would be strong diversionary action on the part of the other anti-Axis powers. Despite losses and delays occasioned by the powerful Russian resistance, the Nazis have made very successful movements, and those yet to come look ominous.

These German movements have followed strictly the "triangle pattern" that was foretold. The fact that the triangles or wedges which the Germans sank into the Soviet lines became increasingly numerous and close-spaced indicated the development of the strong Russian resistance which so few observers expected. The Red Army, instead of adopting the German offensive system of fighting, has largely relied upon the method of "pinching the pincers" which had already been foreshadowed in the meager dispatches published at the end of June. While they have been extremely helpful to the Soviets, these tactics have not proved decisive. In the final analysis, attempts to attack both flanks of one prong of a two-pronged spearhead brings half of the attacking divisions under two fires—that of the prong attacked and that of the twin prong. The surround, in short, becomes surrounded.

As had been feared, the Red staff, rather than concentrate its forces at the first available opportunity for an independent offensive which might have automatically protected Russian territory, preferred to group them in

defensive positions. These were before the key areas of Murmansk, Leningrad, Moscow, and the Ukraine. The counter-attacks they launched do not appear to have attained the stature of a real offensive. The initiative thus passed to Hitler. As a result, the "triangle" moves proceeded in strict accordance with their clearly discernible plan, despite delays in the Nazi time-table. These advances were particularly successful against the two Soviet wedges which protruded into German-dominated territory when the war began—the Grodno and Lwow salients. They were so successful, in fact, that these Soviet "pockets" were turned completely inside out. Instead of bulging toward Germany they were forced into the opposite direction, forming the Leningrad, Smolensk, and Kiev wedges. While keeping the Russians busy about the first two, the Nazis concentrated in the third and closed the Soviet pocket to the south by pressing toward the Black Sea, an operation that gave them half the Ukraine.

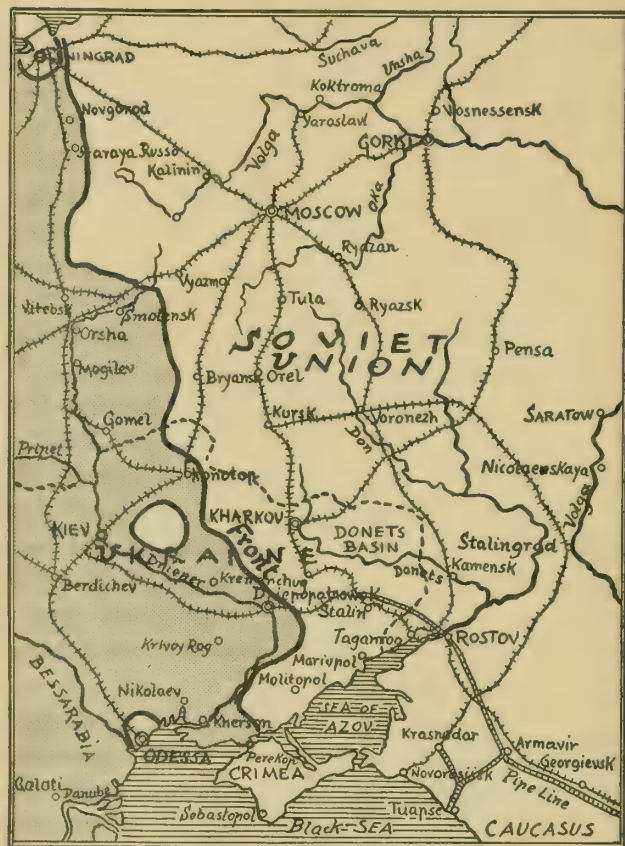
Whereas the Nazis, as was emphasized in my previous article, never attacked the apex of a hostile salient, except as a feint, the Russians, as a result of their defensive attitude, conducted such unprofitable operations. It is apparent that when the point of a triangular formation of enemy-held territory is assaulted, the most to be expected is that it will be pressed back toward the base line. As each "layer" of the salient's garrison falls back, it joins the layers to the rear and thus becomes actually stronger than before the attack. And in such an operation possibilities of envelopment, with the consequent capture of men and material, drop to the vanishing-point. The outstanding example of a Soviet "point" or "apex" attack is that at Smolensk, where the German wedge was merely blunted, not severed. It is by making movements that compel an enemy to attack where he should stand firm, and to remain motionless where he should advance, that military science reaches a high de-

gree of perfection. And this is what the Nazis have been able to bring about. Profiting by the element of surprise and by the immeasurable power of the offensive, they placed Moscow in the position of having to gamble the loss of some vital area against an opportunity to strike a telling blow at the enemy. Unless Stalin is able to wrench the initiative from Hitler, a continuation of the simple Nazi scheme of triangle advance is to be expected.

Today the Nazi-Soviet front is an almost exact duplicate of what it was on the day the first shot was fired, except, of course, that it is nearer to Moscow. To the north of Smolensk the Russians are half encircled in the Vitebsk pocket and to the south in that of Gomel; the old Bessarabian pocket is now replaced by one along the northern shores of the Sea of Azov. A repetition of "triangle-building" by the Germans would result in the "emptying" of the Soviet Vitebsk salient so as to form a Nazi wedge touching Kalinin; a similar operation based on the Gomel pocket would bring the panzer divisions to Orel. The Red armies within the resulting Kalinin-Smolensk-Orel triangle might then be jeopardized, and the pinching of that salient would place the invaders within reach of Moscow. In fact, if the hypothetical Smolensk wedge could be punched inside out to form a counter-salient, as were the original Grodno and Lwow salients, then Moscow would become another beleaguered Odessa with the enemy tanks racing past toward the junction of the Volga and Oka rivers. A German advance of this nature would deprive Stalin of important automotive and metal-working establishments, and a further eastward march of 275 miles would bring the Nazis to Gorki, another important automobile and machine-tool center."

A number of factors, however, militate against a northern campaign at this time. While too much emphasis should not be placed upon the rigors of the Russian winter, it does add greatly to the difficulties of any military scheme, particularly one using mechanized equipment. The motors of tanks, for instance, must be kept running until ditches have been dug beneath the heavy vehicles to receive stove-like contrivances to keep the engine warm. Further, for political and economic reasons, the Soviets appear to have massed the principal part of their army on the Moscow-Leningrad front; it is possible that this concentration was partly responsible for the loss of a large area of the Ukraine and the jeopardizing of the route to the Caucasus. Then again, aid to the Soviet Union arriving at the Arctic ports is less to be feared by Berlin than aid from the south. The U-boats can operate against the one, but not as yet against the other. The southern front, therefore offers Hitler a number of advantages as well as important objectives.

Moving toward the Caucasus, the Nazis would find the climate favorable at this season. They could look forward to depriving the enemy of important sources of oil



and metal, and at the same time increase their own stocks of fuel. On the Caucasus front the Germans could also accomplish the double purpose of cutting the relatively easy supply route to Russia via Iran and Iraq and compelling Great Britain to devote to the defense of the Near and Middle East those supplies which might otherwise be spared for Russian use. From the south the Nazi armies can threaten Moscow from a third direction, for at Kharkov they would be closer to the capital than at Leningrad.

On this southern front the invaders are patently copying their earlier Bessarabian strategy except that the targets of the two-pronged drive have been changed from Kiev in the Ukraine and Perekop at the neck of the Crimean Peninsula to inland Kharkov and the port of Rostov. The success of the first step in this operation would give the Nazis Stalin, and then the target of the second step would become Stalingrad, site of an immense tractor plant. Arrived at this southern bend of the Volga, the invader would have interposed himself between Moscow and the Caucasus.

The military moves thus far in the Ukraine present a paradox. Had Stalin's theory of war been as faulty as that followed in France, Hitler could have continued straight through from Kiev to Stalingrad. But he has been compelled to surround his forces with a wide protective belt of conquered and garrisoned territory stretching from Kiev to the Black Sea and thence to Dnepropetrovsk. In the salient theory of war the more powerful

the enemy, the wider and blunter must be the wedge that is pressed into his line of defense. Yet the very Russian resistance that caused the Nazis to spread out in this region endangers the security of the entire area. This is because the width of the territory occupied by the invaders between Kiev and the Crimea furnishes them with a substantial base for operations aimed at Stalingrad. Since Marshal Budenny did not launch an all-out offensive south of Kiev for the purpose of smashing through to the Black Sea and cutting off the Reichswehr, Hitler might conclude that the left flank of the southern Nazi army groups would not be sundered from Kharkov. Soviet threats emanating from points farther to the east would be more in the nature of apex attacks, and hence not particularly dangerous. At the moment the panzers are moving on Poltava in the central sector of the southern war zone and in the south along the Azov coast. As these advances converge and narrow, they will encounter a strategic hazard in the form of threats to both flanks.

To remove this twofold threat it is the customary German procedure not only to widen their wedge as they did at Smolensk and Kiev but also to create a diversion elsewhere. Such a feint would logically be created in the north, and before the weather had become too bitter for a secondary campaign. Despite Sofia's protestations of its peaceful intentions, the reported mobilization of the Bulgar army and the transfer of Italian ships to that flag have at least served to draw Moscow's attention still more to the south, where the danger is already great. Its alarm must be increased by rumors of another German diplomatic move on the Turkish front. A coherent

picture of great pressure upon the extremities of the Soviet line is thus furnished. The enemy is in sight of Leningrad to the north and is pressing the Ukraine operations and the war of nerves in the south. It would not be surprising therefore if, as a prelude to a winter drive into the Caucasus, a strong diversion were made against Moscow from what is now a relatively quiet part of the front. Nazi attacks upon the Vitebsk and Gomel salients would lighten the pressure upon their southern adventure and have a great political effect upon Moscow. The closing of the Nazi pincers in the Gomel area would also widen the German base line against Stalingrad.

To counteract the relentless march of the triangles, however slow or fast, it is apparent that Stalin must contrive to organize a large-scale offensive. It is too late for such a drive to be inaugurated against an area which the Germans must protect as the Soviets felt they must defend Leningrad and Moscow. Such Nazi vital points were far behind the lines even when hostilities opened. The alternative would be to throw the Red spearheads against important Nazi salients in the hope of so imperiling strong enemy groupments as to bring about withdrawals elsewhere. Or better still the entire Nazi triangle plan could be adopted. Such moves would obviously involve risks, but the unsuccessful defense of Smolensk and Kiev also involved risks—and serious losses. In the absence of a Soviet offensive, hope must be placed upon the present status of Russian equipment, upon a weakening of Nazi staying power, upon the winter, and upon the possibility of the democracies creating sufficiently strong diversions to force the Nazi wedges to fall back upon their base lines.

Underground in Poland

BY W. R. MALINOWSKI

SEVERAL weeks ago information reached this country and Great Britain that somewhere in Poland representatives of 2,000 organized underground groups had met in a secret national convention, their second, and issued a "Manifesto to the Peoples of the World" which had been smuggled into all the conquered countries of Europe and circulated through secret channels. It has long been known that a Polish underground movement came into being after Poland's military defeat in September, 1939, but very little news concerning its activities has trickled out of the country. The new manifesto, however, is a move to rouse all the peoples of Europe, of the world even, to a united effort against Hitler, and the organization is therefore willing that a summary of its achievements should be given out.

One of its first illegal publications was a "Manifesto of Freedom" issued in November, 1939. Thousands of copies of this proclamation passed from hand to hand even before any extensive network of illegal organizations had been created. Reflecting the opinions and feeling of the Polish masses, it spread belief in ultimate victory and stressed the need of continuing the struggle. Poland at the moment of trial, it said, was "burdened fatally by errors in foreign policy, by the infiltration into the country of reactionary ideologies, by the existing governmental regime, by neglect in the economic and social field, and by the oppression of national minorities." The aims of the struggle it defined as "the reconstruction of full political freedom and independence for Poland and an existence based on the principles of democracy

and social justice." And it declared that this struggle coincided with that "of the working people of the world against totalitarianism."

A firm belief in these principles formed the basis of the underground movement, which may be said to have originated spontaneously, in many places at once. After the September defeat whenever several Poles met they were likely to become a group for underground action, even if originally they had been brought together by mere chance or common war experience. The establishment of permanent connections between these groups was the first condition for a united organization. Time was required for this, but the necessary contacts were finally established, and by June or July, 1940, the various groups were firmly welded together and capable of effective action on a wide scale.

Organized struggle against the occupation then replaced spontaneous, scattered acts of defiance. As resistance grew, the Nazis met it with terror. Sabotage on the part of workers in the munitions factory at Skarzysko, which was serving the needs of the German war machine, was punished by the mass execution of 300 workers. The concentration camps set up by the Nazis overflowed with persons who resisted the German administrators. In the camp at Palmiry, near Warsaw, 7,000 prisoners were shot in two months, among them Niedzialkowski, leader of the Polish Socialist Party and member of the Council for the Defense of Warsaw. Individuals were executed by being shot through the back of the head; in mass executions groups of prisoners were tied together and hand grenades thrown into their midst.

Guerrilla war and assassination were the answer to the Nazi terror. Hardly a week passed without the sudden disappearance of some German. The situation was reflected in the obituary columns of the German press. On May 14, 15, 16, and 26, 1941, the *Ostdeutscher Beobachter*, a German paper published in Poznan, printed long lists of obituaries which ran like this: "S. S. Rottenführer Walter Buchner died suddenly on the night of May 9, 1941." In an interview published in the special press bulletin of the Nazi Party, *Die Innere Front*, the Warsaw S. S. chief, Moder, said that some thousand terrorist raids had occurred during his period of office and that "more than 50 per cent were politically motivated."

Late reports from Poland indicate that sabotage and guerrilla action have greatly increased during the past two months. The recent strike in the important railway shop in Chrzanow, near Cracow, was an act of sabotage. The German police attempted to break it by force of arms, and many persons were killed or wounded in clashes between the workers and the police. Another act of sabotage caused a railway accident at Pruszkow, near Warsaw; the German authorities announced a reward of 50,000 zlotys for the capture of the person responsible for the accident. One of the most important powder mills

in Eastern Europe, the former state powder mill in Pionki, was blown up.

With terror and propaganda and the difficulties of day-to-day existence undermining the people's morale, the underground movement must build up their fighting spirit and imbue them with a belief in ultimate victory. This is the task of the underground press. More than a hundred illegal papers are published in Poland today, although printing, distribution, or any other form of collaboration with the underground press is forbidden under penalty of death. The circulation of each of these papers is between 2,000 and 12,000. Their distribution is made possible by a carefully organized relay system, which in turn depends on the people's spirit of national solidarity and self-sacrifice. Most of these papers are printed; a few are mimeographed. They give general news and political and military information and discuss political history. Even some humorous papers are published. There are also Jewish papers, most of them organs of the Jewish underground labor movement, which stands firmly for Polish independence and cooperates closely with the Polish movement.

Every copy of an illegal paper is circulated among hundreds of people and is read until it is no longer legible. The emotional attitude of the reader toward these publications is entirely different from that toward the legal papers; every item of news about the political and military situation is eagerly absorbed. Thus this press provides an effective counter-influence to the Polish-language papers published by the agents of Goebbels. The illegal papers also have the important function of safeguarding the underground movement by printing the names of traitors who collaborate with the Germans. One issue of the *Polish News* even printed the names of some people who gave a tea party for German officers. *Polish Liberty*, in its issue of March 30, 1941, printed the name of an agent-provocateur who published a pseudo-illegal information bulletin for the sole purpose of denouncing its readers to the Gestapo. This Gestapo agent, we read in later papers, was killed in his flat in Lublin.

Every Pole knows that the underground movement has secret sources of information about pro-German activities, that the names of traitors will ultimately be revealed, and that provocateurs will be killed. Two months ago news was circulated of the assassination in Warsaw of the well-known Polish actor, Igo Sym, and of Judge Wasilewski. Both men had declared themselves *Volksdeutsche* and were collaborating with the German authorities. The assassins could not be found, and the authorities retaliated by shooting hundreds of innocent persons in the cellar of the Gestapo building, the former Students' House in Warsaw. Such assassinations are not expressions of individual vengeance but of systematic underground vigilance.

The present period of underground activity will go

down in the history of Poland as a period of intense political thinking. But the thinking takes a quite different direction from that of some émigré circles. The most mature expression of political thought in Poland today is to be found in "The People's Tribune," a thirty-two-page booklet—very long for an illegal publication—of comments on the "Manifesto of Freedom." In the section on international relations we read:

The fascist realists tempt us with a Europe united under Hitler's heel. Opposition to this plan for the future of Europe is growing daily. But the final aims of the struggle must be kept clearly in mind. We do not want to overthrow the occupying power merely in order to return to the pre-war system of large and small states, which may again fall victim to new reactionary forces fostered by the weakness, selfishness, or shortsightedness of these states.

The problem of Europe must be solved jointly by the

peoples of Europe. It is impossible to restore an independent Poland if freedom is not at the same time restored in France, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, and Holland. . . . The overthrow of the powers of the occupation cannot be accomplished unless it is simultaneous throughout Europe, unless it is the outcome of a general movement of revolt from the Atlantic Ocean to the Carpathian Mountains.

The "Manifesto of Freedom" was the first statement of principles. "The People's Tribune" was a development of that statement showing, among other things, that narrow Polish nationalism was not the inspiration of the underground movement. The "Manifesto to the Peoples of the World" marks the inauguration of a great campaign among all the captive peoples for definite democratic goals. The old Polish revolutionary slogan, "For your freedom and ours!" is the rallying cry of the present struggle.

Big Steel and the Union Shop

BY ROSE M. STEIN

THE days of clear sailing for the National Defense Mediation Board are over. While they lasted, the seventy-odd cases certified to it were settled with record speed, most of them to the apparent satisfaction of all parties directly concerned. Each case was handled on its own merits, but out of the aggregate of decisions emerged the principle that labor's right to bargain with employers through unions of its own choosing must be upheld. This disappointed and alarmed a large section of conservative opinion, which had hoped that the board, under stress of the emergency, would steer the course of labor relations back to the good old open-shop days of 1918.

It was a hope which could not possibly be realized. The War Labor Board of the first World War had to support the open shop in defense industries because in most of them no union organization existed. Today almost all defense industries are at least partially organized. The board cannot turn the clock back. Neither can it freeze labor's status at some midway point; there is no such thing as partial collective bargaining. It has taken the logical position, therefore, that collective bargaining is an established procedure in American industry and that controversies must be settled within the framework of union-employer negotiations. Disputes over the organization which is entitled to represent employees of a given enterprise are referred to the National Labor Relations Board to be settled by speedy elections.

Industry has raised no objection to this acceptance of

unionism in principle. It is, however, powerfully resisting a development without which union recognition is meaningless. If unions and employers are to bargain in good faith, and if their bargaining is to result in agreement upon a set of conditions productive of peaceful relations, the two sides must have approximately equal bargaining power, which means that unions must be unhampered in their efforts to build strong, stable organizations. Weak unions cannot even assure that their own pledges—for example, the promise to forgo resort to strike—will be carried out. This need is particularly urgent in the present emergency and is the source of the demand by a number of unions for some form of union-maintenance guaranty.

Many employers are adamant against granting this demand and are expressing their opposition by attacking the Defense Mediation Board as bitterly as they ever harassed the National Labor Relations Board. Their arguments are distressingly lacking in candor. Shopworn slogans about the "right to work," discrimination, and tyrannical interpretation of the laws are stressed beyond all reason. The heaviest artillery, however, is reserved for the closed shop, which is pictured as a monster forcing its way into American life with the aid of the Defense Mediation Board. However, it is not true that the board has fostered the closed shop; it has recommended this type of agreement in only one instance—the Bethlehem shipyard case in San Francisco. The shipyards in that area had had closed-shop contracts with the Machinists' Union (A. F. of L.) for some time, a closed-shop provision was

included in the West Coast master agreement for shipyards, and the board's recommendation simply followed prevailing local practice.

Most of the recently established industrial unions have no overpowering desire for the closed shop. Their demand for it is frequently only a bargaining point, to be traded for some other concession. Historically the closed shop is an outgrowth of anti-unionism. The United States is the only important industrial nation in which it has made any headway, primarily because of the greater resistance here to unionism. If American industry once and for all agreed to accept collective bargaining in good faith, the closed shop, here as in Great Britain, would be relegated to a minor place in industrial relations.

The open shop is not an alternative form of union-employer relationship. In current practice the open shop is an anti-union shop, and when employers seek to maintain it they seek to restore conditions that prevailed before the Wagner Act and the unionization drive of the past eight years. Often the very employers who cling to the open shop demand a discipline and responsibility from the union which it cannot muster under those conditions. In effect they want to eat their cake and have it too.

Maintenance of union strength was the sole issue involved in the Kearny case, which marked a turning-point in the board's career. The Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers (C. I. O.) asked that workers of the Kearny shipyard who were already union members, as well as those who might later join voluntarily, should be compelled to keep up their dues payments. The union collected the dues, and no question of a check-off was involved. It simply asked that any member failing to pay his dues during the two-year life of the contract should be dismissed by the management upon notification from the union. Union officials argued that such a guaranty was essential to the life of the organization. The labor record of the Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, they pointed out, was pretty bad. During the three years of its contractual relations with the union the management had fostered a company union, stalled on grievance procedure, and incited the rank and file against the leadership. The yard was expanding, and new employees were being hired. With its right to strike suspended, the union felt that it must strengthen its hold on the new force as well as on its present membership. In addition there was a real threat of A. F. of L. infiltration.

In the board's view these arguments outweighed by far those advanced by the company for rejecting the proposal. The guaranty of dues would in no way interfere with the management's prerogative in hiring. No evidence showed that any of the men enrolled in the union objected to paying dues or that coercion was being used to get unwilling workers to join. According to union estimates, at least 1,000 of the 17,000 men employed in the yard had not joined and probably never would join.

These men, some of whom were former members of the company union, were free to retain their non-union status. What, then, was behind the company's decision to turn over the yard to government operation rather than concede this demand?

The decision was not made by Federal Shipbuilding but by the United States Steel Corporation, of which it is a subsidiary. L. H. Korndorff, president of Federal and chiefly responsible for the growth and success of the enterprise, is known to hate unions but to hate government interference in his business even more. He would have granted the union demand—it is reported that he said so quite frankly in the presence of OPM and Navy Department officials—but he discovered he was not a free agent. When the Defense Mediation Board recommended the union-maintenance clause, and when the OPM, the Maritime Commission, the Navy Department, and the President, all supported the board, Mr. Korndorff took a plane for New York to confer with United States Steel officers. After deliberating for twenty-four hours, the Steel Corporation's executive board decided to let the government take over.

This action left the fundamental issue unsolved, though there is every likelihood that under whatever form the Kearny yard is operated the union-maintenance clause will be honored. According to Secretary Frank Knox it is being honored now while the yard is temporarily under the direction of the Navy Department. It will undoubtedly continue to be honored if, as seems probable, a special corporation to operate the yard is set up; the government is committed to the provision and can hardly go back on its promise. If the workers won a victory, however, they won it from the government, not from the Steel Corporation. United States Steel was left free to oppose the union shop wherever in its far-flung industrial empire a demand for it might be put forward.

This was not long in coming. The Mine Workers' current demand for a union shop in the captive mines is directed chiefly against the H. C. Frick Coke Company, a United States Steel subsidiary, although mines owned by other steel producers are also affected. The thirty-day truce agreed to by John L. Lewis and the mine owners has merely postponed the day of reckoning. It is an issue of long standing which will not be readily abandoned. There never was much reason, and there is probably less reason now, why mines operated for direct consumption should have a different system from those which supply coal for the open market. Having been accepted by the rest of the coal industry, the union shop is as distinctly the prevailing practice as the closed shop is in San Francisco shipyards. If the board follows the same line of reasoning as in the Bethlehem decision, it can hardly avoid recommending the miners' demand. But the motives which prompted United States Steel to reject the board's

proposal in the Kearny case are still present. The Corporation and the other steel companies know that if the union shop is granted in the captive mines, the steel mills will be the next to make such a demand. They may do so anyway. Rumbblings of such action are already heard.

If labor's demands are met by a policy of straddle and evasion, there is a very real risk that we may see a wave of strikes disastrous to the defense effort. To avoid this danger, the Administration, through the Defense Mediation Board, must come to grips with the problem and settle it on the basis of principle, without any subterfuge. The defense emergency demands uninterrupted production. When industry is working in high gear, when shortages in certain classes of labor are increasing, when the cost of living is rising, labor is bound to be conscious of grievances. These can be settled without serious stoppages only if adjustment machinery has been provided in every work unit. Such machinery can operate efficiently only if it is backed by strong unions. It will fail at the first test in plants where the workers are half union and half non-union. If union strength is demonstrably dependent upon some form of union-maintenance guaranty, that must be granted. This ought to be made a matter of policy; it should be the principle behind all settlements.

The representatives of the public on the Defense Mediation Board see this need and are governed by it. Representatives of industry have acquiesced in the union-shop demand when it was possible to obtain the employer's consent, but they are opposed to forcing it on an employer who remains adamant, as in the Kearny case. The job ahead, therefore, is to convince industry that such a policy is the only sure road to industrial peace. So far the only alternative course has been surrender to government operation, which is obviously no solution. The government cannot take over the scores of mines and steel mills likely to be involved in the union-shop fight before it is over. Nor does management want to abdicate its role in American life. While it is a long step from industry's original open-shop position to acceptance of the union shop, once collective bargaining is embraced, the union shop ceases to be a bogey. Employers who have agreed to it have sacrificed none of their legitimate prerogatives. Continued opposition to it, therefore, may be attributed either to conscious resistance to collective bargaining, which must be fought to a finish, or to prejudice persisting from anti-union days, which may be dissipated by an appeal to reason. Many industrial leaders are free of this fear and can be enlisted to cooperate with labor leaders and the Mediation Board to persuade their more apprehensive colleagues. The task might prove easier than it appears if approached in complete frankness as a forthright labor policy. A session between the President and the entire personnel of the Defense Mediation Board might do the trick.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Facing Inflation — II

IN MY last article I showed how prices were being pressed upward as a mounting volume of purchasing power competed for a limited volume of goods. One remedy briefly discussed was an increase in the market supply of goods, and it was suggested that the government should release at least some part of its reserve stocks of those farm commodities which have been sky-rocketing in price under conditions of artificial shortage. It should have been added that it is equally important to curb the building up of excessive inventories by manufacturers and the accumulation of goods for purely speculative purposes. For instance, it is now impossible to buy certain important industrial chemicals at quoted prices in the regular markets, although plentiful supplies can be obtained by paying a large premium. It is high time that measures were taken not merely to prevent speculative raids of this kind but to force hoarders to disgorge.

Quite apart from the immediate effect of such profiteering on prices, its reactions on the general supply of consumers' goods must be taken into consideration. We cannot achieve the maximum production which is so essential if greedy manipulators are allowed to dam up the flow of raw materials, already unavoidably restricted by genuine defense needs.

But even if such adventitious obstacles to production are removed, even if by better planning we put to work more of our idle men and machines, the demand side of the purchasing-power-consumer-goods equation will almost certainly outbalance the supply side. The general problem can be illustrated statistically, but I must warn the reader to regard the figures given simply as stills taken from a moving picture. For the current fiscal year national income—the total of goods and services produced—may be roughly estimated at around \$90 billion. Of this sum federal defense and normal expenditures will account for about \$22 billion, leaving \$68 billion available for other consumers. The total of money incomes, including undistributed profits, will also be around \$90 billion. From this must be deducted, however, budget receipts, including proceeds from the new levies which take effect on October 1, expected to reach \$11½ billion. Net payment to social security and other government trust funds will lop off another \$1½ billion, leaving all receivers of income with a balance of \$77 billion available for the purchase of goods and services worth \$68 billion.

The \$9 billion difference between these last two items is, as a very simple calculation will show, exactly equivalent to the anticipated federal deficit. Hence if the Treasury could persuade receivers of incomes as a whole to buy \$9 billion worth of defense bonds, effective purchasing power would be brought down to the level of the volume of available goods, and there would be no rise in the general price level. What are the prospects of such a result being achieved?

It must be admitted that the defense-bond campaign

launched at the beginning of May has been only moderately successful. Up to August 31 the total received was \$1,272,000,000, with May the best month and August the worst. No improvement seems likely in September, and unless sales are jacked up considerably, proceeds for a full year will be under \$3½ billion. This means that more than half the deficit will have to be met by borrowing from the banks—a process which not only does not subtract from purchasing power but by adding to the total of deposits exerts a positive inflationary influence.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the subject of compulsory savings should have been raised. In the *Wall Street Journal* of September 6 the Treasury was credited with a plan for gradually collecting during the emergency years a total of two months' pay from every employed person. This sum would be repaid to the contributor whenever he or she became unemployed, and for this reason it has been spoken of as a "separation wage." Mr. Morgenthau used this term when listing his proposals for combating inflation at Boston on September 9, but he did not go into details, and in his evidence on September 24 before the House Banking and Currency Committee there was no reference to compulsory saving.

The idea of a separation wage may therefore have suffered a still-birth. Personally I hope so, for a levy of this magnitude, even if spread over two or three years, strikes me as both impracticable and unjust. It might be borne by those to whom the defense program has brought a sharp increase in income, but it must be remembered that millions of people have not and probably will not in future obtain rises in wages or salaries commensurate with the advance in the cost of living already experienced. The only fair way of collecting compulsory savings is to relate the levy to income tax and make it progressive, as has been done in Britain.

But before resorting to compulsion more effort should, I believe, be put into the voluntary savings campaign. The Treasury has been at pains, and with good reason, to avoid the kind of ballyhoo which accompanied the Liberty Loan drives of the last war. It has fallen, however, into the opposite error of putting on a sales campaign almost totally lacking in zip. Having no advertising appropriation of its own, it must depend for publicity on space and time donated by publishers and radio stations. I am inclined to think that a more effective campaign could be waged were Congress to provide the Treasury with \$10 million or so for advertising purposes and thus relieve it of the necessity of relying on what is, in effect, charity. I am aware that there are political objections to government disbursements for this purpose, but it should be possible to develop safeguards against abuses.

A greater sale of bonds might also be prompted by the payment of a modest commission to banks acting as agents—another departure from tradition. Large numbers of banks, though by no means all, are volunteering their services in disposing of bonds to the public. The work involves them in extra expenses and, it is to be feared, is often undertaken without any great enthusiasm. Payment of a small commission—say one-eighth of one per cent—might prove much more fruitful than patriotic appeals in obtaining the bankers' cooperation.

Once again it has proved impossible to deal with the many aspects of this subject in my limited space, and I must leave the question of the way taxation may be used to check inflation for a third and final article.

In the Wind

THE NEXT FEW MONTHS will probably see a new crop of non-interventionist leaders replace the Lindbergh, Wheeler, and Nye group. America First, according to those who watch it closely, realizes that the anti-Semitic outburst of early September came either too early or too late to be effective in any sense. Though the committee did not repudiate Lindbergh, it has decided to try another approach. It will emphasize, for the time being at least, the sweet reasonableness of Herbert Hoover's recent speeches, and its leading spokesmen will be Hoover and Senators Taft and Vandenberg.

WHEN THE NEW YORK TIMES ran a picture of Winston Churchill toasting the five French boys who crossed to England in canoes, the caption said that they had come "to join the forces fighting against the Reds."

F. H. PETER CUSICK, director of Fight for Freedom, has been campaigning for Willkie for President in 1944.

WHEN William V. O'Dwyer, Democratic candidate for mayor of New York, charged Judge Herbert A. O'Brien of Queens with being an anti-Semite, O'Brien told friends that he would reply in a radio broadcast. Asked how he expected to prove that he was not anti-Semitic, the judge said that he would cite his known opposition to "the murders of thousands of priests and nuns in Spain."

MRS. ELIZABETH DILLING sometimes gets caught in her own Red Network. Recently she described Senator Burton K. Wheeler as a "true American." In her famous catalogue of radicals he is listed as an agent of "un-American causes."

PRESS NOTES: B. W. Sangor, publisher of magazines of comics, is the owner of *TNT*, a new pulp monthly that combines lowbrow cartoons and anti-fascist jokes in a ratio of ten to one. . . . J. D. Holtzman, Minneapolis business man, has started a weekly called the *Beacon* which reprints almost all speeches by leading isolationists.

FROM A LETTER to the editor of the *Chicago Times*: "I think the best way is to give Lindbergh a plane and enough gasoline to take him to Berlin. He made a Hess of himself in his Des Moines speech."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Hitler Isn't Funny

LIKE some Senators who are pretty sure that the movies have been busily trying to hurry us into war, I had not seen Charlie Chaplin's film "The Great Dictator." And I should probably never have seen it if, after Senator Nye recalled my attention to it, it had not been playing at a movie across from a filling station on one of the main American roads. It was a town of 1,323 people, whose only paved street was the great road—one of those good little American towns where you have to go outside the town limits even to get beer and where the good Americans sit in the movie darkness and munch the popcorn they can buy at the door. Less than half the people of the country now live outside the towns of 2,500 and over. But in an America which has 11,000,000 movie-theater seats—even though half of them are in eight populous states—Charlie Chaplin has got to expect some of his profits from the country boys. Also the country boys, and country girls, women, and men, are important, I imagine, to those who wish to propagandize America. I paid my 30 cents and went in to see what Mr. Chaplin was doing to them.

I came out thirsty from munching popcorn and a little more confused than ever about this propaganda business. The city critics had their say about Mr. Chaplin's comedy of dictatorship six months ago. I don't remember what they said. The funny picture about Mr. Hitler came out just before he moved across the Balkans from Bulgaria to Crete. The Senators are sure it has done its work in hurrying this country toward war. It didn't seem that way in this little town. It seemed like propaganda all right. Everything seems propaganda in times like these. Maybe everything is. But if there is any central teaching in "The Great Dictator" it seems to me that not Senator Nye but President Roosevelt ought to be getting mad. Viewing it in the village movie I felt that America First should be purring about Chaplin as an art form.

Mr. Chaplin taught us this in the long narrow hall in the little town: (1) that Hitler is a funny little guy; (2) that it would only be necessary for a kindly ex-lunatic to get the ear of the Germans for them to burst into spontaneous cheers for democracy and brotherly love. There are some other minor teachings in the film, such as that storm troopers pogromming a ghetto are actually nothing more than the Mack Sennett cops who have been chasing Chaplin for thirty years to the ulti-

mate discomfiture of the cops, and that anti-Semitism can be ended as promptly as a movie. But it was all very funny. Some of the antics were new, but most of them were the old well-loved grotesqueries of our youth. Mr. Chaplin was not making propaganda. He was just remaking his old film about the funny little guy in Cinderella's life. He did not so much creep up with propaganda, even if he did put Hitler into his picture, as let time creep up to him and make him an ironical clown. During the past six months, while Hitler was destroying Greece, driving into Russia, spreading his menace at sea, Mr. Chaplin has been convincing American villagers that Hitler is funny, that Hitlerism is a joke, and that we can count on the happy ending for our 30 cents.

I am sure Mr. Chaplin meant no such thing. I suspect that Senator Nye is right in his feeling that Mr. Chaplin was not trying to help Hitler. But if movies as propaganda have the force and effect the isolationist Senators seem to think they have, it seems to me that the Chaplin film is better calculated to minimize the threat from Hitler than any other single thing that I've seen in country town or in New York. As Southerner I remember a song out of the Civil War which was still sung in the South of my youth. I'm not sure of the words, but they were something like this:

Jeff Davis rides a big horse;
Abe Lincoln rides a mule.
Jeff Davis is a gentleman;
Abe Lincoln is a fool.

A lot of Southerners were pretty sure of that. Certainly I'm not comparing Hitler with Lincoln. But I am comparing a people that thinks Hitler is funny, even with the assistance of one of the great comedians of our time, with every people that has undertaken to laugh at its opponents. I doubt that anybody can correlate the causes of what some people feel is the apathy of the American people with regard to the menace of totalitarianism. But certainly when the isolationists call Charlie Chaplin a war-maker, they are getting funny—funnier, I think, though not less dangerous, than "The Great Dictator." Propaganda is queer stuff sometimes when it gets down to the people. Mr. Chaplin has been more effective in lulling us with laughter than Lindbergh has in cursing the President, the British, and the Jews.

Hitler isn't funny. And it may be serious business in the towns and the cities and the villages when Mr. Chaplin makes us laugh at him as a funny little guy.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

An Epicurean on Liberty

STRICTLY PERSONAL. By W. Somerset Maugham.
Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

ONE sentence in Mr. Maugham's short book is already coming to be famous. No reader is likely to miss what leaps out of the usually rather diffuse text to catch the attention with its ring of classic finality. But quotation is inevitable: "If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that too."

Now Mr. Maugham has never taken any pains to conceal the fact that he himself loves comfort, if not first then second, and, by implication at least, he confesses it again in this anecdotal account of how war overtook him at his Mediterranean villa. Indeed, those who are irritated by references, too frequent and too casual, to gardeners and footmen, yachts and dinner parties, may be irritated by the prominent part they play in a story which does, nevertheless, include the fall of France and the author's own far from luxurious voyage of twenty days from Cannes to a British port in a fearfully overcrowded collier. But it is just possible that they were included for a definite purpose, and whether they were or not, they do serve to emphasize the one thing which the author has to add to the analysis of an event already analyzed many times before.

So far as the fall of France is concerned, Mr. Maugham's anecdotes add up to the conclusions now generally accepted. The army was ill-equipped, and the general staff rotten with jealous intrigue. The upper classes tended to feel that Hitler was preferable to Blum; the lower classes that this was not their war anyway. And if there were exceptions to this general rule, the exceptions were little disposed to risk their own lives. In the beginning there was optimism but no passion; "everyone you met was full of the defeats that were going to be inflicted on the Axis, but the boys were glad they were too young to fight and the old men said they had fought in the last war and that was enough." The source of France's weakness went, in other words, even deeper than lack of idealism and of physical courage; it included a failure to recognize simple self-interest. Rightists on the one hand and leftists on the other had been oratorically declaiming that nothing could be worse than what they had for so long that they had come finally to believe it. They had, they insisted, nothing to lose, and if they have found out now just how wrong they were, it is too late for them to do anything about it.

And therein lies, perhaps, both the moral of Mr. Maugham's book and the justification for his continuing to write as he has always written. Heroes may or may not have been plentiful in the past, but they are obviously scarce in the modern world; and so are idealists. If we in America are lost unless a complacent and comfort-loving people can be transformed overnight into a race of knights-errant, then we are probably lost already. It is extremely unlikely that capi-

talists are going to turn selfless and workers stop caring about higher wages without further ado. But if both could only realize how much each has still to lose, they might quite possibly get together for the duration.

Mr. Maugham, like most writing Englishmen today, assumes as a matter of course that post-war England will be a very much more democratic country than it is at present. He seems, moreover, to be glad that it will. But that is not really the point. The moral is directed not at those who hope for a better world but at those who would really prefer this one or a worse. If you cannot love freedom in the abstract, you had better try to realize how many things you can lose by putting them first.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Lusin, a Chinese Modern

AH Q AND OTHERS. Selected Stories of Lusin. Translated by Chi-Chen Wang. Columbia University Press. \$2.50.

THERE is no chinoiserie about the history of modern China, and there is none in Lusin. Lusin, who was born in 1881 and died in 1936, wrote from the full experience of his times. The complex tragedy of sudden change, a change which in China was almost a convulsion in the conception of reality, is the essence of his stories. It was a metamorphosis forced upon China by the West but made possible by the inoperation of its own virtues. The old classical culture, with its self-devotion turned to self-indulgence, deteriorated into a cult of the past that buttressed a corrupt social and political order. The cultivation of an individuality that tended more and more to consider knowledge and participation in the government as its own exclusive privilege produced a disunity from which China still suffers. A deep-rooted love of peace degenerated into a seemingly inexhaustible capacity to endure hardship and disgrace. And the Confucian intuitive method, limited by its nature to humanistic studies, precluded all modern scientific investigation. Yet these virtues turned to their opposites, not because they were any less virtues, but because they had been allowed to wither into simulacra that were powerless against the reality of ignorance, poverty, corruption, and disease.

Not only would Lusin have been unable to write his stories before the revolution, but the very language in which they are written would have been different. For scarcely twenty-five years ago the official language of China was the classical *wen-li*, which was incapable of being spoken or verbally understood. It had died 2,000 years ago. It was unknown to the people, not to be mastered in a lifetime, but it was a language of intrenched power, since through a system of state examinations a knowledge of the old language and literature and the moral writings was mandatory for political advancement. At a time when 85 per cent of the people were illiterate, even textbooks in the primary grades had to be translated word for word into the local speech of the pupils. But *nota*: from their beginnings centuries ago

the novels of China and the legends and tales that preceded them were not written in the language of the state. Novels were written in *pei hua*, the living, changing language of the people, whose lives and tastes they reflected. They were written in *pei hua* so they could be understood when read aloud by story-tellers, for the common people could not read. Thus there existed at the same time literature as art, written according to fixed rules in *wen-li*, the exclusive property of the scholars, and a developing popular tradition in the novels and stories written in *pei hua*, which were not, of course, considered literature by the literati. It was not until about 1917, under the leadership of Dr. Hu Shih, the present Chinese ambassador at Washington, that a conscious movement was begun to make *pei hua* the national language.

It is difficult for us to grasp the tremendous importance of the language problem in the history of modern China, for there has been nothing comparable in Western civilization, not even the use of Latin in the Middle Ages. As Dr. Hu Shih states in "The Chinese Renaissance," a book which I recommend to you, "once the table of values was turned upside down, once the vulgar language was consciously demonstrated to be the best-qualified candidate for the honor of the national language of China, the success of the revolution was beyond doubt." It was while he was a student at Cornell and Columbia that Hu Shih, and other Chinese in American colleges, endeavored to state and to solve the problem. And although the suddenness of the change has been overemphasized (it had been going on for centuries), it is amazing that in a few years *pei hua* was officially recognized as the national language. Politicians adopted it to reach the people. Textbooks were ordered rewritten—*pei hua*, I am told, is no more difficult for a Chinese child to learn to read than English for an English child. As early as 1918 hundreds of little magazines appeared, couriers of a reawakened power of literary expression which will mature in times of peace. From a literary and cultural point of view, I know of nothing more exciting. The revolution was assured by the language of the people, which in turn was possible only through revolution.

Lusin is generally acknowledged to be one of the best of modern Chinese writers. His critical essays and his history of Chinese fiction are held by some to be of more lasting value than his stories, but the stories are certainly very good. There are influences, Russian and French, which do not matter. I don't usually care for short stories, finding them, to use Constance Rourke's expression, "hardly more than a carefully prepared ejaculation," but these have such depth and humanity that I feel the characters are capable of a life extending from the story, rather than contained within it. One of them, *A Hermit at Large*, is so good that every time I read it I feel the shock that sometimes comes in listening to music—of something completely resolved and freed. Lusin writes of the multiple effects of change and of the living barriers. He writes of "man-eating man" and of "man-eating morals," and of the agonizing clash of the old and the new in the loyalties of a personal life. All the human problems of a new culture are explored honestly and fully, with great understanding. In their own pain, fury, and sorrow his characters reveal how the demands of new standards of truth can shake the individual to the core of his existence; how

pitifully one can suffer in the toils of a belief, however vestigial; and how one can tear out a part of oneself to get away, only to find oneself alone and dispossessed. They show what an impossible amount of courage it takes to live an honest life at a time when all values are distorted, when action and reaction are more than ever reflected in new hypocrisies, new conformisms, new casuistries, when hope lives and dies hard.

An outline of the best of these stories could give little impression of their excellence, or of a total effect and a surpassing technique that elude analysis. One can, however, talk about *Ah Q*, which though good, is one of those pieces that are more important as literary landmarks than as literature. *Ah Q* is a "philosopher" who asks no questions. He is resigned in the old way, enjoying a moral self-satisfaction that turns every defeat into a spiritual victory. When he is attacked by the stronger, his complacency is restored either by attacking the weaker or by "forgetfulness, a treasured trait which he had inherited from his ancestors." When the revolution comes to his village he is sleeping. When he offers himself to the revolutionaries they not only reject him but condemn him to death for a robbery he did not commit—because an arrest was necessary "for prestige." Carried off to his execution, he feels "that it was in the nature of things that some people should be unlucky enough to have their heads cut off." Public opinion was outraged at the lack of a proper spectacle. The satire is Swiftian; it has real bite. Yet Lusin makes *Ah Q* a person, not an abstraction. It is significant that the prototype of *Ah Q* was an actual person—that is, he was not intended as the symbol which he later became.

The inherited tradition of a culture is the repose from which an artist writes. A full knowledge of what is happening to that culture during his lifetime is the excitement in which he writes. Either one or both may be unconscious, but both must be present; the mark of a modern writer, of any age, is that he is, or seems to be, more conscious of both than other writers of his time. The virtues of Lusin's stories are no older than those of his own time and no newer than the old virtues of his culture; differences are as vital as they are transitory. Notwithstanding what he writes and how he writes, Lusin inevitably recalls the dominant modes of Chinese literature and times very different from his own. The perfection of detail, the recurrent themes of parting and separation, the manifold intuitive meanings, the revelation of individual life, his very unobtrusiveness, bring beautifully to mind the whole stream of Chinese poetry and the age-long culture that created its own forms to express its own needs. One of the differences is the tone of his critical attitude, his irony and satire. And part of the beauty of the *Hermit* story is a truly shattering sense of horror that one feels to be a component of his understanding. Yet in all the stories the humanity of the intention—the humor, too—produces the effect of complete realism, and without any recourse to an agglomeration of realistic impedimenta.

There is an excellent introduction by Chi-Chen Wang, whose translation is the best I have seen of Lusin. I recommend Lusin solely as good literature, but it should go without saying that as good literature it carries in itself, for those who are more than merely sympathetic, a real understanding of the China of today.

H. P. LAZARUS

The Progress of Planning

PLANNING FOR AMERICA. By George B. Galloway and Associates. Henry Holt and Company. \$4.

IT WAS a grand idea to make this survey of American planning techniques, achievements, and problems in various fields of endeavor. The survey covers resource planning in terms of land, water energy, technology, and science; industrial and agricultural planning in terms of capital formation, farm problems, consumption, income, investment, employment, and public works; and aspects of social, regional, international, and defense planning. It is a compendium on planning. While the chapters are uneven in quality, as is natural, they are always informative and often illuminating.

Two major impressions are gained from a reading of this book. One is of the varied nature of American planning, the great progress it has made (largely under pressure of necessity), and its constantly increasing scope; it is amazing that people should still talk of textbook *laissez faire* while planning enmeshes them in its relations. The other is that we have in this country the natural resources, the technical-economic capacity, and the planning techniques to solve the economic problem—that is, not merely to abolish poverty but to rebuild our whole environment for finer living on all levels.

Many of the contributions, however, suffer from the disease of bureaucratic expertitis—specialized bureaucratic routine, the narrow caution that rejects imagination, an inability to project experience to meet new problems. The defect is most apparent in the two chapters on defense planning, especially the one on industrial mobilization, which throw scarcely any light on the major economic problems of defense. The chapter on industrial mobilization is a factual description and an apologetic for the old National Defense Advisory Commission and its successor, OPM; if half of what it says were true the materials of war would be flowing now in torrents. The commission “forged a new type of political instrument”; it developed “step by step the procedures for locating and drawing upon the productive capacity of smaller producers” (tell that one to small business men). The Consumer Division is touted as “a partner in a joint effort to build total defense, civilian as well as military,” though it was in fact an illegitimate stepchild seen as little as possible and never heard. The system of voluntary piecemeal price-fixing works “successfully” in the pages of this chapter while in actuality it lies about us in ruins. Nor is there a word about monopoly, shortages, or opposition to new capacity, the theoretical and practical problems of economic mobilization.

The contributors, moreover, suffer from what Galloway describes rightly as a major shortcoming of the New Deal: “Its economics has been muddled—having been a hybrid of many schools of thought, each with its different theory of the business cycle, its conflicting diagnosis of the causes of depression, and its incompatible remedies.” There is consequently no direct confrontation of the problem of economic change and reconstruction; the contributors “sneak up” on the problem. The reader is led to assume that the several bits and pieces of planning, if they go far enough, will solve the problem. Yet we might keep on doing all the planning described in this book, on a larger scale, and still move to-

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ward economic breakdown or totalitarianism. For planning techniques may serve within democratic or totalitarian relations. That is recognized by a number of the contributors, especially Galloway, but they do not fully explore the relations under which planning can be democratic. We must know what major economic changes to make and what kind of a desirable new order we want to build.

Finally, this crude unlimited faith in planning leads to an overemphasis on it. Galloway writes, "Planning embraces all the problems of human relations in a modern industrial society"; I should hate to live by the social results of such universal planning. The problem is wrongly posed by another contributor: "Who shall exercise the ultimate power, business or government?" This is an approach that might give government all power and bring totalitarianism. Government cannot be identified with the community, in which it is only one element. Power should be shared, not concentrated. It should be shared among government and useful functional groups in the community: business (the elements we decide to retain), management, and labor, farmers and consumers, professional people. If we make basic economic changes to create a new equilibrium, with government a balance wheel and not master, we shall not need the universal planning that squeezes the democratic juice out of life; we shall need only the minimum of strategic planning that promotes democratic freedom.

LEWIS COREY

The Misuses of History

GERMANY THE AGGRESSOR THROUGHOUT THE AGES. By F. J. C. Hearnshaw. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

FROM LUTHER TO HITLER: THE HISTORY OF FASCIST-NAZI POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY. By William Montgomery McGovern. Houghton Mifflin and Company. \$4.

THINKER VERSUS JUNKER. By Will Schaber. New York: Frederick Ungar. \$2.50.

IT IS legitimate that professional students of the past should want to share in the battles of the present. The knowledge and unbiased thought of the historian can be of great use. In the past we find the eternally human, the analogous and similar, as well as the pre-history of our own time, and the good statesman must know it just as the psychopathologist must know his patient's biography. And like the psychopathologist who knows the special logic of mental disease, its laws and hazards, the historian must be aware of the great diversity of problems inherent in the logic of history. Simplification is the death of truth, and the historian who succumbs to it in the interest of contemporary needs is no longer a historian but a pamphleteer.

A classic instance of such misuse of the historical approach is "Germany the Aggressor," by Professor Hearnshaw of the University of London. The book, according to the author a story "of a single texture throughout," begins with the barbaric Cimbers and Teutons, whom he finds already typically German (no more so, it might be suggested, than the British or the House of Bourbon). King Ariovistus talked like Dr. Goebbels; the Thirty Years' War was a war of German

aggression (whose aggression? against whom?); Wallenstein's army was made up of storm troopers; the Elector Frederick William of Brandenburg had "no conception of Europe or humanity" (hardly to be expected of a little prince of the Thirty Years' War); Frederick the Great was the "eighteenth-century Hitler," and so on. And when we finally reach those more familiar regions where the present does begin to cast its always doubtful shadow, the reader has lost belief in the whole enterprise. The book is written with humor and intelligence, and some of its theses are quite defensible. But by what sleight-of-hand can one lump two thousand years of packed and various history into the simple equation: Germany = aggressor?

The truth is that "Germany," as we understand the word today, is hardly 150 years old. The madness of the German people is a contemporary disease, though like all other human events its germs existed in the past. The pioneers of the evils dominant in the age of William II are influential in Bismarck's time and vaguely discernible during the last years of the Napoleonic crisis: beyond that it is meretricious to look. It seems, for instance, highly doubtful that there is any serious connection between eighteenth-century Prussia and Nazism. It is worth remembering that English liberals until recently hailed the outcome of the Seven Years' War as a triumph of Protestantism, progress, and philosophy, which indicates that the rise of Prussia held the possibility, at least, of consequences quite different from those with which it is now generally identified. This is even more true of the first nationalist upheaval of modern Germany, that of 1813. It contained both good and bad elements, and the bad very gradually won out, but for historians such as Professor Hearnshaw this whole tragic, complex, and highly instructive story is only a straight line of obvious causes and inevitable effects.

For the history of ideas this point of view is even less illuminating than for the history of facts. The destiny of a political idea in time and space can be highly irrational. A philosopher's work may provoke effects that have nothing to do with his moral character and very little even with the rational content of his thought. The element of continuity is inextricably linked to its opposite: individuality, spontaneity. A "history of Fascist-Nazi political philosophy" should therefore begin by describing fascism less as a philosophical theory than as a catastrophic event, and then proceed to its intellectual implications and their origins in the past. The order should be that of a picture in which the present dominates and the intellectual movements of previous centuries recede more and more into the background. If it is presented as a straight line through the ages, from its beginning to its end, many great philosophers of the past are reduced to being mere forerunners of fascism, whereas in a closer view it is clear that they have their own dignity and their own dimensions, and that their being in the background is not a quality in itself but a matter of perspective.

The work of Professor McGovern, who seeks the origins of fascism as far back as the sixteenth century, is not an analysis but a story, and it fails accordingly. If fascism started in the sixteenth century, with the secularization of the state, then so did almost every other political development. The past and the future must always interfuse wherever the

human spirit is at work; the problem is to delimit those interfusions which are central and reasonably well defined. The disaster called Nazism is not a good starting-point for a history of philosophy, and if used as such it gives not history but distortion. If a teacher depicts Hegel only as a torch-bearer of Hitlerism or a ridiculous obscurantist, and gives no sense of his creative and imaginative power, then his students may well feel entitled to laugh at all philosophy. Hegel's aberrations, his guilt, the paradoxical threads which connect even this deeply religious and humanistic thinker with the hideous misery of our time, are but one aspect and one to be considered with the utmost circumspection.

To inflate a fragmentary fact into an all-dominating, timeless truth is the cartoon type of abstraction and can do only harm. The concept of the class struggle as the key to all social understanding is one such abstraction. Another is that Germany was an aggressor state for 2,000 years, and that the greatest philosophers since the Reformation spent their time hatching Hitlerism. That "all truly great Germans were liberals," as Mr. Schaber would like us to believe, is of course an abstraction of the same kind. His anthology makes good reading; but by a clever choice of texts the exact opposite might just as easily have been proved.

In all of these works there is a curious tendency to project over the past the loathsome present represented by Adolf Hitler. Has Hitler so much stature? The present, in all its brute ugliness, will determine the decisions and actions of the near future; no Charlemagne or Frederick Barbarossa or Hegel is needed for that. Present and future are the realm of necessity. The past is the realm of freedom, given to us not to enslave but to contemplate and enjoy.

GOLO MANN

Catholic Internationalism

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND INTERNATIONAL ORDER. By A. C. F. Beales. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

"**C**ATHOLIC internationalism is . . . a scheme of things without which world order must be purely arbitrary in theory and only fleetingly attained, if at all, in practice." This is the thesis of "The Catholic Church and International Order" by a recent English convert, A. C. F. Beales. Mr. Beales attempts to sustain this thesis by an exposition of Catholic philosophy, a brief review of the relations of church and state from the earliest times to today, and a full statement of the theory of national sovereignty as limited by natural law in both internal and external relations. The book leads up to the Peace Message of Pius XII as the authoritative statement of the Catholic position today.

While Mr. Beales has gathered together much valuable material in a small space, the book fails to convince, because very early the reader notices confusions and omissions which indicate either lack of candor, too great enthusiasm, or naivete. It is not candid to say that the "authority the Popes claimed was always a spiritual authority, never a direct temporal one." Both the acts and the statements of Gregory VII, Innocent III and IV, and especially Boniface VIII asserted a direct temporal authority. The theory of indirect power achieved explicit statement much later when it became obvi-

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ous that recalcitrant kings could be held in check only by going over their heads to the people. It is naive to say, speaking of the Concordat of 1929 with Italy, that "the Pope secured the acknowledgment of his right to appoint bishops in Italy—subject only to a possible veto by the Italian government on 'political grounds'—which veto has not been exercised." The Pope selects the bishops with an eye on the possible veto, and anti-fascists are simply not presented. Such distortion is evident throughout.

Fortunately for the world which is looking for a secure foundation for international order there are better books on the subject than this one. Don Luigi Sturzo in "Church and State," "Politics and Morality," and "The International Community and the Right of War" speaks with the authority and impartiality of a true Catholic scholar, omitting no pertinent fact, however damaging it may seem. In spite of that impartiality, or perhaps because of it, Catholic doctrine and tradition achieve in his books a clear and most seductive statement.

RUTH O'KEEFE

Out of Australia

THE TIMELESS LAND. By Eleanor Dark. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

IT IS strange that there have been few popular novels among the many written about Australia. Lawrence and Richardson both wrote beautifully of it, but neither caught the drama which is so obvious in its history. A land of hostile soil and climate, romantically remote, settled by the most desperate criminals of eighteenth-century England, should offer dramatic material to any writer. If conflict is a fundamental in the plotting of fiction, Australia should be prime.

Mrs. Dark's previous books on her native country, notably "Return to Coolambi," showed her to be a writer of excellent prose and a sure psychologist. "The Timeless Land" exhibits her grown talents with a story more ambitious than the others, a historical novel based on the journals and letters of the colonists in the first five years of settlement along the east coast of Australia, rounded factually by a study of the natives worthy of a professional ethnologist, and chinked with appropriate fiction. For the first time, I believe, we see in graphic full scale the initial conflicts and adjustments of a dark race with a white one. Largely it is the natives' story here, and Mrs. Dark has so intelligently portrayed them that they are never quaint or exotic; they think and feel as convincingly as do their white neighbors; their language is man's talk, not the babbling of Brer Rabbit.

When Governor Phillip was sent out with the first shipload of convicts to settle Australia, the task seemed hopeless, for not only was the land "very dreadful," an arid waste, but the settlers he brought had few farmers and artisans among them. Dumped on the beach with the women convicts from whom they had been separated for months, Phillip reasonably expected first an orgy of lust, then a period of general lawlessness before rehabilitation was possible for his charges, but he did not foresee the horrors of hunger, disease, drought, and man-made cruelty that would confront them for many years. Nor did Bennilong, leader of his native tribe, foresee the spiritual disaster that would be visited upon his people through contact with the whites. These Bushmen

are not idealized; they kill and rape and steal, but their simple culture seems none the less noble in contrast to that of the white invaders. Death, to Bennilong, should never be the shameful thing that it was on the convicts' gallows, nor could he understand why a man must be humiliated by flogging to improve him.

Bennilong, the proud, the furious, is a unique character in fiction, and the assassin, Andrew Prentice, rediscovering the earth and the goodness of it, is a giant to scare the sin out of a timorous reader. Slowly, through them and the opposing forces they stand for, this racial drama is built toward a climax that is stirring and exquisite in its simplicity. Mrs. Dark has something of the power of Isak Dinesen, a sheer respect for language and the rhythmical progress of sentences that is now too often derided by those with a social message to tell at any cost. This is a rare, bountiful book, rich with authentic history and the best of fiction.

HASSOLDT DAVIS

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

INDIANA. A Guide to the Hoosier State. American Guide Series. Oxford. \$2.75.

TIME EXPOSURE. With a Commentary and Captions by Peter Quennell. By Cecil Beaton, Scribner's. \$3.75.

WAR, POLITICS, AND EMOTION. By Geoffrey Bourne. Liveright. \$1.25.

THE ENGLISH ARE LIKE THAT. By Philip Carr. Scribner's. \$2.75.

FREE SPEECH IN THE UNITED STATES. By Zechariah Chafee, Jr. Harvard. \$4.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S EXPERIMENTS. A New Edition of Franklin's "Experiments and Observations on Electricity." Edited by I. Bernard Cohen. Harvard. \$4.

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE. By Harold Underwood Faulkner, Tyler Koener, Hall Bartlett. Harper. \$3.50.

PATTERN OF MEXICO. By Clifford Gessler. Appleton-Century. \$5.

PAYING FOR DEFENSE. By Albert Gailord Hart and Edward D. Allen. In Collaboration with the Economics Staff of Iowa State College. Blakiston. \$2.50.

GREY EMINENCE. A Study in Religion and Politics. By Aldous Huxley. Harper. \$3.50.

SCUM OF THE EARTH. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. \$2.50.

TEN LITHOGRAPHS BY KAETHE KOLLWITZ. Henry Kleemann of the Kleemann Galleries and Curt Valentin of the Buchholz Gallery. \$6.

THIS IS ENGLAND TODAY. By Allan Nevins. Scribner's. \$1.25.

MONTE CRISTO AND OTHER PLAYS. Edited by J. B. Russak. Princeton. \$5.

LATIN AMERICA. A Descriptive Survey. By William Lytle Schurz. Dutton. \$3.75.

FOUNDING FATHERS. Men Who Shaped Our Tradition. By Kenneth Umbreit. Harper. \$3.50.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Carl Van Doren. Viking. \$3.75.

GUSTAV MAHLER. By Bruno Walter. Greystone. \$3.

BETWEEN THE ACTS. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

NEW LIBERTIES FOR OLD. By Carl L. Becker. Yale. \$2.

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN ENGLISH ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. Part XIII. Sir William A. Craigie, Editor. University of Chicago. \$4.

HITLER CANNOT CONQUER RUSSIA. By Maurice Hindus. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.

MUSIC

PERIODICALLY we are told that opera has not established itself in this country because it has been sung in foreign languages and people have not been able to understand what it was about. Opera is popular in Europe, according to this argument, because in each country it is sung in the language of the country; and if it is to acquire a large audience here it must be sung in English.

But if we go back to the early days of opera in Europe we find that it was sung everywhere in Italian. Mozart's operas, for example, were written to Italian words and sung in Italian in Vienna; and I doubt that there were many in the audiences who knew the language well enough to follow the meaning of the text as it was sung. Yet this did not keep people from the performances—which means that they must have had some other reason for going. And I find it reasonable to suppose that they went for the music and cared enough about it to acquaint themselves with the text in advance—which is what people do in Vienna today.

In Vienna today Mozart's operas are sung in German translations; and without considering what is lost by having music that was written for the soft sound and easy flow of Italian sung to the harsh and cumbersome German words, we must note the fact that the people who attend the performances read librettos beforehand or in the intermissions, just as they do here. The reason is that the words of opera are difficult to hear: they are distended and made unintelligible in the process of being sung; the orchestra drowns them; most of the people are too far from the stage. Even, then, if we accept the contention that to be interested in opera Americans must be able to follow the text, we face the fact that singing the opera in English would not enable them to do so, and that to understand what was going on they would still have to read the libretto beforehand. And if the words are not going to be understood anyhow the opera should be sung in its original language. But in addition we have the fact that in Vienna it is not the ability to follow every word that is responsible for interest in opera, but rather the interest in opera that induces people to find out from a libretto what they need to know about the business on the stage.

This interest exists here too. The

number of people who are interested is comparatively small; but it is comparatively small in Europe too: the number of people interested in any art anywhere is comparatively small. It is true that many Germans love music; but for most of them this music is not Mozart and Wagner: in Vienna and Berlin opera is attended by the same minority that is interested in the other forms of serious music. And that is true here. I see no reason to believe that giving opera in English would cause the millions who go to the movies to go to the opera: the ones who would go would be—as they are now—the ones who were interested in things of that sort. The battle for opera in this country has been and still is part of the battle to interest people in serious music; because opera is the most difficult and most expensive form of music to give the battle has been fought with the other forms; and I contend that wherever it has been won with, say, orchestral music a potential audience has been created for opera as well, and that the difficulty and expensiveness which have prevented opera from being given in those places have prevented such potential audiences from being converted into actual audiences for opera.

Its expensiveness brings us to another point. Some who contend that opera has not established itself and has no place in this country mean not only that opera has a small public but that it does not pay for itself. But there are artistic activities and institutions—and they include musical activities and institutions—which by their very nature, by the very set-up they involve, cannot pay for themselves. A museum does not pay for itself; does anyone contend for this reason that it ought to be closed? Our symphony orchestras do not pay for themselves; does anyone conclude that symphonic music has no place in this country? Opera does not pay for itself in Vienna; is anyone going to contend that it has not established itself and has no place there? I would say that it has established itself, made a place for itself, acquired an audience in Vienna precisely because it was not expected to pay for itself; whereas in this country, because it is expected to pay its own way, prices have been charged that have made it impossible for many to go who would have liked to go. What opera in this country needs is not English words but low prices. At low prices even the Hippodrome was filled—for performances in foreign languages.

B. H. HAGGIN

DANCE

"THE Big City" and "The Green Table," two of the finest ballets of the last decade, are now on view at the Maxine Elliott Theater, where the Jooss Ballet is appearing. "The Big City" retains its original freshness; "The Green Table" has largely lost its once powerful appeal. The reasons for this are to be found without rather than within a ballet which had a profound meaning for many people in the years between 1933 and 1938, when its anti-war thesis coincided with the prevailing belief that war was a grim game contrived by old men. But our mood has changed, and what once was eloquent now is blurred.

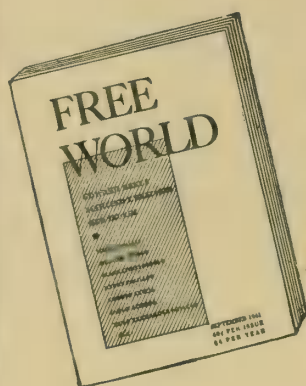
Since art is a communication, its meaningfulness, conditioned by external factors, varies with time and place. If "The Green Table" fails to stir the emotions it once did, it is not because the ballet has changed but because our world has changed and the ballet has not; and because its form, while sufficient unto the time of its composition, was never sufficiently complex to meet changed attitudes. Certainly its biting caricature of diplomats and profiteers still rings terribly true, but the victims of war are somehow less moving on the stage than in newspaper accounts. When death emerges as the final conqueror, we find ourselves completely at variance with the ballet's basic thesis; its particular disillusionment lies just behind the reality of the present and has not yet been absorbed into the past.

Of the remainder of the repertoire, "The Seven Heroes" and "A Ball in Old Vienna" are enjoyable, "A Spring Tale" is too slim for an over-long thread, and "The Prodigal Son" is a no man's land of unfulfilled expectation.

What is most exciting in the Jooss Ballet is the superb quality of its ensemble dancing. Contrary to orthodox ballet tradition, major dancers often dance minor roles, and each member of the company is a personality within the framework of a subtly blended whole. Individual performance is always part of a continuum in which the usual splendid isolation of the ballerina is non-existent. While the company, which contains three outstanding dancers in Noelle de Mosa, Hans Zullig, and Henry Schwarz, would profit by the addition of a few more first-rate performers, what it has to offer in the field of ensemble dancing is unique.

VIRGINIA MISHNUN

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Letters to the Editors

The "Little Fellow's" Side

Dear Sirs: My plea to the government is: For God's sake give the little fellow—the farmer and the small manufacturer—a chance to do his stuff for defense. The government calls for more farm production, and we farmers want to give it, but how can we when we cannot get help? On this farm three young men have left us to work on NYA. At WPA headquarters our requests for help have been filed for three months with no results; yet they are putting more men on WPA. Just the other day the State Employment Office told us that it had orders not to register men from WPA because it was so hard for them to get back on WPA after they had had a private job! Our usual farm help is doing carpenter work on cantonments at \$10 a day.

Of the men we hired this summer have been taken away to serve jail sentences. That sort of help, plus those the NYA hired away from us, plus some Boy Scouts, plus a few men who could not hold any job, was what we had to depend on this summer.

My own son, on whom we necessarily rely greatly, got only a sixty-day deferment, though we asked for six months.

Nor can we get machinery to take the place of men. The OPM prevents that. Even necessary parts and repairs are delayed for weeks or months.

The government wants more chickens, and eggs, and milk products to send to England, but the price of the feed necessary for such production—feed derived from the grains whose planting is restricted—has gone up and up, until there is very little return for our work.

So much for the farmer's side.

We also own a small manufacturing business, which is entirely inactive at present because we cannot get an ounce of metal. We have orders enough on hand to keep fifteen employees busy for a year, and not a wheel turning. We small fellows think that Mr. Knudsen *et al.* are taking good care of their own and letting the devil take the hindmost. Producers of our raw material tell us they have lots of metal on hand "if the government would permit its release."

Our correspondence with OPM illus-

trates the general confusion. On August 4 we wrote asking whether or not we might use aluminum which we had on hand for orders received after priorities went into effect. On August 29, three weeks later, we received a letter saying, "This is to advise you that this section may not permit the use of aluminum for the manufacture of such items as indicated in your letter." Just before receiving this letter, we wrote again requesting a reply to our letter of August 4. On September 18 the OPM wrote us in reply to that reiterated request a letter signed by the same man saying, "You may use aluminum now in your possession for non-defense orders." In other words, first they say we can't, then they say we can. Of course in the meanwhile we have turned down the order.

I am not a chronic belly-acher. I have been a consistent Democrat, have voted for this Administration and supported the WPA, the NYA, and all the other XYZ's when they seemed desirable. Above all, I hope we are good citizens. We want to see Hitler and all he stands for licked to a standstill, and if it means American blood-spilling, we are willing to spill ours. But when we face situations where two and two cannot be made to add up to four, we believe it is time to kick, and kick hard.

All we ask for is a decent regard for *how* we are going to do the things the government wants done; that proper consideration be given to the *means* as well as to the *end*; that we have a government of, by, and for the people rather than government of the people but by the tools of big business and for the General Motors, the Aluminum Company of America, and their kind.

E. M. HAWES

Marietta, Ohio, September 25

Is This Freedom of Worship?

Dear Sirs: I am a Post Office clerk and have been employed in the service for about six years at the Sebring, Florida, office. I am also one of Jehovah's Witnesses and have been active in this work for five years, during which time I was not disturbed either by individuals or by the Post Office Department, even though the postmaster was aware of my activity.

However, recently, because of the distribution of Bible literature which proclaims Jehovah's King and Kingdom in obedience to His commandments, the postal officials have seen fit to bring charges against me, asserting that I am violating Section 56 of Postal Laws and Regulations. The activities of Jehovah's Witnesses are constitutional; it is my right to continue this practice; but for doing so I have been suspended for ninety days without pay and have been threatened that if this practice is not discontinued I shall be dismissed from the service.

Our Protestant forefathers designed the Constitution to give religious freedom to Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and others, but apparently the Post Office Department is trying to exclude certain Protestants by prescribing how they shall not worship God.

NORMAN H. NIXON

Sebring, Fla., September 20

Consuls and Correspondents

Dear Sirs: I must protest against Peter Stevens's article in your issue of September 20. I think he is unfair both to our consular and diplomatic representatives and to the employers of our foreign correspondents.

Not that our representatives abroad are perfect, but it is foolish to blame all for the faults of a few. If Mr. Stevens had stayed longer in Europe and the Near East he would have found, perhaps, how helpful the legations and consulates can be. In the majority of cases the cooperation between correspondents and our diplomats is far closer than he imagines, and to the benefit of both parties. Hardly a day passed during my five years abroad that I did not receive information from one or another of our State Department men or pass on some piece of information to them.

The State Department cannot force a foreign government to permit the stay of an American national within its borders. International law gives it no support in such a matter, and our State Department, thank God, believes in international law. Yet I know from my own experience how often a minister or consul general will intercede personally—officially he can do nothing—for

■ man who has been ordered by the authorities to leave.

As to the employers, I know that many of them take pride in the expulsion of their men. I knew in Europe three or four representatives of the *Chicago Daily News* who had had to leave countries in a great hurry, and not one of them had been fired or even reprimanded by the home office. The *New York Times* also has a good record in this respect.

In the matter of our foreign reporting, the American public has not been served as well as it should have been, given the amount of money it pays for its information. But the trouble lies not where Mr. Stevens places it. It lies in the practice of our newspapers of changing men around, in their fear of experts, in the concept of "stories" which rules newspaper offices, and, let us admit it, in the ignorance of many of our correspondents, ignorance due, no doubt, to the first two points.

ALBERT VITON

Evanston, Ill., September 20

An Undefined Frontier

Dear Sirs: In your leading editorial of September 13 you say: "*The Nation* has a complicated task to perform in the months to come. It will continue to support every aggressive, intelligent move against the armed power of the dictators; and at the same time it will attack the tendencies in our own country which stand in the way of a truly democratic victory."

The complexity of the task is increased by the fact that anti-democratic tendencies are not confined to our own country, and that in our fatally unified world it is impossible to set frontiers to our concerns and responsibilities. In the same issue of *The Nation* you take cognizance of the Russian decree of deportation to Siberia for some 390,000 of its nationals of German descent, note that it "is bound to cause great suffering," and then add that "in view of the way in which the Nazis have used German colonies . . . the Soviet government can hardly be blamed for taking strong measures."

Permit me, with the freedom of an old friend, to tell you that this comment is not adequate. The decree is a monstrous outrage on humanity. Were Russia ten times our ally, we would have no right to shut our eyes and our lips to the truth.

I am conscious of the dangers of ex-

tending one's fighting front beyond a reasonable reach. But on the whole they seem to me less than those of arbitrarily limiting it.

CHARLOTTE ISABEL CLAFLIN

Buffalo, N. Y., September 22

Newspaper Boy Day

Dear Sirs: I note that October 4 has been designated as "Newspaper Boy Day" by the International Circulation Managers' Association, which urges papers throughout the country "to publicize the many activities carried on for the benefit of their carrier salesmen."

Such a celebration seems somewhat ironical, for in several states the newspapers have just completed drives to break down all protection for newsboys: (1) The Indiana child-labor law was amended to exclude newsboy carriers from all provisions—minimum age, hours, night work, and requirement of a physical examination; (2) the passage of a street-trades bill in Michigan, where there is no state regulation, seems to have been effectively blocked; (3) a California bill nullifying the present permit system and permitting ten-year-old boys to work on the streets until 10 p.m. was passed but vetoed by the Governor; (4) a Connecticut bill permitting boys to work on the streets without securing employment certificates fortunately was shelved.

The real celebration of "Newspaper Boy Day" should come when the newsboys throughout the country are protected by legal regulations.

COURTENAY DINWIDDIE,

General Secretary,

National Child Labor Committee
New York, September 25

Defense Against Poverty

Dear Sirs: We are today spending billions for defense as though they were pennies. I approve of this spending most heartily. It is not, as many are saying, going to bankrupt this nation. I remember quite well the days not so long ago when the President had almost to get down on his hands and knees and beg Congress for continued appropriations with which to fight poverty and unemployment. The danger of bankruptcy was pointed to over and over again to frighten all against the continued spending of billions for relief. Such extravagance, it was said, would mortgage the birthright of the next seventy-five unborn generations.

Now that Congress has discovered how much it can spend and tax and spend, I am hopeful that this knowledge will abide long after war spending has stopped. For there is another defense which must be whole-heartedly considered after the nation returns to a peacetime basis. It is the defense of the poor! Few men, other than the poor, think of the poor. I know of no better way to extend democracy than for Congress, after the war is over, to consider the poor of this nation. With our money we hope that the democracies of Europe will destroy Hitlerism in Europe. With our money let us destroy within our own borders poverty and all of its attendant miseries.

HARRY DANIELS

Washington, September 26

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The Shape of Things

THE GERMAN EASTERN ARMIES HAVE BEGUN a new offensive apparently aimed at Moscow. Continuing their "wedge" tactics, they are attempting to encompass the Russian forces massed before the Soviet capital between two pincer arms projected from the Valdai hills on the north and the town of Roslavl nearly 400 miles to the south. This presumably is the "new gigantic event" mentioned by Hitler in his speech of October 3, although the latest Berlin communiqués speak only of a drive along the shores of the Sea of Azov. Hitler spoke with great confidence about the situation on the Russian front, claiming that the U. S. S. R. was "already broken and will never rise again." Yet intermingled with his boasts was an almost apologetic note. Once again he went to great lengths to explain that the war had been forced on him because Britain, under the influence of "international Jewry," had spurned his repeated advances. Similarly he declared that he had had every intention of observing the pact with Moscow until tremendous Russian concentrations on the Reich frontiers forced him to take counter-measures. He went on to emphasize how important it had been to surprise the Russians and how successful he had been in achieving this aim. There seems to be some contradiction between this boast and his later statement that he, in turn, had been surprised by the magnitude of the Russian preparations. Evidently the purpose of this admission was to explain why the Russian campaign was not already concluded and to prepare his listeners for a winter war. The necessity of quieting domestic grumbling was also suggested by his hints of the huge economic benefits to be reaped from the newly conquered territory.

★

AFTER THE INDIGNATION AROUSED BY HIS indecent exposure at Des Moines it was hardly surprising that Lindbergh should try and cover up at Fort Wayne. Unfortunately, instead of donning the garments of repentance he arrayed himself in some ill-fitting martyr's robes. "I shall speak to you tonight as if this were my last address," he opened portentously, and he went on to suggest that the President might any day now abrogate

the right of free speech and suspend next year's elections. As the New York *Herald Tribune* pointed out in an excellent editorial, this is in effect a charge that the President is contemplating a coup d'état, for he has no constitutional authority either to suppress the Bill of Rights or to control the holding of elections. In other words, the lost eagle, without producing one jot or tittle of evidence, is accusing the President of preparing revolution. Such inflammatory and irresponsible utterances would almost justify an attempt to gag their author, but we are quite sure that Lindbergh will be allowed to talk all he likes. Indeed, to keep him off the platform would be a mistake, for he is rapidly becoming a major liability to the isolationists.

★

AMERICAN AIRPLANE OUTPUT IN SEPTEMBER registered another modest gain. OPM figures show a total output for the month of 1,914 military planes, an increase of 60 planes from the previous peak achieved in August. While the gain is small, it is encouraging to find that the large increase of the previous month has not only been maintained but improved upon. Total production in August and September was 28 per cent above that in June and July, and is now close to half of President Roosevelt's goal of 50,000 planes a year. Considerable progress has been made in eliminating bottlenecks in the industry. Production of airplane motors, for example, no longer lags behind that of plane bodies. Designs have been standardized to an extent not believed possible a year ago. There still remains, however, a serious shortage of propellers and of armament for planes. Not until these bottlenecks are broken can we hope to provide Britain, Russia, and China with sufficient planes to take the mastery of the air from the Axis.

★

THE IMPORTANT GAP IN SECRETARY ICKES'S letter published in this issue is its failure to answer our editorial statement of September 6 that "the most dangerous aspect of the whole [oil] situation is that every key post which has to do with oil under Ickes, the Maritime Commission, or the State Department is staffed with men drawn from the oil trust or its legal satellites." If the railroads can properly be suspected of overestimating tank-car capacity to fight the building of new pipe lines, these oil dollar-a-year men may as justly be suspected of using or exaggerating the oil-transportation shortage to push legislation through Congress clearing the way for more pipe lines. It may be that the Secretary, for whom we have a high regard and an old affection, feels that necessity compelled him to draw his emergency oil staff so largely from the majors. We still think a few more men of independent background would go far toward increasing public confidence in the Coordinator's office. Mr. Ickes complains that we were taken in by

an old newspaper trick in our reference to the London *Economist*, but an examination of the actual text in the British publication of July 26 does not disclose a major distortion.

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"THE ACCESSION OF NORWAY AND HOLLAND to the Allied cause," the *Economist* said, "raised the tanker tonnage at Britain's disposal from approximately 3,000,000 to 6,000,000 tons gross—a tonnage which, it is argued, should be sufficient for all Britain's requirements, even if the most ample allowance is made for sinkings and delays due to the convoy system." The text was not at hand when our editorial was written, and the "it is argued" was omitted from the newspaper accounts on which we had to rely. But the figures themselves are given on the *Economist's* own authority and are not disputed by it. They agree substantially with the figures published by the *Wall Street Journal* last July. We grudge Britain no tankers, but we still think fuller disclosure of the facts would help its cause, and we wish Secretary Ickes would investigate the report we published—on excellent authority—that the British were ready to reveal the figures but were blocked by our Maritime Commission. And we still think the Commons would do Anglo-American relations a good turn by holding an inquiry of its own. In this connection we call attention to the statement in the *Economist* of August 2 that "the withdrawal of the Norwegian and other non-Japanese tankers hitherto engaged in supplying Japan from the Dutch East Indies and California would also bring a measure of relief." Are Norwegian and Dutch tankers still being used to fuel the Japanese?

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OUR WASHINGTON EDITOR, I. F. STONE, interrupts his series on aluminum this week to discuss the Sears decision in the Bridges case; and as we go to press Judge Francis G. Caffey in the Federal District Court of New York is still reading his voluminous decision in the anti-trust suit against the Aluminum Company of America. So far Judge Caffey, by a narrow interpretation of the law and the facts in favor of Alcoa, seems to be on his way to a complete whitewash. If the anti-trust suit fails, or final decision is held up by interminable appeal and delay, the need for vigorous action by defense authorities will be all the more urgent. Jesse Jones is becoming uneasy over *The Nation's* revelations and has already entered blanket denials at press conferences at which they have been called to his attention. In the wake of our strictures on the silence of the press, *PM* in New York, the *Post* in Washington, and the courageous *Star-Times* in St. Louis have begun to wade into the fight. We believe the situation revealed by Mr. Stone in the case of aluminum can be shown to exist in other fields, notably Jones's fumbling of metal stock-

piles and the delay in adequate expansion of magnesium production. We shall never have an all-out effort so long as Jesse Jones holds the purse strings on plant expansion for defense.

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REVISION OF THE SOCIAL SECURITY ACT HAS been suggested by the President, in part as a deterrent to inflation, in part as a means of cushioning the economic readjustments of the post-defense period. Those revisions which would combine unemployment with old-age protection in an all-inclusive, rational social-insurance system and extend its benefits to domestic servants, farm laborers, and the employees of religious, charitable, and non-profit organizations are wholly desirable; such action should have been taken sooner. But spreading the program, even to some twenty-five or thirty million additional persons, will have little effect on inflation. Although the purchasing power of the country would be reduced perhaps half a billion dollars by the pay-roll tax imposed on those additional workers, the cut would be insignificant in comparison with the inflationary effects of the defense program. Much greater results could be obtained by jumping the pay-roll tax for old-age and survivors' insurance from the present 2 per cent to 6 per cent, as has been proposed in some quarters. Such an increase, it is estimated, would bring in approximately five billion dollars a year and would exert a powerful anti-inflation influence. But it would be a tax measure, not a social-security measure, and should be judged as such. For the present, pay-roll taxes more than cover the costs of the social-security program. As a tax, the pay-roll levy is perhaps the most regressive of any on the statute books. The part imposed directly on the worker amounts to a gross-income tax which is limited to wages under \$3,000; and the part falling on the employer is a gross tax on the costs of doing business which has no relation to profits. Until the cost of the social-security program requires it, there can be no justification for an increase in the pay-roll levy.

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PHALANGIST SYMPATHIZERS FROM MEXICO and other Latin American countries will meet in Madrid on October 12 to map out a totalitarian propaganda campaign for this hemisphere. The meeting, which will be called the Council of Hispanidad, is sponsored by the Spanish Phalanx. Its connection with Nazi propaganda efforts in this hemisphere can be taken for granted from previous experience. It is not improbable that the meeting was called because Hitler felt it necessary to make greater use of his Spanish connections after recent Nazi setbacks in Latin America. Students of the habits of our State Department will be interested to know that the four Mexican delegates are making the trip by way of the United States. We have not heard that they had any trouble getting transit visas.

The Peoples' Offensive

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

BY INVADING Russia, Hitler created not one but two new fronts. He created a broken, concealed internal front in every conquered country and even in countries that are ostensibly his allies. And on this underground front he has already suffered a terrible defeat; he has lost the battle for "collaboration"—the willing or submissive acceptance of Nazi domination. The effort to conciliate through "correct" behavior on the part of the German occupying forces and to collaborate through the mummery of quisling governments has been supplanted by wholesale terror. The extermination of national leaders in an attempt to end rebellion blatantly announces the death-before-birth of Hitler's new order.

Two things account for the great underground offensive now being waged. One is the release of revolutionary spirit and energy that followed the invasion of Russia and the valiant resistance of the Soviet armies and people. The other is the withdrawal for service on the Russian front of a large part of the best German troops among the forces of occupation. Even without these animating causes rebellion was already seething under the surface; as *The Nation* had reported in several articles, sabotage as well as passive resistance was everywhere on the increase. But it could hardly have grown overnight into a major threat to Hitler's position—creating that Continental front that Allied arms have been unable to achieve—if the Russian war had not presented the masses of Europe with new incentives and new opportunities.

The rebellions are clearly not Communist. Even the Nazis have been forced to expand their stock denunciations to take in more categories than the traditional "Jews and Communists"; in Yugoslavia they label the rebels "Jews, Communists, and Serbs," thus including the majority of the nation; in France they have added "pro-British" and "de Gaullists." But it is true, just the same, that a source of vigorous revolutionary sentiment was tapped in every Continental country when Russia took up arms against the old enemy, fascism. Both Communists and proletarians without rigid political affiliations who had either acquiesced in Stalin's pact with Hitler or had lapsed into cynical indifference toward a war that seemed to offer suffering without compensation suddenly came to life. And this newly kindled spirit of resistance aroused the energies and determination of millions more who had longed, without much hope, for a way out of the hateful slavery of Nazi domination.

At the same time the forces of Hitler in the occupied countries were reduced in quality and numbers. Young men were marched off to the Russian frontier and older men took their place; German troops were partly supplanted by contingents of Slovaks and even Bulgars—

elements of dubious loyalty. The Gestapo remained and even strengthened its *cadres*, but secret police and firing squads cannot take the place of strong occupying forces.

It would be impossible to summarize the latest happenings on Hitler's second front. The most active sectors in the internal war last week were Czecho-Slovakia and Yugoslavia. In Czecho-Slovakia the pretense of collaboration was thrown overboard when von Neurath was supplanted as "Protector" by the notorious terrorist Reinhard Heydrich, chief assistant of Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo. This change was a tribute to the effectiveness of the Czech resistance, which in a few weeks had destroyed munitions factories and oil refineries and threatened to wreck the productive capacity of the Protectorate. But the result has been the execution of many of Czecho-Slovakia's best and bravest. Sokol leaders, trade unionists, teachers, patriotic public officials, including the Mayor and most of the City Council of Prague, have been wiped out. Obviously Heydrich hopes to rob the growing rebellion of its leadership.

In Yugoslavia sabotage has blazed into open warfare. A rebel army of Serbs defeated the pro-Nazi Croatian troops under General Nedich and was subdued only when German regulars marched in. Many of the Serbs then took to the mountains and reverted to individual acts of war—including the destruction of the Zagreb telephone exchange. But guerrilla fighting goes on, and the "national Yugoslav troops" have announced the capture of 650 German officers and soldiers, whom they are holding as hostages to be shot if executions of Serb patriots continue.

If the struggle is fiercest in these two countries, it is active and merciless enough in every other captive nation from Norway to Greece. But perhaps the most significant aspects of the internal struggle are those scarcely reported signs of resistance in the lesser Axis countries, which today are little better off than their neighbors whom they so recently helped to invade and overrun. They have found that their role as conqueror entitles them only to the dubious but inescapable honor of joining Hitler's bloody adventure in Russia.

Italy must occupy Greece; but the Italian soldiers in Greece are almost as hungry and miserable as the Greek population. And Mussolini has told Hitler, according to a recent Rome dispatch, that Italy can send only three divisions to the Soviet front instead of the ten previously promised. Severe food rations and rising prices have so greatly increased unrest that sabotage and anti-Nazi demonstrations are increasing. The population has hated the war from the start—a feeling that Ralph Bates has caught and dramatized most effectively in his short novel, "The Undiscoverables," which starts in this issue. Active revolt is held in check only by the army—and Mussolini dares not reduce the army by ten divisions.

Rumania has helped to conquer Bessarabia; but its losses in the Russian campaign have been terrific. Several officers have been executed for demanding an end to the war. The workers are restive; strikes and sabotage are multiplying, and Nazi repression is of the same sort that has been applied in the occupied countries. The mood of Bulgaria has, of course, been menacing since the war in Russia began. All the ordinary people sympathize with Russia and oppose both the Nazis and their own pro-Nazi government. So far no troops have been sent to the Soviet front, but Hitler, it is reported, insists that at least one army corps be contributed to the anti-Bolshevik crusade.

These events are of first importance. They show that Hitler has not only lost his battle for the collaboration of the conquered countries; he is also losing the support of his allies. It is safe to say that within a few months every Axis country will be held in line only by the main force of the Gestapo and the German army. An international union against fascist aggression is being created by the peoples that were reduced to slavery and by those that acted as paid slave-drivers. And the dominant elements in each country that still curry favor with the Nazi tyrant will be wiped out unless he protects them from their own betrayed and hungry people.

This does not mean that Hitler's control of the Continent is nearing collapse. On the contrary, it will become more all-embracing and more cruel in the days to come. It will end only if he faces defeat on other fronts. And whether that will happen depends upon the capacity of Britain and the United States to provide the materials necessary to keep the Soviet armies in the field.

The Bridges Case

THE investigation to determine whether or not Harry Bridges is or has ever been a member of or affiliated with the Communist Party will serve one constructive purpose if it leads to a test of the constitutionality of any part of the so-called Alien Registration Act. It was otherwise a futile, sordid, and dangerous proceeding. It was futile because one of the common characteristics of a prominent adherent of the Communist Party is that he does not carry a party card or provide other proofs of membership; it was sordid because it was instigated by men and groups who wanted to get rid of Bridges, not because he was about to start a revolution, but because he was a radical labor organizer; it was dangerous because, as we should all know by this time, the logical end of investigations, not of specific acts, but of opinions, is the suppression of all dissident opinion.

As Zechariah Chafee, Jr., writes in his new book on "Free Speech in the United States," most of the Alien

Registration Act is "not concerned with registration, and the very first part of it has nothing particular to do with aliens. Just as the 1917 [espionage] act gave us a war-time sedition law, so the 1940 act gives us a peace-time sedition law—for everybody, especially United States citizens." The act provides additional grounds on which aliens may be deported. Not only present but past membership in an organization deemed to advocate overthrow of the government by force makes them subject to deportation—it was on the basis of this change that the second investigation of Bridges was presumably ordered. What few people seem to realize is that the act also limits the rights of citizens. To quote Mr. Chafee again, "A. Mitchell Palmer is dead, but the federal Sedition Act he so eagerly desired is at last on the statute books."

No one questions the right of the government to defend itself from overt acts designed to overthrow it. When it begins to persecute individuals, whether they be aliens or citizens, not for specific acts but for opinions which seem "dangerous" to such reactionary agencies as the FBI, then it is itself on the way to overthrowing democratic government by the force of jail sentences and the violence of deportation. We hope that a way will be found to make the Supreme Court face this issue squarely.

Ethics of Aid to Russia

THE President's move to utilize the granting of aid to Russia as a lever for obtaining real religious freedom in Russia is wise statesmanship. But it will not make for effective cooperation among the Allies if the introduction of this issue is used to make it appear that aid to those fighting Hitler will depend upon the character of their internal regimes. That would be a disastrous red herring, increasing the confusion by which Hitler has benefited enormously in the past and by perpetuating which the isolationists continue to aid him. Thus many, like Mr. Hoover, insist that while we should aid Britain, it would be an offense against morals and democratic ideals to aid Russia. These gentlemen ought to be compelled to explain how it is humanly possible to aid Britain and China and Norway without at the same time aiding Russia.

If tomorrow morning we were to read that Britain had landed troops in Norway and Holland and was pushing back the Nazi invader, putting the Gestapo and its agents to flight, lifting the black terror of torture and death from the lives of these democratic folk—if that were to happen, Wheeler himself could not forbear to cheer. Not one decent man from Maine to California, whatever his religion or politics, but would give profound and grateful thanks. Give thanks, that is, for what would be the most effective aid which could possibly be furnished

to Russia, the precise form of aid for which so many Russophiles are agitating. In the same way, if the present successes of the Chinese were to increase and Japan were to be knocked out of the war, all America would rejoice—at an event also of immense aid to Russia. Continued resistance to Hitler, in whatever form, helps Russia. Must that resistance cease because Hitler, having attacked about twenty nations, now makes Russia his twenty-first?

It is time we cleared the ground a little. The ultimate purpose of the Allies is to defend and make secure not first of all democracy but more fundamentally a certain right without which there can be no democracy, the right, that is, to life, to existence, the right of persons, as of nations, not to be killed, tortured, destroyed. Two peculiarities mark that right. The first is that unless it is defended collectively, by a considerable number acting together on the principle that all stand for each, it cannot be defended at all. For in the absence of such cooperation, the units can be picked off one by one by an aggressor utilizing that "simple and deadly plan." The only reply to "one-by-one" attack is "all-together" defense. The second peculiarity is that the right to life must be accorded to good and bad alike, unless the badness takes the form of attempts to deprive others of the right to life. If the law against murder could be violated with impunity provided the victim was irreligious, or unfaithful to his wife, then it would end by failing to protect even the churchgoers and the good husbands. And the wicked will not be reformed and become law-abiding at all unless under the law they have security, a chance for life.

One of the monumental errors of the Western nations of Europe after the last war was to refuse to insure Russia's "right to life." The Tory dream of the Boche and the Bolshie destroying each other was no secret. Russia naturally argued: "Since the West won't help defend us against the aggressor, we will make the best bargain we can with him." It is true the nations of the West feared and resented the underground activities of the Comintern. But the way to meet that was the way in which (too late, as usual, to prevent aggression) it has now been met—by firm promise of aid in Russia's defense provided the subterranean activities ceased. Russia should have been offered security in return for good political behavior toward its neighbors. Those who refuse now to help Russia because they fear its communism and irreligion are quite certainly the enemies of both religion and freedom. Because Russia needs our help, the American plea for greater religious toleration and a greater measure of democracy within Russia is likely to be listened to. But a triumphant and all-powerful Germany needing no help from us would not listen to us. And if a finally triumphant Russia should menace a defeated Germany, we ought to be as ready to help Ger-

many to defend itself as we should now be to defend Russia against Hitler.

The ultimate enemy is violence and aggression. Unless that enemy is resisted it will not be possible to defend religious freedom anywhere.

Justice Brandeis

ONE of the phrases most often quoted from Justice Brandeis is, "If we would guide by the light of reason, we must let our minds be bold." The full context in which the phrase first appears is less eloquent but more revealing. In dissenting from a decision invalidating a state law standardizing the size of loaves of bread, the Justice said, "Sometimes, if we would guide by the light of reason, we must let our minds be bold. *But in this case we have merely to acquaint ourselves with the art of breadmaking and the usages of the trade. . .*" It was Brandeis's characteristic as a judge to seek constantly to invigorate our constitutional law, like Antaeus in the fable, by renewing its contact with the earth of fact.

"Brandeis the other day," Holmes once wrote to Pollock, "drove a harpoon into my midriff with reference to my summer occupations. He said, you talk about improving your mind, you only exercise it on the subjects with which you are familiar. Why don't you try something new, study some domain of fact? Take up the textile industries in Massachusetts and after reading the reports sufficiently you can go to Lawrence and get a human notion of how it really is." Holmes disliked the idea. "I always say," the letter to Pollock continued, "the chief end of man is to form general propositions—adding that no general proposition is worth a damn."

The skepticism of Holmes cleared the way for the empiricism of Brandeis. Holmes may have thought the formation of general propositions the chief end of man, but he had already prodded into the judicial subconscious with his famous "General propositions do not decide concrete cases." Behind the elaborate abstractions lurked human prejudice, fallible opinion, and often gross ignorance. If judges were really deciding the great constitutional questions according to their social and economic opinions, why not make those opinions as informed as possible; why not argue the opinions rather than the abstractions in which they hid themselves? This was Brandeis's contribution. In his very first dissent Brandeis pointed out that a study of the actual facts of society had "uncovered as fiction many an assumption upon which American judges and lawyers have rested comfortably." The chief end of man was to learn, and no fact was too humble to be without value. "The first essential of wise and just action," Brandeis said in 1914 in his testimony concerning the Federal Trade Commission bill, "is knowledge."

A man who sets so great a store on facts does so because he believes his fellow-men reasonable and open to persuasion. The corollary of government by persuasion is the fullest freedom of discussion. This is the faith which echoes in the memorable words of his protest against the conviction of Anita Whitney for criminal syndicalism in California: "Those who won our revolution were not cowards. They did not fear political change. They did not exalt order at the cost of liberty. To courageous, self-reliant men; with confidence in the power of free and fearless reasoning applied through the processes of popular government, no danger flowing from speech can be deemed clear and present unless the incidence of the evil apprehended is so imminent that it may befall before there is opportunity for full discussion. If there be time to expose through discussion the falsehood and fallacies, to avert the evil by the processes of education, the remedy to be applied is more speech, not enforced silence." His faith was robust and consistent, and he was with the liberal majority which voided a law in 1930 by which Minnesota sought to gag a scurrilous anti-Semitic scandal sheet.

Brandeis was to the deepest core of his being a Jeffersonian. Jeffersonian, too, he was proud to admit, was his approach to economic problems. This found expression in two forms. One was his desire to see democratic processes extended into industry, with labor sharing the responsibilities of management. The other was his opposition to bigness. This was more than nostalgic. It arose from a belief in the common limitations and the common potentialities of men, the best of them too weak to bear without stumbling the burdens of governmental and business units grown too huge, the lowliest of them too important to be denied a sphere for the capacities in them. "Responsibility," Brandeis said in his concurring opinion in the St. Joseph Stockyards case, "is the great developer of men." He wanted smaller units in government and business, so that more men might have opportunity to flower.

To Brandeis these basic ideas were not merely for contemplation but were fighting faiths. Where lesser men faltered, appalled at inertia and irrationality, Brandeis proved the efficacy of his faiths in one great battle after another. In him passion for justice was supplemented by a passion for facts, and his intellectual patience was as great as his urge to know. Humility tempered his desire to reform, and the regard shown for him by Mellen of the New Haven, his old antagonist, was only one evidence of the human sympathy that saved him from the arrogance which tends to be the occupational disease of reformers. This son of Bohemian Jews was one of the truest of Americans, as he was also kin in his life and labors to the Hebrew prophets. Louis Dembitz Brandeis leaves behind him words and memories to inspire and to hearten us in the great struggles ahead.

The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

I. The War Begins

ABOUT midday everybody on the King Umberto side of the small harbor of San Filippo saw 'Rico Petrucci, the clerk, fat, hard, and round, bounce down the wooden steps of the harbor master's office. Everybody stared at 'Rico as he shot like a cannon ball across three fishing boats and smacked his hands down upon the outer gunwale of Lisazzio's boat.

"He! Don Cataldo," 'Rico bawled obliquely across the lane of green water. "Don Cat-aldo." The light reflected from the water flickered under his chin. The harbor master, Don Cataldo Margarone, who had been standing at the bottom of the stone steps on the sunset side of the harbor, picked his way across Santangelo's fishing boat and stepped into Capra's Provvidenza. His yellow face contrasted violently with the red-brown, half-Arabic faces of Capra's crew, who were desultorily jeering at 'Rico. They were at once silent on seeing the harbor master.

"Eh, *porca*-something-or-other, Don Cataldo, be careful," one of them said, obsequiously though with affection too. Don Cataldo was the butt of the fishers' basin.

"Don Cat-aldo," 'Rico bawled again.

"What is it, man!" Don Cataldo peevishly quavered, deceiving no one. He had heard the rumor also.

"Don Cataldo. Tele-phone. Long distance." Petrucci pretended to lift a receiver to his ear and jerked his thumb toward the office stuck up on its wooden stairs like a bird cage.

"All right, all right." The harbor master tried to stalk off the boat in a dignified manner. Everybody watched him walk round the harbor, along the littered section of Marine Street, where the sardine packers also stopped work to watch him. 'Rico bounded over the boats to reach the foot of the office stairs before Don Cataldo. Stamping his tiny feet, so ridiculous beneath those legs thick as a stone bollard, 'Rico ran up the flimsy steps and banged open the door. Everybody watched him cross the office to the telephone. Then the window was closed.

"Well, perhaps we'll know whether it's true within a few seconds," everybody thought. The door opened and Petrucci came slowly down the stairs. He stood in the middle of the road and glanced up at the window.

"So! If he plucks up spirit to kick 'Rico out of the office, the business must be important. The rumor is true!" The fishermen glanced at one another and began quietly to converse.

About nine in the morning, in the first heat, the fisherman Fortunato Dino had come running through the flies of Little Market Street. Everyone had stopped bar-



gaining. They all knew that Dino had delivered some pieces of furniture in a neighboring port. Eh, saints and martyrs, he had not waited to sail back in his own *Re di Francia*, but had taken the morning bus into San Filippo! Ten minutes later the rumor had washed into the market, not like one of those inexplicable slappings of still harbor water, but as a vigorous wave crashes up the beach. War, before nightfall! Dino had heard it in the neighboring port, people had said. This was no ordinary rumor. It sped through the town like a summons, and when it had covered every quarter it ran back again, to and fro, without diminishing in vigor. By 9:45 fishermen who should have been in their beds were walking to the harbor. There they had lounged all the morning, not at their daily ease, but conversing about the different versions of the day's rumor. By eleven o'clock, without stepping over the side of his boat, every fisherman had learned that the hot-headed goatherd Maniscalco, "the Braggart," who had poured a glass too much wine down his hoarse gullet, had raised a dust in One-Eyed Giacinto's shop and had been pushed out to mutter darkly in the street. The Braggart had sworn that neither Duce nor King should take his son Carmelo for their wars. "What has His Majesty to do with the war?" Santangelo had pointedly asked Don Cataldo, who was suspected of being a dissident monarchist, chiefly because he annually heard mass on the King's birthday. He was, also, a member of a once important aristocratic family. "And if I may say so," the big fisherman had continued, as if ad-

dressing himself, "what has a man like Maniscalco, who possesses only one-half a cloak, to do with . . ." "Quiet," the harbor master had croaked, in terror. Both men knew that long ago, after the last great war, in which the goatherd had fought, Maniscalco had been in league with the agrarian rebels who had so much disturbed Sicily. And the harbor master remembered also that certain things had once been said about the tall, gravely spoken, and judicious Santangelo, though rumor had long since ceased to concern itself with him.

Don Cataldo had never been so importuned to air his views on the state of the war. The fishermen offered him wine and garlic-rubbed bread and sardines fried golden in a trace of oil. "Eh, by your leave, Don Cataldo, what do you make of things this morning?" They were not mocking the harbor master.



He was a poor sort of official and a relic of the old regime, but in seeking his opinion they were trying to be at ease with the world of government, to assure themselves of official benevolence. And he, honest and timid old man, talked with them in order not to be alone in the rickety eminence of his office.

Then, about eleven o'clock, the huge, quickly moving Giovanni Santangelo, commonly accepted as leader of the fleet because of his good sense and unfailing equanimity, had begun to fill his lamp reservoirs and to test the flow of acetylene gas. The greenish white light, localized to a hard point by the sun's glare, had attracted all eyes. Among the masts and booms and the furled lateens, the diamond of light had burned like something strangely captured. Others had begun to prepare the tackle for leaving harbor. By midday it was the general will to put out early. The matter had not been discussed. From the standpoint of catching sardines it was pointless to leave harbor until two and a half hours before night fell. Therefore it was not a thing to be argued about. Nobody was profoundly surprised when the two quarreling partners of the Archangel Michael appeared together on the beach and, after a little petulance on the one side and brief sulkiness on the other, hurried back to the carpenter's shop in Marine Street. They were going to patch the small hole in the starboard bow and accompany the fleet.

A month ago the Archangel Michael had been slightly damaged by a black and blustering tug from Messina. During the first stage of the ensuing lawsuit the two partners had quarreled, and as a result the Archangel

Michael had lain idle for a fortnight. The six days' abundance of fish had been a cumulative temptation to the partners, and if the rumor proved true this might be the last opportunity for some time to fish for sardine in the accustomed way, with lure light and short net. During war time the lights which lured the fish into a dense congregation would be forbidden. They would have to work in the French manner with much greater areas of expensive, fine-meshed net. The desire to cause a little more paper to rustle in the fingers was in the minds of all the fishermen. Nevertheless, their motive in deciding uselessly to go out earlier than usual was to be together on the open sea. As fishers they were never really conscious of being part of San Filippo, where agriculture not only outweighed fishing in economic importance but more effectively controlled the life of the town, its temper, politics, and latterly its imagination. Also, their early departure was an act of faith. There was to be no war. The day would be normal, at the cost of a little irregularity. They would go out and light their lamps as on any other night. It assured them that the war would not come. Eh, my sirs, war is for landmen. We others fish in the sea that is one vast and simple peril, that is a reality; the sea that can't be measured up and bought and sold and spouted about by orators.

The fishermen would go out to sea and ride on the black swell under the stars with their own governance and polity of lights and time and place, over the hordes of nomad sardines that were common to them all. They did not think these things. They felt them. Also, experience told them that in war time they might have the chance to get rewards larger than the knavishly contrived prices of peace time, and so they felt in anticipation the hostility of the landmen.

Don Cataldo came slowly down the steps, fiddling with the top buttons of the faded tunic he had now put on. The fishermen watched him as he approached the Re Umberto Quay's edge. But he did not speak to Capra, who had taken swift, sure-footed strides across the two boats. Picking his teeth, a troubled expression on his yellow face, he wandered along the quay and stood beside the steel framework of the diminutive harbor light. Then he walked back again and sat down in front of the packing factory.

"What's he thinking about now?" Capra said aloud. Someone made a joke that was received in silence.

"Eh, Signor Petrucci," Capra cried, "Come here." Rico stared unresponsively and waddled away.

It was Santangelo again who crystallized feeling. He and one of his men took the thirty-liter barrel to the factory for water. The harbor master stood up and watched them as they entered.

"He's going to speak to Santangelo," everyone thought,

[Continued on page 353]

Next Steps on Bridges

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 2

THE decision rendered in the form of a memorandum by Judge Charles B. Sears as Presiding Inspector in the second Bridges trial proposes certain findings and recommends that the labor leader be ordered deported. Whether the deportation warrant

will be issued rests with the five-man Board of Immigration Appeals, which will review the case. If there is a dissent, the case goes automatically to the Attorney General, who may in any event reverse the action of the board if he chooses.

Three weaknesses in the Sears memorandum provide a basis for

rejecting its recommendations. The first is the character of the testimony on which Judge Sears finds that Bridges "has been" a member of the Communist Party. The term "has been" is used in the memorandum in accordance with the deportation law as recently changed by Congress. An alien may now be deported not merely for being a member of a party which believes in overthrow of the government by force and violence but also for having been a member, even though he is no longer a member at the time of his arrest.

Judge Sears based his finding that Bridges is a Communist on what one witness said and on what another witness testified that he—the witness—did not say. Judge Sears, though more reluctant to condemn the curious collection of witnesses brought forward by the FBI, found himself as unable to credit their testimony as was James M. Landis in the first trial of Bridges. The one witness whom he believed on the question of whether or not Bridges was a member of the Communist Party was Harry Lundberg, secretary-treasurer of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific. Lundberg testified that in the summer of 1935 he was invited to have dinner with Bridges and asked to join the Communist Party. "You don't have to be afraid," Lundberg quoted Bridges, "because

I am one, too." Judge Sears recognized in his memorandum that this contradicted what Lundberg told the Labor Department in 1939 and the FBI in the fall of 1940. Either then or now Lundberg lied. Judge Sears also pointed out that Lundberg and Bridges have been bitter enemies since 1935. The Judge, nevertheless, concluded that he did not think Lundberg's "bias would cause him to deviate from the truth."

Since 1934, employer interests in San Francisco, with the cooperation of California police authorities and the FBI, have been trying to prove Bridges a Communist so that he could be deported. After seven years they are still able to produce but one witness whose testimony is found credible by an independent examiner, though the examiner in this case is a retired conservative jurist from the New York Court of Appeals whose own background and point of view predispose him against Bridges. This witness is a rival and enemy of Bridges. The board and the Attorney General must decide whether this is adequate evidence of Bridges's membership in the party.

In deciding that Bridges was a Communist, Judge Sears cited a second witness. This was James D. O'Neil, who had been publicity man for Bridges and the C. I. O. on the West Coast. O'Neil testified that he did *not* tell FBI agents that he walked into Bridges's office and saw him pasting assessment stamps in a Communist Party membership book. Major Lemuel B. Schofield and a stenographer testified that O'Neil did say so. Major Schofield, as special assistant to the Attorney General in charge of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, directed the Bridges prosecution. A man of violent prejudices and reactionary outlook, he has been passionately anxious to "get" Bridges. The stenographer is employed by the FBI. These facts do not prove that either was lying, but their own positions make their testimony that O'Neil lied on the witness stand subject to discount. Judge Sears chose to believe them rather than O'Neil.

The board and the Attorney General must pass on two other points in the Sears memorandum. An alien is deportable not only for membership in but for affiliation with a party which believes in overthrow of the government by force and violence. The term "affiliation" was so broadly interpreted by Judge Sears as to render membership in a union under Communist influence or the acceptance of Communist help in a strike grounds for deportation. Even the fact that Bridges opposed an anti-Communist resolution in the San Francisco Labor Council during the 1934 strike is cited as evidence of affilia-



Drawing by Dolbin

Harry Bridges

tion. If the Sears findings are upheld they will lay the basis for the deportation of many non-Communists.

Finally, the board and the Attorney General must decide whether Judge Sears ruled properly, in the appendix to his decision, on the question of wire-tapping. Judge Sears found that FBI agents did tap Bridges's telephone in New York from August 5 to August 22 of this year. He held that this was a violation of the Communications Act. Nevertheless, he denied the defense motion for a supplementary hearing to determine whether and to what extent wire-tapping was used by the FBI in preparing the case against Bridges. Judge Sears dismissed the motion as "founded only on suspicion," but by his own findings it was based on more than suspicion. If the FBI tapped Bridges's telephone in New York, might it not have tapped the telephone in San Francisco? That is a reasonable inference and a reasonable question, and to deny it an answer is to encourage violation of the law by a government agency. If the FBI is allowed to violate the law, no basic liberties are safe, whether an alien's or a citizen's.

Attorney General Biddle will need the courage of an Altgeld to reverse Judge Sears. If he upholds the decision for deportation, there will be an appeal to the courts. The right of appeal in deportation cases is sharply limited by precedents which go back to the Chinese ex-

clusion cases more than half a century ago. These precedents conflict with precedents developed at the same time in appeals from administrative agencies where property rights are concerned; there the right of appeal is, in practice, of the broadest possible kind. In the courts the most vulnerable point in the Sears memorandum will be the ruling on wire-tapping. The question of what constitutes affiliation may also be reviewed. If Bridges were a telephone company, he would have little difficulty in obtaining review of the evidence as well. But the courts are unlikely to review that evidence in a deportation case. The narrow precedents of the past also hamper Bridges in pleading the constitutional guaranties against double jeopardy and ex-post-facto legislation violated in the repeated attempts to deport him.

We all know why West Coast employers and the FBI want Bridges deported. Every correspondent in the capital knows the New Dealers are ashamed of the case. We are beginning to spread propaganda abroad for democracy. The best propaganda will falter if it can be whispered abroad that although America calls itself free it deported Harry Bridges.

[The third article in I. F. Stone's series on the Aluminum Company of America's defense contracts will appear next week.]

Mr. Ickes Answers His Critics

DEAR SIR: While I agree with certain views on the oil situation expressed in issues of *The Nation* for September 6 and 13, I must correct some dangerous misstatements, since I cannot permit to pass unchallenged disparagement of Mr. Robert K. Davies, the Deputy Petroleum Coordinator who is responsible to me.

You condemn Mr. Davies for not discussing the British oil-tanker situation at an open Senate hearing. You support your assertions by citing quotations from the London *Economist* that were ripped from the context and published in the American isolationist press as indicating that this British publication does not think that its country needs more oil tankers to win the war.

As you may have learned by now, you have been taken in by one of the simplest tricks of the distorters of news. Geoffrey Crowther, editor of the *Economist*, has completely exposed this trick in a letter spread on the United States Senate records. He revealed that the distorted and carefully selected quotation from the *Economist* was printed in London as a report of American isolationist doctrine. This American isolationist doctrine certain sections of the American press then undertook to re-retail as British views. Crowther branded this "misrepresenta-

tion." (See "Senate Special Oil Committee Hearings," pages 354 and 355.)

But beyond this apparent imposition upon *The Nation*, I cannot agree that Mr. Davies should be criticized for "failure" to discuss the British need for tankers; in fact, any such discussion would have been a "failure" to abide by a policy I reluctantly support. It would ease tremendously both the burdens and the attacks upon the Coordinator if, in simple terms, we could lay before the American people the justification and the need for the Coordinator's actions on the basis of ship movements, availability, damage, and sinkings.

If we published a daily box score of the Battle of the Atlantic, undoubtedly it would simplify the Coordinator's problems, and it would give Hitler information that he would like to have, even if it would not call off the dogs of the press which operate on an *ad hominem* basis. They are not likely to overlook an opportunity to attack viciously—of course on the basis of the purest "patriotism"—a man who has had the effrontery to question their impeccability. However, by no stretch of the imagination, with a War Department, a Navy Department, a Maritime Commission, and a President, to say nothing of an Admiralty and a Prime Minister, is it incumbent

upon a mere Petroleum Coordinator to decide to give out information that may be considered of military or naval value to enemies of the country, in order to satisfy the passing curiosity of people who want all the current gossip, regardless of the effect of its dissemination.

What you refer to as the "second gap" in Mr. Davies's presentation to the Senate has to do with the use of tank cars to bring oil east. That gap would, offhand, appear to have been filled by some 382 pages of testimony published by the Senate. A lot of people can and will quarrel and split hairs, and have done so, over the number of idle tank cars available and the ability of the railroads to haul them.

The finding of the Maloney committee was based, in the main, upon testimony by Mr. Budd and Mr. Pelley as to the availability of thousands of tank cars for the purpose of transporting petroleum products to the East Coast. It was not regarded as significant that these two railroad men could not reconcile their figures. Mr. Budd envisaged some thirty thousand idle and available tank cars, but Mr. Pelley could not get above twenty thousand. The fact that these two gentlemen, as railroad men, were admittedly interested in preventing the building of any pipe line was beside the point so far as the investigating committee was concerned. It was also of no interest that Mr. Davies had previously testified that, for two months, he had been demanding of Mr. Budd that he tell us where these tank cars were so that he, Mr. Davies, could renew his insistence to the oil companies that all available tank cars be put into service. On the other hand, much was made of the statement of Mr. Pelley that Mr. Davies had not consulted him sufficiently. However, Mr. Davies was justified in confining his inquiries to the supposedly responsible Mr. Budd, who had been selected by the President himself and put in charge of transportation problems in connection with defense, instead of looking to an irresponsible railroad lobbyist.

The railroads of the country own practically no tank cars. The best source of information as to the existence of such cars is the owners thereof. None such was called to the witness stand by the Senate committee. Neither Mr. Budd nor Mr. Pelley was subjected to cross-examination, nor was either asked for a verification of his figures. Apparently they gave testimony that was satisfactory because it was desired as the basis for a report which contains this interesting language: "The special Senate committee members, like most of the rest of the people of the country, were completely satisfied, from the beginning, that there was no shortage of petroleum products."

This utterance loses some of its profundity when it is considered that the Petroleum Coordinator, from his very first statement, insisted that there was no shortage of petroleum products, but that there was a shortage of transportation facilities to keep the normal supply moving to the East Coast. This fact seems conveniently to

have been overlooked, not only by the investigating committee, but practically unanimously by the press, including such a careful and discriminating journal as *The Nation*. Even the investigating committee admitted that there was a "shortage of surplus," but this did not seem to mean much to the reporters and commentators, although a shortage of surplus, if continued and accelerated, means an inevitable shortage of supply when the "shortage of surplus" reaches the quick.

But to come back to the alleged plenitude of empty tank cars rusting on railroad sidings, upon which the committee really relied to sustain the verdict that it had apparently arrived at before the hearings were opened. Mr. Budd so far has failed to supply us with data which would make it possible for us to bring further pressure upon the oil companies to use such cars. Mr. Budd is accordingly subject to the suspicion that he was as inaccurate with respect to these empty tank cars as he was when he said that the railroads had all the rolling stock that they would need to carry them through the emergency. Only time will prove the accuracy of Mr. Budd's statements about tank-car availability since he is unwilling himself to offer proof. Meanwhile, however, the Coordinator's office is unwilling to gamble with the defense program and the safety of Great Britain solely upon promises of persons who are engaged in blocking rival methods of transportation, especially when past assurances have not been borne out by subsequent performances. We are not willing to do so even though exhorted thereto by the Maloney committee and the witch-hunting press, whose mob spirit has stampeded even *The Nation*.

I have seen a good many organizations built up in Washington during the last eight years and a half, and I have had some part in some of them. As to the latter, my record will speak for itself. I may say, however, that I have never seen any new organization built up to undertake an unusual task that could point to actual accomplishments so quickly obtained as can the Petroleum Coordinatorship. But all that we have done counts as nothing against the insistence of two self-serving witnesses, representing adverse interests, one of them a highly paid lobbyist, that there are an unagreed-upon number of tank cars available and unused. Customarily the burden in such a situation is thrown upon the wit-



Secretary Ickes

nesses, but not in this instance, where the press could reach a dearly hated victim.

However, the Petroleum Coordinator is willing to accept the burden. Not only are we making our own canvass of the theoretical tank-car availability without waiting any longer for the assertive but dilatory Mr. Budd; we are continuing to insist that the suppliers of petroleum to the East Coast area put to use all the tank cars they can get. This was urged upon the oil companies in the first instance by telegrams sent to them under date of June 25, 1941. However, since Mr. Budd and his lobbyist-coadjutor, although differing widely as to the number of available tank cars, have broadcast to the world that there is a large supply available and unused, a written pledge to use all available tank cars has been signed by all the Eastern suppliers.

In short, it has been the policy of the Petroleum Coordinator from the beginning to bring into use every available tank car in order to relieve what the Maloney committee says is not a shortage of gasoline but a "shortage of surplus." After all, it should be realized that the Petroleum Coordinator has no legal power to force the oil companies to use tank cars. All that he has is the

power of persuasion, and this he will continue to use to the utmost, as he has been using it.

Whether the Maloney committee and the press intended it or not, they have well-nigh wrecked the carefully worked out program of the Petroleum Coordinator's office to save gasoline now against easily foreseeable future needs. Thus all of you have created future opportunities to bedevil the Petroleum Coordinator for real failures that are likely to result from your sabotage of the present program.

Finally, the Coordinator concurs with *The Nation's* statement that "... there is now hope that they [tank cars] will be used and the artificially high rates [six times tanker rates] exacted for their use reduced."

It is to this end that for three months the Coordinator's office has been driving oil companies to use "all available tank cars" regardless of what the number might be, and has secured a written signed pledge to do so from the eleven principal oil companies operating on the East Coast.

HAROLD L. ICKES,

Petroleum Coordinator for National Defense
Washington, September 22

[An editorial reply to Mr. Ickes appears on page 322.]



DEFENCE OF LENINGRAD-LONDON-WASHINGTON

Where Sweden Stands

BY MAURICE FELDMAN

DURING the past few weeks the Nazi short-of-war attack on Sweden has been greatly intensified. Propaganda, military threats, extortion, and the inside jobs of the fifth column are putting a heavy strain on Swedish neutrality and security. Each day the German press rails against some real or imagined act of the Swedish government. Vidkun Quisling has been encouraged to threaten the Swedes in every speech he makes. Finland is being told by its Nazi ally to prohibit the circulation of Swedish newspapers. A new Nazi organization led by a second-rate artist, Ossian Elgström, has issued a manifesto calling upon the government of Per Albin Hansson to resign. Explaining that cooperation between Germany and Sweden is impossible under a Social Democratic regime, the manifesto asserts that the coalition government—which was supported by 97 per cent of the voters at the last election—has lost not only the confidence of Germany but the backing of its own people. It goes on to say that only “the clique around Per Albin Hansson, the Jews, and the British” support the government’s anti-Nazi attitude.

The most noticeable result of Nazi pressure thus far has been the stiffening spirit of resistance. After many months of ultra-caution in discussions of foreign policy, the Swedish press is now saying what it thinks; for the most part it is being courageously anti-Nazi and pro-British. The attempt to bring Sweden into the “new order” by a combination of blackmail and bribery is condemned by radical and conservative journals alike and even by some papers which until recently were at least tacitly pro-Nazi. Public sentiment has more than kept pace with the press. Events in Norway and Finland’s war alliance with Hitler have shocked all Swedes.

Despite its past sympathy for the Finnish people, Sweden is not blind to the realities of the Nazi-Soviet war. If there has been any division of feeling on this question, it has been chiefly due to the stupidity of Russian diplomacy. Russia prevented a military alliance of Finland, Sweden, and Norway, an alliance which would in all probability have made it impossible for Finland to fight side by side with the Nazis. The action taken by the Finnish government is strongly condemned by the Swedish people.

The collections among Swedish workers for the Finnish army amount to only a fraction of what they were during the campaign of 1939-40. The campaign to recruit volunteers for Finland—organized by the German S. S. Commander, Captain Betram Schmitterloew, and

the Swedish Nazi, Count Ulf Hamilton—has been a transparent failure. Some 9,000 volunteers, mostly workers, fought with the Finns two years ago; in this war only 1,060 have offered their services, the majority of them Swedish adventurers and Swedes of German descent. Many returned to Sweden when they found that the volunteer corps was under the command of German army officers and Gestapo men. Indeed, the whole enterprise has become so infamous that the Swedish Ministry of National Defense has been forced to declare that recruiting for the Finland Corps is unlawful.

The feelings of the Swedish people for the Norwegians and the British have never been warmer than today. The execution of Norwegian labor leaders and the imprisonment of priests, university professors, and journalists are universally resented. Mourning services, protest rallies, sermons at Sunday services, collections, and some official declarations give ample evidence of Sweden’s detestation of the Nazi terror. Close links are being maintained between the Swedish and British trade unions, and George Gibson, who attended the recent convention of the Swedish Federation of Labor as delegate from the British Trade Union Congress, received a great ovation from the assemblage.

Nor do business circles conceal their sympathies for Britain and the United States. Sweden is dependent on foreign trade for its prosperity, and it is well aware that Hitler’s “new order” would reduce it to economic vassalage. Already it is suffering from being practically cut off from the outer world and compelled to trade almost exclusively with Germany. Because of a shortage of fodder and fertilizer, which can only be obtained from overseas, many foodstuffs must be rationed. The scarcity of tea, coffee, and similar tropical products was taken for granted, but the public resents the disappearance of the *smörgåsbord* and the rationing of bread, which was made necessary by the second successive bad harvest.

Germany refuses to send Sweden, in exchange for iron ore, cellulose, and timber, equivalent amounts of coal and manufactured goods of the types particularly needed. Lack of coal has led to a critical fuel situation. Before the war Sweden imported eight million tons of coal and coke annually, of which nearly 50 per cent came from Britain. Germany, though it has acquired vast coal resources through its conquests, has proved unable or unwilling to ship adequate supplies. According to a recent statement in the *Svenska Dagbladet*, deliveries of 6,600,000 tons promised this year are likely to fall short by

two million tons. British bombings and the shortage of rolling stock in the Reich are among the factors held responsible. As a result, Sweden is accumulating a large clearing credit in its trade with Germany, although under the terms of the commercial agreement between the two countries their purchases and sales are supposed to balance. The only remedy open to the Swedes is a reduction of their shipments to Germany until the exchange is once again equalized. But pressure from Berlin has dissuaded the Swedish government from taking this step; instead, it has reluctantly granted a clearing advance of 100 million kroner. Thus do the Nazis force neutrals as well as the conquered countries to help finance their war.

Most Swedes realize that their present neutral status is insecure and fear that they will eventually be dragged into the conflict. Should Germany conquer Russia, a Nazi attack on Sweden, which would then be more dangerously isolated than ever, would become an imminent threat. Again, an attempt by Britain to start an invasion of the Continent by landings in Norway would very probably lead to German demands for the use of Sweden as a military base.

Faith in Hitler's final defeat by Britain and the United States is strong among influential Swedes. Proof of this is contained in many outspoken pamphlets that have been published recently. In "Ett Nytt Folkens Förbund och Sveriges Frihet" ("A New League of Nations and Sweden's Freedom") Professor Israel Holmgren, one of Sweden's most distinguished medical authorities, points out that the independence, liberties, and culture of Sweden, as well as those of other European nations, can only be preserved by a British victory. Dr. Oesten Unden, a former Foreign Minister, now dean of the Swedish national universities, whose views may be regarded as semi-official owing to his past and present positions, writes as follows in "Sweden and the New Order":

For the present the attention of the Swedish public is directed chiefly toward Norway. It has become that country's fate to be handed over temporarily to a small clique. Behind the Quisling regime stands the army of occupation as the only basis for its existence. The attempts that are being made to violate and crush the proud and high-spirited Norwegian people are certainly doomed to fail. Swedes and Norwegians will be dependent on each other in the future as they have been in the past. The ties between us cannot be broken. It is self-evident that Sweden will have greater opportunities to make contributions of value to itself and its northern neighbors if it is able in the future as in the past to remain outside the war. The main task of the government, therefore, is to maintain peace, peace without surrender, peace with continued self-respect and honor. The Swedish people are prepared to make the heaviest sacrifices for the national defense just because they are serious in their resolve to defend themselves.

In the Wind

AIR-RAID WARDENS in London report that, despite the mildness of recent Nazi bombings, the shelters are more popular than they ever were in comparable periods during the big blitz. The small, poorly equipped shelters are filled to about 10 per cent of capacity on most nights, and the well-equipped ones are always about 35 per cent full. Apparently the activities organized in the shelters during the heavy bombings have become so much a part of the people's lives that they are unwilling to give them up even when the raids are few and light.

THE WASHINGTON *Sunday Star*, on September 28, ran this headline on an Associated Press story: "Aluminum Workers' Union Balks Expansion Plans." The story began: "The executive board of the Aluminum Workers of America (C. I. O.) today indorsed a proposal to end the nation-wide aluminum shortage by expanding present mining operations, rationing power, and training labor for annual production of 3,000,000,000 pounds."

HEIL SELASSIE: Ezra Pound, broadcasting over the Italian radio on September 23, urged American Negroes not to obey "that white man Jew Roosevelt."

THE KU KLUX KLAN has reprinted the famous "international Jew" articles which appeared in Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent* and is distributing over a million copies of the pamphlet. Dr. L. M. Birkhead has called upon Ford to repudiate both the articles and the Klan use of them.

CAPTAIN JOHN T. PROUT, one of the defendants in the Brooklyn Christian Front trial of a year ago, will run for a seat in the New York City Council.

THE MAN WHO started the controversy which ended in *Life's* photographic demonstration that a pitched baseball can never curve was the left-wing novelist Edward Newhouse.

AN EXPLANATION of why Pierre Laval may have survived Paul Collette's attempt on his life is offered by a French writer now in this country. When Rudolf Valentino died in 1926, a French magazine said that the actor was "too beautiful to live." *Canards*, the humorous weekly, commented at the time, "In that case France is assured of one man who will never die—Pierre Laval."

A NEW APPEASEMENT GROUP has been formed to concentrate on the war in the Far East. It is called the Committee on Pacific Relations, and among its organizers are O. K. Armstrong, Verne Marshall's associate in *No Foreign Wars*, and Ralph Townsend, an editor of *Scribner's Commentator*.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Mere Literacy Is Not Enough

THE Census Bureau is not counting illiteracy any more. Next February they are going to give us the facts on educational attainment instead. That's progress. Even if in 1930 one out of seven people still was innocent of letters in the bottom state of South Carolina, that was movement forward from the time of the first World War, when only one out of five could write. But the United States army is not satisfied. Under selective service, it has decided that in the defense of democracy mere literacy is not enough. A man fit for that defense must have the equivalent of a fourth-grade education. And applying that standard, it turned down in two months more than 90,000 men—most of whom must have entered school since the war to make the world safe for democracy was won.

This item in the draft regulations does not apply with any evenness across the states. In some sections there are scarcely any boys whose selection is prevented by it. But in one state 35,000 of America's young men had to sign their registration cards with a mark. In some areas, one student of the situation has estimated, nearly half of the Negro boys and a quarter of the white ones are excluded by this ruling from the armed services. And they are excluded at the highest rates in the states where there are the greatest rates of increase in the youth which might go into the army. They may be kept out of the army, but nobody has yet devised any way to keep them out of America. In 1930 practically a fourth of the American population lived outside the states in which they were born and in which a good many of them did not get as far as the fourth grade.

The situation is the responsibility of our own times. Men now twenty-eight years old were not ready to begin school until 1919. That was the period in which America was conscious of its riches. That was also the period in which America is supposed to have been growing conscious of its responsibilities to all. And in those years we raised thousands of boys whose educational opportunities, the army says, were not sufficient to qualify them as the least privates in the rear ranks. In 1939, in the thirteen states which in general have the highest birth rates and the poorest schools, there were 1,585,000 children in the first grade. In the same year in the same states there were only 869,000 in the fourth grade. Between the first grade and the fourth, between the beginnings of the merest literacy and the army's minimum require-

ment in schooling, 715,000 children had dropped out.

That is a lot of children. And they will not stay children, and they will not stay at home. They will be items in American security or lack of it a decade from now, just as children like them but grown bigger are discouraging items among the young men registered for the draft today. Their meaning is not limited to military matters. Where the educational opportunity is lowest, the economic pressure is greatest. The lure of the richer places, the richer states, is felt most strongly by those who have the fewest ties of wealth and chance to keep them home—and the least equipment to take with them.

Six weeks before the Selective Service Act was passed, an expert of the National Planning Board testified to a Congressional committee about the matter. Talking on migration within America, Dr. Frank Lorimer said, "The poorest families, the poorest areas, and the poorest states, where the ratio of children to the supporting adult population is highest, are absolutely unable to provide health and educational advantages equal to those available in more prosperous communities. . . . The people who live in more prosperous areas, through their neglect of these matters, have a heavy responsibility for this situation—a situation which sends a constant stream of ill-equipped migrants into American cities, undermines our democracy, and weakens our capacity for national defense."

That is still true, and the army has only emphasized it. If the army cannot use such uneducated young men even as privates, it seems doubtful that America can count on making good use of them as workers or citizens. But the army's teaching is sharper than that. Once the rich regions had to meet the migrants only with relief. Now, if the uneducated in the poorest states are not fit to defend America, more of the youths in the richer states are going to have to take the training and do the fighting.

It seems to me that selective service has made us face the decision whether the educated rich states shall remain dumb despite education and the poor states remain ignorant without it, or both shall advance, in enlightened democratic terms, together. The Census Bureau count may say that we have escaped from illiteracy. The army knows—and America ought to know—that as a nation we have got to do better than that. When we are not even a nation of fourth graders in a time of technical war and technological peace, national defense indicates that we still have a big job to do at home. It must be done if we are to have a democratic system able certainly to defend itself and certainly worth defending.

"The best balanced critic of our day . . . the jewels of the volume are the essays on Dickens and Kipling. No one, it seems to me, has written more penetrating interpretation of two great, imperfect and misunderstood geniuses . . . Mr. Wilson gives us a fresh and valid point of view, compels us to remake all our conventional opinions about these two men setting them in lights which reveal values and show reason for limitations — in short, he makes us want to read them all over again.

"His use of instruments of social and psychological analysis is to illuminate a body of writing . . . he is perhaps the ablest critic now writing in the United States." *Howard Mumford Jones, Saturday Review of Literature* \$3.00

The Wound and the Bow

Seven Studies in Literature

BY EDMUND WILSON

"Part of the greatness and unique quality of 'Let Us Now Praise Famous Men,' then, is its over-all failure as the 'work of art' it does not aim or presume to be and which from moment to moment it is . . . 'Let Us Now Praise Famous Men' will be spat upon — and years hence read . . . it is the combined fury and humility of the book that endows it with its special truth."—*Selden Rodman, Saturday Review of Literature* \$3.50

Let Us Now

Praise Famous Men

BY JAMES AGEE AND WALKER EVANS

H O U G H T O N M I F F L I N C O M P A N Y

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

A THOUSAND AND ONE POEMS

BY ROLFE HUMPHRIES

THE VIKING BOOK OF POETRY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD. Chosen and Edited by Richard Aldington. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

WHAT, another poetry anthology? Yes, sir: complete with a twenty-five-page introduction by the editor, table of contents, over a thousand poems, 1,206 pages from Beowulf to Delmore Schwartz, a bibliography, indices of poets, first lines and titles, acknowledgments—1,272 pages in all. Well, says the reviewer, rolling up his sleeves and spitting on his hands, this had better be good!

But the reviewer soon finds himself disarmed by the scope of the project. If, as Mr. Aldington says, "an anthology is an essay in the positive criticism of poetry," then positive and thoroughly adequate criticism of an anthology should to all intents and purposes involve the reviewer in making another anthology to match, or surpass, the one under consideration. But this takes too much time. Mr. Aldington says he has been thinking these matters over for thirty years, making mental notes over and over as he read and reread: the reviewer, given his volume early in September, with an October 1 deadline to meet, can hardly hope to catch up. So he escapes by saying simply, Yes, it is a good anthology, a very good one indeed. That, in short, is the review; from here on the reader can expect a series of postscripts, not particularly ordered, impressions made by first reading, marginal notes subject to revision, and so on.

Mr. Aldington's introduction, cast in the form of a letter to his publisher, gives an account of what he was trying to do. His anthology is "general" as distinguished from "personal" (he defines these terms); "popular and aesthetic" as distinguished from "academic and historical." He has exposed his own preferences and prejudices, tastes and perspectives, sufficiently for the reader to apply right at the start what correction he finds necessary to make. Mr. Aldington prefers the writers of the Tudor-Stuart period to everybody else; next the romantics. He considers Browning our last major poet, thinks well of Swinburne, finds in some of Dryden's songs "a frigid lewdness," is pleased by Shelley. In these matters Mr. Aldington speaks with independent assurance and the courage of his convictions.

When it comes to modern poetry, Mr. Aldington expresses considerably more diffidence. Here his anthology is certainly more personal than general. He points out that this section of the book is "by far the most difficult and at the same time the most vulnerable to criticism"; "it does not claim to be an anthology of modern poetry, or of modern British poetry, or of modern American poetry. The section from Robert Frost on must be considered as more or less experimental and tentative." Mr. Aldington seems fully and uncomfortably aware that his contemporaries are living men, with their

powers of squawking little impaired by the lapse of time; and everybody knows that this reviewer is not the only living poet who begins his study of a new anthology of modern poetry with a swift and stabbing glance at the index. Still, Mr. Aldington has gone through with it, facing the inevitable as bravely and fairly as possible: "more than one-sixth of the total of 310 poets are writers born since 1875." These include 24 Americans and 24 Englishmen; 5 of the Irish (Gogarty and Higgins not among them), the South African Roy Campbell, one "token" Canadian, McCrae—In Flanders Fields, of course, must go in a "general" anthology; there might have been room, on the "personal" side, for a token of the more interesting work of A. J. M. Smith: should Tagore have been worked in somehow? The list of the two dozen names, English and American, is too long to set down here, but written out in full, it seems a pretty decent lot: if Mr. Aldington has not come up with all the winners, well, it is a lot easier to pick the horses after the races are run.

Mr. Aldington thinks it one of the obligations of the anthologist to spot the "unacknowledged translation or paraphrase." His attention might be called, in this connection, to the fact that *The Means to Attain Happy Life*, attributed on page 79 to Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, is a very close paraphrase, if not an exact translation, of Martial's poem beginning *Vitam quae faciant beatiorem*.

We might not have noticed, had not Mr. Aldington called our attention to it in his remarks about Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," that he has omitted Addison and Watts. His index of first lines, therefore, includes neither "The spacious firmament on high" nor "Bye-low, babe, lie still and slumber." And this starts us off on another train of thought. In the course of his preparation Mr. Aldington not only read the complete works of the poets quoted but also consulted other collections and anthologies. Yet one valuable work of reference he seems to have overlooked entirely, the Church Hymnal. The only hymns appear to be Jerusalem, My Happy Home, and, stretching a point, Kipling's Recessional. It is probably an unholy thought that the Anglican church has done more for the aesthetics than for the morals of those susceptible to its service, but the debt should be acknowledged. Here Mr. Aldington's text really needs supplementing.

There is other religious poetry in the book, but its bulk is not impressive; neither is the amount of political poetry. On the other hand, one is impressed, sometimes boredly so, by what seems to be an awful lot of stuff in praise of women, praise not very subtle or profound, a good deal of it lip-service, fancy and affected. This might have been reduced, no matter how much you like Elizabethan gaiety or Cavalier grace and elegance, and flattery for the fair more adroitly conveyed by fuller evidence of their capacity as creative artists.

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The first woman writer to appear in the book is one Katherine Philips, born 1631, who comes in on page 494; there are two others from the seventeenth century and two from the eighteenth; it is not until the introduction of Elizabeth Barrett Browning that they begin to make their presence felt. Of the 300-odd poets in the collection, twenty are women, one in every fifteen; the proportion reaches its highest point with the Americans born since 1875, one in every six, and one can think of several good ones who have been left out. Conclusions can probably be drawn from this.

The scope of Mr. Aldington's anthology raised some rather nice questions; here, I think, the anthologist has been inclined to play it a little too safe. He says no to the facetious and whimsy-whamsy, to dialect poetry (including thieves' jargon and jabberwocky), to parody and nonsense verse, to the sentimental (with an occasional act of indulgence). No trash, if you please, in a book which contains Milton and Shakespeare. No inch, no curious coign or niche, is available for writers like Will Carlton, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Edgar Guest, Robert W. Service, *et id genus omne*; the reader will have to look for Casey at the Bat in some other collection. But this attitude, unless your taste is very sure, involves you in double danger: you may include trash from the *Hound and Horn* while you reject trash from the *Saturday Evening Post*; on the other hand, you may confuse the vulgar with the popular, turning away indiscriminately all that looks rowdy, ribald, folksy, familiar, and so on. All right to keep from the table the freakish and insipid dishes; but do not, please, remove the salt. Negro spirituals, trade-union songs, cowboy ballads, off-shore chanties, off-color limericks—no room for any of these? It would be malicious to call Mr. Aldington's anthology a collection of the respectable poetry of the English-speaking world, or the poetry of the respectable English-speaking world; but he might have taken just an ounce more precaution against that unkind possibility. Or perhaps, as with the hymns, he has, consciously or unconsciously, rejected the words that do not supply their own music, full and entire. (Yet what about the many Elizabethan songs?) Should we not remember the origins of poetry in mimesis, the three in one, the word, the music, the dance?

In saying that this book performs a valuable service to students of poetry and lovers of poetry—the two are not always identical—I mean more than conventional praise. In this praise the publishers are entitled to share. For what it contains, the book is inexpensively priced; the book is not too hefty to hold in the hand; the page, "of attractive color and sparkling clarity," is generally clean, anyway, and easy to read. One has reservations, of course: when the publishers issue a release saying they have paid out several thousand dollars in permission fees, "in many cases much more than the poet received from the original publication of his work," one receives the statement with mixed emotions. One likes to think that the publishers will get their money back, of course, and that the poets will get all that is coming to them; but isn't this way of doing business a little, pardon me, academic? In a day when publishers insist that they cannot afford to print poetry, mightn't some of these thousands have been even more profitably invested in presenting the work of new and younger men and women?

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features of the Viking anthology is that through this medium we come to view, with new respect and attention, the poetry of our own time. It is not only through what is directly presented of modern poetry, for, as Mr. Aldington admits, this portion of his book is most vulnerable to criticism, his taste being, as I think, diffident, or, as he says, tentative. But having read the book through, with the entire heritage of verse immanent in our consciousness, we have no reason to feel overawed in the presence of Tradition. We must refuse to accept that conventional injunction which says that of course our closeness to modern poetry disqualifies us from judgment. How good our modern poetry is, really and truly! We have no one to match songs with Shakespeare, or odes with Keats (though we have a lot of poets as good as a lot of Keats); we lack Elizabethan gaiety (was Donne always so gay?), we lack Carolingian elegance and wit. But what we do have is plenty. We may be inclined to the somber, but our poetry is searching, subtle, varied, and profound. Where modern philosophers have extended the frontiers of our consciousness, we have not been laggard in exploiting their explorations. We have our powerful original voices, and their answering easier imitations. There is nothing the matter with our command of technique. We have numbers, too, many people writing good poetry, all against the economic fashion, where the big money accrues to those who go in for novels or the movies. *Il faut cultiver son jardin*—it is a good thing for our art that its garden is weeded thus, by letting our essays in criticism appear as prose in the *Southern Review* and our tales of love and the wars as the book of the month. (Not but what the melancholy of our reveries could be pleasantly relieved by a few moments' delight in the thought of a Hemingway or a Steinbeck wrestling with the discipline necessary to cast a struggle of labor or a tale of the hunt in well-turned Byronic or Spenserian stanzas.) Beyond the temptations of avarice and greed, we can nourish our pride in the knowledge that the art of poetry, in our day, can hardly suffer for being taken care of by its devotees.

Notes by the Way

JAMES T. FARRELL'S latest book, "Ellen Rogers" (Vanguard, \$2.50), is something of a boomerang for those reviewers, including myself, who have been suggesting that the author of the Studs Lonigan trilogy and other books dealing with the same milieu had exhausted that vein and might well strike out in a new direction. The setting of the book is still Chicago, but its characters are drawn from a level a good deal higher in the economic scale, and there are other differences. Ellen Rogers is the daughter of a well-to-do real-estate operator, a pretty, spoiled, sex-wise but otherwise ignorant and bootless young woman; her lover, Ed Lanson, is a small-time bounder—not a full-fledged crook but a confirmed and cynical cadger whose ego is most gratified by a fist fight or by the glibness he has cultivated out of a desire to be considered "intellectual." He quotes Nietzsche, ends his affairs by sending poems to his lady friends, and talks eloquently of the great book he plans to write.

The immediate flaw is that neither character becomes real, despite the long and laborious records of their conversations,

both trivial and crucial; the dialogue itself often sounds as if it had been written by a literary amateur. I don't believe an Ellen Rogers would use such a phrase as "neglectful of late," and though pretentiousness is Ed Lanson's "line," the particular brand of pretentiousness assigned to him doesn't quite fit—nor is it all of a piece.

The fatal fault, however, is that Mr. Farrell makes no significant use of two characters who are so limited in themselves that they could scarcely bear the stress of a short story and are flattened out into paper dolls under the weight of some 400 pages.

The interesting thing about "Studs Lonigan" was that the career and death of an essentially sordid character was presented in a context of the author's compassion that gave it the aspect of tragedy. The present novel is described as a love story; many passages, in particular the ending in which Ellen wades to her death in Lake Michigan, à la Madame Butterfly, suggest that it was intended to be tragic and ironic as well. But both Ellen and Ed fall so far short of qualifying for their roles that the denouement becomes burlesque; and there is discernible in the writing neither compassion nor irony. It is merely a boring and futile account, play by play, of two amoral ciphers.

CLIFTON FADIMAN has included selections from thirty-six writers in "Reading I've Liked" (Simon and Schuster, \$3). The collection abounds in unexpectedness, which was to be expected. Its contents range from a slice of "The Magic Mountain" by Thomas Mann to "The Life and Hard Times" of James Thurber. It also includes C. K. Ogden's review of the new "Encyclopedia Britannica" (1926) and an excerpt from H. W. Fowler's "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage." It is, on the whole, a very engaging collection. Mr. Fadiman has written a lively introduction of 60,000 words which covers a lot of ground, autobiographical and other, and which is a curious study in conscious self-immolation and unconscious defiance. The most successful of professional reviewers has some pretty cynical things to say of professional reviewers and bears down hard on the difference between reviewers—who are only "experts"—and genuine critics. He also says that only about 20 per cent of the books issued are worth publishing. Often it reads like the success story of a man who couldn't help, and can't stop, being successful but almost wishes he hadn't been. Very interesting.

"The Oxford Companion to American Literature" by James D. Hart (Oxford University Press, \$5) differs from most concordances in that it includes social and political entries as well as information about writers and their works. It gives the pertinent facts about Henry Ford and the Monroe Doctrine as well as 893 summaries of novels, essays, plays, poems, etc. The test of a reference book is in the using over a period of time, but the idea of this one seems to me sound.

I RECENTLY READ "Above Suspicion" by Helen MacInnes (Little, Brown, \$2.50), the latest of that series of thrillers in which the villain and the hero are, respectively, the Gestapo and a democrat. Miss MacInnes writes very deftly, with humor and suspense. It is good detective fiction, though I thought the heroine's meeting with her former maid

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was a little too fortuitous even for a thriller, and I didn't quite believe in the rescue from Gestapo headquarters, even though Miss MacInnes had persuaded me by that time to a pretty fantastic degree of credulity; she also gets in some good licks for democracy.

When I read the opening chapter of "Escape," the first of the thrillers, I was a little shocked by what seemed to me a deliberate and rather cold-blooded exploitation of the Nazi terror from which so many anti-fascists have *not* escaped. Apparently it didn't affect readers in general that way because it became a best-seller, as have "Rogue Male" and Miss MacInnes's book; and whether because of its very different and very disarming tone or because of my own increased toleration, "Above Suspicion" didn't arouse any such resentment. I still think, however, that this particular kind of thriller and its popularity are a curious phenomenon: escape literature which deals not with storybook villains and hair-breadth rescues from imaginary tortures but with the actual horrors and fears which haunt the minds of all of us. Perhaps such books provide a way for both authors and readers to "get on top" of an intolerable situation. But I suppose I'd better leave that question to the psychologists.

I'm also a little late in saying that I read and enjoyed Donald Culross Peattie's most recent book, "The Road of a Naturalist" (Houghton Mifflin, \$3). Here is escape literature in the conventional sense. It is billed as autobiography and is the first of Houghton Mifflin's projected series of books about Life in America; it is really a group of American landscapes minutely and vividly recreated. Mr. Peattie's capacity for unashamed surrender to nature, which most of us have relegated, along with the raptures of first love and the rhetoric of first poems, to the attic of adolescence, is well known. Often he merely achieves lushness, but in this case he succeeds in making the reader surrender too. The result is that one recaptures the heady excitement of one's first conscious joy in nature and of the first overwhelming realization of one's own involvement in it. When he is moved to write of life and death, he is eloquent rather than profound; but his descriptions of the fertilization of the Joshua tree and of the redwood forests are so absorbing that he actually succeeds in "annihilating all that's made/To a green thought in a green shade."

MARGARET MARSHALL

Virginia Woolf's Last Novel

BETWEEN THE ACTS. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

LONG before she died, Virginia Woolf had, I think, said all it was in her to say as a novelist. If this last of her novels is also by all odds her weakest, it yet represents only another step in her steady creative decline. It is of course true that the book had not been finally revised, and even more worth remembering that it must have been written by an ill and tragically overwrought woman; but for all that, the heart of the trouble lies elsewhere. For from the time of "Orlando" onward Virginia Woolf had relaxed her interests, had slipped more and more out of life, farther and farther away from the main stream of literature, indulging that side of her which, no matter how exquisite it was, contributed

to her breakdown as a novelist without raising her high enough as a poet. "Orlando" and "The Waves" and in spots "The Years" have special qualities enough, but no substantial ones. Virginia Woolf had begun by bringing to the novel something more rewarding than the patterned "realism" with which it was clogged. "Mrs. Dalloway" and "To the Lighthouse" are high-bred and delicate books, but not too high-bred and delicate to have their own sharp kind of reality. But with her later novels Mrs. Woolf, rejecting realism, threw the baby out with the bath water and rejected reality as well. The separate image got in the way of the central vision; the poet of words and moods and almost naked sensibilities recoiled from flesh and blood; psychological truth was discarded for philosophic symbols. The sense of time, for example—something which dominates most great creative writing—laid hold of Virginia Woolf so strongly as to obliterate almost everything else. But she did not cope with it as a Tolstoy did, or even a Proust: she felt it *too* poetically, as something not dramatic but elegiac, not full of mystery but only full of pathos; and she ended by sentimentalizing it horribly.

In all this, however, there was more than the triumph of the poet over the novelist, or the dreamer over the observer; more disastrously, there was the intrusion of something even more thin-blooded, something purely literary. From having been nourished by culture, Virginia Woolf was at last emaciated by it. Culture joined to brilliant perceptions made her a delightful critic, but creatively it displaced an interest in life itself. She came to be preoccupied by words and phrases, by literary tags and echoes and the bright harness of tradition and the byplay of the cultivated—one might almost say the over-cultivated—mind. Her work, even though it remained imaginative, was no longer spring-fed.

By the time Mrs. Woolf wrote "Between the Acts" culture had quite won out. We feel at times that she fought against having it win, that embers of fine creative feeling still feebly glowed; but there was no helping it. The book, unless one obtusely chooses to see it as a deliberate *jeu d'esprit*, is merely from start to finish an evasion of the problems it raises. It introduces us to people, some of them with frustrated and fractured lives, and, instead of exploring them, makes us sit with them while they watch a pageant. The pageant reels off solemn travesties of Elizabethan, Restoration, and Victorian drama, which are given in full; and the pasteboard dramas completely overshadow the flesh-and-blood ones. Even an ironic intention of showing that the real people are as dead and done for as the stage puppets cannot justify Mrs. Woolf's dabbling in human beings while expending great space and effort on her Sir Spaniel Lilly-livers and mid-Victorian Eleanors. The book ends with two of the real people about to confront each other: it should, of course, have begun there.

In smaller ways, too, one feels how slack the book has gone; even its imagery becomes, at times, a fault or a foolishness. "She had been waked by the birds. How they sang! attacking the dawn like so many choir boys attacking an iced cake." Here Mrs. Woolf, having long ago abandoned the real for the poetic, has come to abandon the poetic for the weakly fanciful. Had she lived, no doubt she would have pruned "Between the Acts" of such infelicities, and

tightened it, and perhaps cut a little deeper into her characters. But the book would not have been substantially any different. The retreat from life had gone too far, the very immersion of self in a pool of pictures and phrases had become too deep, the talent which had once been shining and concentrated as a piece of gold had been broken up into a coppery heap of small change. If through it all there remained a touch of high distinction, it may remind us how Virginia Woolf in her prime, writing "Mrs. Dalloway" and "To the Lighthouse" and the two "Common Readers," was one of the few splendid literary figures of our age.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Two Successful Playwrights

BARRIE: THE STORY OF J. M. B. A Biography by Denis Mackail. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO. A Critical Biography with Letters. By Wilbur Dwight Dunkel. University of Chicago Press. \$1.50.

DENIS MACKAIL knew J. M. Barrie very well, and of him he writes more than 700 adoring pages which the devotees of J. M. B. will certainly read but which the more worshipful among them will probably find less than satisfying. They may resent somewhat the author's frank admission of Barrie's faults as man, but they are even more likely to regret what the book either leaves out or what, perhaps, was not there to put in—for at least in Mr. Mackail's pages the subject appears rather less a great genius than an exceptionally canny and industrious journalist who worked a vein for all, or perhaps rather more than all, the vein was worth. Of literary analysis there is a very little, of personal portraiture—by a very wordy method—quite a bit, but of the business details of a busy career there is a positively stupefying amount. From the time Barrie began his professional career on a Scotch newspaper to which he contributed 1,200 words a day in addition to book reviews and two special articles a week under two different pen names, a continuous stream poured from his pen; and we are spared no details of what he wrote or what he planned to write, what editors accepted or what they rejected, what he earned or what he didn't earn, how the composition succeeded or how it didn't succeed. And in the end one comes to feel that Mr. Denis, perhaps Barrie also, thought of the great apostle of tenderness and sentiment much as Arnold Bennett in the diaries seems to think of himself—that is, as of a writing machine whose success is to be estimated by the number of words produced per day and their average effectiveness when measured in terms of money and popularity.

Mr. Mackail takes it for granted that Barrie was a delightful man and a great genius—takes it, indeed, so much for granted that the shadings of the picture, which are not taken for granted, come to seem more conspicuous than he perhaps intended, with the result that the whole story is less attractive than admirers have usually assumed. Margaret Ogilvy was a stubborn and difficult old woman; Barrie himself, a vain, capricious, and furiously self-centered little man. He could be generous, but only on his own terms and to people who pleased him; as for his famous charm, he "could

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turn it on—or off, if it comes to that—whenever he chose, and even those who came to suspect it, to suffer from it, or, in a final desperate sort of way, to deny it, still knew in their hearts that it was about the nearest thing, in this case, to an absolutely irresistible force." He was, Mr. Mackail thinks, too far from being an ideal husband to be held wholly blameless for the very messy divorce case in which he appeared as the injured party, while in connection with his famous retiring modesty it is not to be forgotten that on the occasion of the speech at Edinburgh which crowned his career, "once more the apostle of shyness spoke entirely about himself." Indeed, Mr. Mackail applies to Barrie a somewhat less effective version of a phrase first used about T. E. Lawrence, of whom it was said that he had mastered the art of backing into the limelight.

Though literary analysis occupies a very small proportion of the book, what Mr. Mackail does say about the source and tendency of Barrie's writing is exactly what its severest critics have charged—namely, that he was in the simplest sense of the term an escapist, that is to say, not so much a man who believed in the reality of the world of his imagination as one who consciously preferred to retire into playful fantasy in order to spare himself what he knew existed. For some reason—Mr. Mackail is inclined to think that it began in childhood with the death of an elder brother—Barrie early resolved not to grow up and not to exchange play for reality. But if the intention is to defend the worth of his writing, a stronger case could, I think, be made out by laying less stress on its origins and more on its inherent quality. Shaw was typical of the revolt against Victorianism because he insisted that men should live by passion and logic alone. Barrie's novels and plays and essays may be taken to reply that, whatever men ought to do, the fact remains that they actually live quite as much by sentiment, prejudice, and all the irrational loyalties which give nostalgic memory its power.

Professor Dunkel's little book (138 pages against 722) is a sensible and useful summary of the career of a man whose fantastic reputation as a playwright comparable to Ibsen has almost completely collapsed. More genuinely aloof than Barrie, Pinero apparently had a commonplace personality, but he was equally vain; and Professor Dunkel makes little attempt to represent him as more important than he was, although the insistence that it was lack of literary style which condemned Pinero to eventual neglect seems to me to make the false assumption that this lack of literary style was merely an unfortunate accident. The truth is that Pinero's style lacked distinction because his whole mind, imagination, and character lacked distinction; because, though Professor Dunkel makes a half-hearted attempt to discuss Pinero's "philosophy" in a chapter of less than six pages, Pinero won a reputation for advanced thought on the basis of a "philosophy" very little more subtle, original, or profound than that of any conventional upper-middle-class Englishman of his generation. Once more the style was the man. For all its brevity and unpretentiousness the present volume probably deserves to be the standard account. It corrects previous misstatements, it is enriched with some revealing letters, and it appears to be scrupulously accurate.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Hitler's Murderous Logic

PATTERN OF CONQUEST. By Joseph C. Harsch. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

JOSEPH HARSCH, who represented the *Christian Science Monitor* in Berlin from the outbreak of the war until this spring, is not one of those newspapermen with a genius for personal adventures. Consequently his book may attract less attention than some of the current offerings by his more exuberant colleagues. In suggesting this I only hope I am misjudging the acumen of the book-buying public, for Mr. Harsch's report seems to me one of the most substantial accounts of Nazi Germany which has yet appeared. It is the work of a man who is not only a diligent collector of facts but an acute interpreter of their significance.

In the space of a review it is possible only to touch on a few of the many aspects of the Third Reich about which Mr. Harsch offers fresh information. The food situation at the end of the second winter of war was not, he finds, unsatisfactory to the Germans. The supplementary rations made possible by looting conquered countries had convinced many that war was not unprofitable. But the Germans' ruthlessness in exploiting their victims may prove expensive in the long run, for as the author points out, they have not merely missed a chance to obtain voluntary cooperation in their new order but have won for their country a "hatred beyond redemption."

Among the chapters of this book worth special mention are those on Hitler's economic methods—his real originality, Mr. Harsch thinks, is in instituting a "bayonet standard" of money; on the methods used by the Nazis to cultivate and bully the foreign press; on the national socialization of sex in the interest both of the birth rate and of the amusement of vacationing heroes; and on Hitler's relations with his allies—the last includes a very revealing account of Mussolini's retrogression to vassalage.

Perhaps the section which most deserves study in this country is that on the German army. The wishful thinking on this subject indulged in so freely by the democracies prior to the war has by now vanished. But we are still confused about why the German army—as an army—is so good; still apt to think that we can match it simply by surpassing it in mechanical equipment. One thing that the Germans have realized is that the old Prussian notion of a soldier as an automaton is out of date in an age when real machines play so large a part in war and must, if they are to function properly, be served by men trained to use intelligence and initiative. In a certain sense the Nazis have democratized the German army. Like Napoleon's it offers a career open to talent. The old barriers between the officer caste and the ordinary soldier have been torn down; the officers all come up from the ranks and are taught to act as older brothers to their men. There is a great insistence on active leadership, and ways have been found to minimize the "paper work" which overwhelms so many American officers.

We can only defeat the German army if we appreciate its qualities and learn to counter the tactical innovations which it has introduced. Mr. Harsch does not gloss over the fact that this end will not be accomplished unless the American people make much greater sacrifices than they have yet been

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called upon to face. The alternative, he is convinced, is the domination of America as well as Europe by Hitler's Reich. He gives reports of conversations with many German high officials who made no attempt to disguise their plans for world hegemony. He analyzes at length the *Herrenvolk* myth which forms the major premise of the Nazi syllogism. "According to Nazi dogma," he writes, "Germany, being superior, is destined to rule its allegedly inferior neighbors. Therefore, so their logic runs, any desire on the part of its neighbors to retain their own national identity is wrong and criminal. Therefore, any step taken to destroy the nationalism of those neighbors is right."

Many Americans have been slow to grasp the almost incredible implications of this monstrous and murderous logic. Mr. Harsch, whose findings are now being underlined in blood in Prague, Paris, Belgrade, and a hundred other conquered cities, has made a real contribution to the understanding of the whole meaning of Nazism.

KEITH HUTCHISON

The Turn of the Screw

THE WOUND AND THE BOW: SEVEN STUDIES IN LITERATURE. By Edmund Wilson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

AN UNMISTAKABLE emphasis—suggested but undeveloped in his earlier books—appears in Edmund Wilson's seven new studies in literature. He is still intent on tracing "the history of man's ideas and imaginings in the setting of the conditions which have shaped them," but these conditions are now seen to be subtle and indeterminate beyond what was formerly made accessible to him by the historical methods of Taine, the laboratory techniques of naturalism, or the determinism of Marxist theory. They exist in that fourth dimension of art whose element is the unconscious, whose chart is provided by psychoanalysis, and whose clue is the child. He searches for what his authors are "trying to say," and his key to that trying is the bent or animus given the creative temper by the earliest events of its experience: to Dickens by his six months in the blacking factory that produced "a trauma from which he suffered all his life"; to Kipling by his six years of tormenting persecution and blinding nervous panic in the "House of Desolation" of a tyrannical religious relative in England to whose care his Anglo-Indian parents committed him after his enchanting childhood in India; to Casanova by the "moral squalor" of the Venetian actors' world by which he was ravaged "all his life more vitally than by any of the diseases that were his mere superficial exasperations"; to Edith Wharton by the chilling social decorum of her well-to-do New York girlhood that contrived to make her best work "the desperate product of a pressure of maladjustments"; to Hemingway by a mid-American boyhood whose idyllic Michigan summers first revealed how "the condition of life is pain, and the joys of the most innocent surface are somehow tied to its stifled pangs"; to Joyce's Earwicker by a history whose baffling complexities become solvent in a dream which can only restore him to daylight made heavy by "a weariness that looks back to life's source." What happened to these writers and their talents in

later life is widely documented; their domestic, social, and political conflicts are closely traced; but the question raised in every case is the one which James's narrator put to his listeners on a famous occasion and which might have served as this book's epigraph: "I quite agree—in regard to Griffin's ghost, or whatever it was—that its appearing first to the little boy, at so tender an age, adds a particular touch. But it's not the first occurrence of its charming kind that I know to have been concerned with a child. If the child gives the effect another turn of the screw. . . ?" It is with that touch and effect, with that twist of the screw of sensibility which compels in the artist his special sense of truth and sincerity and which he can betray only at the peril of defeat in his art, that "The Wound and the Bow" is concerned.

The result is seven of the most resourceful, and among them four of the best, essays that Mr. Wilson has yet written, and a book that illuminates the immediate problems of criticism in a remarkable way.

At a moment like the present and after a decade like the past, criticism tends to consolidate its forces and assess its grounds; to grow suspect of dogmatism, to shun theory and didacticism, to sharpen its scrutiny, to read humbly, and to look deep; to rediscover its business and province. Causes and special pleading are left to prophets and politicians, or to dissolve with the events they have corrupted. The facts of life and nature reappear as a constant of which art again becomes the single responsible custodian. Whether the dimension of that constant is defined as metaphysical, as with Eliot, or as psychological, as with Wilson, the vocation of the true artist becomes the central crux of inquiry. If he becomes inconceivable as a renouncer of life like the progeny of Axël, he also becomes something more than Flaubert's triple thinker, for he expresses forces and intuitions profounder than thinking or conscious purpose can encompass. The critic becomes absorbed by those forces; his process becomes, in the psychologist's language, regressive; it seeks to reduce the content of art "back to its sensorial and instinctive components instead of carrying the idea forward into action." Of those components in history or in the individual life, art reappears as the valid and total record. To recover them, the ideas of literature must be traced to the instincts out of which they emerged; purpose is seen as evolving from necessity, design from vision, form from fantasy, meaning from emotion, the man from the child. The child—himself no *tabula rasa* yet a symbol of the unstamped clay on which the facts of character and experience are written—becomes the focus of investigation. When that happens, the critic is likely to become less concerned with the aesthetic values which exist in art as the end of a process of intelligence than with the experience values that art takes on in its fullest human and psychological meaning. Values, in fact, give way to phenomenalistic significances, and if any count is to be held against Mr. Wilson's latest essays, it is that these values are assumed or slighted, on occasion even miscalculated, and the qualities of literature become incidental to the case histories of its authors or even tend to appear basically substitutive.

The slightness of his analyses and evaluations is sometimes regrettable on his own grounds. If the work of literature is valid evidence of its writer's psychological and moral history, its evidence must obviously be complex, unconscious, and

symbolic more often than simple, conscious, and explicit; it will require an analysis fully commensurate with its complexity—something equal in anagogic explication to the *Traumdeutung* and at least as minutely discriminative as anything attempted by the modern textual analyst. Mr. Wilson seldom provides that kind of analysis; his findings often remain pre-critical. His judgments on various works of Dickens, Kipling, Edith Wharton, and Hemingway are likely to be casual and summary; they may even (as with "Our Mutual Friend," Kipling's "The Gardener," Mrs. Wharton's "Summer," or Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," which is here handled negligently as an afterthought—one of several postscripts or footnotes which give untidy effect to three essays—and so remains wholly undefined in its import and glaring limitations) represent judgments that rest more on an author's will than on his deed and so miss the real point of critical discrimination. And though Mr. Wilson's use of biographical documents is as sensitive as his implicit feeling for creative acumen and sincerity, it is inevitable that such documents remain at best fragmentary and suggestive in a way that the work of art, exhaustively considered, is not. When Rudolph Hess landed in Scotland last spring, six or seven New York psychiatrists gave six or seven offhand explanations of his psychological condition and history; when an eighth heroic member of the profession refused to make a diagnosis of a patient three thousand miles away, he supplied a hint which neither analysts of character nor critics of art can afford to ignore.

But if Mr. Wilson curtails his proof and minimizes his evidence, he compensates his reader by opening up the books of Dickens and Kipling, by defining the fundamental problems of Edith Wharton and Hemingway, and by taking us into the matter and meaning of "Finnegans Wake" and the "Philoctetes" of Sophocles in a way that is seldom the privilege of literary students and that he himself has not equaled since his essays on Joyce and Proust in "Axel's Castle." And what he sacrifices of the details and implications of his investigations, he gains in the speed, sympathy, and dramatic effectiveness of his presentations—qualities that have become generally lost among the dialectic abstractions, solemn sentimentalities, and brattish exhibitionism that are again coming to pass for literary intelligence. The meaning he extracts from the "Philoctetes" may possibly over-allegorize that play and the problem of creative genius in the world, but there was never a moment when that meaning needed more emphatic underscoring than the present one. Philoctetes is abandoned on Lemnos with his loathsome wound but also with his invincible bow, which the besiegers of Troy discover they need for their victory but which they cannot have unless they accept the man with it, not as an outcast to be exploited or condemned "but simply as another man."

The need of mankind for the gifted, rebellious, and discomforting outsider who is the artist is no greater, however, than the need of the artist to honor his vocation, to remain unflinching in his isolated responsibility, and to respect his mission in the world. The failure of Kipling in that vocation—his commission of "one of the most serious sins against his calling which are possible for an imaginative writer" when he "resisted his own sense of life and discarded his own moral intelligence in favor of the point of view of a

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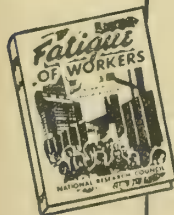
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dominant political party"—is for the first time clearly defined. The conflicts and popular compromises through which Dickens labored during forty years of acutely developed social and moral insights, until in his last five books he came to grips with the human nature which underlies all social and moral fact and which in "Edwin Drood" he at last came near to seizing in terms of his own spiritual dilemma, are presented with a sympathy and skill in synthesis that should rescue Dickens from the neglect to which sentiment and critical snobbery have consigned him, and place him among the most serious figures of modern literature. The Hemingway essay is necessarily prejudiced and regrettably incomplete, but there is no mistaking the justice by which it credits Hemingway both with an integrity peculiar among modern novelists and with defects of proportion, self-criticism, and regressive crudities of taste that have almost brought his superb gifts to ruin. The Casanova piece is little more than a note on personality; the Wharton essay is more concerned with "justice" than with evaluation, though its justice is mainly sound and supplies an opportune corrective to followers of literary fashion who work on the supposition that an author's inferior work necessarily cancels his good; the analysis of "Finnegans Wake" is admittedly tentative, though it does what the more sophisticated existing commentaries have held aloof from: it tells what the novel is about.

The ability to tell what a book is about remains Mr. Wilson's greatest distinction, his almost unrivaled skill, among living students of literature. His explorations have steadily widened; he has risked the formulations but surmounted the limitations of historical, sociological, and psychiatric method; he has brought the rich sympathies and recognitions of his earlier investigations to a steadily sounder and more penetrating use. He still holds some kinds of experience under stiff suspicion; the mystical and religious necessities of certain natures, the metaphysical imperative, and often the purely poetic vision remain unpenetrated by his sensible, pragmatic, skeptical intelligence. The reality that these ways of life and spirit take on in art can probably never be seized or realized except by an exercise of sensibility and a minuteness of discrimination which he generally avoids. He writes criticism of one kind, and one of the best kinds, but it continuously requires supplementing and extension by specifically aesthetic analysis and normative evaluation. But there are only two or three other contemporaries who have been as scrupulous in making the matter of modern literature available, in defining historical and categorical relationships, and in arriving at that sense of the elements and complexities of creative genius which must be realized before the full scope and richness of books can be determined by whatever keener instruments or methods of dissection. To defend the vocation of literature in the face of the political pressures and sell-outs of conscience that are again threatening it is not a generally honored position at the present moment. Mr. Wilson maintains his principles with characteristic spirit, and it is a special pleasure to see how Dickens rises, in the present rehabilitation, to encourage and reinforce them and to give as much as he gets of the credit that belongs to a persistent devotion to the love of writing and to the ordeal that makes the written word a repository of human intelligence and honor.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Huxley as Theologian

GREY EMINENCE: A STUDY IN RELIGION AND POLITICS. By Aldous Huxley. Harper. \$3.50.

THE spiritual gyrations performed these last few years by Aldous Huxley round an ascending spiral of the mystical have not so completely alienated this reviewer as they seemed to have many of Mr. Huxley's former admirers. I do not think that an obsession with the possibility of God necessarily connotes a withering or superannuation of the cynical intellect; and it was the gymnastics of this cynical intellect that fascinated so many of those to whom "Point Counter Point" represents Aldous Huxley at his height. I think, rather, that it represents Huxley as *novelist* at his height; but in common with other members of that greatly gifted family Aldous Huxley is like a giraffe who can play chess, recite "Paradise Lost" backward, and change planes in mid-air: I mean versatile. His speculations in "Ways and Means" seem to me to be excused for their comparative crudity by reason of the fact that Huxley is not after all a professional philosopher. The comparative crudity arose, I think, from his biting off a larger portion of Asiatic theology than at that time he could chew. But now, in the light of this biography of a French mystic who was at the same time a political panjandrum of the first magnitude, I can perform the act of genuflexion before a writer who has at last found a pillar on which to become a St. Simon Stylites. Such a note as this about such a book as this is necessarily inadequate, not to say impudent. For it is a book written by one man with a religious mania about another man with a religious mania—written by a man in whom God and the objects of the world have established a kind of armistice by paradox, about a saint who deliberately prolonged the paroxysms of the Thirty Years' War because he believed himself to be the instrument of the divine will. The militant mystic is the man who denies his mother at the cross or condemns nations to mutual destruction because history always expiates itself: *fiat voluntas tua*. The contemplative mystic, that is, Huxley, is the man to whom all events and spectacles, no matter how overtly revolting, are, in his heart of hearts, apotheosized by the hand of God. Thus Huxley cannot finally bring himself to condemn out and out the political crimes of his subject; the exoneration of God was somehow there: he can only seek to feel for the millions whom his subject's crimes made so deeply suffer.

Between this study of a great ecclesiastic and T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," a number of affinities exist that really reveal aspects of the major dilemma of the contemporary mind. Thus both these works are about the world being too much with us. Eliot's Becket succeeded in rising above the temptations offered by the glittering secular; Huxley's Father Joseph failed. But clearly to both these writers the urgent issue of existence is seen as a religious issue between the secular as Lucifer and the divine as divine. And in their act of turning the head away from the world to gaze at the amazing architecture of the transcendental I see one thing clearly: namely, that the spectacle of things as they now are is a spectacle that is intolerable to a fine intelligence.

As a biography this is a brilliant monograph on elemen-

tary mysticism in the scholastic sense; and the apparent eclipse of Huxley the novelist reveals the embryo of a passionate theologian with a Vedantic ax in his hand. If there are to be no more "Point Counter Points," there is now the tremendously exciting possibility of a "Pilgrim's Further Progress." About such a book as this, so transparently thin a biographical mirror in which to show the engines of the transcendental at work on the subject, about such a book it is misguided to make comments on the execution of detail, accumulation of evidence, exactitude of reference, and the like. This is not really a book about the so-called Grey Eminence; it is, finally, a book about Aldous Huxley as Grey Eminence—that is, autobiography as biography. For I hardly doubt that between Huxley, with a row of brilliant novels behind him and an obsession with God dazzling him in California, and this Capuchin monk who was capable at the same time of Machiavellian crimes in the service of France while he devoted four hours every day to the contemplation of the Godhead, that between these two the parallel is apparent and apposite.

GEORGE BARKER

The Roots of National Socialism

METAPOLITICS: FROM THE ROMANTICS TO HITLER. By Peter Viereck. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

NOT so long ago some American experts in foreign affairs explained German National Socialism and its open bid for world leadership as a product of the peace treaty of Versailles. History was viewed as a struggle between haves and have-nots, as largely determined by economic motives. Much of the success of National Socialism is due to the acceptance of these "explanations" in the United States and Great Britain. History seemed to start in 1918, and preceding decades and centuries were conveniently forgotten. But National Socialism has deeper roots in German history than the events of 1918 and 1919. National Socialism only continues older trends of German intellectual development. It is the fruit, the bitter fruit, of a long and spectacular blossoming. The armistice of 1918 was regarded by many Germans not as a final outcome but as a breathing spell which would enable Germany to resume power politics on a world-wide scale when the right moment arrived. That it did arrive was largely due to the acceptance of the above-mentioned theories by well-meaning and less well-meaning people.

Two very different streams of German development met in National Socialism and gave it its strength and its élan. One was the Prussian tradition; the other the romantic tradition. In a very well-written historical essay Peter Viereck traces the ancestry of National Socialism from the political romanticism of the early nineteenth century to Adolf Hitler. Of course, some of the daring thoughts of the romantics had been anticipated by German humanists. But with the romantics—and romanticism in Germany meant something fundamentally different from the stylistic and literary movements in Great Britain and France—Germany deliberately, as Viereck puts it, turned its back on Western civilization. Germany wished to be different; German thinkers for the

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past 150 years have proclaimed "a deliberate revolt, not only against reason but against all moral and political restraints, a revolt against humanity, against universals, against internationalism, on behalf of *Volk* and mother nature." It was not Hitler in 1941 but his teacher Houston Chamberlain in 1917 who defined the World War as "basically" Germany's war against "Judaism and its closely related Americanism."

Viereck's book is a penetrating and interesting study in intellectual history and national psychology. He discusses many thinkers, devoting special attention to three, of whom two, Jahn and Rosenberg, are little known outside Germany, and the third, Richard Wagner, is famous only as a musician. All of them Viereck regards as representatives of romanticism, whose first great upsurge came in the Napoleonic wars. Napoleon was combated by German romanticism as a symbol not so much of dictatorship as of the French Revolution, of human liberty, of rational equality, and of the recognition of universally valid laws. "Napoleon's rule never left the fold of Western civilization. Hitler is a culmination of anti-Western *Kultur*, . . . Hitler and Napoleon are direct opposites as cultural symbols."

The average reader will be most interested in the chapter on Richard Wagner, whose "warped genius" Viereck regards as "the most important single fountain-head of Nazi ideology." Wagner was the first to invent the synthesis of communism and racial chauvinism, the adaptation of romanticism to the machine age, the degradation of an aristocratic, esoteric teaching into a demagogic appeal to the masses. On the other hand, Viereck stresses much more than is generally done the "good European" element in Nietzsche. He underestimates the atavistic return to pre-Socratic and pre-Christian barbarism which Nietzsche proclaimed, though there is a vast difference between the plane on which Nietzsche prophesied and that on which Wagner wrote and Hitler lives today. The "revolt against the West" is not confined to Germany, of course; the decomposition of the Western heritage, the relativization of ethics, is also discernible in "social Darwinism" and in that "impartial" interpretation of history of which we spoke, which refuses to apply the criterion of morally better or worse to historical life. But nowhere has this attitude reached such a depth, in every sense of the word, as in late German romanticism, the period from Wagner to Hitler.

Is Viereck's optimistic view, expressed on one or two occasions, that Germany's cultural pendulum will "inevitably" swing back to its western pole, well founded? As a result of isolationism and "pacifism" Hitler's prediction of a National Socialist millennium may come true; then there will be not only no swing back to civilization in Germany but no civilization left at all. On the other hand, Viereck assumes rightly that a conclusive military defeat would have a wholesome psychological effect upon the Germans, because this time there could be no legend of a "stab in the back"; such a defeat might liberate not only the world but the Germans themselves from the incubus of their "eternal revolt against the West." In a few minor points one may disagree with Viereck, as in his judgment of Frederick's foreign policy, or the comfort he derives from the fact that the National Socialists point to Eastern Europe as their field of conquest; this is true, but the possession of Eastern Europe is only the indispensable condition for world hegemony, not an ultimate

goal in itself. Viereck in a strange paragraph praises Hitler for his "clearance of so many different kinds of stifling deadwood," forgetting the many more Hitler-created hindrances to free development and his own excellent remarks about the difference between Napoleon and Hitler. On the whole, however, he presents a brilliant analysis with great insight, and has proposed and proved an important thesis by a well-documented and illuminating argument. His book will render a distinct service by making for a deeper understanding of Germany and of our own problems.

HANS KOHN

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

- TWO-WAY PASSAGE*. By Louis Adamic. Harper. \$2.50.
THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS. By Edmund Cody Burnett. Macmillan. \$6.
OUR NEW MUSIC: LEADING COMPOSERS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. By Aaron Copland. Whittlesey House. \$2.50.
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WILLIAM HENRY WELCH AND THE HEROIC AGE OF AMERICAN MEDICINE. By Simon Flexner and James Thomas Flexner. Viking. \$3.75.
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WHAT THE CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE MERCHANT MARINE. By Carl D. Lane. Norton. \$2.
MUSIC IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By Paul Henry Lang. Norton. \$5.
FROM LORCA'S THEATRE. By Federico García Lorca. Translated by Richard O'Connell and James Graham. Scribner's. \$2.50.
WHAT ARE YEARS. Poems by Marianne Moore. Macmillan. \$1.50.
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WHOSE REVOLUTION? A Study of the Future Course of Liberalism in the United States. By Roger Baldwin, Alfred Bingham, James Burnham, John Chamberlain, Lewis Corey, Malcolm Cowley, Granville Hicks, Hans Kohn, Eugene Lyons, and Bertram D. Wolfe. Edited by Irving DeWitt Talmadge. Howell, Soskin. \$2.50.

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The Undiscoverables

[Continued from page 328]

but when the two men emerged, walking quickly with their outer arms extended to balance the heavy barrel, Don Cataldo did not halt them. A motor coughed in one of the fishing boats, and Don Cataldo, suddenly resolute, hurried along the western quay toward the harbor exit. Suddenly he wheeled about and, standing at the head of the stone steps, looked down at the boats.

"Santangelo," he faltered.

"*Voscienza*," Santangelo lifted his black ringleted head sharply.

"You are—you are going out rather early, eh?"

"As to that, *Voscienza*, the fish are very distant today."

The harbor master knew that the sardines were still following the route of preceding days.

"Farther out?" he said timidly.

"Oh, much farther out, *Voscienza*, and they're thickest way down yonder." Santangelo began a fisherman's description of the spot at which he alleged the fish were to be found, referring to rock reefs, coves, and headlands by names that every fisherman knew but that figured upon no map.

"Ah—then they've changed their place," Don Cataldo mumbled stupidly, and Santangelo repeated all that he had said, with grave earnestness. The fishermen, though they knew all that Santangelo was saying was nonsense, listened to every word of it attentively. Presently the official went away. Half an hour later the Archangel Michael was being launched, though the unpainted patch of raw wood was a mere makeshift job. Don Cataldo returned.

"He! Santangelo," he said sharply. "I've just been informed that there aren't any fish today. It won't be any use going out."

"*Voscienza*, you have been . . ." the boat-master began, in a tone that was both patient and affectionately derisive, but he was too considerate to refute Don Cataldo's absurd lie.

"As I said, Don Cataldo, they have taken it into their heads to go down yonder by the Black Teeth. There is no knowing what they will do, the little sardines." It seemed that the little sardines were the most whimsical and fantastic of all the fish in the sea.

"You'll be going to the Black Teeth?" the harbor master said with sudden and desperate cunning, trying to frown. He only succeeded in goggling nervously. Santangelo put his head

upon one side and thought hard. *Bedda matri*, he had made a stupid mistake.

"We shall go out to their track and follow them to the best place, *Voscienza*. Perhaps it will not be off the Black Teeth." And then Santangelo blundered again. "Perhaps *Voscienza* would like a basket of beautiful fish. We shall be pleased to select the choicest and most exquisite of sardines . . ." He stopped. The old man was frowning. The suggestion that he was being offered a bribe put him upon his dignity.

"I shall watch where you go, with interest."

"But what does it concern your honor's office where we go?" Santangelo asked, with some irritation.

"In times . . ." the harbor master began and cut himself short. Santangelo rallied.

"*Santissima sangre*, you are not forbidding us to go out?"

"No," Don Cataldo said weakly, and miserably watched the crew prepare to leave. But Don Cataldo was not Paulo Mori, the Fascisti chief, then absent from San Filippo, as the fishermen were aware. They had no great fear of Mori, but they would not have made any pretense of disobeying even an unexpressed command of his. And this noisy throwing about of gear and vociferation of orders which now broke out was only pantomime, as the harbor master should have known. They did not respect Don Cataldo, for all his aristocratic lineage, but in this world of arbitrary rulers and their *shirri*, the little harbor of San Filippo, feebly governed by that cowardly, honest old man, was a harbor in more senses than one. Therefore the fishermen would not affront Don Cataldo if they could help it. There was even a little tenderness in their hearts for the old man, who treated Mori with as much caution as they did. The Fascisti leader made his personal exactions through Signor Stefani, the fish factor. They were not much heavier than those of the Mafia had once been. *Bedda matri*! how thankful the fishermen were that Mori had been accustomed to power long before the establishment of the regime. He had his machine under control and permitted very little subordinate extortion. In other ports where power-hungry small fry had become rulers conditions were very different.

Don Cataldo withdrew from the battle of wills and retired to his office, whence he gazed with fretful indignation over the harbor. He faced that way chiefly to avoid sight of the telephone, an instrument which he hated. It never

rang without causing him alarm. He always rushed to the instrument, not merely to forestall his clerk, Petrucci, but in the effort to placate the thing. Its peremptoriness and its incalculable manner of suddenly breaking out were invariably transferred, in Don Cataldo's imagination, to the caller. And reversing the association, the arbitrariness of most of Don Cataldo's callers was transferred to the instrument.

In truth Don Cataldo's defeat at Santangelo's hands had been as much due to the obscurity of the order given to him as to his own weakness. He could have exacted immediate obedience by saying, "Orders from my superiors." Catania, however, had merely told him to put himself into a "state of readiness" to carry out instructions contained in a recent letter. The day's rumor made him suspect that Rome was about to intervene in the war, in which event the fishing fleet was to remain in harbor until further instructions.

Pouting gloomily through the cracked windowpane, Don Cataldo tried to find comfort in the fact that the fleet had not yet departed. Of course not; they haven't yet taken their night's food on board. The women won't have it ready for another hour at least. Optimism and pessimism weighed their chances in his resentful thought. Petrucci was coming up the stairs. "*Sporca!*" Don Cataldo exclaimed, surprising himself. Without completing the ejaculation he snatched open the door and frowned at Petrucci. Rico, catching sight of the old man's legs, looked up. His mouth opened. Don Cataldo was frowning furiously.

"Go down, go away," the harbor master commanded.

"Go down? *Sporca 'arne*," Rico ejaculated.

"Go down, I don't want you up here," Don Cataldo stamped with both feet, though his soft slippers, his usual footwear even in wandering about the quays, made no authoritative noise.

"You say go down, Don Cataldo, but please forgive . . ."

"Go down . . ." Petrucci began to rally. The harbor master, momentarily flinched.

"I said go down," he croaked desperately, and taking off his hat as if to buffet a telephone, he added, a little hysterically, "and permit me to remark that there's nothing so silly as a fat face with its mouth open."

"Eh, Don Cataldo," Petrucci protested feebly and backed down the stairs. The office door slammed. The harbor master did not dare to look out

of the window to see if Petrucci was gazing up at the office. In truth he was a little disappointed with his somewhat vulgar thrust at Petrucci. It was not quite as coldly classical as it might have been. When the fleet broke moorings, the telephone began to spit its poisonous bile at him again. It was only 'Rico's wife, wanting to know what she should bring him for lunch, but the alarm put an end to an idea he had been entertaining. He would not put in a call to Catania.

Petrucci was on the steps again. Don Cataldo dashed to the stairhead and in a stamping rage shook the handrail so that it threatened to come out of its socket. Petrucci shot down the steps and bolted.

"Eh, *porca!*" Don Cataldo swore valiantly. Presently he was dismayed to find his mind made up to a new resolution. Taking the key from its nail he went out, locked the office door, and descended the stairs. To delay the moment when he must open his mouth he decided to round the harbor to its entrance upon the western side. Signor Stefani, the fish-curer and principal merchant, secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza* of San Filippo and a sub-secretary of the local Fascio, was driving away from the factory. Signor Stefani sounded his horn furiously. He waved Don Cataldo out of the way. Stefani's eyes glittered with excitement. They were staring far ahead, right through Caltagirone's household-goods store and the buildings of the town to Catania. The harbor master hurried along the west quay, his knee joints cracking, his face blank with anxiety and fear. On his left the motors were chugging loudly. The fishing boats were maneuvering for position, trying to slip by one another, masters and men yelling unnecessarily. There was crisis in the shouting, for San Filippo fishermen ordinarily put out to sea quietly.

At the end of the quay Don Cataldo faced the boats. He waved his hand angrily and very soon was shaking his

fist at them. The fishermen yelled at him as they chugged by, trying to combine respectful speeches of extenuation with blasphemous asides to one another. None of them openly referred to the harbor master's unspoken order to remain in harbor, and he, fearful of overstepping the limit of his instructions, did not dare to put his disapproval into words. Soon the boats were all outside and the lateens were being unfurled. They kept close together and altered course to take the breeze cleanly into their sails. The Archangel Michael, which had been hanging about in the bay, came round on an oblique tack that would not join her to the fleet inside five miles.

Feeling nauseated, Don Cataldo sat down upon an iron bollard and stared after the fleet, trying to ignore Petrucci in the background. Finally he turned about and beckoned to his clerk.

"What is it, idiot?" he snapped at 'Rico.

"With your permission, *Voscienza*."

"Go on, I told you to speak. Speak up, man."

"The telephone was ringing. I couldn't get into the office, Don Cataldo."

"Let it ring," the harbor master mumbled, miserably defying his dismay.

"Begging clemency, when it stopped I went to the exchange. The call was from Catania."

"Eh, Mother of God, from Catania?"

"Yes, *Voscienza*."

"Well . . ." was all Don Cataldo could say.

"*Voscienza*." Petrucci took a step forward and put his little feet together. His fat hands were clasped together in front of him. The harbor master looked anxiously at his subordinate. "If your Excellency will permit speech."

"What is it?"

"*Voscienza!*" 'Rico stepped another pace nearer and spread his hands.

"What shall we do, 'Rico?"

"Your Excellency has not told me his problem." Petrucci squirmed and was silent a while. Then he blurted, "But if Your Excellency will pardon my unforgivable presumption, I put in a call to Catania, upon your behalf." He did not confess that when the bureaucrat had assumed his caller to be the harbor master he had passed himself off as Don Cataldo.

"Mother of God!"

"I said *Voscienza* was out in the harbor talking to the fishermen."

"Well, go on, man." Don Cataldo's suspense was unbearable.

"*Voscienza* approves?" Petrucci said, trying to obtain indulgence before proceeding. The harbor master would not be cheated. He pursed his lips and looked away.

"I made the call from His Excellency's house. We discussed the message of the morning and various matters. And, well, with *Voscienza's* permission, I said that you had not deemed it wise actually to forbid the fleet to go out and they said you had done correctly, Don Cataldo. A coast-guard cutter under the command of a naval lieutenant will arrive this afternoon."

For a few moments the harbor master's face did not disclose his relief. Then, when realization came, he wanted to cry. He was on the point of embracing Petrucci, the good, loyal, competent Petrucci. You could rely on 'Rico, he knew what to do. Eh! what a fellow, nobody could stand 'Rico in a corner. Don Cataldo's heart swelled as he gazed, his sight a little dim, at the fat clerk with the absurdly small feet. Eh, what does it matter about his little feet and his presumptuousness. It was a hard struggle for the harbor master not to melt into a flood of effusive gratitude.

"Eh, 'Rico, good man, good man," he murmured, and stood up and gripped the huge forearm of his clerk. "Let's go to my office and take a little sip, eh?"

"As Your Excellency wishes . . ." 'Rico's vague gesture disturbed Don Cataldo a little. Perhaps Petrucci had polished up a version of what had happened. Perhaps he was keeping something back. However, on the way round the harbor the clerk began to talk volubly, of many things, as if the problem were indeed settled. At the bottom of the office steps the harbor master gave 'Rico the key. The clerk did not stamp his way up the stairs with his usual excess of vigor. Inside the office he drew Don Cataldo's chair away from the desk and spinning it round stood deferentially beside it, one huge black-haired fist upon the back. When his superior was seated he lodged himself on his stool and with difficulty crossed his bollard-like legs and stared out of the window. Don Cataldo rose and paused on his way to the cabinet where the brandy was kept. The fishing fleet had changed its course again and was going out to the previous night's location. It did not matter now.

"I'll give him Black Teeth tomorrow morning," Don Cataldo said contentedly. "That I will. The fish are down at the Black Teeth, indeed! As who could believe such a thing!" He smiled hap-

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pily as he held out the diminutive glass of brandy, and he chuckled affectionately in contemplating that acorn shell of crystal in the huge fist of Petrucci.

"Be careful, 'Rico. Don't swallow the glass as well," he jested.

"If Your Excellency will give me privilege once again, there is a favor I should like to ask."

"Why certainly, ask it, good 'Rico."

"Then if I may, I should like to take the several days' leave owing to me. Beginning from this morning, of course, *Voscienza*."

"Eh, indeed you may." A moment later the harbor master was invaded by fresh alarm. Why did his clerk wish to be absent just at this moment?

"Of course. Three or four days are due to you, aren't they?"

"I'll take only two, Don Cataldo. Will you be pleased to authorize it, in the record book?"

"Yes," the harbor master muttered, downcast in spite of his efforts to reassure himself. Petrucci turned to his desk and wrote out an authorization. Then he held out the pen toward his superior. Don Cataldo signed the record.

"And another thing. If *Voscienza* graciously permits," the clerk began briskly, but perceiving the harbor master's dejection he lowered himself to the floor and stood bowing slightly, his feet side by side. "If I may advise Your Excellency, it would have been wise of *Voscienza* to join the Fascio."

"The Fascio? I have never been invited."

"No, *Voscienza*, that is doubtless true. The Fascio hardly invites. Your Excellency comes of exceedingly good family, but he has not even a portrait of Il Duce on the wall." Petrucci waved his arm around at the walls.

"I have a portrait of my king and emperor," Don Cataldo said stiffly. The faded print had hung there for many years. The whites of Petrucci's eyes showed as he glanced upward at the dignified but paltry face of the King.

"His Majesty, yes, and that is good. But one should, in this world of asperities, learn to protect oneself."

"I think . . . I think we ought to send the coast-guard cutter out to the fleet, when it arrives."

"Oh no, *Voscienza*. Catania quite approved your attitude. The cutter is just arriving, by the way. You will not want me in the office when the lieutenant presents himself. I shall go now therefore. I have asked for an interview with Major Mori."

"Major Mori!" Don Cataldo's head

swam as he stared out at the cutter, now recklessly and in total contravention of regulations describing a swift seething curve in the harbor.

"Yes, I understand that he has been granted a commission in the army, though I understand also that he will not be leaving San Filippo. Excuse me." Petrucci bowed and moved to the door.

"Stay here, please. You can't go now. There will be business to attend to."

"Excuse me, Excellency. You have given me leave since six o'clock this morning." The clerk pointed to the record book.

"'Rico, you can't leave me." The harbor master drew himself up at once and added, with feebly severity, "Your leave is canceled, Petrucci."

"Excuse me," the clerk said and ran down the steps, leaving the door open behind him.

For several minutes Don Cataldo brooded over the page in the record book. Then he drifted to the door. The aggressive and fleshy face, Roman in type, of one dressed in the uniform of a naval lieutenant was staring up at him. The lieutenant wore pointed, fashionably designed shoes, and his uniform was cut amply. Noting these details of dress, Don Cataldo was filled with contempt and fear. A political, he thought, and backed into the office.

"I am Lieutenant Varchi. I have the honor to address the present harbor master?" The lieutenant's sneering voice suggested that he was a Roman of the Campagna. Don Cataldo moistened his lips. The lieutenant, with a reduced flourish of ceremonial courtesy, lodged the letter in his trembling hands.

"Confound," Don Cataldo gasped. The letter slipped to the floor.

"Drop it if you wish, Signor," the Roman began lightly, but as he continued his tone became emphatic and spiteful. "Doubtless the bureau in Catania will have told you its contents. You're out. That being so you can go, at once. No, I don't want any of your explanations." Don Cataldo had not been going to make the conventional offer of assistance, but now his cheeks flushed with a little blood.

"Confound it, sir. Don't you know you shouldn't use a speed of more than four knots in . . . four knots," he repeated. His courage began to slip away, but desperately seizing the last of it Don Cataldo drew himself up and said, with remarkable control, "in my harbor?"

Lieutenant Varchi was not instantly brought to a confused awareness of his vulgarity and indifferent breeding, as

Don Cataldo had half-expected he would be. He merely laughed and said in a peevish rather than a peremptory voice, "Go on, old man. Get out, go on, get out." The lieutenant made expulsive movements with his hands. When Don Cataldo did not move, Varchi gave him a series of sharp pushes that sent the old man stumbling out on to the tiny platform at the head of the stairs. The office door slammed behind Don Cataldo. Gripping the handrail he tried not to be aware of the lieutenant's face upon the other side of the pane.

"*Fatorello*," mumbled the former harbor master of San Filippo. It gave him some satisfaction to describe the Roman as the under-bailiff of a landed estate. He stared at the fishing fleet. The San Filippo sails seemed to pierce upward through the sea's surface, like crocuses. The door was suddenly flung open and Lieutenant Varchi pushed Don Cataldo's shoulders with his fingertips.

"Confound," the old man ejaculated and pushed the lieutenant's chest.

"Go away, stupid," the lieutenant said with shrill spite. They pushed one another several times until Don Cataldo's dignity would not allow him to exchange pushes any longer. He turned, away, accepted a little push in the back,

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and stalked, stiff kneed and slightly confused in the vision, down the steps to the silent quay. The door slammed again. Don Cataldo frowned and adjusted his tunic. "*Fatoretto*," he said with cold distinction. Then he broke into a soul-satisfying flood of vulgar disparagement.

[*To be continued next week*]

IN BRIEF

SCUM OF THE EARTH. By Arthur Koestler. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

This chapter from the life of the author of "*Darkness at Noon*" is a kind of nightmare. It is the story of his life in France from the outbreak of war until his escape to England via Africa. Most of this time he spent in the horrible concentration camp at Le Vernet. To Koestler and many of the other inmates even that was better than what they had been through in other countries before the war, for, as he says, the standard of comparison in the treatment of human beings had "crashed to unheard-of depths." Although the French beat their political prisoners almost daily, it was not to death. But why were they held at all? Because they were suspect. Why? Because they were known to have been in concentration camps in the countries from which they had fled to France. Why? For defending in those countries the values for which France was now at last fighting. This is what can happen in the most logical nation on earth when the bureaucracy is rotten and somebody at the top is shifting the premises beneath your feet. Let no citizen of any country say, "It can't happen here." Every reader of this book will feel impelled to look to his own thinking and his own duty as a citizen.

MUSIC

UNDER the title "*A Musician Speaks*" two small volumes of lectures by the late Donald Francis Tovey have been published by the Oxford University Press—one with the subtitle "*The Integrity of Music* (161 pages, \$2), the other with the subtitle "*Musical Textures*" (89 pages, \$1.50). The first gives us the Cramb Lectures which Tovey delivered at the University of Glasgow in 1936; the second the Alsop Lectures which he delivered at the University of Liverpool in 1938. And they offer an integrated statement

and development of some of the ideas in a body of writing—the articles in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and Cobbett's "*Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music*," the famous program notes for the Reid Orchestra reprinted in "*Essays in Musical Analysis*," the editions of Bach's "*Well Tempered Clavier*" and "*Art of Fugue*" and Beethoven's sonatas, the other articles, pamphlets, lectures—of which Ernest Walker says rightly in his preface: "There is nothing like it in all English nor, so far as I know, in any other language."

"He had read and remembered in detail," says Walker, "and, what is more, methodically assimilated into his personal scheme of aesthetics, every page of live music from Byrd and Lassus and Palestrina to the end of the nineteenth century, with a great and varied mass of twentieth-century music in addition. The live music, I say; he was not the kind of scholar who is interested in a fact simply as a fact, and about dead music he did not worry. . . . He was not interested in composers' biographies: he knew Beethoven's works backwards, but cared nothing for his life—and less than nothing for attempts to correlate his music with the French Revolution." Tovey's prodigious knowledge and scholarship, in other words, were not those of the musicology that has descended heavily and alarmingly on our musical life. He concerned himself not with matters like "*Dissonance in Early Polyphony up to Tinctoris*" but with Mozart's concertos and Haydn's symphonies; he discussed them not as documents in cultural history but as works of art to be experienced as works of art; and when he poked his head in among their notes he was impelled by an intense love and enthusiasm and understanding for music that made warm and alive and excitingly significant the technical minutiae he emerged with triumphantly.

A great mistake was made in publishing the lectures in these two volumes without the passages of music with which Tovey illustrated his ideas at the piano. "To quote at anything like the length required would have turned a book into an album of music with annotations," explains the editor, Hubert J. Foss. But that is what a book about music should be; since a statement about music has real meaning only for the person in whose mind it is correlated with the music it refers to—the person who can provide the musical illustration himself from his experience of music, or the person for whom the musical

illustration is supplied by the speaker or writer. Even with the illustrations Tovey's lectures could have been understood only by musically educated persons whose experience and technical knowledge enabled them to perceive what he wanted them to perceive in the passages of music, and understand the points they illustrated. But publishing the lectures without those passages further restricts their audience to the persons whose experience of music is such as to enable them to supply out of it their own illustrations of Tovey's observations.

One must regret that these lectures were not delivered here, and that Tovey was not brought here to do at an American university the extraordinary work he did at the University of Edinburgh. He visited this country about fourteen years ago, and announced a second visit for the next year which did not come off; and in 1934, when I was looking for some way of getting machinery in motion to bring him here, someone arranged a meeting with the head of one of our musical institutions who was, as he still is, a power in the musico-political world and, as such, in the group that was bringing European scholars to this country. Yes, he said coldly, he knew about Tovey; but there were greater scholars in Europe than Tovey. Did I know of Professor A of the University of X who had written about the use of a certain cadence in the eleventh century? Did I know of Professor B of the University of Y who had written about the use of something else in the twelfth century? Did I know of Professor C who had written about the use of something else again in the thirteenth century? These were the men whom he was interested in bringing here, and who eventually were brought over. There were good reasons for bringing them: what musicology may find to say about the relation of Mozart's G minor Symphony to other music and to the culture of its period has its interest, its value. But not—for me—the interest and value of the symphony itself experienced as a work of art for and by itself. And for me, therefore, there were better reasons for bringing over Tovey.

B. H. HAGGIN

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The Shape of Things

THE GERMAN DRIVE TOWARD MOSCOW IS being accompanied by an all-out offensive of the German propaganda department. Although it is certain that the Red Army is fighting every inch of the way, that if Moscow falls at all it will only be at the cost of huge German losses, Goebbels is making tremendous and noisy efforts to depict the battle as a walkover. The communiqués of the High Command and still more the reports of the Nazi press are spiced with almost astronomical figures of prisoners taken and material captured. Every effort is being made to persuade the world that there is little left for the Reichswehr to do in Russia except mop up what remains of the Soviet armies. At the same time Herr Funk, Economics Minister of the Reich, starting with the confident assumption that the bear is safely caught, has been telling the German people about his plans for utilizing the skin and carcass. What is the meaning of this loud trumpeting before the walls of Moscow? To those practiced in interpreting Nazi propaganda methods it suggests that Hitler is truly making an all-out effort in the present campaign but is doubtful whether it can be won by arms alone. Hence the attempt to spread defeatism among the Russians by exaggerated claims and to impress on Britain and America that it is already too late to send material help. No doubt this propaganda campaign is also tuned to the mood of the German people. It is probably becoming increasingly hard to disguise the number of casualties suffered in the Russian war, and it is therefore important to offset this depressing fact by encouraging the belief that the fighting is nearly over and the promised land in sight.

★

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT HAS STATED that it is compiling dossiers on Germans responsible for murder and oppression in the occupied lands. We can hardly hope that this action will influence the behavior of men like Reinhard Heydrich, the Butcher of Prague, but the news may serve as a warning to their few collaborators in the occupied countries, and it will help to cheer those who are putting up such a stout resistance. The spirit of revolt is not being quenched by the Gestapo's reign of terror. There are reports that

in Norway, where patriots have hitherto confined themselves to passive resistance and sabotage, one or more guerrilla bands are now operating against German communications. In Yugoslavia the *Chetniks* are waging almost a full-scale war and have forced the Germans and Italians to abandon some of their positions and to concentrate in the larger towns. Among the many reports is one of a battle at Sabac, where a large force of Germans succeeded in capturing the town only after five assaults in which dive-bombers, artillery, and tanks were employed. And even then the Serbians, fighting a tenacious rearguard action, were able to withdraw most of their men in safety. The turbulent state of Yugoslavia must be seriously impeding Nazi plans for the economic exploitation of that country. Before its invasion of Yugoslavia last spring Germany drew from it important quantities of goods and minerals. In dividing the spoils with Mussolini Hitler kept for himself the most economically valuable provinces, but thanks to the courageous opposition of the population, it is probable that he has gained less in loot than he lost in trade.

★

THE TURKISH-GERMAN TRADE AGREEMENT, signed at Ankara on October 9, turned out to be a rather surprising diplomatic setback for the Reich. Although many of the details of the treaty have not been revealed, the quantities of products to be exchanged are small. Germany was particularly anxious to obtain substantial amounts of chrome ore for its munitions industries, but Turkey flatly refused to break its agreement with Britain allotting that country the whole of its 1941 and 1942 production. The Nazis then demanded, as a minimum, 150,000 tons of the metal, or approximately half of the 1943-44 production. This also was refused by the Turks, and the Germans finally settled for 90,000 tons, to be delivered over a two-year period starting in 1943. Even this limited amount is not to be shipped unless Germany turns over 18,000,000 lire worth of German war materials before the end of 1942. Since the bargain is obviously of little value to the Nazis, the question arises why they troubled to make it. Possibly the German economy is in such a straitened condition that Hitler no longer dares ignore even petty gains.

★

THE BLOODLESS REVOLUTION IN PANAMA has removed from office one of the outstanding pro-Nazi politicians of Latin America, Dr. Arnulfo Arias, who since he became President a year ago has been attempting to remodel the small republic on a totalitarian basis. The new President, Ricardo Adolpho de la Guardia, has declared that he intends to govern in accordance with democratic principles and that he will collaborate in the defense of the continent, maintaining "the greatest re-

spect for contractual obligations with the United States." The full story of the revolution is not known as we write. It appears that early in the morning of October 7, less than twenty-four hours after his Cabinet had taken a slap at the United States by prohibiting the arming of ships on the Panama registry, Dr. Arias, using an assumed name, quietly boarded a plane and flew to Cuba. When his absence became known, some of his colleagues in the government decided that he had vacated his post by leaving the country and took steps to appoint a new President. German propagandists are already blaming Washington for engineering the overturn of Arias, but the State Department seems to have been genuinely taken by surprise. Perhaps some credit, however, should be given to Raymond Gram Swing, who on the evening of October 7 broadcast a remarkable exposure of the pro-Axis tendencies of the ex-President.

★

THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN MEXICO AND our own government is a fair one and should do much to dispel the suspicion and hostility that have long impaired the relations of the two countries. Mexico will make a cash payment in settlement of claims arising from the expropriation of land by previous administrations. While the larger problem of arriving at a settlement with Standard and other oil companies has not been solved, Mexico has offered to make a \$9,000,000 payment on account. For its part, the United States will advance \$30,000,000 for completion of the Pan-American highway and other roads needed for hemispheric defense, and utilize the stabilization fund to protect the value of the peso. We are also pledged to increase our purchases of Mexican silver. A comprehensive trade agreement is expected to be concluded in the near future. The significance of the accord between North America's two great republics can best be appreciated if one recalls the sharp, uncompromising notes that were exchanged between the two governments only two or three years ago. It is true that our oil companies are still wholly unrealistic in their claims on the Mexican government, but now that this agreement has been reached they may find it to their advantage to whittle down their demands to a reasonable basis.

★

"THE ROTTENEST CONTRACT EVER SIGNED by the government with anyone" is the way Senator Harry S. Truman characterized the agreement between Jesse Jones and the Aluminum Company of America in an interview recently with the independent and hard-hitting St. Louis *Star-Times*. Senator Truman, who deserves the nation's gratitude for the work he has done as chairman of the Senate committee inquiring into defense, says he will recommend abrogation of the contract. This week we publish the final article of I. F. Stone's series

on the Alcoa contract. The first two were called to the attention of the House last week and inserted in the *Congressional Record* by Congressman Walter M. Pierce of Oregon, one of the Northwest's leading progressives. With Congressmen Coffee and Leavy of Washington, Congressman Pierce has fought to keep control of the great new power projects in the Northwest in the hands of the people and to break monopolistic barriers to the exploitation of its resources for defense. We are sorry that Congressman Jerry Voorhis of California, who is usually with them, saw fit to deliver a half-hearted defense of the RFC during discussion of the Alcoa contract and the articles on the floor of the House. Voorhis thought that but for the "patriotic action" of men in the RFC the contract might have been worse. We suppose Alcoa might also have been given, along with the other concessions, a second mortgage on the White House.

✱

FEDERAL JUDGE FRANCIS J. CAFFEY'S decision in the government's anti-trust suit against the Aluminum Company of America could hardly have been more satisfactory to the company if it had been written by one of its own press agents. We not only disagree with the decision and hope Thurman Arnold will be permitted to appeal it, but we find some of the Judge's more sentimental disquisitions more than we can stomach. The fact that Arthur V. Davis started with the company as a laborer in overalls "and not infrequently was forced to whistle for his pay" may prove something—perhaps the need for stricter wage-payment laws—but we can't see that it has anything to do with the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Judge Caffey finds that there is plenty of bauxite and plenty of water-power and therefore no monopoly of aluminum, which is made from a combination of the two. By the same reasoning, the Dow Chemical Company had no monopoly of magnesium because there is plenty of brine in the sea from which to make magnesium. Judge Caffey thinks some of the complainants against Alcoa were "wishful thinkers." Fear of being cited for contempt of court restrains us from adding a candidate of our own to the list.

✱

THE RESTRICTIONS PUT ON NON-DEFENSE building by the Supply Priorities and Allocation Board are bound to cause considerable hardship, no matter how liberally the order is enforced. Needed home building and private construction will be curtailed and tens of thousands of building-trades employees thrown temporarily out of work. Yet the restrictions are essential if the defense program and aid to the countries resisting aggression are to be stepped up to the necessary level. We can only wish that the OPM had recognized the problem earlier. We cannot forget that less than a year

ago OPM experts were saying that our supplies of aluminum and steel were adequate for the emergency. Automobile production, which consumes vast quantities of steel, chromium, aluminum, and other strategic metals, was allowed to proceed undisturbed until two months ago. The present restrictions were probably inescapable; the blunders of the OPM have not only intensified the need for civilian sacrifices but have retarded the entire defense program.

✱

THE CURRIER CASE—INVOLVING A COMPANY of that name whose bid for constructing 300 defense houses in Michigan was rejected by the Office of Production Management though it was 44 per cent lower than the next lowest bid—is being whipped up into a simple political scandal. As a matter of fact, the real issue is the very complicated one of technological advance and its relation to employment. The great majority of construction workers in this country belong to the craft unions of the American Federation of Labor; they have a vested interest in the old method of building houses for the understandable, though shortsighted, reason that it means more jobs for such craftsmen as bricklayers and carpenters. They oppose prefabrication for the same reason that they have in the past supported the use of bricks rather than steel. It is easy enough to say that since the labor cost of prefabrication is so much less than that of building on the site, the OPM should disregard the A. F. of L., risk its threats of nation-wide strikes, and accept such bids as that of the Currier Company. Instead, Sidney Hillman last year made an agreement with the A. F. of L. building trades by which the unions undertook to prevent strikes and Mr. Hillman agreed to establish minimum standards and set up a board to settle disputes. It is this agreement that is now being challenged by Thurman Arnold, on the ground that it amounts to giving the A. F. of L. a monopoly, and by the Currier Company. There is also a jurisdictional dispute involved. The employees of the Currier Company are members of a building-trades union, the United Construction Workers, a C. I. O. affiliate organized by A. D. Lewis, brother of John L. Its wage scales are reported to be lower than those of the A. F. of L. unions, and in general its policy seems to be primarily to undermine the A. F. of L. even at the price of giving unwarranted concessions to employers.

✱

PREFABRICATED HOUSING IS IN THE CARDS. But we agree with John M. Carmody that the sudden shift to prefabrication would involve a revolution in the building industry; it would also involve devastating strikes and at least temporary unemployment. We think the A. F. of L. is wrong in opposing prefabricated housing; and neither the taxpayer nor the consumer should be compelled to bear the cost of that opposition. On the

other hand, we can understand why Sidney Hillman was eager to stabilize the relations between OPM and the dominant unions in the field. The problem can only be resolved, in our opinion, by a carefully and coolly devised program providing for the introduction of prefabrication at a pace which would cushion the hardships of technological unemployment. Such a program would take into account the interests of the craft-union workers, the consumer, and the taxpayer; and it would give short shrift to jurisdictional disputes. ✕

THE ARREST OF GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK after his indictment by a federal grand jury should put an end to the long and improbable career of the most successful German propagandist in this country. Viereck was no Nazi hack grinding out Jew-baiting leaflets in the back room of a Yorkville beer hall. As a matter of fact, it was exactly because he was not a genuine Nazi at all that he proved so valuable to Hitler. The son of a well-known German socialist, he developed a passionate desire to mingle with and be part of the Prussian aristocracy. During the World War he gave up what might have been a literary career of some distinction and became editor of several pro-German propaganda sheets. His faith persisted after the war, and he kept on publishing one of these papers until 1927. When the Nazis came to power, he went along. For the last eight years he has been editing the smooth productions of the German Library of Information, and, perhaps more important, he has been dressing up Nazi propositions and selling them to magazines of immense circulation. An amiable and polished operator, he has been used by the Nazis to win support, not among the Coughlinite rabble, but among isolationist Congressmen and wealthy appeasers. The story of his connections should make interesting reading; it should also earn him a long retirement. ✕

FOR YEARS NOW THE GENTLEMEN IN THE British Foreign Office and the American State Department have been flirting with that old gallant, General Franco, in the hope of winning him away from his fierce guardians, Hitler and Mussolini. The British seem to have realized at last that their serenades under the Spanish balcony of the New Order are a waste of breath and they have actually been so ungentlemanly as to refuse visas for Bermuda to four Mexicans who were invited to Madrid by Franco to take part in the Council of Hispanidad. The council was sponsored by the Spanish Phalanx and was avowedly called to map out a totalitarian propaganda campaign for the Western Hemisphere. One of the jobs of the State Department is to combat such propaganda, and one might think that Franco's blatant move would have been checked. But the four Mexicans had no trouble getting American transit visas.

Split Hairs and Tapped Wires

THE Attorney General of the United States is supposed to enforce the law. At a recent press conference Attorney General Biddle said he would permit Department of Justice agents to tap wires in four classes of cases. These four classes of cases—espionage, sabotage, kidnapping, and extortion—are the classes specified in HR 4228, the bill sponsored by the Department of Justice to legalize wire-tapping. That bill was defeated. Do the Attorney General and the Department of Justice regard themselves as above the law?

Mr. Biddle seeks in advance to clear himself of the charge of official lawlessness. He splits a very fine hair. The law which forbids wire-tapping makes it a criminal offense to "divulge and publish" any information obtained in that way. "The question is," Mr. Biddle said at his press conference, "what is meant by 'divulge and publish.' I cannot think that by these words Congress intended to prevent an agent tapping wires in an espionage case and reporting to his superiors. . . ." In our opinion if Congress did not mean that, it would have said so. In libel law the mere dictation of a libelous letter to a secretary has been held to constitute "publication." The tapping of a wire and the reporting of information so obtained to an FBI or Department of Justice official is certainly "divulgence."

One need not split this hair with Mr. Biddle. The law also forbids the "use" of any information obtained by wire-tapping. If the information cannot be used, why tap the wires? Or does the Department of Justice intend to use the information in violation of the law? The truth is that the department has been violating the law for some time. The discovery of wire-tapping in the Bridges case confirms current gossip in Washington of the widespread use of wire-tapping and the unguarded admissions of it made from time to time by officials. The FBI is not the only agency doing it. Naval Intelligence has also been reliably reported to be tapping wires.

Mr. Biddle's statement may be a bold effort to take the offensive before new embarrassing revelations are made. He has already shown by his inaction on the proved wire-tapping in the Bridges case by FBI men that he does not intend to enforce the law in his own department. As an interpreter of the law, he also leaves much to be desired. Before the Senate Judiciary Committee on September 3 he testified that the present law applies only to foreign and interstate communications. The second clause of Section 605 of the Communications Act and the Supreme Court's decision in *Weiss v. U. S.* show that the law applies to intrastate telephone calls as well.

Does the Department of Justice intend to obey the

law or doesn't it? Is the department run by the Attorney General or by J. Edgar Hoover? Mr. Biddle indicated that Mr. Jackson relaxed the department's rule against wire-tapping "and that he would follow Jackson's policy." Mr. Jackson admitted only one case of wire-tapping after March 15, 1940, and assured press and public that he would henceforth forbid any wire-tapping. On September 3, a few weeks after it was revealed that FBI agents had tapped Harry Bridges's telephone in New York, Mr. Biddle assured the Senate Judiciary Committee that he had not changed this rule. Now he indicates that he will authorize wire-tapping by the FBI provided the information is "divulged" only to superior officers.

Since the FBI, in enforcing the Hatch Act against Communists, has held a knowledge of anthropology suspicious and a reading of *The Nation*, *PM*, or the *New Republic* evidence of subversive tendencies, we shudder to think of what its agents will do with this new authorization. We hope Mr. Biddle will be called to account in Congress and taught that the first duty of an Attorney General is to obey the law himself.

China on the Offensive

DURING the past few weeks there has been greater military activity in China than at any other time since the fall of Hankow in 1938. Late in September the Japanese launched two major drives on cities which had held out against them through four and a quarter years of war. The first was directed against Changsha, capital of the rich rice-producing province of Hunan, in many respects the most important Chinese city not in Japanese hands. It will be recalled that an effort was made to take the city immediately after the capture of Hankow and that a panic-stricken Chinese general ordered large sections of the city burned. But the Japanese failed to reach the city either on that occasion or in 1939, when a second major effort was made. The operations this year were on a much larger scale than in either of the previous years. According to the Chinese, the invaders crossed the Milo River north of Changsha in four columns, employing some 100,000 troops. They were permitted to advance to within five or six miles of the city, then were attacked simultaneously from the front and from both flanks. The Japanese succeeded in gaining a foothold in the town but were thrown back and forced ultimately to retreat some ninety miles.

This drive was quickly followed by a second—against Chengchow. In the spring of 1938, after capturing Hsuechow, the Japanese were prevented from taking the strategic railway center of Chengchow when the Chinese broke the dykes on the Yellow River. Chengchow is the point at which the east-west Lunghai railway—running to Sian—crosses the north-south Peiping-Hankow rail-

way. Like Changsha it had resisted all attacks. But now the Japanese have succeeded in taking it, although they admit that the Chinese are counter-attacking within five miles of the city.

The news of Chengchow's fall had scarcely reached Tokyo when it became known that the Chinese had started a drive against Ichang—the most important Yangtze River port between Hankow and Chungking. Chinese attacks are also reported against Shasi, sixty miles down river from Ichang, and against Sinyang and Suhsien. These moves are part of the first full-scale Chinese offensive to be launched since the beginning of the war. Its success is still in doubt. Ichang was actually held for three days, but the Chinese forces were compelled to evacuate the city after the Japanese, according to Chungking dispatches, attacked it with gas and aerial bombs. The attempt to recapture Chengchow, however, is being pressed home. Whatever the outcome of this campaign, the significant fact is China's ability to take the offensive. As the tragic ending of the Spanish war so clearly showed, successful defense is rarely enough to win a war. The Japanese army is not likely to evacuate China willingly; it will have to be thrown out. The armies of Chiang Kai-shek have not yet the equipment to do this, but if they are given tanks, airplanes, artillery, and other weapons in sufficient quantities, there is every reason to believe that they can finish the job.

Any assistance that we give to China should pay immediate dividends in preventing Japan from attacking the British in Burma and Singapore or the Soviets in Siberia. With American, Dutch, and British oil cut off entirely, Japan is likely to find itself increasingly busy merely holding the territory it has overrun in China.

Congress and Russia

BY FRED A KIRCHWEY

THE only good thing that is coming out of the slaughter in Russia is a mood of desperation. America acts only when it is in the grip of such moods. Disasters are the fuel that set this country in motion. As the Nazi lines on the newspaper maps bulge toward Rzhev and Vyazma and Kalnya and Chern, forming deep scallops converging on Moscow, as the wave of fighting sweeps through the south toward the coal of the Donetz basin and the oil of the Caucasus, the terrible urgency of the crisis begins to stir even the sluggish imaginations in Washington. No longer can Congressmen take comfort in the solid resistance of the Soviet armies while debating the propriety of encouraging godlessness with American tanks. The Russian armies are in retreat. They are fighting like heroes; they are forcing the Germans to pay an admittedly heavy price for every foot gained; they are, as far as we know, holding their

ranks as they fall back. But they are in retreat on every front except that around Leningrad. And the House of Representatives by a large majority has passed the new lend-lease appropriation of almost \$6 billion, and the bill is expected to go through the Senate this week with only a little more difficulty. The measures introduced in both houses to amend the neutrality law according to the President's request of last Thursday are expected to meet greater opposition, and the America Firsters have promised a hot campaign against the amendment, but no one seriously doubts that it will also be adopted. For the moment, at least, the Congress is shocked out of its chronic state of anxious indecision. Even though Hitler's armies are heading east, the fall of Moscow would echo louder in the marble corridors of the Capitol than anything that has happened since the defeat of France.

But that is not saying much; at best it is a silver lining of poor quality. In spite of the urgency of the President's warning he dared not ask for the repeal of the Neutrality Act as a whole or even for the repeal of Section 2 prohibiting American ships from going into war zones. He recommended to the "earnest and early attention" of Congress the "correction" of other provisions of the law, but he limited his request for action to Section 6, which prohibits the arming of American-flag ships engaged in foreign commerce. The repeal of this single provision marks the limit of Congressional tolerance according to the expert estimate of the President and the party leaders of both houses. Undoubtedly he will follow the adoption of this amendment with a recommendation of further action. But the fact that this single, extremely small step is all he thinks it wise to propose at this moment is a depressing revelation of the capacity of our representatives to grasp the crisis we face.

I believe, as I have always believed, that the inertia of Congress, which reflects while it exaggerates the inertia of the country, should be dealt with more courageously. I don't question the accuracy with which the President registers its mood; I disagree with his judgment as to how that mood should be met. He plays safe when he should be bold. He is too good a politician to be as good a leader as he should be. With Hitler's bloody triumphs to help him, he could, I believe, have demanded total repeal of the Neutrality Act. The isolationists would have made more noise; they might have created delay and given the Nazi press some defeatist items to gloat over; they could not have prevented repeal. And even the delay would have been less than may now result from the step-by-step tactics the President and his advisers have chosen to adopt.

When Mr. Roosevelt told Congress "solemnly" that if Hitler's present military plans are successful "we Americans shall be forced to fight in defense of our homes and our freedom in a war as costly and as devas-

tating as that which now rages on the Russian front," he spoke a truth so appalling that it would have fully justified a request for a declaration of war. Surely, on the basis of such a warning, he could at least have demanded the wiping out of a law which embodies a concept so grotesquely unreal as that of American neutrality. If he had done so he would have had a fight on his hands, it is true; but he has not always dodged fights, even losing ones. And this one he would not have lost.

Meanwhile goods will flow to Russia in what the President calls a "constant stream." Already, he tells us, the kinds and quantities of material promised for October will be shipped on schedule. And Lord Beaverbrook, in a remarkable report on the British-American mission to Moscow, expressed absolute confidence in the will and capacity of the two nations to supply Russia's growing needs. This is heartening and not to be entirely discounted. But lurking in the minds of all who have watched Nazi progress during two years of war are two disturbing questions. Can the democracies, slow to move, divided, impeded by distance and difficult communications, pressed by the still unfulfilled needs of Britain, possibly give Russia what it must have—the "30,000 tanks" so hopefully promised by Beaverbrook and proportionate quantities of other weapons? Can the British launch anywhere an offensive strong enough to ease the pressure on the eastern front until substantial help can reach the Soviets? These questions do not answer themselves. The best—though belated—efforts of Britain and the United States may not suffice to get supplies to Russia before the equipment of the Soviet armies is exhausted. As for an offensive, the British obviously have not dared attempt one. Even in North Africa their troops have made no move during the precious months of Nazi advance in Russia. Undoubtedly they have been reorganizing their forces and preparing to meet the next German drive, but they have shown no signs of intending to take the initiative. Nothing is more dangerous than to play the desk-chair strategist; it may be that the only possible course for Britain was one of inaction. But if that is the fact, it is a most alarming fact. It means Hitler has no second front to worry about, except that created by the R. A. F.; it means Britain is too weak to start an offensive even though major strategy may urgently demand one. And if the facts are different—if the British have held back out of timidity or lack of realistic leadership—then the crisis is even more acute. Russia is not going to win this war alone. It must have quick and decisive help from Britain and from the United States or it will go under; and if it is defeated, the position of the United States, not to mention Britain, will be desperate—as the President clearly told Congress.

Is it not time our representatives thought in terms larger than the amendment of a single section of a single act?

Making Defense Safe for Alcoa

BY I. F. STONE

III

Washington, October 8

WHEN G. R. Gibbons, senior vice-president of the Aluminum Company of America, was before the Truman committee last May, he was asked about the famous press release in which Stettinius had assured the country we had ample aluminum. At the time the Stettinius statement was issued, Alcoa was already unable to fill orders promptly. "Reading that release," Hugh Fulton, counsel of the committee, asked Gibbons, "in the light of what you have testified as to the facts which the Aluminum Company then knew, if it saw that release, it knew that release was not correct, did it not?" Gibbons was evasive, arrogant, and smug. "I might have seen the release," he replied, "and thought it was quite correct because I might have thought the war would be over in three months, in which case there would be more than enough aluminum for civilian needs." He went on to ask a rhetorical question which reveals the attitude of mind of Alcoa in approaching the problem of defense. "Suppose," Gibbons asked, "England was immediately conquered, as it looked very much as though it would be at times, and the war should suddenly subside, where would we land?" The "we" is not you and I, who would "land" in a situation where aluminum would be cheaper and more plentiful than it ever was before, but the Aluminum Company of America.

It may be that Alcoa feels the same way today. It may be that its officials have been talking the same kind of "realistic" defeatism to Jesse Jones. I was told in a responsible quarter that Jesse Jones believes there may soon be a "negotiated peace," a euphemism for a Nazi victory. Whether the story is true or not, Jones has certainly played his part in holding up our aluminum program. Congressman Walter M. Pierce of Oregon, one of the few members of the House with the courage to criticize the RFC head, recently translated the delay into terms of planes. "To date," he said on September 23, "137 days, or 37½ per cent of a year's production, have been wasted in the effort to protect Alcoa's monopolistic position. On 235,000 kilowatts, this is equivalent to 50,000 tons of aluminum. One light fighter takes 5 tons of aluminum and a bomber 30 tons. This delay is the equivalent of 10,000 fighters or 1,665 bombers." The clatter of pots and pans has helped to distract attention from the dilatory procedure of the RFC and the OPM. The pots-and-pans campaign brought in 11,500,000

pounds of aluminum, which is equal to about one week's production when and if the promised 600,000,000-pound expansion program gets under way.

The war in which millions are bleeding on the Russian plain and millions more await renewed assault in the British Isles is not the war which concerns Alcoa. Alcoa is concerned with "where do we land?" Abroad it has been forced to give hostages to Hitler in the shape of its investments in Norway, Germany, the Low Countries, France, Spain, Italy, and the Balkans. If Hitler wins, Alcoa must do business with the conqueror. It is subject to his reprisals. At home Alcoa must make sure that if we win the war Alcoa does not lose its control of aluminum. The war which is of primary concern to the international Mellon aluminum empire is the war to maintain its possessions abroad and its power over the precious light metal at home. In the prosecution of this private war Alcoa has had the cooperation of Jesse Jones, of the OPM, and of the War Department. The War Department last year sent a delegation to Secretary Ickes to ask him not to grant Bonneville power to Reynolds Metals, Alcoa's competitor. W. Averell Harriman accompanied the delegation, and War Department engineers have cooperated with Alcoa engineers in picking the sites it preferred in the Northwest. The American people may some day pay a terrible price for a state of affairs in which the defense of their country is subordinated to the defense of Alcoa.

With competing plants about to be financed by the government, how does Alcoa intend to maintain its control over aluminum? The first answer is that it intends to delay the construction of these plants as long as it can. The second, as I showed in my previous articles, is that Alcoa intends to operate new government plants as a yardstick in reverse. Costs will be so padded as to keep the price of aluminum high, and allow a wide margin of profit on Alcoa's low-cost plants. The third answer is that Alcoa intends to make alumina its second line of defense. Bauxite is first made into alumina, then alumina into aluminum. Two pounds of alumina are required for every pound of aluminum, and Alcoa, with the aid of the OPM and Jesse Jones, will fight to prevent any other company from making the alumina needed for the new 600,000,000-pound expansion program. The contract between Jesse Jones and Alcoa calls for a 400,000,000-pound alumina plant, enough for 200,000,000 pounds of aluminum. The contract provides that alumina made in this new government-owned alumina

plant cannot be sold to the new government-owned aluminum plants except at a price satisfactory to Alcoa, and no surplus alumina can be sold to anyone else except on Alcoa's terms. The OPM has recommended the construction of another 600,000,000 pounds of alumina capacity to Jones, and the same provision will almost certainly be in the new contract unless protest is strong. Control of alumina would enable Alcoa to control its new competitors in aluminum.

Alcoa is fighting not only to control alumina but to maintain its near-monopoly in bauxite by hampering the development of methods to extract alumina from our huge alunite deposits in the Northwest and from low-grade alumina-bearing clays in the South. In this it has the cooperation of the OPM and the RFC, and I intend to go into this aspect of the aluminum problem on another occasion. Alcoa is also trying to get the job of building any aluminum plants to be operated by competitors and to pick the sites for these plants. One may reasonably suspect that both the methods of construction and the choice of the site may be affected by Alcoa's own interests. Some of its potential competitors seem to think so, too, and while the OPM claims that it does not care who constructs the new aluminum plants, there was a significant note of annoyance in Bunker's testimony on the Olin Corporation. The Olin Corporation is supposed to be one of Alcoa's competitors under the 600,000,000-pound expansion program. Bunker is the \$60,000 a year executive of the Lehman Corporation now dollar-a-yearing for the OPM on aluminum and magnesium.

"So far, I think the Olin Corporation will have to make up its mind whom they want to design that plant," Bunker told the Truman committee. "We came to an agreement in the middle of June that they wanted the Aluminum Company to design and construct that plant. Since that time, about the first of August, they secured the services of a Norwegian named Sjoeli, and they now feel they would rather have him design it." If the Olin Corporation wants the Norwegian engineer to do the job, why did Bunker say it would have to "make up its mind"? Did he mean "make up its mind" to let Alcoa build the plant? Did the Olin Corporation pick Alcoa originally, or did the OPM suggest that it had better let Alcoa do the construction—or else? That the agreement was not entirely voluntary was indicated by a later passage in Bunker's testimony. "I told them [Olin]," he said, "I had made this arrangement with the Aluminum Company, that if they wished it they could avail themselves of their services on a no-fee basis, for design, construction, and training of their employees. . . . They were delighted." The design and construction of the Olin plant is especially important to Alcoa because it will use alunite in the making of aluminum. Another passage in the testimony indicates that the Olin Corporation was not

always as "delighted" as Mr. Bunker imagined with the arrangements made for it by Alcoa.

"You get the picture, Mr. Bunker, as the committee, I believe, saw it . . .," Senator Mead said. "This site [for the Olin plant] near the water was picked out as a very economical site, having in mind shipping facilities and so forth . . . and it was agreed it was an ideal site. . . . Mr. Chadwick [an OPM employee] came out with an Aluminum Company engineer as his adviser, and they didn't get out of the car, they just drove by and vetoed the site, and then Mr. Chadwick agreed it would go over on higher land where it would be expensive to operate, and where probably after the emergency was over it couldn't stand the competition with other competitive companies." Br. Bunker's answer was cold. "I naturally don't know," was all he said, "whether Mr. Chadwick got in or out of a car at any point because I wasn't there."

Alcoa wants to make sure that the government-owned plants it operates will not be able to undercut its own plants by obtaining cheaper power. Alcoa has a plant at Vancouver where power costs \$17.50 a year per kilowatt of capacity. If its new Bonneville plant were established at Cascade Locks, it would get power at \$14.50 per installed kilowatt. Despite the most strenuous objections from Secretary Ickes, Jesse Jones a few days ago agreed to allow Alcoa to establish its new plant at Troutdale, Oregon, twenty-five miles away, where power will cost it \$17.50 per kilowatt. Either Bonneville or the RFC will have to spend an extra \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000 for new transmission lines and other facilities to get the power to Troutdale. These lines will use up more precious copper, of which there is a shortage, and their construction will consume more time, of which there is a greater shortage. Bonneville estimates that it could supply power to a plant at Cascade Locks in six to nine months, but that it may take fifteen months to supply power to Troutdale. Power will cost \$300,000 a year more at Troutdale than it would at Cascade Locks. Alcoa comes first, defense second.

I believe the story of the contract between Alcoa and Jesse Jones shows that defense is jeopardized and the security of our country endangered so long as the Houston banker holds the purse-strings of plant expansion. The President will some day bitterly regret the power he has given Jones over the defense program. Secretary Ickes's statement to the Truman committee is a dreadful prophecy we dare not ignore. "When the story of this war comes to be written," he said, "it may have to be written that it was lost because of the recalcitrance of the Aluminum Company of America. It is just as serious as that."

[This is the last of three articles on Alcoa. The first two were published in The Nation for September 27 and October 4.]

Imagination and the War

BY ROBERT BENDINER

IF ADOLF HITLER ever wins this war, fancy will have scored a monumental triumph over stuffiness.

From the moment the little Viennese psychopath came to power—an event that was in itself a monstrous improbability—each step he has taken has been precisely the step that our sober analysts assured us he could never take. And they always had reasons. When he sent his illicitly rebuilt Reichswehr illicitly into the Rhineland, the commentators showed just how and why this was as far as he could go. *Anschluss* with Austria was out of the question. The British and the French—and Mussolini, too, for that matter—would never dream of letting this barbarian take Vienna, the gateway to Southeastern Europe. And the blustering fellow knew it.

So Hitler took Austria.

That was bad, but the analysts and the umbrella statesmen were soon back at the old stand explaining that the Austrian affair could in no way be considered a portent of adventuring to come. After all, Austrians *were* Germans, and even liberal opinion in the West had always favored *Anschluss*. Hitler had obtained a signal victory at small expense and little risk, he had probably solidified his position at home, and naturally he would be satisfied. What more could he expect? Czecho-Slovakia? That was nonsense. You see, Czecho-Slovakia was the bastion of Eastern Europe, the keystone of the Versailles system. It was one thing for Hitler to take over the *Kaffeeeklatsch* Austrians and something else again to take on a country linked to France and the Soviet Union by the closest alliances; a country, moreover, that boasted the finest of the smaller armies of Europe. Why, even in the Austrian affair, which involved no resistance, it was well known that broken-down Nazi tanks lined the roads all the way to Vienna.

So Hitler took Czecho-Slovakia.

That was worse than bad; it was terrifying, and some of the analysts began to sound a different note. But they were still only a handful. Most of their colleagues and all the official dopesters know that Hitler had had a narrow escape. Europe had been brought to the brink of war, and the Führer's panic at the risk he had run would be enough to assure Peace in Our Time. For it was still clear to the analysts that Germany must above all avoid war. The country simply didn't have the resources. Even as matters stood, the German people were in a bad way. The arms economy had taken a dreadful toll of German health and man-power. There wasn't enough fuel to run automobiles, let alone a mechanized army. Grumbling

citizens were wearing paper overcoats and living on turnip tops, and there was no money left—what could Hitler do without money? Then, too, disaffection was rampant in the German army, and Hitler's generals would never again let the country in for a war on two fronts. Since Russia was the Nazis' arch-enemy and would of course be involved in any war from the start, Germany was obviously caught in a vise—unless, of course, it made peace in the West and turned on Russia.

So Hitler made peace with Russia and war on the West.

Once again Hitler had had a pretty good idea of what the world thought was impossible, or at least highly unlikely, and a shrewd notion that this very attitude rendered the most dubious undertaking a likely bet. The formula was surprise, and the Germans grimly set about applying it with that delicacy of touch characteristic alike of the Teuton and the bull. While the French steeled themselves for the coming shock by twiddling their thumbs behind the Maginot Line, practically nobody in the world thought of a German attack on Norway. Sweden, perhaps, because Germany needed the vital Swedish ores; and Denmark, very likely. But Norway was practically the coast of England. How would they ever get the troops necessary for invasion past the British fleet?

So Hitler took Norway, and the stupefied British could only mumble something about the Germans having missed the bus.

Thus it went, down to the one *volte-face* that for cynical imagination and rash implausibility could ever match the Nazi-Soviet pact—the Nazi-Soviet war. There had been prophets to spare who foretold the end of the great *mésalliance*, but it was always the Soviets that would some day wake up to the enormity of the union and turn on their pained and surprised partner. The reverse was unthinkable. The Siegfried of the anti-Comintern had embraced the dragon precisely in order to keep it mollified while he busied himself in another direction. Obviously he would not wheel around and poke the beast in the eye while he was still engaged in mortal combat—especially since the dragon had shown a gift for appeasing that made Chamberlain's efforts look miserly in comparison. That such a wild strategy promised certain advantages to the Germans occurred to no one simply because the whole idea was so preposterous. The gamble was terrific, the stakes of the highest. Hitler plunged—and the world gasped.

From this willingness to dare all, do all, and damn all has stemmed the belief in Nazi invincibility. People who are not at all fascist in sympathy shake their heads sagely—sometimes even sadly. "We may as well admit it," they say, "the Germans know what they want and they know how to get it. I don't like Hitler any more than you do, but what is there to stop him?"

Yet there is nothing dynamic, much less miraculous, about vowing eternal friendship for a country one day and hurling your legions against it the next, so long as you have the legions to hurl, their craven obedience to count upon, and the moral scruples of a tiger. Gangsters do that sort of thing every week in the year, and nobody has credited Lepke with riding the Wave of the Future. With no responsibility to people, parliament, or conscience, there is nothing in the way of imagination that a dictator need shy away from—save that which he may not be able to get away with. As to this qualification he is the sole judge and a good judge too—until he makes his first mistake. With each new success he can count on even blinder obedience for the next step, greater material strength to start out with, and a still more paralyzing awe on the part of prospective victims.

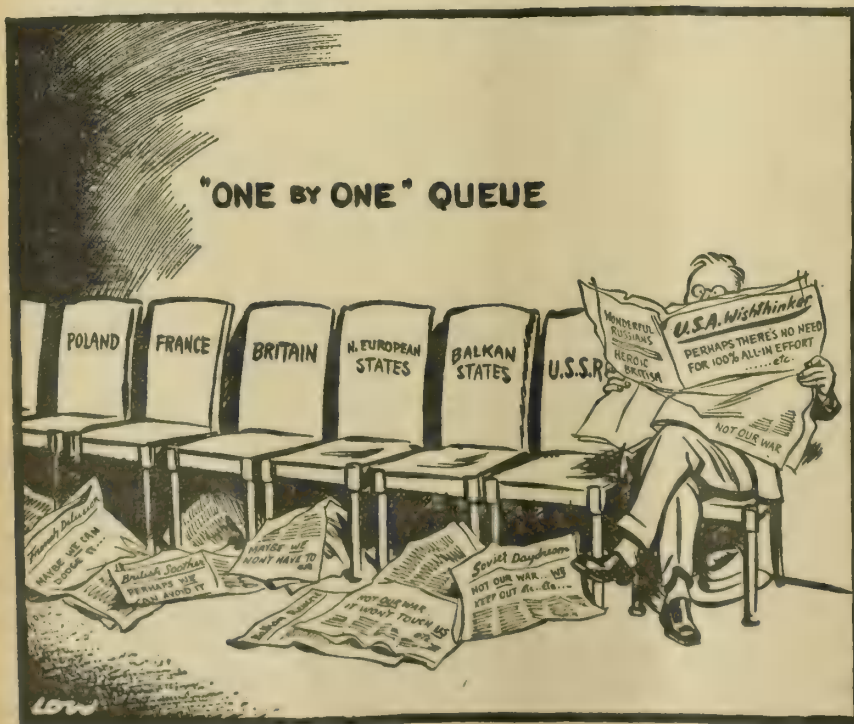
This is the essence of Nazi dynamism, as it is the essence of gangsterism. Both are capable of acting with a boundless imagination that may well be the envy and despair of those who are fettered by considerations of law or moral responsibility. But it is an envy that the democracies as such cannot indulge to the point of emulation without giving up the ghost. No self-respecting American wants his elected representatives to deal with Hitler on Hitler's terms. The price is far too high.

What, then? Is it to be pistol versus fly-swatter at

twenty paces? Hardly as bad as that. In the first place, imagination, however unbridled its use, is not to be confused with invincibility; on the contrary, it is a weapon with drastic limitations, to say nothing of a kick-back that may well knock out its employer before his victim. The beauty of imagination in high places is the response it awakens—the spirit it heightens in one's supporters and the grudging awe it evokes in the enemy. But this same spirit implies, to start with, a response to certain values, certain appeals, and however gross those values may be they cannot be extolled one moment and excoriated the next without doing some injury to morale. It may be imaginative to launch an international coalition against communism; having done so, it may be both imaginative and bewildering to swear abiding friendship for the fountain-head of communism and plunge a nation into war against "decadent capitalism"; having done both these things, it is certainly imaginative to whack up a world crusade against communism as the scourge of civilization—imaginative, yes, but also fatuous. Hitler consulted Barnum on the birth rate of suckers, but he completely missed Lincoln's advice on the limits of public gullibility.

What is worse, from the Nazi standpoint, is that these violent ideological shifts which enable Hitler to do the unpredictable tend to confuse his followers and lower their morale without in the least slaking their thirst, or his own, for bigger and better triumphs of the fancy. For there is no doubt that the drug is habit-forming and that it must be taken in stronger and stronger doses. While the acquisition of Austria, for example, was a thrill for the Nazis in 1938, the gain of the whole Balkan peninsula means next to nothing to the Nazis of 1941. They are jaded and ready for bigger things. This craving makes for rashness, for insane gambles; but there can be no stopping now: *Heute gehört uns Deutschland; morgen die ganze Welt.*

If the Wheelers and Lindberghs have their way, it is all too probable that Hitler will gain *die ganze Welt*. But if he doesn't, then he is done for entirely. That is the fatal weakness of Nazism; it must have all or nothing. It cannot stand still, much less suffer an unmitigated reverse. When it failed to take England on schedule it had to move against Russia; if it is stymied in Russia it will have to achieve a victory—some sort of victory—elsewhere. Perhaps in Rio de Janeiro, which the sober analysts will tell you is not Paris, which they told us was not Prague, which they told us was not Vienna,



which they told us was not Berlin. The British could be smashed in Flanders and in France and live to boast of Dunkirk; they could be routed in Greece and still keep their thumbs up in London. Hitler can afford no such luxury.

If imagination has limitations and dangers for Hitler, it does not follow that its use is denied to the democracies. Indeed, it is a *sine qua non* of their success. They need not—they dare not—bungle along, rationalizing their Dunkirks and waiting for the enemy to leap into a strait-jacket. Action is the only purpose and justification of national unity in a democracy, and, more than that, it is the only means of achieving such unity and avoiding the corrosion of domestic morale. The low state of mind that afflicts our training camps testifies to the fact that men who have been asked to abandon their normal pursuits for the sake of the public good will not cheerfully wait around month after month for something to turn up. If Nazism is menacing enough to American democracy to take a million men from their homes and their work, it is menacing enough to warrant frustrating it in every possible way, menacing enough to call for the most daring leadership, no matter what our status may be in terms of diplomacy.

Since the fall of France the democratic world has learned a good deal about the potent effects of imagination in high places. General Wavell's African campaign was worth everything it cost because it had the dash and initiative that were so sorely needed to brace the sagging spirits of the world. Even though the military implications of that campaign were never profound and its gains were soon to be wiped out, it was a marvelous tonic to read of the bold Fascisti tumbling over one another in hot haste to surrender, or scurrying across the desert sands to elude the "worn-out pluto-democrats" from Australia. After months of the too-little-and-too-late strategy, it was exhilarating to watch the British seize the initiative in Iraq, in Syria, in Iran.

In this same tradition of timely, imaginative action was Winston Churchill's speech on the occasion of Germany's assault on Russia. That speech, delivered without hesitation or equivocation, set the policy for a war-to-the-death against Nazism. If Churchill had waited a few days, if he had hedged, all might have been lost. A movement for making peace with the "crusaders against Bolshevism" might have gained the momentum needed to split British and American opinion beyond repair.

Closer to home, the American occupation of Iceland was one of those daring maneuvers that have come with too little frequency from the democracies, and its effects were highly instructive. If the President had blandly asked Congress to think about the advisability of our sending troops to Iceland, what might have been the results? Presumably Congress would in time have in-

dorsed the projected move, just as it has supported every other major step in the President's foreign policy, Mr. Lindbergh notwithstanding. But before 531 legislators had done their work on the measure, before their various committees had taken testimony from every schemer in the land, the Germans would certainly have taken measures to circumvent the move. In the meantime, the country would have been kept in a state of seething unrest, with the Firsters and their allies thumping the tub in every city and town, warning the people against the attempts of the warmongers to sneak this country into the conflict through the back door of Iceland, and so forth *ad nauseam*. What a lovely picture for fascist-minded Americans, what a delight to the eye of Dr. Goebbels! Then indeed would our marginal democrats, who are so impressed with the dynamics of fascism, have shaken their heads sadly over the bungling of democracy.

Instead of this dismal picture, we have American troops safely ensconced in Iceland, where, with the permission and cooperation of the Icelandic government, they fulfil the avowed will of this country to aid Britain and keep the Nazis from dominating the Atlantic; while on the home front the clearly executed maneuver, far from having torn the country, gave it a sorely needed fillip and won, in turn, a practically unanimous approval. Senator Wheeler did his best to make an issue of the move by blasting it in advance, even though it meant tipping off the Germans, but when he failed—he had his dates confused—he quickly decided that the move was unobjectionable from "a purely defensive standpoint."

Here, then, were two possible courses open to the Administration. Can there be any doubt which was the more honestly calculated to serve the purposes of democracy and demonstrate a healthy capacity for self-preservation?

The realm of imaginative action in this war has, on our part, scarcely been touched. In one way or another the Nazis must be checkmated at Dakar. Their every move must be anticipated in Brazil and throughout Latin America. The sea lanes to Britain must be kept open at any cost. And every conceivable device must be brought into play to strengthen the enemies of Hitler, East and West. Let these things be done with vigor, imagination, and a clean swiftness, and the deadly lethargy that chloroformed France and is just as surely settling down over this country will lift and allow us to breathe again.

Let the Administration give daring leadership: let it gamble, if you will, in a positive sense rather than take hazardous chances on the possibilities of lying low, and it will find behind it a country ready to act, a country less inclined to give an ear to every humbug who decries the "loss" of representative government while, knowingly or not, he does his damndest to eliminate it forever.

The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

II. The Dark Multitude

SUMMARY OF PART I. Italy's entry into the war breaks upon the Sicilian fishing village of San Filippo as a dark rumor. The fishermen are warned indirectly by Don Cataldo Margarone, the futile, anxious old harbor master, not to take the fleet out. But they go nevertheless, and earlier than usual. Their departure is an act of faith, an assurance to themselves that war will not come. The rumor becomes fact as the Fascist officer, Lieutenant Varchi, arrives in a coast-guard cutter. He loses no time in ousting Don Cataldo as harbor master. But the sardine fleet is already well on its way to the fishing grounds.

THE San Filippo fishermen made no pretense of going to the Black Teeth, but set their course at full speed of their motors for the fishing ground of previous nights. The spray flew high from their prows, for a northwest wind was ribbing the bay with darker blue and breaking the heads of the dying swell that undulated out of the south. Despite the strong breeze no one decided to hoist sail and economize fuel until they were a good three-quarters of a mile from the harbor mouth. Then the fishermen caught sight of a naval cutter hitting up spray close in shore, moving like a gull across the bases of the low cliffs. Everyone watched the cutter in silence and with increasing anxiety until at reckless speed it swerved sharply and darted into San Filippo harbor. The fishing fleet cut their motors and, opening the lateens, set course to make a long leg to the southeast. There was no point in haste, for if they were to be forbidden to fish they would soon be overtaken by such a fast-moving craft as the cutter. The few boats whose masts had been cut down to stumps and which traveled on motor power alone stood on the direct course and so drew away. The fishing fleet became silent, except for the glut and slap of water against the high prows. And this silence matched the watchfulness of the fishermen. The Archangel Michael was still riding in the bay. Presently her sail opened, and she moved out slowly. There had been no signal to remain in harbor, then.

The fishermen murmured among themselves. They were less resolute now. They still wished to profit by one more night's unhindered labor, but they also desired to be on land, where they might hear whatever news had been brought by the visitor. They gazed back uneasily at the town, whose red and brown tiled roofs had for centuries clustered around the vast church in similar crises. The

western sun shone fully upon the enormous stone-garlanded, martyr-sentined facade of Our Lady of Succor. At that hour the shadow of the church would have crept over Capraro's tavern yard, where the fishermen always gathered. It would be cool in the yard, sitting beneath the scanty foliage of Capraro's vine, with the gusts striking softly down from the great flank of the church. There they might have discussed the news, or, if the informer in Lisazzio's boat were present, at least they might have thought about it. And at six o'clock they could have listened to Capraro's radio. And had the rumor not been confirmed they could have called for jugs of Capraro's best Marsala in special celebration. They could have listened to the radio music or to Ferrarello the mandolinist, who for all his evil reputation and his fantastic, sneering tongue was an excellent musician. Today the Archangel Michael would have music if the men wanted it. Ferrarello made one of her scratch crew.

The wind died away and the whitecaps disappeared before the fleet arrived at the fishing ground, through the waters of which the old fishwise men, or the loquacious, opinionated men, said the migrant sardines were still moving. Though it was early, the men gathered round the fish wells for the evening meal as soon as they dropped anchor. As the wine and water traveled to and fro, the men conversed quietly, about the greater world, without animation. On other evenings not a political word would have passed. They would have discussed the price of fish, the possibility of their luck holding out, the patching of a roof, the sale of a house, a projected marriage, a quarrel, or a suspicious maneuver of Stefani, the fish-curer and general commission agent of the town. This evening, when the lamps had been lit and the light-boats rowed into their places, another event superseded the war itself as the theme of the fishermen's conversation. Two boats that for many years had not lain near each other, that before night fell had not even ridden side by side, were now within an oar's length of each other. The fishermen knew it because the two acetylene lamps of Santangelo's light-boat and the gasoline flare of Coppola's were moving apart. They were so close when the fishermen noticed them that they knew that Santangelo's Our Lady of the Rosary and Francesco Coppola's Purification lay in the darkness between. Once or twice, when the light-boats rose together on the swell, they even perceived the two fishing boats, faintly illuminated, between the moving hills of brilliant, light-pene-

trated water. Even at the extremities of the fleet, where it was not easy to distinguish light from light in the center's constellation, there was comment. In their minds men drew a line through the blackness from one light-boat to the other and nodded their heads. Neither on land nor sea did Santangelo and Coppola associate. Lisazzio, Santangelo's companion on land, though their boats were nowadays never moored side by side in harbor, himself tried to attract the attention of Andaloro, his brother-in-law and light-man, without waking the few risen fish from the soft effulgence of their dream around the lights. He whistled several times with increasing loudness and lit matches and cupped them in his hands and waved them. Andaloro had lain down in the bottom of the light-boat with a blanket over his head to shut out the glare. Then the motorman slapped Lisazzio's buttock, and he sat down. He had not noticed that a dense silver-gray cloud of fish was moving into the transparent gem of water around the light-boat.

Lisazzio sat side by side with his partner. With heads bowed and temples almost touching, they murmured about Santangelo's lying near Coppola. Francisco Coppola and Giovanni Santangelo, in the years just after the World War, though fishermen, had been political colleagues. After all opposition to the present regime had been crushed, they had deemed it wiser not to associate publicly.

In Lisazzio's boat it was not safe to discuss such a matter openly, for though the Fascio had not a single member among the fishermen, there were one or two *sbirri*. One of them, although he was a lazy and inefficient informer—for years there had been nothing to report—worked in Lisazzio's boat. When Lisazzio had discovered this he had at once abandoned his traditional mooring place in San Filippo harbor in the very center of the fleet on the western side and had taken a ring right underneath the harbor master's office. The *sbirro* had made no protest, but he had understood. It was pride that had made Lisazzio do this. He would not be cold-shouldered, and preferred to take this informer out of the circle of his friends. The informer, Lisazzio knew, would not understand what the nearness of the two boats meant; he had lived in the town only nine years.

The nearness of the boats was noticed throughout the fleet, particularly in the Archangel Michael. "It's the war they want to talk about," the senior partner, Nicolino Pirtuso, said. "Well, it makes a man think. What have we got to fight about?" Nobody paid much attention to him. Pirtuso was unpopular, not so much because of his quarrelsome temper as because with his loudness of voice went a great capacity for sliding out of trouble. And Nicolino invariably picked his man, and the occasion.

Paterno, for instance, was a meager-hearted fellow eternally bemoaning his fate. Nicolino bullied him without rest. And whenever Santangelo protested against some meddlesome ordinance of the authorities, and he had done this several times, Pirtuso always backed out, after loud-mouthed agreement. It was safe enough to criticize Rome and Italy's entry into the war out here in the Archangel Michael. It took a man like Maniscalco to speak out on land. The goatherd's outburst had been sheer lunacy, but no man could despise him.

"Look, the sardines are rising," Luca said without enthusiasm. Paterno would be dismal of soul if his nets brought up the golden crowns of a thousand kings.



Drawings by John Groth

"The sardines are rising," Ferrarello, the blasphemous, sneering mandolinist of San Filippo, sang nasally, to a scrap of melody from *Aida*. "He! little fishes, swim up to the thirty-four moons in the sky . . ." He leaned over the gunwale and peered into the sea. "Thousands, with their suitcases and their parcels, all packed up, going off to . . . Where are they going, Nicolino?"

"Who?" Nicolino said, staring at the strange fellow.

"The fish."

"They aren't rising yet."

"I see them. Millions of them. Mother of God in second pregnancy!"

"Just one or two. Not sardines. Wandering fish, swimming alone," Nicolino said, coming to Ferrarello's side and gazing into the dimly lit water. The light-boat was being towed at the end of fifty yards of line. Just then a soft whistle came from another boat. The fish were clustering around the motionless lights. At that moment there was a simultaneous exclamation from all the crew.

"Eh, traveling people, fish people," Ferrarello was saying, "all hurrying away to the west. Eh, millions and millions. Bundles on your backs, suitcases and parcels in your hands. Pushing handcarts. Some jackass has said there are lights somewhere in the darkness. Little dolts!"

"Ah!" Nicolino shouted behind him. An excited muttering broke out.

"What's the matter, Nicolino?" Filippo sat up. Nicolino's hand was pointed at the town.

"Well?" the mandolinist said, turning round. "Eh!" he exclaimed and stood up. The lights of San Filippo had gone out.

Luca began to whine unintelligibly. After several moments' thought Nicolino said:

"We'd better move out to the far end. We'll get more time when Don Cataldo comes out to call us back."

"Don Cataldo rides the waves to call the fishers back. Oh, pray for Don Cataldo," began Filippo in the heroic tones of a marionette theater recently in the town.

"Mouth shut," Nicolino snapped and proceeded to revile the mandolinist lengthily. The crew were silent.



Pirtuso was picking his man again. The motor could not be used because the fish were already clustering densely around the neighboring lights. They rowed for a while; then the lateen was quietly opened and the Archangel Michael made its silent way along the outskirts of the fleet to the very extremity. No one spoke except Filippo, who sneered at

the crew manifestly oppressed by thought of the war. The war had already changed every man's temper. At the end of an hour, when the fish were dense around the Archangel's light-boat, the crew again burst into imprecations. The lights at the far end of the fleet had gone out. The drone of a motor was heard.

"Put out the light," Luca said and whistled loudly.

"Be quiet," was Nicolino's answer. "Who cares for that old fool. He'll be arguing for hours yet with the other boats." Nevertheless, the lights of the fleet continued to go out, and Nicolino gave the order to unship oars. While they were drawing the net around the fish, the motor boat dashed down upon them.

"Damnation take you," Nicolino Pirtuso roared, holding the oar out of the water. The motor boat would scare the fish. A moment later they all rose to their feet and yelled blasphemously, even the ne'er-do-well landsman Ferrarello. The visitor, instead of veering off, was approaching the net itself.

"Mother of God, lay off," Luca whined, wringing his hands. The cutter, much swifter than Don Cataldo's little craft, swept through the net. A moment later its engine was cut off and the boat itself quickly lost speed. "Mother of God, you damned fool, you yellow-faced,

impotent old fool," Nicolino shouted and seized an oar furiously. The others did the same. When they ran the Archangel's prow against the cutter, Nicolino sprang forward and cursed the harbor master. "You've cut my net to shreds. God damn your leprous soul, Margarone," he yelled. Though the crew were also enraged, they were not impressed by Nicolino's defiance. It was not dangerous to be offensive to Don Cataldo, with such an excuse. It was like Nicolino to show valor at this moment.

"Your damned net has fouled our screw," another voice replied from the motor boat.

"Arrest that man!" The viciously spoken order rang out from the cutter's bows.

"Go on, try it, you gutless old idiot." Then Nicolino realized that he was not addressing Don Cataldo but a man dressed as a naval lieutenant. "Who—who are you?" he shouted.

"Ha! You've opened your eyes, have you!" the lieutenant said.

"Blazing hell, I've opened my eyes! Eh, hear him! I've opened *my* eyes. God damn you, couldn't you see you were cutting my net?" Nicolino leaped on to the cutter, astonishing the Archangel's crew. They had expected him to apologize at once and slide out of trouble with his customary skill. And though the ripping of the net could be held to justify his anger, his reckless conduct confounded all their suppositions concerning him. They lurched forward as if about to board the cutter.

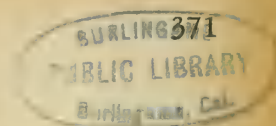
Usually nimble, Nicolino now blundered forward, as clumsy as a mad bull with its feet in a hurdle, thrashing his arms, spittle flying. "Rot your bowels," he yelled and pitched headlong among the lieutenant's men. They pinned him down at once. Lying on his side, his neck bent against a seat and so barely able to speak, he croaked, "If I had my own crew, son of a priest." Lieutenant Varchi did not hear the insult, and his crew, not understanding the fisherman's reference to his own men and alarmed at the thought of standing three against seven, did not report it. They allowed Nicolino to stand up. Gasping, pressing his bleeding cheekbone with his fingertips, he spat out words and bile together.

"Where do you think you're running your damned sniveling nose; where do you think I shall find another net?" His temper suddenly became even more violent. He choked with rage. Behind him his scratch crew, without solidarity, stood crowded into the Archangel's bows. At last he demanded, "Well, what have you got to say?"

"You would be wise to control your tongue," Lieutenant Varchi said. The fishermen were again astonished at hearing authority abdicate in this fashion.

"You scare away my fish and God's redemption, too. You rip my net into shreds. Womb of the Virgin, you tell *me* to be silent. We shall see, God's blood and blazing hell, we shall see." Pirtuso turned about, and scat-

[Continued on page 382]



Defense Changes America

BY ALDEN STEVENS

I. The New Technical Revolution

AS THE defense program grows, it slowly takes up the slack in employment. Already more persons are employed in the United States than ever before. With the total swelling steadily, it is perhaps unimportant that a new phenomenon, priorities unemployment, is developing at the same time, though at a definitely slower pace; Evansville, Indiana, and a hundred other towns built around washing machines or refrigerators or silk mills are having no boom but a depression. Leon Henderson has warned that two and a half million people may become victims of priorities unemployment—and two-thirds of the 3,073 counties in the United States have no defense contracts—but so long as the general employment curve is upward, there is a chance that these innocent bystanders will be reabsorbed.

When world peace is restored, however, if that time ever comes, a very large number of persons now in the armed forces and in defense industries are going to have to find new jobs. What kind of work will be available? Will there be agricultural work, factory jobs, construction? Under the influence of defense, observable changes are taking place in American industry and agriculture. What will be their effect on post-war employment? "Back to the land" is a simple slogan with an appealing sound. Let us explore its possibilities first.

Some 30,000,000 people live on 6,000,000 farms, and the mechanization of agriculture is a process familiar to all of us. The harvester-thresher combine, of which nearly 150,000 are now in use, handles more than half of our wheat crop. Rubber-tired tractors—faster, cheaper, easier to operate, and more generally useful—are coming rapidly into use; 75 per cent of all farm tractors built this year will be rubber-tired. With a good tractor and proper equipment to use with it an able-bodied man can run a fair-sized farm in most parts of the country practically single-handed. The mechanical corn-picker is economical now for harvesting 100 acres or more. A smaller, improved model is on the way. The mechanical cane-chopper is enormously promising and may displace many thousands of workers on the sugar plantations of the South. The cotton-picker has a long way to go before it can substitute for the cotton hand, but it cannot be asserted that its defects will never be overcome.

The effects of technological advance have long been felt on the farm, but they are being greatly accelerated

by the defense program. Last year the country was faced with the need to train and equip an army. It had to build camps and cantonments, nearly 200 of them; it had to build factories and dams and housing. Wages are high on construction jobs in boom times. A carpenter can make from \$75 to \$100 a week, and almost any farmer can make shift as a carpenter. He has had to know how to use tools and to work with wood and concrete in order to keep his machinery and buildings in order. He can make as much money in six weeks on a defense project as he has often made in a year. Money like that looks good to young men who have stayed on the farm only because they couldn't find anything else to do, and those that aren't drafted into the army are likely to be off after a construction job. A Congressional committee found 5,000,000 migrants on defense jobs, of whom nearly 1,000,000 came from farms.

When young Jones goes into the army or gets a job building a new powder plant, his father is left to run the farm. If the work wasn't mechanized before, it has to be now, because more machinery is the only thing that will make it possible for Jones, Sr., to do the work alone. Tractors, six-foot combines, pick-up hay-balers have never had bigger sales than they are having this year. If the cotton-picker and the corn-picker and the forage-harvester were perfected instruments they would be filling the country, too. Perhaps the farmer's boy building an army camp is sending home money to help buy some of this machinery. When he does this he may be cutting himself off from the farm forever, for he is buying the machinery that will displace him.

With human labor leaving the farm, the only alternative to mechanization is to cut acreage, and with \$1.20 wheat and 80-cent corn and 17-cent cotton there is no desire to do that. Besides, the whole world will need food from America during the next few years.

No other industry in America is developing so rapidly as the aircraft industry. Before the war planes had always been made pretty much by hand; there had never been a large enough demand for ships of a single design to justify the expense and long effort of creating a production line. The sudden urgent demand for an unlimited number of planes has started a process of expansion which will increase factory floor space threefold, the number of workers fivefold, and multiply fabulously the monthly production figures. Martin, Vultee, Douglas, Curtiss-Wright, all have well-oiled and prolific assembly

lines even now, and other companies are not far behind. As to the post-war outlook, the industry is certainly not going to stop growing, but when the need for military planes is cut off, production is going to drop, for a time at least. Later it may climb slowly again, but by that time mass-production of planes will be virtually universal, and fewer men than ever will be needed to produce them. Aircraft factories are likely to have too many ex-employees to be able to offer jobs to ex-soldiers.

In housing, mass production is also on the way. We have ordered 120,000 housing units for defense workers, and we are ordering more each month. "Not only has the prefabricated house received a much-needed shot in the arm from United States war preparations," says the *Architectural Forum*, "but its perennial twin, the demountable house, at long last seems to be making a serious bid for attention." At Indian Head, Maryland, 650 prefabricated houses are being built for the navy at an average cost of \$2,357 each. At least twenty-six firms are making prefabricated houses in substantial quantities. Many others are experimenting. With defense contracts in their pockets, the makers have the resources to iron out their production problems and are going right ahead. Plants now running are turning out wall panels with windows, pipes, and wiring already in place on a continuous moving belt, as many as twenty-three a day! The capacity of the industry, conservatively estimated, is already 25,000 houses a year and is growing fast, despite the opposition of the A. F. of L. craft unions. Ten-men crews are putting up houses in six to eight hours that would have taken six to eight weeks only two years ago, and the total number of man-hours, in factory and field, required to build a dwelling unit is dropping every month. These prefabricated houses are not rickety shacks which leak at the corners and creak in a windstorm; they are well-planned, substantial, practical houses.

Dean Walter R. MacCornack of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology suggested recently to the American Institute of Architects that one of the best ways to keep up employment after the war would be to recondition American cities. The cities certainly need it, and the Dean's suggestion is bold and sensible. But the most urgent need, even in cities, is for dwellings, and the larger the city, the more expensive it is to construct a family dwelling unit. The Red Hook project (USHA) in Brooklyn cost \$4,805 per apartment, \$1,148 per room, including land purchase. Prefabricated houses built on cheaper land are appearing like mushrooms for prices from \$2,000 to \$2,500—about \$500 per room. If we are serious about rehousing, it will be good sense to get away from the cities as much as we can and build more family units for the money available.

The gigantic defense housing program, the biggest building boom in American history, is providing only about 2 per cent of the number of dwelling units we

would need to rehouse our ill-housed "third of a nation." This makes it clear that there is only one possible way to rehouse America, and that is with cheap factory-made houses. But with the number of man-hours of work required per house being steadily reduced as mass-production gets under way, there are going to be fewer jobs in building after the war than now—unless this boom in housing not merely continues but increases fast enough to take up the slack caused by improved prefabrication methods. Furthermore, after the emergency we must be prepared for a slump in plant and factory construction, now proceeding at a dizzy pace.

In the manufacture of steel, mechanization and mass production have been carried perhaps as far as they can be, and for that reason the industry is worth looking at here. In western Pennsylvania and elsewhere, as recently as about five years ago, sheet and plate steel were made in the old hand mills—hot, crowded, roaring places, where men dextrously handled red-hot steel with tongs. Now only a few of these old hand mills are running, for the automatic strip mill can produce the same amount of steel at 20 per cent less total cost. (The labor cost on a 100-pound box of tinplate is said by the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee to be \$1.52 in a hand mill, \$.64 in a strip mill.) In the strip mill a three-ton rectangular ingot drops out of a furnace directly on to a long line of close-set, electrically driven rollers, which shoot it through heavy wringer-like presses until at the end of the line a minute later the ends are neatly clipped off and the long, thin, dull-red sheet is rolled up automatically and deposited on a moving belt. Men have not touched it during its transformation except perhaps to pull a loose end or an accidental scrap off the table. The few workers in the mill stand by the electric control switches. The place is nearly empty of human beings; it echoes with the clang of steel racing from furnace to freight car practically without attention.

Some steel-company officers say, in effect, "There is no such thing as technological unemployment. Technology makes more jobs, not fewer, because it makes possible new industries which employ more men to make new products." Thousands of ex-steel workers living on relief in Sharon, Newcastle, and McKeesport have other notions about the effect of the automatic strip mill on employment. And more strip mills are being built to replace the few remaining hand mills. If the demand for steel is less after the war, or even if it holds steady, the industry will be dropping men, not taking them on.

It is true that the long-range effects of technological advance are far from simple, and that new industries do sometimes develop to take up the slack in employment caused by labor-saving machinery elsewhere. It may be true, as many economists contend, that although technology temporarily reduces employment it will eventually increase it—more men are engaged in making and

servicing automobiles than ever made and serviced horse-drawn vehicles. Complicated factors enter here, some of which will be discussed in the next article of this series. But while hoping that these promised long-range benefits may be obtained, we cannot ignore the threat already here. The terrific demand for farm equipment is enabling manufacturers of new kinds of farm machinery to produce on a mass basis. Textile machinery is being revamped and brought up to date by the big army orders—methods were backward before the crisis. Food-packing machinery is being improved. In almost all industries the same pressure—to produce more goods with fewer workmen—coupled with the same golden opportunity—defense orders providing money for experiment and development—is resulting in the adoption of new labor-saving devices as fast as they can be designed and obtained. The same emergency that is bringing so many men back into our factories is making those factories more automatic and more efficient than ever before. This situation threatens to cause unemployment after the emergency is over that will be even greater than what we experienced in the depression.

[*The second article of this series will appear next week.*]

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Facing Inflation—III

IT APPEARS certain, as I showed in the second article in this series, that the Treasury's current deficit is not going to be covered by voluntary savings. Consequently the gap between purchasing power and the supply of consumable goods, which I have argued is the real source of the present inflationary pressure on prices, is likely to be enlarged by borrowing from the banks—a form of credit creation tending to expand the total of spendable incomes. Moreover, we must remember that defense spending is still far from its peak, and we must expect a further big expansion in the budget for 1942-43.

The obvious, if disagreeable, remedy is more taxation, and from the purely economic point of view the best possible way of financing the defense program would be on a pay-as-you-go basis. As Charles E. Noyes pointed out in *The Nation* of August 2, 1941, no amount of government borrowing will increase the stock of goods available to consumers; all it can do is to offer an inducement in the form of a claim on future national income to those comfortably enough situated to be able to refrain from the full exercise of their purchasing power. It would make for a healthier economic outlook after the war if that surplus purchasing power were directly removed by taxation.

Assuming that taxation must and will be further increased, we then have to consider how to devise levies which will help and not hinder the defense program and how to

assess the burden as equitably as possible. The idea is being sedulously fostered that wage-earners pay little or no taxation, that almost the whole current revenue is dragged from the pockets of the middle- and upper-bracket income classes. Thanks to the predilection of Congress for hidden taxes—which are less apt to arouse political repercussions—this is far from the truth. According to a study prepared by Dr. Gerhard Colm for the TNEC, in the year 1938-39 incomes below \$2,000 a year paid 44.4 per cent of all direct and indirect taxes (excluding corporation taxes). The middle-class group with incomes of \$2,000 to \$10,000 paid 31 per cent of the total, while the rich, who are inclined to talk as if the whole burden were on their shoulders, contributed only 24.4 per cent. The same authority points out that 17.6 to 22 per cent of incomes below \$2,000 was absorbed by taxes in that year, but only 15 to 17 per cent of middle-class incomes.

In spite of these facts, a diligent propaganda is being conducted in business circles for the adoption of a general sales tax—an impost characterized by the same majestic impartiality as the law, once quoted by Anatole France, which prohibits rich and poor alike from sleeping beneath railroad arches. Such a tax could only be a really worth-while revenue producer if placed on all retail purchases, including basic necessities of food and clothing. In this case, as retail sales are now estimated to be running at around \$50 billion annually, a 1 per cent general sales levy would yield in the neighborhood of \$500 million annually. Secretary Morgenthau's recently proposed new and drastic excess-profits tax would, it is believed, bring in roughly \$4 billion annually. A general sales tax to be equally productive—and its advocates clearly regard it as an alternative to increased levies on corporations—would therefore have to be at the rate of 8 per cent. This would mean a sharp cut in the standard of living of wage- and salary-earners while placing on the rich a burden which could easily be shrugged off with a few unfelt economies. Indirect taxation is always offensive to the principle of assessment in accordance with capacity to pay, but in time of emergency imposts on non-essentials, particularly those which compete for labor or materials with defense items, can be justified. A general sales tax, however, violates every canon of fiscal equity.

Let us turn now to Mr. Morgenthau's proposals for clipping excess profits. The Secretary of the Treasury wishes to do away with the present option which allows corporations to decide whether they will be assessed on the basis of 95 per cent of their average earnings in the years 1936 to 1939 or on the basis of 8 per cent of their capital value. He would like to limit all corporations to a 6 per cent return on their invested capital, with the Treasury taking all earnings above that figure. Critics of this plan—and they are many and vociferous—have declared that it would discriminate unfairly between those concerns which have acted providently in writing off obsolescent plant and intangibles such as expenditure on research and those which have allowed their balance sheets to become saturated with water.

This contention is not without merit, and for my part I believe that the objective of eliminating the maximum of profits arising from the emergency would be better achieved by using the pre-war average basis and taking 100 per cent

of everything in excess of that. Obviously there are a number of concerns—and some of the heavily capitalized steel and railroad corporations are examples—which were earning little or nothing before defense orders began to pour in. Such corporations are able to retain a very handsome proportion of the defense profits they are now reaping, thanks to the 8 per cent of invested capital option, and even if the ceiling were reduced to 6 per cent they would still be comparatively well off. If limited to a 3 or 4 per cent return, their only ground for complaint would be that they were being prevented from using the emergency to compensate them for the losses they suffered in the thirties.

Important as it is to skim off all excess profits possible, we should not fall into the vulgar error of supposing that the fiscal problem of defense can be solved by soaking the rich and the corporations. If revenue and expenditure are to be more nearly balanced and the inflationary gap closed, further sacrifices must be asked of lower-bracket incomes. There are, of course, millions of workers to whom the defense program has brought little, if any, improvement in income; who remain at or below subsistence levels. Their standards cannot be driven still lower. But the middle-class group of incomes—the \$2,000 to \$10,000 range—which now includes many of the better-paid wage-earners, as well as the upper brackets, can legitimately be asked to bear burdens more nearly comparable than at present to those imposed on corresponding groups in Britain. Direct taxation of these groups is the most effective means of reducing purchasing power, for the families enjoying \$2,000 a year or more comprise only about a quarter of all families but account for around half the total consumption.

It is true that an upward revision of the increased rates on the lower brackets imposed by the latest revenue bill will bear fairly heavily on the standard of living to which this group is accustomed. But if we are to emerge safely from this crisis of our civilization we must forgo not only business as usual but comfort as usual. Let every harassed taxpayer keep in mind Somerset Maugham's epitaph on France: "If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that too."

In the Wind

TWO WEEKS AFTER the American Legion convention in Milwaukee, Governor Julius Heil addressed the Junior Chamber of Commerce in that city and charged that the Legion had been railroaded into supporting the government's foreign policy against its will. Concluding some general remarks on the war, the governor of the dairy state said: "I'm glad there's a little scrap on over there. They can't send over those little cheeses any more, and now we're making it and selling it."

EDWARD L. BERNAYS, the public-relations expert, has taken on the personal account of Torkild Rieber, former president of the Texas Oil Company. Rieber was exposed

by the New York *Herald Tribune* last summer as an intimate of the Nazi agents Curt Rieth and Dr. Gerhart Westrick. He resigned as president of Texaco but has since become a director of the firm.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY has been playing down the Bridges deportation case in its publications, indicating either that Bridges is out of favor or that the party's full support would hurt the defense. At a Communist meeting held in Los Angeles recently to protest against political persecution, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn reviewed the history of the subject from the Haymarket case down and ended with a defense of Earl Browder, Sam Darcy, and William Schneiderman. Neither she nor any of the other speakers mentioned Harry Bridges.

WHEN THE COMMUNISTS were barred from holding office in the American Civil Liberties Union, they charged it to "war hysteria" and set up the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties. A pacifist minister, the Reverend Owen A. Knox, was made chairman. Since the turn in the line, the Reverend Mr. Knox has resigned. A statement from the federation says: "To Reverend Knox the greatest danger . . . to the Bill of Rights . . . is war; to the federation it is Hitlerism."

A CAMPAIGN to boycott the New York *Daily News*, which has frequently been charged with anti-Semitism during the past year, has been started by an anonymous group which is distributing handbills and mailing pieces throughout the city.

AN OLD MAN went up to a newsstand in Rome and asked for the *Regime Fascista*, the leading party paper. The proprietor told him that there were no more copies. Half an hour later the same man appeared again, asked the same question, and got the same answer. This was repeated several times, until the dealer got angry and said that there were positively no more copies. "Even if it isn't true," said the old man, "it sounds good."

LAURA INGALLS, the aviatrix, has become Lindbergh's female counterpart as a flying isolationist. She is speaking for Women United, the ladies' auxiliary of America First.

T. JAMES TUMULTY, the young Irish lawyer who is putting up a brilliant fight against Mayor Hague in Jersey City, recently opened an office with a Jewish colleague. They have decided to call their firm "Tumulty and Sepunik—the Dublin-Jerusalem Axis."

THE SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE investigating propaganda in motion pictures may disband in a week or so. It is reported that only its chairman, Senator D. Worth Clark, is interested in continuing it; the others feel that all the good publicity thus far has gone to the opposition.

[The \$5 prize for the best item received in September goes to J. L. of New York City for his story on Mayor LaGuardia and the gasoline shortage published on September 20.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Book-Burners and Their Motives

IN HIS office on Park Street, which runs by the Boston Common to the State House, Ferris Greenslet, editor of Houghton Mifflin and Company, is half surprised and half sore about the action of Governor Gene Talmadge's Georgia Board of Education in banning, along with a dozen or so other books, Houghton Mifflin's "A Man Named Grant" by Helen Todd. He does not like the idea of taking this business "in an entirely horizontal position, that is, lying down."

Standing up or lying down, I told him, I doubted that anybody was much interested. It seems so generally agreed, I said, that Gene Talmadge by all sensible standards is a noisy idiot that nobody is very much surprised or—outside of Park Street in Boston—very much disturbed.

Now, I've changed my mind. Ralph McGill, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, which Talmadge would also like to bar if he could from voters as well as school children, changed it for me, without meaning to. McGill is as much opposed to such stupid censorship as Greenslet is. But in a piece describing to Georgians the fatuous stupidity of the business he said, "I know the people who banned the books most prayerfully and honestly believed they were doing the right thing."

I don't believe that for one minute. And if I did believe it for one instant, in that instant I should have to give the same credit to Hitler. I understand that in Georgia a man has to write gingerly in standing up for books that have been banned because they are supposed to reflect on the South, the Bible, the state of Georgia, or back-country Georgia notions about all three. I know that McGill was taking what seemed to him to be the best way to effectiveness in Georgia by throwing such refrigerated meat to the voracious political and puritanical tomcats of his Talmadge-plagued land. But it seems to me that it is time to stop talking about the honest motives, not to speak of the prayerful piety, of people out to destroy freedom of books, whether those people be the protectors of Georgia school children from economic and racial radicalism, the Watch and Ward Society of Mr. Greenslet's Massachusetts, the textbook-investigating committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, or any other set of censors, official or self-appointed, in this land.

People who believe they are doing right when they

undertake to "protect" people from printed pages deserve at least as much attention in the United States as the book bonfires in Nazi Germany got here. And Gene Talmadge's purge of the books in Georgia is only more ludicrous than other such efforts, which are not restricted to Georgia in the United States. It has not been long since it was against the law to sell in Massachusetts books which were being freely sold and read everywhere else in the United States. In my own state recently the politicians on the State Board of Education turned down a state-history text, recommended by educators, because it said that some politicians had been chosen in elections not notable for purity. In its place they adopted a book which turned out later to have a factual mistake on almost every page. It was easy to understand the politicians in that case. But in Georgia they have banned books which seem irrelevant to the censors' own restrictions—books which seem to have been picked almost at random, in a sort of fanatical carelessness, from a library shelf. Some people say, indeed, that the Talmadge censors are not so much interested in banning certain books as in making an appeal to the illiterate with a gesture against intelligence.

One of the books ejected from the schools is the "Southern Regions" of Howard Odum, who was born in Bethlehem, Georgia. It is the first source book of information about the South, but Georgia children would have to be paid more than the prevailing Georgia wage to be induced to read its voluminous scholarship. The only possible reason I can see for kicking out Mr. Greenslet's book is the censor's regret of the historical fact that there ever was a man named Grant.

Nobody imagines that Governor Talmadge or his Board of Education has read all the books they have banned. They are not notable as bookish men. The Governor himself likes to pop his suspenders and talk like an uneducated cracker on the stump. He has written no such books as Georgia's ablest demagogue, Tom Watson, wrote. Some say that the job of censorship was done by one fanatical woman in Georgia, and she seems to me to be almost a symbol of book-burners everywhere in the world.

Maybe, as Mr. McGill says, the forbidding of books in Georgia will stir a reading of books in Georgia. A good many Georgians, including thousands rejected by selective service for ignorance, would have to learn how to read first.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Classic Traitor

SECRET HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Carl Van Doren. The Viking Press. \$3.75.

BENEDICT ARNOLD, like Quisling, has become a byword. On the strength of the record so ably and so minutely presented in these pages, the popular verdict of 160 years stands confirmed: Arnold is the "supreme and classic traitor," the traitor par excellence. His villainy stands out in fiercer glare because it involved the sacrifice of a man far better and far more attractive than he, Major André. André died the ignominious death of a spy; Arnold saved his skin and collected much of his pelf. In all this, folklore and history are in perfect agreement.

The difficulty begins when we are tempted to consider Arnold as the symbol of all Americans who turned against their country. This may lead to a grievous injustice. We are still haunted with the Rousseauistic-totalitarian myth: a nation is a person, with a single heart and a single mind. Whoever works against the common purpose is not a healthy member of the body politic but a noxious growth. Many of us take this totalitarian view of the Revolution: men of every age and station marched beating the drum, playing the fife, and waving the flag, in the true "Spirit of '76"; whoever was not filled with the same holy wrath must be execrated as a traitor.

"Secret History of the American Revolution" reveals that among the Loyalists who opposed rebellion and secession not a few had to work underground, and all the more perilously, for the cause which was righteous in their eyes. This is a pretty open secret: the merit of the present work is to give in great detail the facts about a number of such conspiracies, facts "drawn from the secret service papers of the British Headquarters in North America, now for the first time examined and made public." Not only did people take sides at the beginning of the conflict; but they could change sides for reasons which were not necessarily ignoble. We can conceive of men unwilling to submit to "taxation without representation," and at the same time averse to separation from Great Britain; and we can imagine others ready to maintain their rights in what seemed at first a family quarrel, but hating the thought of an alliance with Catholic and absolutist France, the hereditary enemy. The moral problem is a delicate one. There is no cynicism in facing the fact that our judgment depends upon the course of events rather than upon abstract principles. "If West Point had been taken and the American cause lost, then Washington might in time be thought of as a beaten rebel and Arnold as the savior of his country and of the united empire."

Change the point of view, and the renegade may be termed a convert. Who among us would not praise today a German general for turning against Hitler? Who blames de Gaulle for opposing his lawful chief, the head of the French army and the French state, Marshal Pétain? Not change itself but

two other elements determine our verdict. The first is personal—the motives and methods of Arnold. To break openly with one's party may be heroic; to stay with the party, to assert vehemently one's loyalty, to seek positions of influence, haggling all the while with the other side, is something totally different. The English themselves could not stomach Arnold, a convert for £10,000; I doubt whether they would have fully accepted him as an officer and a gentleman even if he had "delivered the goods." He was at one time a brilliant commander—in his own conceit at any rate a better one than Washington himself; but physical courage and professional skill are not incompatible with turpitude. Some gangsters are more daring and, in their own field, cleverer than the average citizen. Iago was a good soldier.

The more important factor is our own opinion of the cause served or betrayed. It is a merit to see the light and go over to the right side. We consider the war of secession from Great Britain as "great and glorious," and the war for Southern independence as a crime. On the surface, an absurd contradiction; if we go deeper, the antinomy disappears. The war that resulted in American independence is justly called the "Revolution," and established democracy; the war that preserved the Union was waged in the name of democratic principles. Both independence and Union are means, not ultimate ideals. The Gettysburg address remains our gospel.

The book, marshaling a multitude of facts, stirs up a multitude of thoughts. But Carl Van Doren does not indulge in political philosophy, or in individual psychology, any more than in picturesqueness. The work is a piece of scholarship, solid and austere. The author allows the facts to speak for themselves; in his case, we should have liked, once in a while, to hear his own voice. Scholars abominate romanced biography, and the general public has no use for doctors' dissertations. There is a kind of history that unites the appeal of both, and Carl Van Doren is eminently qualified to write it. He has not chosen to do so.

ALBERT GUERARD

Four Critics

THE INTENT OF THE CRITIC. Edited by Donald A. Stauffer. Princeton University Press. \$2.50.

UNLIKE its predecessor, "The Intent of the Artist," this volume on criticism maintains the high pitch of interest established in the excellent introduction by Mr. Stauffer. This superiority is probably due to the fact that here is controversy about a single subject instead of parallel but uneven treatment of several arts. At any rate, we find Mr. Stauffer's threefold division of the critic's role—individual response, interpretation, systematization—gaily affirmed, denied, exemplified, or forgotten by four well-known practitioners in a spirit of serious combativeness. Edmund Wilson goes in for interpretation with the aid of history and psychology; Norman Foerster calls for ethical and aesthetic judgments as *pis aller* for that completely scrupulous criticism

which is silence; John Crowe Ransom tells us how to make our interpretation pure by examining only structure and texture; and W. H. Auden, with a flourish of democratic trumpets, places the critic in the dilemma of choosing and teaching absolute social values or being the abettor of a "closed society."

But in addition to working out these foreseeable positions, each of the essays contains at least one instance of the critic at work rather than theorizing. Mr. Wilson, for example, seeks to make Taine appear retrospectively useful, and presents Marx and Engels as groping toward a catholic and reverent criticism of art free from the short tether of materialism. In neither of these conclusions can I follow him, nor am I convinced by his suggestion that what we know today as Marxist criticism is due to the influence of a Russian, rather than a purely Marxist, tradition. It might just as easily be shown that the close link between literature and politics is a French tradition that Marx picked up in his Paris years. But Mr. Wilson's ensuing judgments upon Shaw and Freud seem to me so just that it is a pity his essay stops abruptly on the old question of standards of taste.

Mr. Foerster's critical performance consists in a fair estimate of the reasons for the neo-humanists' failure to produce great criticism, and this he does in spite of his own leanings toward their canons of judgment. When he tells us that the aesthetic quality of "Tintern Abbey" is high but its ethics unwise, we see how and why he would have us subject each work of art to a double test, but it is not clear by what means we are to judge the ethics which we think we find in Wordsworth. Implicitly he denies the diversity of historical and individual situations, and for him the romantics broke an undeviatingly true tradition which we can only now recapture.

The same mood animates Mr. Ransom, though he bids us accept and ignore ethical matters and gives a sample of his method by analyzing a portion of "Love's Labor's Lost." To anyone who has done a traditional French *explication de texte*, the analysis is a charming and subtle example of the genre, but it remains a puzzle that the critic should think it applicable only to poetry. Is it not an old fallacy of poetic criticism to assume that all prose conveys simple information like the directions on a bottle, and is it not a further false limitation of Mr. Ransom's to think that in explicating poetry individual response, historical facts, and ethical prejudices are no part of the object? It is still an open question whether poems do not have to age, like wine, before attaining recognizable flavor, and if so, at any point of time their true being is a becoming.

On the surface, Mr. Auden is at the opposite pole from "pure" criticism with his demand that the critic teach the history of ideas and the unity of man. Indeed, the best bit in Mr. Auden's essay is his rebuke to a critic who abdicated his role and posed as a simple hearty fellow in order to condemn another's highfalutin. But with a different method Mr. Auden wants to establish through criticism a creed with properties remarkably similar to those found in Mr. Foerster and Mr. Ransom. The properties are unity, absoluteness, anti-romanticism, and discipline. Reversing democratic tradition itself, Mr. Auden attacks Whitman, Rousseau, and the pragmatists. And with a curious denial of likelihood and gener-

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osity he warns us that he would no more trust a certain kind of critic "than I would trust a philosopher who liked Brahms or Shelley." No doubt criticism and the arts can help give us the sense of wider humanity and clearer communication that we need, but is it not strange that three out of five among our best critics wish to begin by some kind of purge? "Why," as Hazlitt asked of the exclusionists of his own day, "must everything have a foil, and our envy be bribed to let truth and justice speak?"

JACQUES BARZUN

Mark Howe, Bostonian

A VENTURE IN REMEMBRANCE. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

WITH regard to a much earlier book by Mr. Howe, John Jay Chapman once wrote to him: "Well, I must say, Mark, I never saw a book that on first glance seemed to have less venom in it." And the same deficiency in venom is discernible here. In what purports to be an account of his own life Mark Howe spends a large part of his space in making clear how much he has liked at least a hundred other people—not entirely neglecting to suggest that most of them have liked him, too. The total effect, one hastens to say, is by no means that of shallow amiability; and yet one fears that this writer has paid little attention to what Whistler called "the gentle art of making enemies." He is not, to quote Whistler again, "one of the rare few who, early in life, have rid themselves of the friendship of the many."

Perhaps this is one reason for the ease of his "translation," ■ he calls it, "into a Bostonian." Considered from the vantage-point of Beacon Hill, this autobiography is a success story. It tells how a clergyman's son whose schooling began as far away as Pennsylvania yet became, after long years of good behavior at Harvard and on the staff of the *Youth's Companion*, a director of the Boston Athenaeum, ■ trustee and historian of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the author or editor of some forty books dealing for the most part with Boston's past, and ■ member of several exclusive Boston clubs.

To accomplish so much in hardly more than half a century requires, of course, a certain concentration, not to say sacrifice. What the effort has cost Mark Howe is suggested by the fact that in this story of his life he scarcely mentions any American city west of the Hudson River. With few and slight exceptions, his interest in the history, society, and literature of his native land appears to be confined, so far as the present book indicates, to the Boston region. He feels and thinks like a Bostonian, and he even writes like one. That, of course, was once ■ decidedly good way to write, and it becomes so again whenever ■ Bostonian repeats the feat of Columbus. But Mr. Howe, with all of his many virtues as a man and as ■ man of letters, is not a discoverer. His book has the charm, grace, and amenity that are often won by those who fully accept and share in ■ rich cultural tradition. It shows also the defects of the Boston tradition—excessive emphasis upon books as ■ means of culture, slight acquaintance with the motives and movements of American life as a whole, preoccupation with the past, and, as a consequence of these,

■ curious and not unpleasing kind of arrested development.

An outstanding exception to this general statement is to be found, however, in the growth of Mark Howe's social and political opinions. During his younger manhood his tendency was toward the conservatism that he found about him, but now he glories "in having parted company with the more cautious views" of his early years. Believing as he now does in the New Deal and in "the equalizing of opportunity for the many and the few," he still frequents the clubs in which such beliefs are worse than heretical, and so he has found how easy it is to "fall under a certain odium, not wholly unenjoyable, on the simple terms of differing in opinion from the majority of one's own circle." One of the prouder moments of his life appears to have been an occasion when a fellow club-member refused to sit down with him at table on the ground that he was "tainted"—with the political and social theories of Woodrow Wilson. It appears, although he does not make bold to say so, that he was on the liberal side even in the Sacco-Vanzetti debate, which may some day be more famous in Boston history than the Battle of Bunker Hill. On the whole one hopes that he was on that side, because one wishes for so good a man, the maker of many pleasant and useful books, an old age of none but pleasant memories.

ODELL SHEPARD

Waldo Frank's Latest Novel

SUMMER NEVER ENDS. By Waldo Frank. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.50.

WHILE it is relatively short, and distinctly seems to have been composed with an eye to an audience less critical than the one to which Frank's previous novels have addressed themselves, "Summer Never Ends" does not essentially differ from its predecessors. This is to say that the new book recapitulates their general defects and virtues. Again we meet a quantity of typical wilful poeticizations of the material and the style. The hero, a contemporary Conrad in *Quest of His Youth*, is "flashed insulated" by an air-conditioned train "through the foliaged land" while gazing out upon "the sun impassionating the trees and the trees tumescent toward the sun." Again the narrative is melodrama, moving as it does for the sake of strongly dramatic scenes rather than in accordance with the evolution of an entirely credible cast of characters. The central situation—the futile effort of an older man to win a young girl's love—is very much in the Frank tradition and points back to the author's beginnings in the *Smart Set*. And once more the melodramatic narrative periodically, surprisingly, pleasingly assumes a genuine reality.

The heroine is the type of the gray-luminous, partly sterile modern girl deprived of the capacity to respect and love men and suffused by a semi-maternal pity for them, and she is subtly and tenderly drawn. So too is the foil of the mature hero—the neurotic, unemployed young Jew who impotently clings to her. Frank always has possessed the power to penetrate states of distraction and despair, and the book presents touching fresh instances of it. The drama on the whole is tensely expressed—even though the children of the main actor, who finally save him by permitting him to reestablish affectionate

relationships with them, might appear to figure less actively than total persuasiveness would seem to require.

PAUL ROSENFELD

The Life of a Planter

THE SECRET DIARY OF WILLIAM BYRD OF WEST-OVER: 1709-1712. Edited by Louis B. Wright and Marion Tinling. Richmond: The Dietz Press. \$5.

ROBERT CARTER OF NOMINI HALL. By Louis Morton. Princeton University Press. \$3.50.

IF DURING the early part of the eighteenth century there was a more important Virginia planter than William Byrd of Westover it was probably his contemporary and friend Robert ("King") Carter of Corotoman, grandfather of Robert Carter of Nomini Hall. The part of the Byrd diary now published was recently discovered in the Huntington Library in California and translated from the shorthand by Miss Tinling; later, even more intimate, portions have since turned up in Virginia and North Carolina. It gives an untouched picture of the planter's life. In it he tells of reviewing the militia, settling his accounts, loading his tobacco, writing to his agents in London, arguing with his overseers, visiting his neighbors, concocting medicines, setting out fruit trees, sitting in court at the Capitol and later at cards in the coffee house, bleeding his servants when they were sick, and whipping them when they got drunk without his permission. Dr. Morton's book is not so much a biography as a chronicle of the Carter dynasty until the end of the century. Thus the two books, read together, provide an abundance of facts against which to weigh the legend, built up by romantic writers and even more imaginative genealogists, that the Tidewater planters were fabulously wealthy noblemen who lived in sumptuous palaces and spent most of their time dancing the minuet.

If land is taken as the measure, the eighteenth-century planters were wealthy men. William Byrd held title to 179,000 acres, King Carter to 333,000, yet even these second-generation Virginians, like their myriads of descendants, were becoming land poor. Tobacco, which in the middle of the seventeenth century brought more than five shillings a pound in the London market, had by the time Byrd's diary begins dropped to a quarter of a penny. From then until the Revolution it fluctuated but never again hit the golden high that set the planters to acquiring ten times as much land as they could cultivate in a single season—so that they might have a perpetual supply of "new ground" for future plantings.

It was the power and prestige that accrued to these vast holdings rather than the noble lineage which latter-day Virginians have ascribed to their ancestors that account for the aristocratic tradition of the colony. William Byrd could prove honorable descent from the family of that name in Cheshire, but there is no record of where King Carter's father was born, who his people were, or why he emigrated to America in 1649. Yet by the beginning of the eighteenth century the structure of Virginia society was definitely aristocratic. The high offices at Williamsburg were not hereditary, but the eldest sons of the landed families, who cus-

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tomarily inherited the bulk of the estates and married within their own class, always managed to get appointed to them. They were carefully groomed to become the leaders of the colony. Even after they began to attend William and Mary rather than English colleges, they were still sent to London in their twenties to acquire the gentlemanly culture that they pursued diligently the rest of their lives. Every morning, as regularly as he said his prayers, William Byrd, unless interrupted by visitors in the house or some crisis reported by a distracted overseer, forced himself to read Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian, or Dutch.

These eighteenth-century planters took their responsibilities seriously, as well they might, for those responsibilities were in truth prodigious. As members of the Council of State and the House of Burgesses they acted together as law-makers and judges of the entire colony; as individuals each ruled over a far-flung and exceedingly complex industrial empire. A Virginia estate was not a single expanse of land but a number of often widely separated tracts extending northward and westward from the thickly settled, navigable rivers to the wilderness of the Piedmont section and the mountains. Robert Carter's holdings comprised twelve plantations and sixteen tracts rented to tenants, scattered over seven different counties. By the time Byrd began his diary Negroes had generally supplanted bonded immigrants from England as field laborers, but throughout the century a successful planter required the varied services of a great many white workers—house servants, overseers, secretaries, stewards, sailors, boat builders, coalers, spinners, and millers. It was the multiplicity of occupations essential to the functioning of an estate which gave the plantation homes such an impressive and deceptively palatial appearance. There were thirty-two dependent buildings and offices at Nomini Hall, yet the "great house" about which they clustered had only eight rooms. The dining-room served the family as a sitting-room; two of the four bedrooms were reserved for, and usually crammed with, "company," for Virginians were forever staying the night with their neighbors, and not just for sociability but because of the peculiar necessity of their lives.

A planter had always to be traveling, either to Williamsburg on official business or to his plantations. He often took his ladies with him. On the way they stopped to dine and sleep, to swap gossip and the latest news from England, with their neighbors. When several families found themselves

together in the home of another, the occasion was naturally enlivened by games, country dances, and general merry-making. This spontaneous, hearty frolicking, rather than the formal balls of the governor, was Virginia hospitality.

These two volumes are interesting and valuable enough in themselves, but they take on added significance when we remember that the background and training of the Carters and the Byrds were essentially those of the Washingtons, Jeffersons, Madisons, and Lees. The experience of managing a large Virginia estate proved of inestimable value in the larger task of launching a new republic.

GRACE ADAMS

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

- LANDS OF NEW WORLD NEIGHBORS.* By Hans Christian Adamson. Whittlesey House. \$3.50.
- JOSEPH PULITZER AND HIS WORLD.* By James Wyman Barrett. Vanguard. \$3.50.
- WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE OF EMPORIA.* By Frank C. Clough. Whittlesey House. \$2.50.
- THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.* By Will Connell. Hastings House. \$2.
- THIS WAR: A SURVEY OF WORLD CONFLICT.* By Philip Dorf. Oxford Book Company. 75 cents.
- THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.* By Frederic J. Haskin. Harper. \$3.
- DEMOCRACY MARCHES.* By Julian Huxley. Harper. \$1.50.
- ALFRED I. DU PONT: THE FAMILY REBEL.* By Marquis James. Bobbs-Merrill. \$4.50.
- BE ANGRY AT THE SUN AND OTHER POEMS.* By Robinson Jeffers. Random House. \$2.50.
- MARTHA GRAHAM: SIXTEEN DANCES IN PHOTOGRAPHIC SEQUENCE.* By Barbara Morgan. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$6.
- EDUCATION IN A DEMOCRACY.* Edited by Newton Edwards. University of Chicago. \$1.25.
- BRAVE ENOUGH FOR LIFE.* By Bonaro W. Overstreet. Harper. \$2.50.
- MUNICH PLAYGROUND.* By Ernest R. Pope. Putnam. \$2.75.
- THE CRISIS OF OUR AGE.* By P. A. Sorokin. Dutton. \$3.50.
- CLARENCE DARROW FOR THE DEFENSE. A Biography* by Irving Stone. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.
- HIGH CONQUEST: THE STORY OF MOUNTAINEERING.* By James Ramsey Ullman. Lippincott. \$3.75.
- THAT DAY ALONE.* By Pierre van Paassen. Dial. \$3.75.
- ON ALL FRONTS.* By Ralph Barton Perry. Vanguard. \$1.75.

CONTRIBUTORS

- ALDEN STEVENS, free-lance journalist, has contributed articles to *Survey Graphic*, *McCall's*, *Harper's Magazine*, and other publications.
- ALBERT GUERARD is professor of comparative and general literature at Stanford University.
- JACQUES BARZUN, assistant professor of history at Columbia University, is the author of "Darwin, Marx, Wagner," and other books.
- ODELL SHEPARD, professor of English at Trinity College, won the Pulitzer prize for his biography "Pedlar's Progress: The Life of Bronson Alcott."
- GRACE ADAMS is the author of several books on psychology and of a sociological study entitled "Workers on Relief."

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DRAMA

The Fires of Spring

AT ITS own playhouse the Theater Guild is presenting Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness" as the first of a series of revivals to be drawn from both the recent and the more distant past. A bolder beginning might possibly have been made, but the choice is a good one nevertheless, for the play not only stands up well but seems to me solidier than it did when I saw it first some seven years ago.

What struck me most then about this genial and tender remembrance of things past was its remoteness from both the temper and the subject matter of O'Neill's other plays. Here, I thought, is a comedy purely local in its reference instead of a tragedy out of space and out of time; here is local color instead of abstract grandeur; an episode illustrative of American cultural history instead of the eternal predicament of the human spirit; here, in a word, what O'Neill himself once called a story concerned purely with the relation of man to man rather than with the relation of man to God. If one did not know, I said, who had written it, one might easily make a dozen false guesses before hitting upon the true one.

But this last is, it seems to me now, a wild exaggeration, and the play unmistakably O'Neill's despite the fact that it is still unique among his works. No doubt it is first of all a comedy of wistful sentiment, and no doubt it does focus attention upon the local aspects of its situation—the struggles of an adolescent trying to grow up in a community where even the kindest of families is compelled to accept a social tradition based upon the assumption that really nice and really respectable people never do grow up, never do fairly face the fact that not all human nature fits comfortably into the narrow framework provided by the accepted stages in the uneventful progress from school days, through a suitable marriage, to responsible parenthood and the grave. But the play is not merely either "Main Street" or a Gay Nineties costume piece in the manner of "Life with Father."

Nothing is more characteristic of O'Neill than the fact that even when he chooses, as he often does, a subject which various of his contemporaries are also choosing, he manages to make of it something quite different from what any of the others have made of it. "The

Hairy Ape" might have been merely another proletarian play, but it isn't; "Desire Under the Elms" might have been merely another debunking of puritanism, but it isn't. And the case with "Ah, Wilderness" is similar. It is not merely that the observation is freshly accurate or that the sentiment is real and touching. Beyond that lies the fact that the eternally valid aspects of the situation are not obscured by the local ones, that what we are led to ponder is not merely Main Street's suspicion of Swinburne and Oscar Wilde, but the enduring problem of the soft virtues versus the hard ones, of the place of pride and passion and self-assertion in a universe which cannot manage to dispense with sentimental loyalty, unselfishness, and simple kindness as well. The production given at the Guild Theater is fully good enough to exhibit the virtues of the play and to make it one of the few exhibitions now current in New York really worth an effort to see. It is not, however, conspicuously fine, and it tends to be broad where it should be subtle.

George Abbott, whose interest in the problems of education has previously been revealed in such studies of scholastic life as "Brother Rat" and "Too Many Girls," now comes forward with another musical comedy with the scene laid at a senior prom and entitled "Best Foot Forward" (Ethel Barrymore Theater). Standing Room Only is already, I believe, the rule, and the fact is not particularly surprising since the new show is marked by the same innocent liveliness one has come to expect in his productions. Mr. Abbott seems to have decided to leave political satire in such hands as those of the Messrs. Kaufman, Hart, and Ryskin, to leave sophistication to Cole Porter and sultriness to the employers of Ethel Merman, while he himself concentrates on youthful exuberance. But even if the picture of school life isn't exactly a triumph of photographic realism, there is actually a kind of adolescent gaiety about the whole thing that is decidedly agreeable.

As for Bobby Clark in "All Men Are Alike" (Hudson Theater), I can only say that I have for twenty years considered him one of the funniest comedians alive and that I am particularly grateful to the present performance for making it clear to me what certain old-timers mean when they insist that in their youth the talent of the actor rendered the general badness of the plays hardly noticeable. A farce could hardly be more primitive, more fatuous, or more crudely

written than the present one—the English success "Women Aren't Angels" under a new and if possible even less distinguished title—actually is. The general manner is that of a considerably less expert "Charley's Aunt," and it is hard to believe that it was written in the twentieth century. Nevertheless, Mr. Clark, by disregarding as far as possible plot, dialogue, and the other dramatic personae, manages to be hilarious. Nobody else in the world can parade in a union suit with such defiant grace, and when he shows someone his wife's picture with a desperately defiant gesture which sweeps the photograph from the pocket past the eyes and into the pocket again with a speed eloquently describing how long he thinks her worth looking at, one wonders if the importance of the whole literary tradition of comedy from Congreve on hasn't been grossly overestimated.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

THE fidelity, spaciousness, and clarity that made Columbia's September recording of Enesco's Rumanian Rhapsody outstanding among its own American orchestral recordings are to be heard again in this month's set of a performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 1 by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (469, \$6.50). And I would like to believe that the changes in recording equipment and technique which produced these two first-rate recordings will make an end of the sort of thing Columbia has been issuing during the past year or two, of which the examples this month are the ear-lacerating sound of the performances of Shostakovich's Symphony No. 1 (Set 472, \$4.50) and Tchaikovsky's Overture "1812" (Set X-205, \$2.50) by Rodzinski with the Cleveland Orchestra, the hollow, nasal sound of Barlow's performance of a Suite from Deems Taylor's "Peter Ibbetson" with the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony (Set X-204, \$2.50).

One thing that remains for Columbia to remedy is whatever produces the noisily swishing surfaces of side 9 of my copy of the Mahler set, and side 7 of the new Busch Quartet set of Beethoven's Op. 130 (474, \$5.50). Not, I must add, that it is only Columbia that has this to remedy: I have reported occasional swishing surfaces on Victor records; and someone has told me of one such surface being replaced

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STATE OF NEW YORK }
 COUNTY OF NEW YORK } SS.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Hugo Van Arx, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of The Nation and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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 Signature of Business Manager.

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THE NATION

55 Fifth Ave. New York

by one that turned out to be even worse.

The excellent recorded sound was one surprise of the Mahler set; another was the excellent performance—the first outstandingly good performance I have heard from Mitropoulos on records or in the concert hall (and not enough to make the prospect—of which there are rumors—of Mitropoulos as permanent conductor of the New York Philharmonic anything less than appalling). As for the symphony, it is like a first moderate-sized model for the huge ones that followed—with much the same sort of ideas, not all of them good, and the same sort of structure, but less well integrated.

The performances of Tchaikovsky's "1812," Shostakovitch's Symphony, Taylor's Suite seem good. But Shostakovitch's music, as compared with Taylor's tripe, is merely tripe of a different kind produced by a man of greater musical talent, and tripe for reasons that have to do not with Shostakovitch's talent but with his emotions.

Listening to the Busch Quartet's set of Beethoven's Op. 130 I was surprised by the excellence of its performance of the first movement in musical conception and style and in ensemble execution, in which it stood well the comparison with the Budapest Quartet's performance in the old Victor set. But in the third and fourth movements the Busch group's playing lacked the grace of the Budapest's; the fifth-movement Cavatina suffered from Adolf Busch's curious excesses of tone and phrasing in the twelfth to fifteenth measures, his flat, almost inaudible playing of the stammering melody of the middle section; and striking throughout was the contrast between the wooden tone of the Busch cellist and the dark, luminous beauty of the excitingly inflected line of sound created by Mischa Schneider. And so although the Budapest performance is less well reproduced than the Busch it remains the one to acquire.

On a single disc (71208-D, \$1) is Mozart's exquisite Rondo K. 511 for piano, insensitively played by Guimour Novaes; on another (71210-D, \$1) Johann Strauss's "Wine, Woman and Song," not one of his best, played without the customary exaggerated changes of pace by Weingartner with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, and only moderately well recorded.

The rest later.

And my investigation of machines has been slowed up by current difficulties in production.

B. H. HAGGIN

The Undiscoverables

[Continued from page 370]

tering his men with an imperative gesture, leaped on to the Archangel.

"And put out your light instantly."

Luca promptly whistled to the lightman. When he began to apologize to the lieutenant, Nicolino gruffly ordered him to be silent. Paterno obeyed. Even Ferrarello obeyed Nicolino's orders with promptitude.

"You are to return to harbor at once. And for your information, I have replaced Margarone as harbor master. I shall excuse your insolence since you did not know. Get to it."

Insolence! thought the Archangel's crew, commenting upon the lieutenant's word. This outburst of Nicolino's had seemed like sheer rebellion to them. Nicolino gave orders to retrieve the nets. While they were doing so the lieutenant's men freed their screw, and the cutter raced away. Now the sea was dark. Presently the two boats from the tail of the fleet drew near and cut their motors. The Archangel's men cried out that their net had been broken and silently the two boats pulled over and set about retrieving the net.

"Blazing hell, this is too much," Nicolino shouted as the torn net was dragged over the roller at the stern. "He calls himself a harbor master, and he tears up his own nets. What in Christ's name? They're all the same, these landmen. Haven't we got enough troubles without having city trash spewed out on us to support. Blazing hell! What will this Varchi do for us? Bring us a Jew to bait? What was wrong with Margarone?" Pirtuso kept up his angry protest against the politicals throughout the gathering of the net. One of the men finally silenced him and put fear in the hearts of the crew.

"Listen, Nicolino. Mori isn't a stranger and he has long ears and a heavy fist."

"Mori," Nicolino muttered, and bawled angry thanks to his helpers. The three boats joined the slowly moving fleet.

For two hours the motors knocked and the black shapes moved over the sea toward the vanished town. High on the hill one yellow light alone gleamed faintly near the chapel of Our Lady.

"Rosaria Grisafi, the crazy one," Ferrarello said. "She's lucky to be crazy. She won't know that our beloved Italy is at war." No one replied to the sarcasm. Luca Paterno began to whine

Letters to the Editors

Reactions to Chaplin's Hitler

Dear Sirs: Jonathan Daniels, when he went to see Charlie Chaplin in "The Great Dictator," seems to have left his imagination behind him. I don't object to that, but I do object to his assuming that "the country boys and country girls, women, and men" see the picture as he saw it.

Last spring, because I was interested in other people's reaction to this movie, I asked my composition classes at Indiana University what they thought of it. A good many of the first-year students in a large state university are the sort of people Mr. Daniels wrote about in his article. They felt that Hinkle did some funny things, but not one of them got the idea that therefore Hitler is "just a funny little guy." Indeed, several of them said that the picture satirized Hitler very effectively, and they wished that it could be shown throughout Germany to wake the German people up. They made no blanket identification of Hinkle with Hitler; their response was more subtle than that. They realized that the picture's chief point was a suggested comparison between Hinkle's inability to rule his country wisely and Hitler's.

I think that Americans have seen enough movies to know how to take them. I doubt that many thought of the storm troopers as "actually nothing more than Mack Sennett cops." Many more, I believe, were shocked at the brutality of those "cops."

Mr. Daniels says that the movie is "calculated to minimize the threat from Hitler" because it makes Americans think that Hitler is funny and therefore nothing to worry about. My students didn't see it that way. Several of them who felt that we should stay out of war at all costs said it should be banned from the screen because it aroused hatred for Hitler. Others admired Chaplin for his courage in presenting it to an American public which wanted above all to keep out of war.

If Mr. Daniels is right in his theory about people's reaction to "The Great Dictator," how does he explain the fact that it was poorly attended in the Middle West? It would have been welcomed there had it minimized the danger of Hitler. And why did the English greet it with open arms? Mr. Daniels should

not assume that his own reactions are like those of the small-town, country American.

LEE ELBERT HOLT

Bloomington, Ind., October 8

September in the Hills

Dear Sirs: Tucked away in the hills, alone, without much contact with political opinion, I turn the last page of each tardily read copy of *The Nation* with wistful reluctance. To read Niebuhr, Stone, Fischer, Kirchwey, *et al.*, for an hour is all one needs of the outer world for a week. What if our national affairs are so sadly mishandled! I've never known them to be otherwise; no, not in the past forty years.

An aged neighbor is planning how to provide against the winter months: shelter, with not too much of the chill winds leaking through the cabin floor; food, even though meatless days run thirty to the month; fuel, if some stout and charitable neighbor will cut it to length for the stove she hopes to get. Her nearest neighbor looks forward to milking five new cows to raise his weekly milk check from the present six or seven dollars to, perhaps, ten or twelve. But to have his milk accepted he must put a concrete floor in the barn and lay a thousand feet of pipe line from the spring to the cooling-trough in the milk house. He'll have no one to help him, and it will be hard to break the pipeline trench two feet deep through the rocky ground. But the month of September has been wonderful and the apple trees are loaded with their fruit.

On another farm the boy is over his sickness, going to school again, but the board won't agree to send the bus up the farm road. "He'll have to trudge through the two miles of drifts again this year." But this has been grand weather for getting the corn in; last year it froze, not only here on the hill but also down on the river flat.

I don't like strikes or what causes them, or strike-breakers. I don't like the greed and cynicism of great corporations. America Firsters, Christian Fronters, Coughlinites, Bundists, and Communists are all annoying. I'm against Japan and the appeasement thereof. But I do like *The Nation*, and September here in the hills has been wonderful.

EMORY L. KING

Pepacton, N. Y., October 1

New Army Wants No A. E. F.

Dear Sirs: There is a movement afoot—and do not make the mistake of minimizing its size, intensity, and spread—among members of the new civilian army to unite in a stout, sincere demurrer to another A. E. F. To prevent this movement from becoming a possible tool for trouble-makers and enemies of the state, we have and want no formal organization, no leader, no headquarters, no slogans. It is not so much a movement as a spirit—the honest desire to stay in America to defend America and not be exported to fight the wars of other nations.

Our abhorrence of Hitler and his formula has no bounds; and our sympathy for the British people is all out. But if the situation is so taut, why—to use a single example—did not those who are nudging us to the brink of participation use their office months ago to have automobiles taken from the assembly line and airplanes made in that swift production? If America must sacrifice, let it begin with luxuries.

We are desperately in need of a spokesman. Swivel-chair patriots spin about and boast, "Gentlemen of the press, we are ready to fight anyone, anywhere." But we who do the murderous work of execution have no voice. We who have been gathered to defend democracy are without representation.

Callous, cowardly, communistic—we can see the words crowd us like a pack of wolves circling a weaker adversary. But we want all America to know that until the fight is directly and honestly ours—and this we have not been shown—we'd rather live in America than die abroad.

A PRIVATE

San Miguel, Cal., October 10

Not Serving Japan

Dear Sirs: To the rather pointed question in your editorial notes on October 11, "Are Norwegian and Dutch tankers still being used to fuel the Japanese?" the answer is, in the first place, that the remaining two Norwegian tankers in the Japan trade were withdrawn last February, and, in the second place, that no Dutch tankers are serving Japan.

BJARNE BRAATØY, Norwegian
Shipping and Trade Mission

New York, October 10

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The Shape of Things

WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE WALL RUSSIAN soldiers, and civilians too, are putting up a stout fight to save Moscow. News of the battle is meager, for both Soviet and Nazi communiqués have recently been more than usually uninformative. But Russian claims that the enemy's drive has been slowed down appear to be substantiated by the absence of German reports of the seizure of new strategic points on the central front. Lengthening communications and bad weather may have forced the German High Command to call at least a temporary halt. Meanwhile Berlin is emphasizing a renewed drive in the south. The front there is now dangerously close to the Donetz industrial district, and with the fall of Taganrog on the Sea of Azov the important city of Rostov, which is one of the gateways to the Caucasus, is in imminent danger. In Britain popular clamor for an offensive in the west to divert German strength from Russia continues. It is inspired partly by widespread distrust of reactionaries and ex-appeasers in the government; it also expresses a natural anxiety to share the valiant fight of the Russians regardless of the risks involved. But strategy cannot be decided in mass-meetings. Winston Churchill is not a man who takes kindly to a defensive role, and we can be sure that when he feels offensive action can be taken with reasonable hope of success, he will not hesitate. The security of Britain itself as the one remaining anti-Nazi base in Western Europe is paramount. The island fortress cannot be stripped of men and equipment for the purpose of a Continental invasion until that venture can be mounted on such a scale as to insure against another Dunkirk.

✱

A TIMELY REMINDER THAT THE BENEFITS of low-cost pipe-line transportation of oil go to the major oil companies rather than to consumers comes from Thurman Arnold. In an address before the Consumers' Cooperative Association at North Kansas City, one of the best-known co-ops in the country, the Assistant Attorney General explained that pipe lines were built to the Midwest because railroad transportation was so expensive. Once the pipe lines were built, however,

they came under the control of the great oil companies, and the rates they adopted were identical with the rail rates. The purpose in this was twofold. Had oil pipe lines been operated as common carriers at a fair profit, the railroads would have been forced to reduce their rates, making it easier for the independents to compete with the monopolists. High pipe-line rates also gave the majors a hidden rebate on any oil carried for the independents, a rare event. To illustrate the difference between pipe-line costs and rates, Arnold said that it cost 18½ cents a barrel to carry oil from Tulsa to Kansas City, but the tariff charged was 77½ cents. Arnold is now suing for recovery of all pipe-line profits over a fair return on the ground that these excess profits are really rebates, which are forbidden by the Elkins Act of 1906. Strong pressure is being brought on the Administration and the Department of Justice to drop the suits.

★

THOSE WHO ARE INCLINED TO BLAME LABOR for the recent wave of strikes might do well to study the statistics on the cost of living just released by the National Industrial Conference Board. These show a total increase of 8.1 per cent in the living costs of working-class families since the outbreak of the war. More than two-thirds of this increase has taken place since January 1, and two-fifths of it since June. This is obviously but the beginning. Food costs have risen 13.6 per cent since January, and are now advancing at the rate of more than 2 per cent a month. Wholesale commodity prices have jumped 20 per cent, and raw-material prices are up 30 per cent. While some companies have granted wage increases large enough to cover the rise in living costs, this is by no means generally true. Testifying on the price-control bill before the House Banking and Currency Committee, Isador Lubin, Commissioner of Labor Statistics, declared that the price increases would cover "very substantial wage increases in the future as well as those already made." He estimated that net labor costs had risen 1.2 per cent as against a 19 per cent gain in food prices and a 11 per cent increase in the prices of durable goods. In view of the failure of Congress to do anything to check the inflationary rise in prices, workers have only one weapon by which they can hope to maintain a reasonable standard of living—the threat to strike. It is a wasteful and costly method, but unless drastic action is taken to control prices, industrial strife may reach as disastrous proportions as during World War I.

★

THE TRADE PACT BETWEEN ARGENTINA AND the United States represents a triumph of the first magnitude for Secretary Hull. For the better part of his term Mr. Hull has sought to heal the long-standing breach between the two countries. The difficulties in the way

of an agreement have been many. Argentina's economic ties have long been primarily with Europe. Its chief export products are competitive with rather than complementary to our own. Europe has also had greater cultural and political influence on it than has the United States. And as if these obstacles were not enough, organized pressure groups within the United States have done everything they could to prevent Mr. Hull from making substantial concessions to Argentina. In view of the difficulties, the agreement is a remarkably satisfactory one. Argentina has agreed to cut duties, or in some instances to guarantee no further increase, on a list of items representing about 30 per cent of imports from the United States. In return we have made concessions on 84 items of Argentine export. No reduction in duty was granted on imports of fresh meat despite the current abnormally high meat prices in this country, but the duty on canned meats was cut one-third. As might be expected, Republicans and certain spokesmen of the farm bloc have attacked the agreement as threatening to reduce American farmers to a "state of peasantry." Actually, the reduction in the duty on canned meats and hides will affect only a few farmers and those to a negligible degree, while some of the same farmers—and many others—will benefit by the increased outlet for American apples, pears, grapes, raisins, prunes, and tobacco, to say nothing of the indirect advantages that the stimulation of American export industries will bring them after the war. Moreover, the agreement is an effective guaranty against further Nazi inroads in the richest country of Latin America.

★

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER GUILD HAS JUST demonstrated that democracy works when its adherents take the trouble to put it into practice. For years now the Guild has been bedeviled by a clique of Stalinists and fellow-travelers whose policies were hung securely on the Communist Party line and whose strangle-hold on the union was maintained by means of the unscrupulous, ruthless tactics for which power politicians and fanatics are well known. Time after time the membership woke up to find itself "supporting" some political position or some Stalinist-front organization which was, among other things, entirely irrelevant if not inimical to the Guild's primary job of organizing newspaper workers left, right, and center. Too often the membership went right back to sleep again, after the fashion of easy-going democratic bodies. During the past two years, however, world events combined with the blatant maneuvers of the Guild administration to generate a vigorous and functioning opposition. The break came at the convention in June, when the administration, hoping to ward off defeat, backed the proposal of the opposition for the election of officers by referendum; since then it has sent up the cry of unity, as politicians have done before—though it fought the cam-

paign with its usual weapons of misrepresentation and name-calling. But when the votes were counted, the administration had been beaten in a ratio of five to three; and even in New York, where its greatest strength was concentrated, it won by the narrow margin of some 150 votes out of 2,200. We wish the Guild's new officers a successful—and democratic—career.

★

IT IS EASY TO CARICATURE THE ELDER statesmen of the American Federation of Labor who met for two relatively tranquil weeks in Seattle. Confronted by the painful problem of George E. Browne, member of the executive council now on trial for extortion, the A. F. of L. moguls made every effort not to offend him; instead of dramatically ousting him from his post, they reduced the membership on the council, thus paving the way for his graceful exit. Only Brother Browne's insistence upon running compelled his associates to rebuke him by methodically voting him down. They also passed a resolution containing many lofty phrases about the evils of racketeering but offering little hope of concrete action; in fact, the chief step forward was the decision to bar convicts from central bodies of the federation. On the thorny subject of discrimination against Negroes on the part of several important A. F. of L. unions, the convention again assumed its pose of anguished inertia. A proposal by A. Philip Randolph for the appointment of a committee to deal with the problem was vigorously defeated.

★

YET IN SPITE OF THESE ANNUAL TRAPEZE acts the A. F. of L. convention did make some affirmative and significant gestures. On the issue of the war William Green went farther than ever before in extending support to the President's policy of taking whatever steps may be necessary to crush Hitlerism, including aid to Russia. Not even William L. Hutcheson, America First's lone flag-bearer in the A. F. of L. high council, dared dissent on the convention floor. As for the federation's quarrel with the C. I. O., William Green's bid for peace talks seemed to express genuine conviction. Not all his colleagues share Mr. Green's good intentions, but for the moment at least the next move is up to the C. I. O.

★

THE NEW YORK CITY COUNCIL HAS NEVER lived up to the high hopes of those who argued for its formation in 1936, and it is unlikely that it will be greatly improved after next month's election. Because of the light registration the Council will be smaller, but there is no evidence that its composition will be much altered. In the almost endless list of candidates, however, there are at least three whose presence on the Council would, it seems to us, help to make it a more enlightened and progressive body than it has been. Sig-

nificantly perhaps, two of the three are men who have been scuttled by their parties. Stanley M. Isaacs, Borough President of Manhattan, was not renominated for that office by the Republicans or the American Labor Party because he once hired a Communist; he will run for the Council as an independent. Harry W. Laidler, who, together with Mrs. Genevieve Earle and Robert Strauss, has been one of the few real liberals in the Council, was ditched by the A. L. P. because he voted for Norman Thomas last year. George S. Counts, president of the American Federation of Teachers, is running for office for the first time and has the A. L. P.'s support. All three of these men have shown, in one way or another, that they have a genuine faith in democracy, which is something of a novelty in New York politics.

★

"CONCENTRATION CAMP" HOBBS IS OFF ON a new tack in an effort to obtain passage of his bill to set up camps in which deportable aliens may be interned without trial. He is telling labor leaders that they have nothing to fear from the bill or from him, that the measure was really framed to deal with violators of the white-slave and narcotic laws, most of whom, he implied, are foreigners. Official figures compiled by the Department of Justice refute this picture of the alien. In 1940 only one out of seven federal prisoners was foreign born. The percentage of foreign-born to native violators of the white-slave and narcotics laws was even lower: only one out of every eleven persons convicted was foreign born. Since these figures cover both foreign-born citizens and aliens, the ratio of deportable aliens is still lower. It is clear, therefore, that the alien is not the chief violator of these laws. The internment of labor leaders in Canadian concentration camps and Hobbs's own record of votes against labor legislation, notably the wage-hour law, should dispose of his other contentions. In the meantime the bill is still in committee. Hobbs is afraid to bring it out for a vote.

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A BATTLE TO FREE WOMEN FROM THE FEAR of unwanted children opened twenty-five years ago when Margaret Sanger established the first American birth-control clinic in the slums of Brooklyn. It was raided by the police nine days later and condemned as a "public nuisance." Mrs. Sanger carried her case to the New York State Supreme Court, and although she lost her appeal she won a great victory because the decision established the principle of the legal and medical right of doctors to give contraceptive information "for the cure or prevention of disease." Today there are more than 600 clinics in 42 states. Most of the work is still being done by private organizations, for public-health authorities have been extremely backward in this field. But in North

Carolina the State Board of Health has for the last three years been furnishing indigent mothers with information and materials. One result has been an impressive decline in the maternal-mortality rate. This is an example to other states. The recent report of Special Prosecutor John Amen which estimates that between 100,000 and 250,000 illegal abortions are performed in New York City every year emphasizes the crying need for more birth-control clinics.

We Move into War

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

AS CERTAINLY as a dark winter will end these deceptively bright October days, so war will follow the precarious, unreal "peace" in which the people of the United States today live and dream. Events move toward this end, even while Congress conducts elaborate maneuvers over the repeal of separate provisions of a law the whole of which has no longer any meaning. War doesn't wait for these men; it closes in upon them from all quarters.

From Moscow, whose historic stand brings back the agony of suspense in which the anti-fascist world watched the struggle for Madrid in 1936; from Tokyo, where the new Japanese Cabinet talks the old Japanese hokum about "co-prosperity" in the East and "peace" with the West; from the fog-swept waters off Iceland, where the torpedoes of a Nazi submarine found an American destroyer and ended the life of eleven of her sailors; from every direction comes the unmistakable announcement that the time for self-deception is past.

The formation of the new Japanese government means nothing if it does not mean a step toward war. General Tojo may talk about his peaceful intentions and his desire for a "settlement" with the United States, but he will do so as cynically as our officials will reciprocate. The Tojo Cabinet was formed for but one purpose—to unite all the services in support of a more aggressive pro-Axis policy. This may mean quick action in Siberia while the German drive against Russia is under way and German pressure on Japan is heavy; or it may mean an attack on Thailand, which has but lately emerged from the formidable defenses of its rainy season. Or the new government may repeat for a time the tactics of bluff and threat. But it is hard to believe that it can long hang back and do nothing but talk. It was the failure of just that policy that brought the fall of the Cabinet of Prince Konoye. Eventually Japan must either act or back down; and to back down would be to give up China and the hegemony of Eastern Asia and to lose face to an unprecedented degree.

Whatever action Japan takes will sooner or later trip it

into war with the United States. People who insist that we can never be brought to "fight for Siberia" or for Siam or for our right to navigate the Japanese sea fail to realize how little popular objection there is to war with Japan. First of all, it would be chiefly a naval war, and American pacifist sentiment is mainly directed against dispatching a mass expeditionary force to foreign shores. Second, it would be a war in support of American "interests" in the Far East, and even the ordinary citizen who has nothing direct to gain from such interests bristles at the notion of forfeiting them to a grasping neighbor. Third, as a people we don't like the Japanese, while popular sympathy for their Chinese victims is universal; and no important Japanese element exists in our population as a whole to serve as a focus of anti-Chinese propaganda. Fourth, several of our most influential isolationist Senators and Congressmen are strongly anti-Japanese and today would back vigorous action against Japan at the first rumor of an incident which they would ignore if it were created by Nazi Germany.

Given the slightest provocation, the Administration can lead the country into war with Japan as soon as it pleases. Given serious provocation, the Administration will be driven into war with Japan by pressure of public opinion.

I don't think the President wants war with Japan today; he would prefer to keep the navy free for possible eventualities in the Atlantic. But neither do I believe he would permit the State Department to retreat to its earlier appeasement tactics in order to avoid war. For reasons of major strategy—both naval and economic—the United States cannot permit Japan to conquer eastern Russia or southeastern Asia. We shall fight if necessary to prevent Japanese control of the Dutch Indies and of Singapore; we shall fight to prevent Japanese control of the Siberian coast opposite Alaska; and we shall fight to keep open the sea route to Vladivostok as long as Russia is offering effective resistance to Hitler.

The attack on the destroyer Kearny is a good test of public and Congressional reactions—like a drop of acid on the foot of a frog. Obviously it was not of itself a cause of war; it was war. The presence of the Kearny in the area south of Iceland was a measure of our halfway involvement. That our naval vessels may be attacked, or may themselves attack, is assumed as part of a program already in effect. The loss of life was small. The importance of the incident lies entirely in its effect. Will it make the men who direct America's destiny more or less ready to face the implications of a policy whose certain consequences were never quite honestly stated or quite fully realized?

Already it is clear that the attack on the Kearny has aroused strong indignation in Congress. Even some of the isolationists are asserting that we can't let cold-

blooded attacks on our ships go unavenged. War will not be declared as the result of this affray, but war will have been accepted as inevitable by a great many Americans who had refused to believe it until the torpedo struck.

At the gates of Moscow the blood of hundreds of thousands of men and women is being spent through the profligate cruelty of Nazi aggression; all over Europe the lives of anti-fascist fighters are day by day laid down in the unequal struggle for freedom. That the death of a few American sailors should be required to bring home to this country its inescapable share in this struggle is a melancholy fact; but it is a fact.

These events are warnings of the coming storm. But there are equally certain signs much closer home. Every informed person in Washington reports that the defense-production program is rapidly going on a full war-time basis.

The first intimations of change were to be found in the orders curtailing domestic car production and house building. Out of the talks between Churchill and Roosevelt, between the general staffs of Britain and the United States, between Stalin and the Beaverbrook-Harriman missions has come a program for American industry. It is a war, not merely a defense, program. It is designed to make the United States a full economic ally of Britain and Russia, pledged to a scale of production which will eventually offset the *Wehrwirtschaft* of Germany plus all its subjugated countries.

This program will cost the American people at least half the national income before the end comes. They will have to do without goods they want and are accustomed to, and some goods they count as necessities. Small business men will be squeezed or driven to the wall if they cannot fit into the defense set-up. Unemployment will rise, until it can be soaked up by the war industries. Many measures will now, belatedly, be taken that *The Nation* advocated months ago: the rapid conversion of small plants to war production; the rapid extension of subcontracting. The strain of the effort will be tremendous; and it will hurt.

A war-production program of such magnitude is endurable only in time of war. Men and women must feel themselves part of the struggle to be willing to sacrifice their comfort and much of their freedom for victory. Before its total, uncompromising demands are laid upon them, the people of America must learn that this war is their war; that they cannot dodge it or buy their way out of it; that they must fight it because fighting is the only alternative to surrender. And surrender is the prelude to slavery.

Perhaps it is just as well that Berlin and Tokyo are going to such bloody lengths to teach Americans this lesson.

Tokyo's Choice

THE resignation of Prince Konoye as Premier of Japan was expected. For weeks it has been apparent that his usefulness to the military clique had about reached an end. Wisely or unwisely, he chose to risk his political life on the possibility of bluffing the United States into an acceptance of Japanese demands in China as the price of peace. The bluff was called, and Konoye had no alternative but to resign.

His resignation and the selection of General Tojo as his successor have undoubtedly brought Japan to the brink of war. But whether Tojo will take the final fateful step is still uncertain. The change in leadership is not so drastic as many commentators would lead us to believe. Konoye was no moderate; he was one of the leaders of Japanese fascism; but he was a civilian. The new Premier is not only a fascist but a leader of the extremist wing of the army. Like Konoye he stands for close collaboration with the Axis. His Cabinet, although composed almost entirely of extremists, is only slightly more thickly studded with generals and admirals than the one which resigned. The main difference lies in the extraordinary power assumed by Tojo himself. It is a war Cabinet, but so, in lesser degree, have been the last three Cabinets.

If Japan is ever to take the plunge, it would seem that the hour is at hand. The embargo on oil and other war materials, which is already beginning to pinch, makes delay dangerous. Russia has admittedly withdrawn some of its best troops from Siberia to meet the threat to Moscow. The United States, while on the alert, has not made it clear that a Japanese attack on either Siberia or the East Indies would be regarded as a threat to this country's vital interests.

The new Cabinet was set up to take advantage of the opportunity provided by Russia's desperate struggle. Certainly Japan would move into Siberia if the Soviet armies should be crushed in Europe. Even the capture of Moscow might set the Japanese armies marching if General Tojo felt reasonably sure that the United States would not interfere. But the new Premier-War Minister is not sure about the United States, and for the moment it looks as if he might follow the wait-and-see policy of the two preceding Konoye governments. He has announced that he will make one last attempt at a settlement with the United States. This probably means that he will try again to induce the United States to withhold all aid from China, or at least to reduce its rapidly increasing shipments of war materials. It certainly does not mean that he will even discuss Japanese withdrawal from China.

Japan's policies during the past two years have revealed two dominant trends: determination to expand its control in Eastern Asia and fear of becoming involved in war with the United States. Every time this country has

taken a firm stand on an issue, Japan has become conciliatory and passive. Every time our government has reverted to appeasement, Japan has enlarged its claims. By temperament General Tojo is more likely to take risks than any of his predecessors. But if he were told in unmistakable language that any further aggression on the part of Japan would mean war with the United States, even he might hesitate to take the fatal plunge. To this degree, the decision as to war or peace in the East rests with Washington.

Labor's Parliament

THE International Labor Organization—that part of the League of Nations of which the United States is a member—will hold its regular annual conference in New York City this week. At the outbreak of hostilities in Europe the headquarters of the I. L. O. were shifted from Geneva to Montreal, with branch offices in Washington. The labor parliament of the world has moved its seat from Europe to the Western Hemisphere.

One is apt to think of the League and all related to it as dead and buried, or at least destined in this time of war to play no real part in the world's affairs. Yet this conference is very much alive. Over forty countries will be represented, and the delegates will include a score of Cabinet officers from all over the world. The United States will be represented by Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins and Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles. Clement Attlee, Labor member of the British Cabinet, will speak for Great Britain; a British Cabinet Minister does not leave his post at a perilous crisis of the war and travel three thousand miles in order to fulfil purely ceremonial functions. Furthermore, this is the first time the American delegation to an I. L. O. conference has included a Cabinet officer and a top-ranking official of the State Department. Most of the member countries of the Western Hemisphere, the nations of the British Commonwealth, and the governments in exile will be represented. Delegates will come from as far away as China, Egypt, India, South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia. Together they will represent the largest aggregate of anti-totalitarian forces from which delegates ever assembled.

The I. L. O. embodies a method of approach to labor problems which no other organization of similar scope employs in the same degree, and which has assumed supreme importance owing to certain elements in the war situation. It was designed as a world parliament of labor whose primary purpose was defense of the interests of labor and the promotion of social-security legislation, and it has actually secured the adoption of some seventy labor treaties dealing with such problems as hours of work, working conditions for women and minors, and

safety rules. But it is the constitutional structure of the organization which is significant just now. Not labor alone is represented at the conference. Each member state is entitled to four delegates—one representing labor, one representing the employer, and two representing the government. And it is to be noted that the delegates may ballot as individuals if authority is given by a two-thirds' vote of the delegates present. Here are two principles, or methods of conference, of immense importance at this juncture of the world's affairs.

At a conference of the A. F. of L. or the C. I. O. in this country or the Trades Union Congress in England, the worker is represented in his capacity as worker only, and labor problems are considered detached from related problems of industry as a whole, from problems of the consumer, the taxpayer, the government. But the trade unionist, it is just as well to remind ourselves occasionally, is also a human being who is a consumer, a taxpayer, and a citizen, the master, that is, of governments; and as such he is in an ultimate sense also an employer. Even under socialism or industrial cooperation or communism the employer aspect of the problem of labor has still to be met.

When all criticisms of the I. L. O. have been made, it remains true that it is the first great world-wide organization to tackle the problem of labor from this point of view, a point of view increasing in importance every day because, under the stress of war, governments become every day more important both as consumer and employer, and their purpose as employer is the main purpose also of the workers at this moment: to prevent the spread of a counter-revolution which will, unless stopped, destroy all trade-union organization as we know it and reduce workers to the status of actual slaves.

This means that the worker's problem has very considerably altered in character, and the machinery for the defense of his major interests should be correspondingly modified. For the moment his main objective should be survival as a free man, and his main purpose to see that his labor, and any sacrifice he is called upon to make, should be first of all a contribution to that end. He is of course also concerned to see that the war situation is not used as a lever for destroying gains made in the past. It need not be. The acting director of the I. L. O., Edward J. Phelan, has issued in this connection two reports—"Wartime Developments in Government-Employer-Worker Collaboration" and "The I. L. O. and Reconstruction." The first of these reports shows that on the whole labor has fared well in the democracies in war time—in sharp contrast with the enslaved condition of labor in countries under totalitarian control. Yet he warns that no democratic state is exempt from danger of social and economic strife under the stress of war conditions, and that, if allowed to develop, that strife might mean the end of all labor rights.

Washington Zigzag

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 17

IT GIVES me great pleasure to report that for the last two months no American oil has gone to Japan.

This information comes to me from a source which has access to confidential export figures, a source which has been bitterly hostile in the past to our sale of oil and scrap iron to Japan. The same source informs me, however, that we are continuing to ship from 150,000 to 200,000 barrels of petroleum products each month to Spain.

We ought to be able to learn a little from experience. When Japan announced its adherence to the Axis a year ago, Secretary Hull greeted the news with an I-knew-it-all-the-time. Yet ten months passed before we shut off the sale of oil to Japan. If war comes between this country and Japan—and the possibility grows stronger every hour—the Japanese navy will be fueled for many months on American oil, and its guns will hurl shells made with American scrap iron.

It is too late to undo the errors we have made in the Far East, but it is not too late to act with more foresight in Europe. Today's cables bring the report of an interview given the French fascist weekly *Guingoire* by Ramón Serrano Suñer, the atheist who remains Foreign Minister of Spain without arousing noticeable protest from Catholic clerics grieving for "godless" Russia. Suñer again made it clear that Franco is committed to an Axis victory—how could he hope to survive in a democratic world?—and that Spain intends to extend its influence over Latin America. It pains me to report this as news, but it is news which has failed to impress our State Department.

Why do we go on sending our oil to this enemy regime? Is it to keep Franco from seizing Baku? The crisis in the Far East repeats one of the A B C's of appeasement. Wars are precipitated by a show of weakness, not strength. Japan is beginning to stir because it believes the Soviets are about to receive their death blow. What kept it quiet in the past was not our continued sale of war supplies but its fear that the forces opposing it in the Far East were too strong for a further advance north or south. We nourished an enemy until the enemy felt that it was safe to strike.

Franco is a pipsqueak we are helping to keep alive until the Nazis are ready to turn west again and use Spain as a base of military operations against England and propaganda operations against the United States. Spain today as in Napoleonic times is the natural bridge-

head for a Continental invasion. We could appear to the Spanish people as a democratic deliverer rather than as a shabby back-door collaborator with their fascist oppressors. Spain, as the weak spot of Hitler-dominated Western Europe, offers an opportunity for military and political initiative, a chance to show we mean what we say when we talk of building a new democratic order. The Spanish policy, or lack of it, is a reflection of the flabbiness and the disunity on which Hitler feels he can rely for further victories in the west when and if he disposes of the Russians.

We shall not defeat Hitler by making faces at him across the Atlantic, and our War Department is finally beginning to recognize the realities. I am reliably informed that for the first time plans have been drawn up commensurate with the situation that confronts us. A program has been submitted to Secretary Stimson calling for an army of 8,000,000 men, more than 300 divisions, in place of the 1,500,000 men we are training now. If the Russians are defeated, an army of 8,000,000 is a minimum requirement for defense of the hemisphere, and probably too small for offensive operations, if any are possible in Europe. But to equip an army of this size would require a drastic reorganization and mobilization of our industrial capacity. Here again we are still faltering.

It is clear now that the reports brought back by Harry Hopkins from Moscow were much too optimistic. He seems to have thought that Moscow would hold out until next spring. The advance of the German armies again demonstrates that there is no time to fidget and fumble. The British seem to have begun to train men for the offensive too late to take advantage of the Russian campaign to open a new front in Western Europe. Our armament effort is still too low to give adequate aid to the Russians, though their defeat may loose a tidal wave of appeasement in the West that might shake our own democratic system to its foundations.

The financial and big-business influences here which have sabotaged defense and subordinated the needs of rearmament to their own profit and interest will be the first to cry for a deal with Hitler if the Russians go under. They are still a pullback influence on aid to the Soviets, though the President himself sincerely wants to do all he can. An illustration is the hesitancy of OPM circles before the British request for rolling stock, locomotives, and steel to put the single-track trans-Iranian railway in shape for shipments to Russia. The new Labor

government of Australia is stripping its own railways of rolling stock to aid the Soviets, but the OPM wants to wait and see if the Russians can hold out. If the OPM waits long enough, the Nazis may make aid to Russia unnecessary.

Mr. Roosevelt is no appeaser abroad, but he is still an appeaser at home. He wants to help Britain and Russia, but he can do so effectively only if he has the courage to organize industry for defense. This involves great political risks, but wars are not won without taking risks. The past week has given further evidence of the extent to which Mr. Roosevelt and the Administration continue to live in a pleasant dream world and to deceive the people about the extent and progress of arms production.

Production is still most notable in the field of ballyhoo. There was the story about our war exports reaching a peak of \$155,000,000 in September. This is no record on which to preen ourselves when we think of the gap we must fill between Britain's \$1,000,000,000 a month of war production and the New Order's \$3,000,000,000 a month. It seems even less matter for self-congratulation in terms of the vast industrial losses in western Russia,

for which we must compensate if Soviet resistance is to be maintained. More worthy of attention is the fact that in the past six months our war exports averaged but \$40,000,000 a month and the fact that most of the \$155,000,000 in September was still made up of goods ordered and paid for by the British before the lease-lend program began.

Tanks are a necessity if the Russians are to continue to fight, but despite the hoopla statements from the War Department that medium-tank production "almost doubled" last month, it will be the winter of 1942-43 before we are manufacturing tanks in any adequate quantity. The "almost doubled," from the best information I can obtain, was an increase from five medium tanks a day to ten. No heavy tanks are in production. Light tanks, the only kind we are turning out in quantity, will be useful for combat only in case of war with Panama or Liberia. There is a great to-do in the papers this morning because the OPM has "cracked down" on a small Chicago manufacturer for using aluminum to make "juke boxes." What of the automobile manufacturers who still use metals and machines that could be turned to the manufacture of tanks?

This War Is Different

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

AFTER two years of fighting one still frequently hears that this war is just like all the others. Nazi propaganda has known how to exploit the lack of judgment of people whose abhorrence of all kinds of shooting leads them to forget who fired the first shot and who will fall by the last one. With cynical versatility Nazi agents appeal both to the bellicose spirit and to the most delicate pacifist sensitivity.

Peace and war combine perfectly in Hitler's strategy. Each new great Nazi drive carries with it the hope that it will serve to convince the democracies of their desperate lot. Success in the eastern campaign will be followed by the launching of a new peace offensive directed to the west; the experience of the past robs this prediction of any risk. But for such dual tactics to have a chance to succeed, the war must be idealized in countries where it is forging the instruments of fascist domination and at the same time be denounced as a senseless blood orgy in countries which might offer effective resistance to the establishment of the New Order. And one of the tricks in the double game is to promote among fascism's future victims a disinterest in the outcome on the ground that after all this war does not differ from others fought in the past.

The Frenchman, the Norwegian, the Belgian, the Hollander who today lives in occupied territory realizes that this war is not like the others. Belligerent or neutral in 1914, he remembers with horror the sufferings and privations of those days, the spectacle of the blind and mutilated veterans, the economic disaster that followed the transitory prosperity of the neutrals. But when he knows what it means to have the Nazis in his own home, everything he had to endure during the first World War seems insignificant. To discover this was undoubtedly a revelation for many Europeans, especially in France, where German propaganda had worked on the same lines as in America, telling the people how idiotic it was to die for England and what a blessing a Hitler peace would be for all the nations of Europe.

Though he lived at the very door of Nazi Germany, the average Frenchman, Norwegian, Belgian, or Hollander—even he who today courageously risks his life to fight the invaders—did not understand that fascism had changed the whole meaning of war; that Nazi war does not end, as the others ended, when the order to stop firing is given. He did not realize that under Hitler armistice and even peace are only deceptive episodes in the interminable process of subjugation. Contrary

to what happened in other wars, for instance in the last one, the armies of occupation have not merely the task of enforcing fulfilment of the obligations established by the provisions of the armistice. The armies of occupation act as absolute masters, and their main task is to bring about the transformation of the vanquished nation into a state that fits into the pattern of totalitarian world order.

Never could the general in command of the French forces in the Ruhr after the last war have imagined himself in a position to mold to his whim or the whim of his government the political structure of the Weimar Republic. But General von Stülpnagel, the military dictator of Paris, knows that on the day when the little traitors of Vichy cease to obey the smallest order of the Führer he, or any other general, can liquidate in twenty-four hours the fiction of an unoccupied and independent France.

If the people of Europe, with the immediate memories of Spain and Austria and Czecho-Slovakia to guide them, had not fully awakened to the horror of Nazi barbarism when the war began, surely it is not surprising that in America a sense of security based on the three thousand miles of water that separate one continent from the other renders many people unconscious of the danger that threatens them. I hope it will not be considered an impertinence on the part of a foreigner if I suggest that the great majority of Americans do not even yet realize what it is like to live under fascism. Even some of those who are aware that the battle against Hitler is their battle have no idea—and in a way this is quite natural—what it means to cease being treated like a human being and to become a mere cog in the monstrous machine of a cruel and despotic ruler. Still more blind are those who, in their opposition to the Administration's policy of resistance, go so far as to suggest that the President threatens to turn this country into a fascist state. To those of us who have known fascism in our own flesh such statements sound like bitter mockery. And it is not unusual to hear the very people who argue that the President's policies are introducing fascism here, insist in the same breath that the danger of fascism after a Nazi victory is much exaggerated, since an old democracy like that of the United States will not so easily be undermined.

Yet one of the characteristics of this war clearly differentiating it from the others is the fact that the aggressor levies against the subjugated country not only the price of military victory but also the full price of political victory. If in a certain sense it is true, as Sir Robert Vansittart would claim, that under Hitler Germany only follows the same old bloody road along which the milestones carry the dates of 1864, 1866, 1870, and 1914, it is no less true that Nazism has introduced into tradi-

tional German aggressiveness a new fashion of domination many times more brutal and complete than former methods. The defeat of 1870 imposed upon France the hardest treaty of peace until then registered in the modern history of Europe. In the enforcement of its clauses Germany did not renounce a single point. German troops remained on French territory until the last cent of the indemnity, plus interest, was paid. But with all that, the Germany of Wilhelm I did not dream of crowning its victory with the complete Prussianization of France. Neither did the peace that the Kaiser hoped to impose in the fall of 1914 include the adoption by France of the political forms of the Second German Empire.

But Hitler's war has as one of its officially stated aims the destruction of every democratic government and the reconstruction of the world according to the Nazi pattern. Fascism does not seek merely the establishment of an international order in which the victorious Axis powers will make all large decisions about the freedom of the seas, trade between nations, access to raw materials, and treatment of national and racial minorities; its war aims include the right to rule beyond any frontiers that may be established without taking account of the will of the peoples who live inside those frontiers.

In contrast with other wars, the present war combines foreign and civil war in proportions never known before. The destructive effects of invasion are to be completed



"Now, from my viewpoint . . ."

by precipitating an internal struggle. The firing ceases on the battle front, but the shooting inside the lines begins. The fascist invaders encourage fascist elements within the attacked country to exterminate all who do not share the new totalitarian ideas. And not only do they encourage such action; they take on themselves the leadership of the civil war. The Nazification of the native fifth column in each country takes place with a rapidity that should serve as a warning to those who proclaim that certain things could never happen on their soil.

Nobody, for instance, could have foreseen in France that a Marcel Déat would go so far in the denunciation and persecution of those French liberals in whose company he rose to power. Everyone knew him as a politician without scruples, as an *arriviste* of the lowest kind, but none imagined him capable of such utter degradation. A few months of Nazification transformed Marcel Déat into a little beast capable of competing in ferocity with his new masters of the Gestapo. Yet in his campaigns in support of the New Order, after the French collapse, he did not indulge in any such open attacks upon the Jews as certain appeasers have been guilty of recently in countries still separated by three thousand miles of water from the inspiring example of the Hitler armies.

This continuous intermingling of external war and civil war offers to the traitors within such broad opportunities that the process itself must be considered another of the unique characteristics of the present war. Certainly it is not the first time in history that the interests of class have prevailed over the national interest. In the early Italian republics the upper classes often sympathized with their class brethren of the enemy state while the common people were heroically fighting in the defense of their native land. During the French Revolution there was the defeatism of the *Vendée* and of the émigré noblemen who feared the social advances introduced by the Convention. And Bismarck's secretary, von Busch, tells us in his memoirs that certain Parisians during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 asserted that "they would rather see the King of Prussia master of France, they would rather see their country mutilated and dismembered, than see it become a republic." However, it is the fascist technique alone which, working through the fifth column in each country, has raised the internal struggle to the level of a real operation of war.

As long as defeatism and disloyalty are limited to small groups of the weak-kneed or to those traitors who desire the defeat of their own government out of nostalgia for a reactionary social regime, the effect on the conduct of the war is likely to be insignificant. Every government in time of emergency has the resources for dealing with them, and if their disloyalty reaches the stage of espionage or of plotting, a firing squad can take charge of their elimination. But when the betrayal of the country is engineered by a vast conspiracy with ramifica-

tions in the highest administrative offices, when the army has been poisoned by enemy propaganda, and when the native fifth column anxiously awaits a propitious moment for seizing power, then the fate of a nation is sealed.

In no other modern war has the treatment of the civil population reached the level of ferocity of the fascist occupation of the invaded countries. During the last war the execution by the Germans of the editor of the clandestine *Libre Belgique* and of Edith Cavell raised a storm of indignation everywhere; and the shooting of Sir Roger Casement by the British occasioned furious protests in Irish circles all over the world. In Paris today the entire population is held as hostage. Up to now from ten to fifteen persons have been indiscriminately executed in reprisal for every fallen Nazi. The day may be not far off when we shall hear of whole sections of the city being machine-gunned. That is already happening in Yugoslavia. In his last speech Prime Minister Churchill referred to the horror that will overwhelm the world when the behavior of the Nazi armies on the eastern front becomes known. Did he have in mind the 100,000 civilians, mostly Jews, who according to reliable sources have been shot in the last two months in the Ukraine?

Here we have already a pretty accurate picture of the new European order promised by Hitler. We can easily see what sort of prospect is offered to mankind by those who, believing this war to be no different from the others and wishing only that the shooting should cease, would like to see President Roosevelt or the Pope open peace negotiations with Hitler. Fascism can think only in terms of mass executions and concentration camps. Its spirit and its goal are faithfully expressed in the significant words with which Count Ciano warned John Whitaker, the excellent correspondent of the *New York Post*, on the occasion of his forced departure from Italy: "In two years I shall look for you in a concentration camp in the United States."

It should hardly be necessary to assert that this war, in contrast to the others, has ended both the conception and the practice of neutrality. From 1914 to 1918 the world witnessed many attempts on the part of the Allies and the Central Powers to lure other countries into giving up their neutrality. But even the German Chancellery, after the original violation of the neutrality of Belgium, did not consider it opportune to accompany its *démarches* with the dispatch of motorized divisions to the frontiers of the country it was wooing. Diplomacy still expressed itself in the language of maneuver and intrigue traditional since the Congress of Vienna. Gangsterism had not yet taken its place. A country might be subjected to every kind of pressure, economic and political, but if the decision of its government was to remain neutral, it was not forced to take up arms against its will. The records

of German diplomacy during the first World War show a von Papen abusing his immunity in ways known to all Americans. They show Baron von Stohrer, at that time first secretary of the German embassy in Madrid, today Hitler's ambassador to Franco, secretly organizing paid terrorist groups in Barcelona to kill the factory-owners who worked for the Allies. But they do not show a German envoy like Dr. Otto Bräuer tracking King Haakon through Norway in the hope of forcing him to agree to the *fait accompli* of the German invasion.

Neutrality is finished forever until Hitler is definitely crushed. Any setbacks Hitler may suffer will force him to try to find a way out through an extension of the war. In Europe the prolongation of the Russian campaign must logically lead Hitler to seek compensation in the west during the coming winter. He will probably attack in North Africa, or drive through Spain to dominate the entire Iberian Peninsula and place Gibraltar under the guns of the German army. In the Far East, in the measure in which American war material flows to Russia, Hitler will use every means to draw Japan into the war. In Latin America the interest of Hitler in sabotaging inter-American solidarity and in creating a state of unrest designed to divert the attention of the United States from Europe will continue. Thus this war, in contrast to the others, will eliminate one neutral after another. The most complacent non-belligerence has proved itself, as in the case of Bulgaria, insufficient.

Even the way in which this war may be brought to an

end differs from the way others have ended. An editorial in the first issue of *Free World* warns against the delusion of an easy victory. Reference is made to the "World Party of Assassins with its ten million members and its various national branches—the German National Socialist Party, the Italian Fascist Party, the Japanese Black Dragon Society, the French Cagouards, the Spanish Phalanx, each responsible for thousands of crimes—which will thrash around like a wild beast before facing the hour of its terrible accounting." This is not simple rhetoric. In the last war the realization that victory could no longer be expected led Ludendorff to advise his government to capitulate, even though powerful German forces still occupied a great part of France. This time it would be unduly optimistic to expect the Nazis and their accomplices, when their backs are to the wall, to surrender without a terrible struggle. Intrenched in Germany, in Austria, in Czecho-Slovakia, in Poland, they will fight like mad dogs before giving up.

That is the prospect we must face. Yet there are those who believe that the only problem is to achieve superiority in the air, who discuss the battle purely in military terms. They reject the idea of a double military and political war in which the democracies, while striking at Hitler with all the arms they can produce, would make Europe a hell for him by giving all-out encouragement and support to the ever-spreading spirit of revolt. Nevertheless, this strategy is the most hopeful method of breaking fascist resistance and preventing a prolonged stalemate.

New Light on Hess

BY LOUIS FISCHER

I THINK I can solve the riddle of Rudolf Hess and of his famous flight to Scotland on May 10, 1941.

The members of the British government who know the inside story of Hess's trip have kept the secret well. Cabinet ministers were willing to discuss many things with me but not the subject of Hess. The moment I said, "Did Hess come to Britain because he . . .," they interrupted politely and declared, "I really know nothing about that matter"; although, of course, they had seen verbatim reports of Hess's testimony and had read the long letters which Hess has written in prison. The mention of Hess immediately sealed their lips. A friend of mine who is a London editor said, "Never has so much been kept from so many by so few."

Rudolf Hess is Winston Churchill's own prisoner. He is not the prisoner of the War Ministry or of the Royal Air Force, which cross-examined him at 4 Ken-

sington Palace Gardens, London, or of Scotland Yard. Churchill himself makes the dispositions about Hess, and Churchill has imposed a strict ban of silence on all who know the facts. British ministers obey Churchill as a good class obeys an able teacher. But lesser people talk, and even those who refuse to talk may disclose something by the tone of their refusals. I have pieced together bits of evidence gathered during a nine weeks' stay in England. The result is a plausible and convincing solution of the Hess mystery.

When Hess descended in his parachute near the Duke of Hamilton's huge estate and was captured by a Scottish farmer wielding a pitchfork, he demanded to see Churchill or Foreign Minister Eden. He declined to talk to anybody else. The British government sent Ivone Kirkpatrick to interview Hess. Kirkpatrick is a skilful diplomat who has specialized on Germany and Russia. He was an official in the British embassy in Berlin dur-

ing the Nazi regime and met Hess while serving in that capacity. He thought Hess would remember him, but Hess did not, and Kirkpatrick resented that. But no matter; Hess would not discuss the purpose of his visit. He would explain it only to the heads of the British government, he asserted firmly. Kirkpatrick, after consulting with London, told Hess with equal firmness that neither Churchill nor Eden nor any other important member of the government would consent to meet a deputy of Hitler's. For two full weeks Hess persisted in his silence. Finally, convinced that there was no use demanding an audience with the chiefs, he broke down and talked.

Hess came to Britain to conclude a separate peace. He has steadfastly refused to say whether or not he flew away from Germany with Hitler's consent or knowledge. He avoids the subject of Hitler as much as possible. He will neither admit nor deny that he consulted Hitler before his departure. But his aim was to establish peace between Britain and Germany.

In the third week of his confinement in Britain Hess announced that the Nazis were about to attack Soviet Russia. Moscow was immediately informed—three weeks before Hitler declared war on Stalin. Hess proposed that Great Britain and Germany should therefore call off the war which they had been waging since September 3, 1939. He said that Germany wished to concentrate all its forces against Russia, which was "the real enemy of Europe." The Nazis would guarantee the British Isles and the British Empire. Germany had no designs on British territory, Hess assured Kirkpatrick.

Hess also said that if Germany had to fight Russia and England, the total conquest of Russia would take a year. If England made peace with Germany, or still better helped Germany, Russia could be smashed in three months. That was where Hess revealed the weakness of his entire position, and that was why Churchill and the British Cabinet did not for a moment think of accepting Hess's offer. From Britain's point of view, it was much better to have Germany engaged in Russia for twelve months than for three. For what would Hitler do if England withdrew from the war and allowed Russia to be crushed? He would defeat Russia and then turn on England in accordance with his celebrated strategy of knocking out his enemies "one by one."

Hess has tried to convince the Englishmen who have interrogated him that Great Britain was guilty of a historic blunder when it went to war in the first place. Germany, he has assured them, never intended to attack England. Germany's enemies, he has affirmed, were France and Russia, and after dealing with them the Nazis would have lived in friendship with the British.

Hess had outlined all these ideas in a letter he dispatched from Germany to a British nobleman six months before his famous flight. The letter never reached the

person to whom it was addressed. The secret police read it, filed it, and informed the authorities. No reply was sent. Hess had held these views for a long time. He had been in prison with Hitler in 1923 and 1924 and helped to introduce them into "Mein Kampf," which Hitler wrote in prison. Seventeen years later, in a British prison, Hess expounded them again to amused British ears.

When Kirkpatrick assured Rudolf Hess that no British government would ever negotiate again with the Nazis, Hess exclaimed, "You are not serious, are you?" He was shocked. When Kirkpatrick at last convinced him that Britain was serious, Hess demanded an airplane, gasoline, and maps so that he could return to Germany. He had his second shock when Kirkpatrick did not take this request seriously.

Hess had actually believed that the invasion of Russia would completely alter British policy toward Germany. Churchill, he thought, would welcome the assault on the "citadel of Bolshevism" and take Britain out of the war. Instead, when Hitler launched his attack on Russia, the Prime Minister of Great Britain went immediately to the microphone and, speaking to his country and America, promised that the Royal Air Force would now intensify its raids on Germany and German-occupied Europe, and that all possible help would go to Russia from the Western democracies. Hess was painfully disappointed. His mission had failed.

Hess now sits in prison and writes endlessly. Everything he writes goes to Scotland Yard. He is fed normally but no longer gets chicken as he did when he first fell from heaven. He is highstrung and very nervous. His wardens are all Secret Service men. He is allowed to talk to the friends who come to visit them. He tells them about Germany and asks them about Britain. He is also allowed to see the children who come to see his guards. This is said to give him especial pleasure. To all visitors he protests his affection for England.

Everything Hess has said in prison shows those who study his utterances that Hitler is still his demi-god and hero and Nazi Germany his supreme love. But it has slowly dawned on him after these many months of confinement that in coming to Britain he miscalculated. His miscalculation was based on a fundamental misconception: he assumed that the democratic mind does not change. Hess thought that because Britain appeased Germany from 1935 to 1939 it would, given the inducement, revert to appeasement now. But much British blood has flowed since September 3, 1939, and if I have brought one clear impression back from England it is that the British people will not flinch, will not slacken their efforts against Hitler and Nazi Germany. The fact that Germany is at present concentrating on Russia has not weakened this iron resolve. No matter what happens in Russia, no matter what America does or doesn't do, the British are determined to go on to the end.

The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

III. Summer Pasturage

SUMMARY OF PARTS I AND II. Italy's entry into the war breaks upon the Sicilian village of San Filippo as a dark rumor. The fishermen are warned indirectly by the harbor master not to take the fleet out, but they go nevertheless. The goatherd Maniscalco raises a dust in the wineshop by swearing that neither King nor Duce shall take his son Carmelo for the war. On the fishing grounds at nightfall, as the sardines are gathering around the flares, the fleet is approached by a swift cutter commanded by a fascist naval lieutenant, who orders it to put out all lights and return to the harbor.

THE goats, that had been advancing in scattered formation, drew together as they approached the neck of land behind the Golden Cape. Confined in the dwindling passage of the valley they pressed forward with fretful movement, expectant as any man in reaching a skyline that would disclose a new land. The black, glistening herd flowed so closely around the boulders that when a goat, unable to turn aside, leaped upon one of the bronze-hued rocks, often it could not jump down without buffeting its fellows. The last stragglers crowded in around Brasi, the younger of the two Maniscalco lads. Whistling softly, his gaze moved quickly over the animals. Sometimes he broke off his tune to mutter oaths which his father would have bawled. This was his fifteenth birthday. Though he found pleasure in the press of warm bodies against his legs, Brasi pretended anger, for the animals must know he was as much their master as the hawk-faced, irascible man, his father.

"Ugly faces, oh, ugly faces," he called loudly in the Sicilian dialect of San Filippo, and then he added, quietly, for it was a man's expression and his brother Carmelo did not approve of it on his lips, "Oh, ugly souls, foresworn to the devil." His eyes darted about the herd. Goats were leaping up out of the herd on all sides, some with impatience, others to stand upon boulders, four feet close together, heads down, like sextons looking over the top of their spectacles, or heads held up to sniff the sea air blowing in over the Golden Cape. A few animals detached themselves and trotted swiftly ahead. The two dogs sprang out from Carmelo's side and ran to check the offenders.

Behind Brasi's concern with the goats there was disappointment. Why had not Carmelo signaled that Cesare, his father, was squatting beneath the bushes in the accustomed spot? Father had gone to the fishing town of San

Filippo the night before, and Brasi knew why he had gone, despite the old man's caustic outburst when Brasi had suggested that a good knife would be a pleasing thing to have. Perhaps Carmelo was too intent upon a good management of the skyline crossing to signal to him. If at the critical moment Carmelo did not wave the dogs into their correct positions, scores of the black-hearted bedeviled bitches would soon be leaping all over the cliff face like grasshoppers in a heath fire.

Now the goats were quiet; only a few bleats resounded above the pattering of their feet. The dogs rose at Carmelo's murmured word and flicked themselves over the skyline out of sight.

"Come, come, little angels, little innocents," Carmelo out in front cried coaxingly, while Brasi in the rear expostulated against devilry. Brasi pushed his way to the right as his father had told him to do, and then when Carmelo cried, "Ho," and the goats broke into a run, he raced to the skyline around the herd.

"Hi! Ho!" he cried and threw stones at the animals that had already crossed the pass. The dogs barked menacingly, lunging this way and that when a goat caught sight of the sparser but more tempting grass upon the cliff ledges. Within two minutes the herd had passed into the semicircle of pasture. Not one had strayed on to the cliffs. Why was father not there under the bushes?

Brasi stood there upon the neck of the Golden Cape gazing toward San Filippo. Six miles beyond the next cape lay the fishing town with its shops full of knives. He glanced again over the length and breadth of the pasture, but Cesare was nowhere in sight. The only movement was of the wind and the few gulls on the cliffs of the San Filippo headland. The wind flurried softly on the tall shining grass. The sea thistles, bloomed like grapes, glistened in the sunlight. Beyond the San Filippo headland a scud of white clouds hung at enormous height in the flower-blue sky. The summer pastures were the most beautiful in all Sicily, Brasi believed. He listened for the sound of the waves below, but they were not to be heard. Then, at Carmelo's shout of command, he ran down the slope toward the bushes where the goatherd's hut stood.

"He is not here," Carmelo said, with false lightness. He wished to comfort Brasi.

"No," Brasi replied.

"Bedda matri, don't be so mournful, boy," Carmelo snapped, but Brasi did not hear his father's voice in the words and merely stared down the slope to the cliffs.

There was not a sail upon the near sea, though a faint column of smoke rose beyond the horizon.

"Here, youngster, take this, and blessings." Carmelo held out a package wrapped in torn paper. Brasi jumped up and took the package, for he knew what was in it,

and before glancing at it he put his arm over Carmelo's shoulder and kissed him upon the cheek. Then he took out the sling from the paper and broke into thanks and praise.

"It is nothing, youngster," Carmelo said, in embarrassment because the sling was nothing. At least it was no more than three pieces of leather, to be had for the asking. Brasi fitted a stone into the sling and whirled it skilfully. The stone whirled through the air and struck the thistle Brasi had intended to strike. Two more stones struck the thistle, and then the boy stuffed the sling into his belt. For a while they were silent.

"He will be talking in Bencivenni's barber shop," Carmelo said at last.

"Bencivenni is sick, there is a hired man in the shop," Brasi mumbled.

"The barber shop is the barber shop. He often sits there a whole hour," Carmelo replied.

"Who talks with a hired man—from Catania, from a city?" They were hearing, in their memories, the contemptuous rebuff once given to their father by a superior person from Catania. "Hey, rustic, less tongue play," the Catanian blackshirt had said. Cesare's scurrilous tongue had been silenced.

"Then he will be sitting with the net-menders on the beach," Carmelo said.

"Oh, well . . ." The younger brother shrugged his shoulders. He set out for the San Filippo skyline.

Carmelo watched him as he moved waywardly, now walking swiftly, now straying aside to pick up stones for his sling or to swish the head from a thistle before it seeded. Brasi was a spoiled child. Carmelo dared not answer back as the impudent Brasi, with his trick of suddenly becoming tender and gazing at his father with his head on one side, invariably did.

"*Sporca 'arne*," Father would mutter, gazing angrily at Brasi's mischievous face and large black eyes, suddenly full of the most transparent hypocrisy, "don't look at me like a martyr about to be stoned." For a moment the impudent mockery would reappear in Brasi's eyes and upon his rich, curved lips; then the submission and hurt devotion would return and Father would swear softly and grow tender also. "Piece of the devil's flesh," he



would murmur, and the hard, mocking face, so individual and contemptuous of other men, would soften, and the smile would disclose the merriment that lay behind Cesare Maniscalco's caustic ribaldry. But to Carmelo, Cesare was always Father. It was not because Carmelo

had once lifted his hand to his father, for after Cesare had struck him down with his staff and Carmelo had repented, Father had said gravely, "*Figghiu mio*, it shall be forgotten." There was no jealousy between the brothers, for Brasi was too fanatical in his devotion to his eighteen-year-old brother for jealousy to arise.

Carmelo lay down beneath the bushes. It was a pity not only that Father had not witnessed their management of the herd, but that this first day on the summer pasture should be spoiled by Brasi's disappointment. On that pasture whosoever tended herd or flock was at peace with the world and himself. The sea wind blowing steadily from the water three hundred feet below brought only the faintest rustle of the waves falling upon the bronzed rocks, or of the bending grasses. The bells of the goats and their voices were the only other sounds to be heard, and the bells scattered over that wide two-mile-long scarf of scented grass had a different sound here. The pasture held you up toward the sky, and you lay upon it as a child upon its basket. It held you as if it might swing you into the sea. Behind Carmelo, on the skyline notched with crags like the sun-bleached jaw of a sheep skull, the dogs lolled sleepily, yet ever ready to warn him if the goats strayed into alien pasture. What a fight Father had put up to wrest this cliff pasture from the village whose rights began over the skyline. What bitter-tongued agitation, what scurrilous libels, he had invented, what plots and counterplots he had contrived. Yet the pasture did belong to San Filippo, though the law compelled them to go by roundabout paths to reach it.

Later in the afternoon Carmelo found him lying on alien ground. "The animals must be driven to the fountain," the older brother said.

"You take them."

"Come now, boy," Carmelo said sharply.

"You take them."

"*Bedda matri!*" the elder lad shouted, imitating his father's explosive anger.

"Please, Carmelo."

"Don't put your head down on one side like a communion picture, monkey."

"Please."

"Buono," the elder lad ejaculated and turned about and strode to the bushes. While he was slinging his pouch, his brother ran down and joined him. Carmelo patted him on the shoulder and gave brief orders.

The brothers ate their meal beside the spring, moistening the hard bread in its thin trickle of water. There they remained until the light yellowed and the pasture became green and golden. The goats settled themselves upon the warmer patches of earth, contentedly gazing with half-closed eyes at the sea. Then, an hour before sunset, Cesare Maniscalco appeared on the skyline of the San Filippo headland. At the bushes he greeted his sons curtly, and then stood gazing out to sea. The younger son expectantly took off his hat and drew near.

"Patre," Carmelo murmured and lifted his eyebrows mutely to question his father. Cesare frowned, and again Carmelo questioned his father in the same fashion. Cesare's reply was merely to give the dogs a command. Brasi put his hat upon his head and turned his face toward the Golden Cape.

"Sporca 'arne," Carmelo muttered, not loud enough for his father to hear.

The dogs, having reached the cliffward limit of the resting herd, began to bark and make their short, sharp rushes at the goats. But this evening the goats were puzzled. The dogs also were perplexed. The human beings were not watching the work; the set of their bodies showed that they were thinking of something else. There was no ease, no watchfulness in their bodies, the soft cries of instruction did not carry. The dogs made a few more desultory movements and then stopped, the younger dog first and then the old grizzled bitch. Nothing happened. They would not have dared to stop if the human beings had been in communication with them.

"Father," Carmelo said sharply as Brasi walked away. Cesare appeared to gather his wits, but then as Carmelo did not continue, his gaze fastened upon the leading boats of the San Filippo fishing fleet now pushing out past the headland. "*Sporca 'arne!*" Carmelo shouted and burst into a flood of distorted, and because distorted, permitted blasphemies. He did not dare to put the disarranged consonants and syllables in their proper places, for that would have made the blasphemies too horrible, even for Cesare. Carmelo began to sweat as he violently upbraided the father for so ill-treating his young son. Brasi hurried out of earshot. Carmelo stopped, expecting his father to fasten his wrathful gaze upon him. He expected the brown hands to move to the belt buckle, and he knew that eighteen years old as he was and approaching nineteen, he would submit.

Abstractedly Cesare Maniscalco gazed at his fulminating son. When the stream of abuse stopped, he sighed and said in the speech of man addressing man.

"Ay, *figghiu*, you are right," and half turning, he called, "Eh! Brasi, little son, come here!"

"Don't call like that," Carmelo protested, astonished at his father's tone.

"Bedda *matri*," Cesare exclaimed. "Come here, my little son, little cursed bandit, won't you come?"

Brasi turned and angrily rubbed the tears from his face. The curve of his lips was accentuated by pouting indignation.

"*Latitante*, skulker in the hills, *percia pagliare*, lurker in haystacks, come here." When Cesare had exhausted the entire list of criminal titles, Brasi still did not move.

"*Sporca ma'onna, sporca 'arne, e 'angre*," Cesare suddenly bawled and stamped his feet upon the ground. Brasi instantly came running. The father took him by the shoulders and shook him before kissing him upon the cheek.

"Eh, eh, cursed little bandit," he murmured and pushed the clinging lad away. "The bandit wishes to go armed, eh?"

"Patre," Brasi protested, embarrassed now that the moment of gift-giving had arrived.

"Well, then, take off thy jacket, little defiler of back alleys and temples." While Brasi was doing this the father's face again became clouded. Silently he took the belt and the sheathed knife out of his sheepskin pouch. With muttered blessings he fastened the belt around the slender waist of his son. Then, after patting Brasi's cheek, he waited an instant,

as if in indecision. Slowly, without excitement, Brasi unsheathed the knife and glanced sullenly at the glittering blade. The father wheeled about and with a ferocious oath at the dogs crooked his arm in signal. Frantically they leaped to obey, barking savagely, snapping their teeth within an inch of the goats' flanks, in order to purge their monstrous idleness.

"It is a good knife, eh?" Cesare ejaculated fiercely, and the words which spoken softly would have unloosed a stream of loving gratitude brought a single "Yes."

"Close the hurdles, Brasi," Carmelo ordered. He had never given orders in the presence of his father. The lad made no sign of obedience.

"Boy!" the father exclaimed softly, but with the sternness of disobeyed fatherhood. Brasi ran to the corral and stood there waiting for the frantically submissive dogs to complete their task. Then he closed the hurdle and burst into tears.



[Continued on page 411]

Bible Belt Labor

BY EVELYN SMITH

WHEN 2,600 mill hands in Knoxville, Tennessee, walked out on strike last May at the huge Standard Knitting Mills, largest manufacturers of knit underwear in the country, they were taking part in a struggle in which something much more important was at stake than the prestige of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, which called the strike. Victory for these Tennessee mountaineers will be the first noteworthy break in the dam guarding the "scab reservoir" in which cheap and docile labor has been so carefully hoarded by Southern manufacturers. It will mean a flood of Southern workers into unions which have heretofore found cold welcome in the area. A prominent Southern labor leader was not thinking of the garment workers alone when he declared, "Dave Dubinsky is doing real missionary work down here."

Southern employers understand the significance of the strike and are fighting it with every weapon they possess. E. M. McMillan, president of the Standard Mills and also president of the Southern States' Industrial Council and a vice-president of the National Association of Manufacturers, is pledged to preserve the open shop for the South and especially for Knoxville, which has the reputation of being an industrial center in which no A. F. of L. or C. I. O. union has been allowed to gain a foothold.

Because of the inhabitants' antipathy to "foreigners" from the North, organizational campaigns in the South by national labor unions have usually ended in failure. Too often these unions were in a hurry to balance campaign expenditures by local dues and called strikes without adequate preparation. When the strikes were inevitably broken by the united front of the hostile community, the union usually vanished from the scene, leaving unpaid bills with community merchants and defeatist memories with the vanquished strikers. Sometimes the parent international made the error of sending down complete crews of "foreigners"; sometimes it leaned too far backward and hired only Southerners, who were usually well-meaning but inefficient amateurs. The I. L. G. W. U. by a happy compromise avoided both evils. It enlisted as organizers only native Southerners, but it employed as resident director John S. Martin, a hard-boiled veteran of the I. L. G. W. U. "runaway" campaigns in Pennsylvania.

Since the I. L. G. W. U. is a member of the American Federation of Labor, its organizational drive in the South has been aided by the strategically important Teamsters

and other craft unions. At the same time it has worked out a cordial neutrality with the two basic C. I. O. unions in the region—the textile and mine workers—who recognize a kindred militancy in the I. L. G. W. U. aims. More important perhaps has been the willingness of the International to spend thousands of dollars in a campaign from which it can hope to receive in return only a fraction of the amount in dues payments. The I. L. G. W. U. surprises and disarms a hostile community when its representatives come into a city openly, rent a thoroughly respectable office, establish commercial accounts, and pay their bills promptly. In Atlanta, where the union maintains regional headquarters, Martin is a highly respected citizen.

At first the union moved slowly in its Southern campaign. It sought to establish itself as an integral part of the communities it penetrated; it talked of higher wages in terms of economic advantage for merchants as well as workers. A change of pace occurred last November when President Green of the A. F. of L. requested Dubinsky to take over from the United Textile Workers the task of organizing the workers at the Standard and the Appalachian knitting mills in Knoxville. The reason for the transfer of jurisdiction was twofold: the old-line A. F. of L. organization had failed to sign up more than a few hundred workers at the two mills, and the I. L. G. W. U. alone was financially equipped to accomplish the task. Unlike most Southern enterprises, both mills are locally owned. Standard employs 2,800 workers; the Appalachian, 1,800.

The first problem before the I. L. G. W. U. was to restore confidence to workers discouraged by previous organization failures. Three organizers were sent in by Martin, and attractive headquarters were opened on Knoxville's main street. The organizers called at workers' homes every evening, planned suppers and dances, and held constant meetings—mass-meetings, department meetings, committee meetings. And, quite as important, the union established its place in the community as an intelligent and constructive influence through cooperation with such civic projects as the municipal Recreation Department and the Adult Educational Council.

With the groundwork laid, the organizers increased their efforts. In six months they had enrolled as members a majority of the workers in the Appalachian Mills and won a four-day strike. The Appalachian victory was the spark which touched off the fuse at Standard Knitting Mills; a few days after it was won, dyers, knitters, and

cutters at Standard walked out, followed by a majority of the girls in the finishing room. The company, working closely with the open-shop commercial elements which dominate Knoxville's civic life, has tried all the standard tricks of strike-breaking. Unemployment compensation for the striking workers was delayed for more than two weeks, until the I. L. G. W. U. forced payment. Financial pressure was exerted by calling in small loans of strikers and tightening up instalment payments. Sixty-two policemen, a considerable proportion of Knoxville's force, were assigned to patrol the mills and made more than seventy arrests in the first few weeks. When a fifty-four-year-old picket, Hooper Sprouse, tried to talk to a police captain, he was set upon and badly beaten, suffering two broken ribs and a lacerated scalp.

In reply, the I. L. G. W. U., in cooperation with the recently established Southern Workers' Defense League, started a civil suit for \$10,000 damages in behalf of Sprouse against the police and forced a grand-jury investigation into the assault. It also brought about an investigation into police intimidation by Assistant United States District Attorney William Badgett. But its most effective action was to call the largest labor mass-meeting in Knoxville's history, at which more than 3,000 persons gathered in the Winona Stadium and were addressed by Dubinsky. Attempts by the company to start a "back-to-work" movement by hiring green hands from the mountains have failed to demoralize the strikers, and other gains by the I. L. G. W. U. have renewed their confidence in eventual victory—the union won another strike of 750 workers in the Signal Mills at Chattanooga and has consolidated its position at the Appalachian Mills by establishing a closed union shop.

The strike has settled down into what looks like a long siege, but the I. L. G. W. U. has shown itself determined to win, and it has a \$7,000,000 treasury to back it up. Its success will mean much more than higher working standards for the 6,000 hands involved. For as each new agreement is signed in the South, the union presses for the introduction of efficient operating methods and the replacement of obsolete machinery in the affected plants, since it has an obligation to the community to keep the industry profitable despite increased labor costs.

The I. L. G. W. U. today has become much broader than a needle-trades union centered in New York City and interested in the Southern mills only as "runaways" which it wishes to bring back to the North. Those mills are in the South to stay—and the I. L. G. W. U. must stay with them. The impact of this progressive union on Southern culture may be far-reaching, for the I. L. G. W. U. has always emphasized the educational and cultural possibilities of its membership. It has earned national attention for its educational work among its foreign-language groups. The same technique applied to the Southern mill workers will help to develop the rich in-

digenous culture of the most neglected of American groups—the hill people of the Southeast.

The task is barely begun. In Martin's office in Atlanta is a file containing information on hundreds of shops, large and small, which have yet to be reached by the union. These are located in small towns in Virginia, Tennessee, and Mississippi—towns into which union organizers can scarcely penetrate. Success in the current campaign will introduce into a newly industrialized South an era of dynamic progressivism which will make it an integral part of a civilized country.

In the Wind

A NEW CAMPAIGN to create pro-Hitler sentiment among American Negroes has been started in New York's Harlem. Its leader is Harry Frederick, a veteran Harlem soap-boxer. The *Amsterdam News*, New York's largest Negro newspaper, carried a signed article by Frederick on October 11. "Few of us Negroes," he wrote, "realized that ten years ago Germany was also like Harlem, everybody owning it but the natives. Germans were gouged economically and politically just like we are today, but Hitler changed that. What has a Negro to gain in this war but agony, pain, and death for no other cause than to build stronger chains around his neck? Because of this so-called 'Beast of Berlin' the world is undergoing a revolution that will place the black man on top."

THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION may soon rule against the use in advertising of "the dangling comparative"—the trick of saying that one product is "better" than others without specifying which "others" are referred to. A decision against this type of advertising has already been rendered in the case of a small farm-fence manufacturer.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY of Milwaukee County and the America First Committee of Wisconsin have the same office, the same telephone number, and the same chairman, Lansing Hoyt.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY has declared that it is in opposition to all strikes in defense industries. A recent issue of the *Daily Worker* suggested that since strikes are in bad taste workers might seek redress of their grievances by writing letters to the party organ, which would give all legitimate complaints a full public airing.

WILLIAM GOODE, a Negro of Richmond, Virginia, recently placed first in a civil-service examination for warehousemen. He was informed that a job awaited him at Charlotte, North Carolina, and he moved his family to that city. When he reported for work, he was told that he could not have the job because he was a Negro.

GRANT DUNNE, the Minneapolis Teamsters official who committed suicide recently, was a veteran of the last war. He was probably the first man indicted by the federal government for sedition to be accorded a regular military funeral.

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Come to the Fair

WE'VE been having the State Fair down in my country. The schools stopped at noon. The teacher told the children to gargle their throats with salt water after they came home and not to eat any of that fluffy stuff called cotton candy, which seems equally designed to catch the fancy of the young and all the dirt in the fair grounds. The management gave all the children free tickets, and they swarmed out to the grounds to see their own country on display. It was all there, from blooded sow to forest product, from prize pickles to more formal native works of art. Also, of course, there were the grandstand and the midway and a gentleman named Lucky Teeter with a corps of assistants who risk their necks daily in automobiles in a state in which a lot of people are every day getting their broken without audience or remuneration.

State Fair was all there—and not only there. I have no figures on hand, but I know that up and down this land in this autumn state fair and county fair and community fair are mixing the presentation of plenty in all its American possibilities with good time in its conventional American-carnival guise. I know perfectly well that the products of the good, rich farms are shown by the agricultural experts to get people to try to do something about the poor ones. I know that the prize pickles are arranged in their rows to make sloppy housewives take creative shame from other women's ribbon-decked jars of pride. State Fair is not a dependable measure of America's horn of plenty any more than the drunk on the midway indicates with any exactitude that Americans are wholly content.

State Fair is a good thing to see, nevertheless. City fairs—expositions is the word—get less American as they get better. There is too much art and skill about them. The best scenic designers, the most proficient decorators go splendidly to work to produce them, and the result is art and not America. Sometimes they let us see the future, but they would be shamed in all their skill if we saw the present, not the full present but the best of the present as put on display by country and small-town aspiration. From the American standpoint I think the amateurs give the best show.

There is very little chromium about State Fair. Indeed, there is a good deal more packing box covered with colored cheesecloth. Undoubtedly the things on display show quickly the ravages of time. The cake that gets the blue

ribbon on Monday looks a little worse than inedible to the crowds that pass before it on Thursday afternoon. But it was a fine cake when it got the prize—a country cake with country eggs and country butter in it. The maker showed she knew how to bake a cake that was delicious to the taste if it was not suited to preservation in a showcase. The pickles are all right; they were made to last. Indeed, the whole richness of State Fair is its public showing of the best of private plenty. Man-of-War in Kentucky gets no better brushing than the country boy's pigs. There are few professionals taking the prizes, and the ordinary folk are exhibiting in pride but willing enough to put the prize money in their pockets. They can use it.

It is easy to get bored at State Fair. Of course you've seen all the things before, from the prize peach preserves to the girl with two heads, from the horses to the hoochie-coochie show. To a city man it is like something out of yesterday. The food at the eating joints looks doubtful to the finicky even if the Board of Health is on guard. But the crowds are pushing and happy. Most of the exhibitors have come from the country to show the best products of a year's work on the far from easy land. The gawking crowd is not merely gawking. It is good-natured, easy-going, enjoying its own push and smell, not averse to being cheated a little, willing to be innocent before the barkers' lies. It is content in October, confident in October that the homely country plenty can still be produced on the American land, strong in October, seeing images of plenty in the attainable, the simple, and the familiar.

It is easy to think at such a time about the war news from outside the fair-grounds gate. Strangers might even remember that there had been such fairs in other countries not long ago. Fat pigs had been led by judges' booths in France. Simple people in Russia had looked at the same sort of awkward entertainers introduced as world famous. Well, those fairs in those countries are gone now. Fat pigs are not seen, nor fat people. The same thing could happen here of course, but state fairs were not designed for pessimists. The thing I get from them is not fear but faith. A lot of things may happen in this world and this America, but I have just come from State Fair and seen state people. The strength, the pride, the simple plenty that were there are things in this America which, come what may come, I believe will survive. And where they survive, every hope in every good possibility can remain.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

IT IS not Jerome Weidman's fault that I began to reread Dostoevski's "Idiot" the same evening I read his own "I'll Never Go There Any More" (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50). Or is it? After I'd finished Sholokhov's volumes on the Don Cossacks I sat up until two in the morning rereading "War and Peace"; I don't remember which book of the summer made me take refuge in Jane Austen.

On the other hand, when I finished reading the posthumous, uncompleted novel of Scott Fitzgerald I wanted to reread "The Great Gatsby." So it isn't a question of period or subject matter. And I don't expect Weidman to be as good as Dostoevski. What I do expect from a writer who is serious—and I think Mr. Weidman is serious—is the communication of an attitude toward the story he tells, toward the people he writes about, toward life itself, which enlarges and affects in some degree, however small, my own attitude toward the human experience. Mr. Weidman gives us bizarre characters, competent writing, a passable plot. The characters are real enough—one doesn't doubt their existence—yet one never becomes involved with them because Mr. Weidman himself never becomes involved. He observes and reports them through the eyes of another observer and reporter, the "I" of the story, an innocent young man from upstate. But even this proxy observer doesn't get involved; just as he seems about to be drawn in, with the reader at his heels, he is snatched away by Mr. Weidman and sent home again. He'll never go there any more, and I for one don't see why Mr. Weidman ever went there in the first place unless he intended to bring back more than a dead-pan behavioristic account, as vivid as a photograph, of a group of men and women of whom one feels at the end that a good novelist might put them to illuminating and moving use. Instead, we are merely told that there really are people like that; we are never touched or shocked into the realization that they inhabit the same world as we do. For all its toughness, the hard-boiled novel turns out to be a literature of escape for both author and reader—a sightseeing tour to show us how our half doesn't live.

I said a year ago that the hard-boiled novel had run its course. I say now that it is both dated and sterile. It has summoned up a number of very vivid characters and exploited only their capacity to shock or amaze. A case in point is the Mary of this book, whom Mr. Weidman brings to life only to hit her over the head with the "clever" remark that her personality is an imitation of the one minor part she had played on the stage. We are not amazed any longer, and it is time the hard-boiled novelist came off his condescending, fence-sitting perch and treated his characters as human beings. He owes it to them if not to this impatient reader.

MOST OF US have in mind at least two places in France we'd like to see again some day—Paris and one other. My one other happens to be Brittany, and so I picked up Ida

Treat's "The Anchored Heart" (Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$2.50) with something like the same feeling one has for the home-town newspaper. Miss Treat was living in her Breton stone house on an island an hour from the mainland when the war began, when the Line was flanked, when France fell, and when German soldiers appeared in her own walled garden. She writes with great charm and with fine feeling for landscape and people. The island's ties are with the sea rather than with the mainland; still it is a microcosm of French life, reflecting vividly the sharp class divisions, the love of the French land and the good French life, the contempt for war. And one is convinced that it was the class divisions and the contempt for, rather than hatred of, war—which is likely to produce inertia rather than tanks and total warriors—that delivered the French to the enemy they couldn't really believe would come.

Miss Treat gives us an excellent picture of a young German soldier, half Nazi, half plain human. She gives us also an extremely interesting account of the relations between the Germans and the island people. It is perhaps a measure of her skill as a reporter—we would demand something different from a novelist—that the coming of the Germans wears no appearance of tragedy; it is when the peasant woman Marie Anaik, who is really the heroine of the book, reveals unwillingly that she is going blind that our feelings are finally released. And it is her character that convinces us that the Nazis will never conquer France.

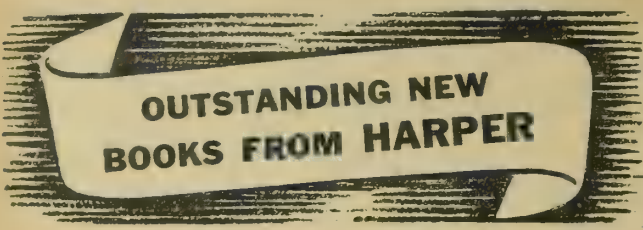
MARGARET MARSHALL

Where Do We Go from Here?

WHOSE REVOLUTION? Edited by Irving Dewitt Talmadge. Howell, Soskin and Company. \$2.50.

THE eminence and undoubted ability of the several authors of this symposium hardly compensate for its collective weakness, for it achieves little more unity of plan or purpose than any good monthly magazine to be had at one-tenth the cost. The chapters are written by James Burnham, John Chamberlain, Alfred Bingham, Malcolm Cowley, Hans Kohn, Roger Baldwin, Lewis Corey, Granville Hicks, Eugene Lyons, and Bertram Wolfe. (Sidney Hook is announced as one of the authors on the dust cover but does not appear in the book.)

Though the essays are intended as "blueprints for the new democracy," many of them are purely historical. Hans Kohn makes an informative comparison between the American and the Nazi revolution which is not completely convincing because he rather unduly idealizes the American Revolution and because the two revolutions are really incommensurate. Granville Hicks contributes an autobiographical essay describing his apostasy from communism. Though the honesty of this self-revelation is moving, it arrives at the rather meager conclusion that "there is neither one way to ruin nor one way to salvation, and perhaps there is no absolute salva-



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tion as there is no absolute ruin." One doubts whether Eugene Lyons could have read this piece, which immediately precedes his own, now well-known, account of the invasion of Stalinism into American liberalism. Had he read it, its transparent sincerity would have assuaged the animus of his account. Roger Baldwin's excellent survey of the relation between liberals and Communists in various united-front movements partly substantiates and partly refutes Lyons's strictures.

Malcolm Cowley analyzes the religious overtones of communism, establishes the inadequacy of communism as a religion, decides that a religious foundation for culture is necessary, and then speculates rather lamely upon the possibility of either a "religion of humanity" or an Anglo-Saxon variant of Nazi racialism filling the gap in the future. The former, he thinks, might be expressed in such words as "freedom, equal opportunity, tolerance, human perfectability, progress through reason, and the sacredness of the individual." It might be important to ask whether these words are either true or relevant to our situation. Whatever the defects of communism, it is certainly superior to a fatuous faith in "progress through reason" or the "sacredness of the individual."

The blueprints are furnished by Wolfe, Corey, Chamberlain, and Bingham. Wolfe's is the only orthodox Marxist essay in the volume. Corey ably seeks to separate truth from falsehood in Marxist dogma in the light of contemporary experience. Both Bingham and Corey recognize the peril of seeking freedom from the injustices of economic power by policies which merely lead to the "merger of economic and political power." Bingham and Chamberlain are in close agreement in their search for techniques which will arrest the tendency toward centralization of power in a technical civilization.

Both Corey and Chamberlain challenge the thesis of Burnham's "Managerial Revolution." Corey points out that since technicians and specialists have their authority subordinated to that of political bigwigs in both the Nazi and the Communist regime, it is logical to assume that their authority may be subordinated to a democratic state. Chamberlain questions the inevitability of the kind of centralization of power envisaged in Burnham's book. He would at least seek to arrest this tendency in the interest of democracy, just as Bingham would seek for "devices of control which will resemble the free market in its automatism."

Professor Burnham does not press the thesis of his book in his own chapter of the symposium. He seeks rather to answer the question "Is democracy possible?" In answering it he comes to the conclusion that "democracy is fostered by a conflict of social forces, a conflict which is unresolved in that no single social force gains full dominance over all others. . . . It might almost be said that war is the extreme form of democracy." This is a dangerous half-truth. It is true in the sense that democracy rests upon a tolerable equilibrium of social forces and that flagrant disproportions of power lead to tyranny. But unorganized equilibria of social forces degenerate into anarchy. Democracy requires not only social equilibria and "balances of power" but organizing centers of power which arbitrate conflicts, deflect potential conflicts into new forms of cooperation, and seek consciously to restore a disintegrating equilibrium. The essence of democracy is no

nearer to war than to tyranny. The organizing power of a society bears the peril of tyranny within itself. The social equilibrium of society bears the peril of anarchy within itself.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Theory and Practice

LOOK AT ALL THOSE ROSES. Short Stories by Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

ELIZABETH BOWEN, in her preface to "The Faber Book of Modern Stories" (London, 1937), made several penetrating remarks concerning the function and scope of the modern short story: "Poetic tautness and clarity are so essential to it that it may be said to stand on the edge [toward drama] of fiction"; "The new literature . . . is an affair of reflexes, of immediate susceptibility, of associations not examined by reason"; "The sought-about-for subject gives the story a dead kernel."

It is interesting to apply these remarks to Miss Bowen's new book of short stories. We have come to expect from Elizabeth Bowen only the subtlest and most skilful. She is one of the few writers of modern fiction who are capable of grasping at once the flavor and the meaning of a situation. She has proved, in her novels, her skill in dealing with the modern psychological border line. Her ability to identify and interpret the shifting psychic weights, obscure crises, and half-admitted obstacles and fears which mark our time as one of spiritual transition have given her novels their power and distinction. She is also the mistress of the background—transitional or "dated" in itself—which can throw into relief the poignancy of the action. We realize in full through her sensitive choices the interpenetration of the characters and their scene.

This power, which has its affiliations with French sensibility, with Chekov, and with Joyce, is for the most part disappointingly absent or misapplied in her shorter work. She has not in these stories kept to the third of her rules quoted above. Her failures are based on her choice of a situation—as such—"a sought-about-for subject." She does not insist on the psychological basis for the situation as the story's first need. Modern analysis and apprehension must be brought to bear fully on a true human complication, no matter how subtilized from "the great primary emotions" that complication may be. At this point we are suspicious of horror for horror's sake. Historically, the "grim tale" lies at the root of modern fiction: it nourished Poe, James, and French writers without number. An entire literature exists nowadays, however, into which the modern equivalent of the Gothic atmosphere has been siphoned off. Whole walls in lending libraries are lined with titles tricked out with the word "murder." A fairly crude repository for the ordinary man's feelings of guilt, fear, and shame was imperative; and a literary industry has come into being to satisfy that need.

But Miss Bowen has other things to give us. The grim story reached its apotheosis in art and profundity perhaps with "The Turn of the Screw." It is along this higher level that Miss Bowen should be proceeding. We should be suspicious of the story based upon the suspicion of the corpse buried in the garden even if Miss Bowen had done more

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with it than she has. And what has a finished and mature writer to do with loony child-wives, baleful chauffeurs who write midnight letters to their victims, light-weight house guests troubled by the scene of a particularly atrocious crime? Then again Miss Bowen, who can make sinister a piece of cloth or a pattern of wallpaper, goes to extreme lengths in describing these matters. She points them up, lays it on. The greatest grim tales go along colorlessly and quietly; one might be reading the newspaper.

When Miss Bowen casts off formula and brings her sensitivity to bear upon true studies of emotion turned against the world and itself, she does better. Two stories with an Irish background heavy with portent and lit with the cross-play of implications—*Summer Night* and *A Love Story*—deal with difficult-to-analyze varieties of human love. She knows how to deal with the transitional time of life (childhood-adolescence, maturity-old age) as with the transitional landscape. And when she is working with her own material, the improvement is so apparent that one's irritation increases whenever she goes back to the *Peculiar Anecdote*.

The kind of stasis, or even trance, which holds Miss Bowen's characters, the airlessness of their surroundings, the decay of what was once elegance, taste, and manners, are pervasive sub-elements in the book. Miss Bowen has seen through the trappings of an Irish and an English world. The one war story, sentimental in the face of bombs, makes one wonder whether she has seen through those worlds themselves. If this story is a satire, she has. LOUISE BOGAN

The Swiss Idea

THE HEART OF EUROPE. By Denis de Rougemont and Charlotte Muret. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.50.

SWITZERLAND is a point on the map where the great highways of European traffic, influences, and cultures intersect. And he who rules Switzerland has the key to the great neighboring countries. Ever since the thirteenth century recognition of these truths has been behind all the pacts guaranteeing Swiss independence and Swiss "freedom from overlords," which have allowed this tiny, undefended, but militant democracy to last for 650 years.

Denis de Rougemont and Charlotte Muret have recapitulated the essential facts of Swiss history and added much valuable information on Switzerland and the Swiss today. They have also made a passionate plea for the Swiss way of life—for "federalism"—offering it as a model for the unification of Europe.

Mr. de Rougemont, a brilliant Swiss writer with a European reputation and a follower of Barthian Protestantism, is known in this country through an English version of his book "*Amour en Occident*" and through his drama "*Nicholas of Flue*," which was performed last winter, with music by Honegger, at Carnegie Hall. Madame Muret, American-born, has published a distinguished thesis on the French Royalist doctrine. The authors differ in age, experience, culture, and even political outlook, but so well have their personalities fused that not a crack is noticeable in the smooth surface of their work.

"I want man to be master of himself that he may be better

servant of all." These words of the Swiss philosopher Vinet explain what Swiss people mean by democracy: not a surcharged individualism after the nineteenth-century manner, but a political and moral "federalism" which welds the principle of liberty to the principle of cooperation. Only through work with the group—in communities as living cells of federation or within a plurality of such groups—is full self-realization possible for the human personality.

This is an old thesis of Mr. de Rougemont's and also of his fellow-citizen Gonzague de Reynold, who, however, constructs his communal idealism around a spiritual center of almost medieval implications. Mr. de Rougemont believes in political self-rule from the bottom, that is, from the community, up. He thinks that the communal spirit of highly disinterested and cooperative men has been the basis of the success and longevity of the Swiss Confederation. This has allowed so "informal a political system" to survive, though the spirit has found unceasing new strength and impetus in the Confederation's struggle against any establishment of outside hegemony or inside leadership.

But can a future European federation be successfully molded on such an ideal pattern? In spite of linguistic, racial, and cultural differences, the Swiss constitute a rather homogeneous group, with memories of civic training deeply entrenched in their collective consciousness. Furthermore, the Swiss federal spirit harks back to certain aspects of the Holy Roman Empire and antedates the birth of European nationalism in the sixteenth century. In contrast to this, a European federation would harbor a motley crowd of self-assertive nations and races whose undisciplined impulses would be hard to harness unless first subdued by common necessity or a strong superpolitical and superracial ideal. If a strong center of gravity outside or inside is not established, antagonism among so many diverse elements will lead either to anarchy or to another dictatorship.

However, the authors argue in favor of federalism from still another angle. They are emphatic in saying that resistance to aggression is stronger in federated states than in centralized democracies. They recall the collapse of France in 1940 and the fate of the great centralized states in Napoleon's day. At that time only Spain and Russia offered effective resistance, and it was because they were able to organize local defense where the national armies failed. Switzerland's final stand, in case of a German invasion, will be organized along such lines.

These arguments are attractive in view of the prolonged resistance of the Russians. And is not "federalism" the only way out? The authors insist it is, for otherwise gigantism, our modern malady, may cause the formation of blocs of states which will fight each other from continent to continent and lay the world in ruins.

But it is then that reconstruction will be possible. "We will have to come back to realities that are the measure of man. Then the small state will once again be the model and the ideal as it was in the great era of Western civilization. Then will come the hour of the federal idea which Switzerland today incarnates." And we are reminded of Victor Hugo's prophetic remark: "In history Switzerland will have the last word."

FELIZIA SEYD

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Out of the Heart

THAT DAY ALONE. By Pierre van Paassen. The Dial Press. \$3.75.

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN has constantly attempted to pierce through the surface of contemporary affairs to the essential meaning of the human adventure. Whether he is writing, as in this volume, of his experiences in France on the eve and into the night, of characters and incidents in the Gorcum of his youth or under the Nazi New Order, of people, famous, or unknown, who have felt, if but for a moment, the fulness of the human experience, or of minor events that have transformed the destinies of nations, van Paassen is seeking to distil from the panorama that is history its meaning and purpose.

But despite the author's earnest attempt, "That Day Alone" is the record of his search and his reflections on that search rather than a tale of discovery. For van Paassen has yet to make clear to himself the nature of the forces by which history moves. At times he suggests that the basic factors in social change are the class and social relationships into which men enter and the institutions under which they live. Class interest, he asserts, led the bourgeoisie to betray France. At other times he sees the impulse for social development in the souls and hearts of men. "Conscience plays a greater part in life than most people suspect or admit." Thus America owes the New Deal to the "bad conscience of the Christianized and humanized bourgeoisie." Still again he seems to imply that sheer accident may alter the fate of nations and generations. What else are we to make of the fact that van Paassen, after insisting that every historical phenomenon has its ascertainable cause, proceeds to explain what may have been considered historical accidents by earlier accidents? Thus Hitler's anti-Semitism derives from the rejection of his masterpiece in his penniless days by three Jewish art judges.

Undoubtedly history is a composite of all of these forces, but van Paassen has not yet clarified their interrelationship. And because he has not fully understood how history has been made, he is vague and uncertain as to how it can be shaped. Thus his peroration, for all its eloquence, falls decidedly flat. He feels that a new world—and a better one—is emerging from the chaos in which we are engulfed, but he has little to say about what is to bring that world into being. Class? Conscience? Accident?

Van Paassen, as usual, writes well and sensitively. If certain sections of the book show signs of hasty composition, other are moving and poignant. Few readers will easily forget the sketches of In the Steps of the Sun—of Kostya and Tago who, separated in life, met in the moment of death; of Rabbi Warner who preached to his Nazi torturers the sermon he had prepared for his congregation, of the Reverend Baxter who urged love of his enemies while the Nazis were killing his family. There are, too, many acute perceptions—of the bourgeoisie's fear of victory as the fundamental cause of France's collapse, of the temporal ambitions of the church as the basis of its fascist sympathies.

But the volume lacks a basic unity, for though van Paassen has felt deeply, he has seen less clearly. If there is much in his pages that will move the heart, there is less that will inform the mind.

DAVID W. PETEGORSKY

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

POLITICS AND LAW IN THE UNITED STATES. By D. W. Brogan. Macmillan. \$1.25.

LITERARY SCHOLARSHIP: ITS AIMS AND METHODS. By Norman Foerster and Others. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

THE DUST WHICH IS GOLD. By William Rose Benet. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50.

A TREASURY OF BIOGRAPHY By Edgar Johnson, Howell, Soskin. \$3.75.

WHAT THE CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE MARINES. By Captain John H. Craig. Norton. \$2.

BOHDAN: HETMAN OF UKRAINE. By George Vernadsky. Yale. \$2.50.

PIERRE LAVAL. By Henry Torres. Oxford. \$2.50. (Reviewed in *The Nation* of September 13.)

SONG OF ARIRAN. The Life Story of a Korean Rebel. By Kim San and Nym Wales. John Day. \$2.75.

UNUSED RESOURCES AND ECONOMIC WASTE. By David Rockefeller. University of Chicago. \$2.

SOUTH AMERICA AND HEMISPHERE DEFENSE. By J. Fred Rippey. Louisiana State University. \$1.50.

I CAN'T FORGET. Personal Experiences of a War Correspondent in France, Luxemburg, Germany, Belgium, Spain, and England. By Robert J. Casey. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.

THE END IS NOT YET. China at War. By Herrymon Maurer. McBride. \$3.

BYRON IN ITALY. By Peter Quennell. Viking. \$3.50.

WASHINGTON WALTZ. Diplomatic People and Politics. By Helen Lombard. Knopf. \$2.50.

WINTER IN VERMONT. By Charles Edward Crane. Knopf. \$3.50.

NEWSPAPER DAYS, 1899-1906. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf. \$3.

MARRIED LIFE IN AN AFRICAN TRIBE. By I. Schapera. Sheridan House. \$3.50.

A WOMAN WRAPPED IN SILENCE. By John W. Lynch. Macmillan. \$2.

A TREASURY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. Edited by Deems Taylor. Simon and Schuster. \$5.

BLACK LAMB AND GREY FALCON. A Journey Through Yugoslavia. By Rebecca West. Viking. 2 vols. \$7.50.

VERMONT IS WHERE YOU FIND IT. Stories and Pictures Arranged by Keith Warren Jennison. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

ARREST AND EXILE. The True Story of an American Woman in Poland and Siberia, 1940-41. By Lilian T. Mowrer. Morrow. \$2.50.

HITLER'S COUNTERFEIT REICH. Behind the Scenes of Nazi Economy. By Karl Robert. Alliance. \$1.

THAILAND: THE NEW SIAM. By Virginia Thompson. Macmillan. \$5.

INTELLECTUAL AMERICA. Ideas on the March. By Oscar Cargill. Macmillan. \$5.

THE MAYFIELD DEER. By Mark Van Doren. Holt. \$2.50.

POEMS AND NEW POEMS. By Louise Bogan. Scribner's. \$2.50.

NOSTRADAMUS ON NAPOLEON, HITLER, AND THE PRESENT CRISIS. By Stewart Robb. Scribner's. \$2.

SOCIETY AND MEDICAL PROGRESS. By Bernhard J. Stern. Princeton. \$3.

IN BRIEF

PROCEED, SERGEANT LAMB. By Robert Graves. Random House. \$2.50.

A sequel to "Sergeant Lamb's America," recounting the escape of Mr. Graves's red-blooded redcoat hero from an American prison camp during the Revolutionary War, his adventures in the army of Cornwallis, and his return to his native Dublin after the end of hostilities. In spite of the ponderous eighteenth-century style which Mr. Graves affects for the purpose of presenting history as autobiography, the book is vigorous and flavorsome.

MILDRED PIERCE. By James M. Cain. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

The hard-boiled author of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Serenade" has wrapped his iron fist in a silk stocking to knock together the sexy, highly sensational, and sometimes outright sentimental odyssey of a grass widow who builds herself a career out of devotion to a selfish, completely heartless daughter. The ending is almost as moral as a confession story! Who's been softening up Mr. Cain?

PORTUGUESE VOYAGES TO AMERICA IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Harvard University Press. \$2.

This Harvard Historical Monograph is said to be the first critical examination in English of Portuguese claims to have reached America before Columbus. Those familiar with Professor Morison's scholarship need not be told that he has left no stone unturned; he has also brought to bear personal experience of these sailing routes. His book, however, is for highly specialized readers only.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF WORLD TRADE. By J. B. Condliffe. W. W. Norton. \$3.75.

This factual survey of international economic relations is based on studies prepared for an international conference which met at Bergen on the inauspicious date of August 27, 1939. The volume opens with an account of the disintegration of international trading and financial relations in the past decade following the forlorn attempt to reinstate the pre-1914 system at the close of the last war. There follows an examination of Nazi economic methods which is useful even though it lays insufficient stress on their essentially military character. In his last chapters Pro-

fessor Condliffe cautiously discusses the possibilities of reconstruction when the present conflict ends, pointing out that the starting-point must be collective security. But as he wisely says, peace and prosperity are not to be achieved by formulas: if they "are ever to be restored to [the] world, they must, like freedom, 'be recreated year by year.'"

RECORDS

AMONG the things that turn record reviewers prematurely gray—and there are others—is the experience of receiving a number of records about which the record company feels as parents do about their children, and finding that most of them are things that only parents would love. Thus, among the October Victor records that have arrived so far, the best is the set (817, \$2.50) offering a Suite of the music of Bach that William Walton put together and orchestrated for the ballet "The Wise Virgins." It includes the beautiful chorale-prelude "Herzlich tut mich verlangen," scored a little fussily, and other engaging pieces from the cantatas, well scored, well played by the Sadler's Wells Orchestra under Walton, and well recorded, but with a noisily swishing surface on side 2 of my copy. In addition there is Tchaikovsky's revised version of his "Hamlet" Overture, of which I would say what Tovey says of Berlioz's "King Lear"—that it has no relation to the drama but is merely a moderately effective and interesting piece of Tchaikovskyan rhetoric. It is well performed by Dorati with the London Philharmonic (13760, \$1); and the recorded sound is a little sharp.

For the rest, however, there is Mozart's Serenade K. 375 for eight wind instruments, with beautiful textures of the combined wind-instrument sounds, but unimpressive even to someone who loves Mozart's music as intensely as I do—well performed by members of the Alumni Orchestra of the National Orchestral Association under Richard Korn (Set 826, \$3.50), and well recorded, but with noisily swishing surfaces on sides 4 and 6 of my copy. Then Mozart's Sonata K. 380 for violin and piano, with a lovely opening melody in the slow movement, but otherwise quite dull, at least as played by Spalding and Benoist (Set 819, \$2.50), and with noisily defective surfaces again on my copy. Then pâté-de-foie-gras arrangements by Charles O'Connell of Bach's chorales "Herzliebster Jesu" and

"Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," both played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, and the second, with a new operatic conclusion, sung by Dorothy Maynor (18166, \$1). Then Montoux's excellent and well recorded performance with the San Francisco Symphony of Ravel's "La Valse," of which I enjoy the first part with its beautifully scored succession of Strauss-waltz themes, but not the subsequent manipulation of these themes (Set 820, \$2.50). Then Böhm's fine and well recorded performance with the Saxon State Orchestra of Reger's Variations and Fugue on a theme of Mozart, with a few beautiful details in what is on the whole a typically monumental exercise of Reger's interminably fluent pedantry (Set 821, \$4.50). And then a pedestrian and harshly recorded performance of Rossini's Overture to "La Gazza Ladra" by Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra (13751, \$1).

Other Victor releases next time; and I will comment on Columbia's new Beecham set of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony when I have had a chance to hear another copy. Columbia offers a set (X-206, \$2.50) of four arias from Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment" that I don't find very interesting, well sung by Lily Pons except for an occasional tremolo. Her singing is well recorded, but there are noisily defective surfaces in my copy. And Schönberg himself has recorded a performance of his "Pierrot Lunaire" (Set 461, \$4.50) with what I take to be the same small group that he conducted at the New Friends of Music concert last year, including Erika Wagner-Stiedry, whose delivery of the Sprechstimme part was and is so remarkable. I am aware of the technical mastery that went into the writing of this piece of nightmarish hideousness; I am aware of its place, its significance in musical and cultural history; but for my ears and mind these do not add up to any significance, effect, importance as a work of art. Once more, instead of providing both the German text and an English translation in a leaflet that could be held conveniently, Columbia has pasted a mere English summary of the words into the album.

B. H. HAGGIN

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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Letters to the Editors

Pro and Con Mr. Eckhardt

Dear Sirs: It was so painful to read Mr. Schultz's article on Budapest's Fake Mission in your issue of September 27 that I cannot refrain from making a few observations, to which I feel entitled, being a Hungarian who left his country only ten months ago.

Mr. Schultz has not been in Hungary for at least six years, I am sure, and every word of his article proves that he has absolutely lost contact with the changing life, conditions, and ideas of that country. What I deplore most is the hatred and misinformation he indulges in. I do not refer to downright false statements, such as the assertion that half the population are "landless laborers" and "have only a theoretical right to vote," that the anti-Semitic laws have been drawn up on the Nürnberg model, and that Hungary was the first fascist state. What I object to is the utter lack of any effort to understand situations and conditions of which he has had no first-hand experience. If such ghosts of 1919 sit in at the next peace conference, that "armistice" will not last even twenty years.

I do not intend to defend Mr. Eckhardt; he does not need my defense. For the last ten years he has been considered in Hungary as one of the leading liberals, a champion of the rights of the under-dog, working to raise the standard of life of the agricultural laborers. He quit as leader of his party when he saw the unfortunate trend of events which Hungary was forced into by lying low in the storm which swept away all those opposing it till now. He probably knows that it is safer for him not to return to Hungary at present. His activities as a youth have long been forgotten and forgiven. The whole "white terror" of 1920-22 is a matter of history and would have probably come about in any country as a reaction to the wild reign of the Bolshevik gangsters in 1919.

People in Hungary are not Nazis. The Nazi Party there has been losing ground and is rapidly sinking into unimportance. But there is a general feeling of misgiving—to put it mildly—about Germany, which is the historical menace to Hungarian culture, way of life, and independence. Most people, except outright friends of Germany—and you find those in all countries—are

glad to know that Mr. Eckhardt is free to voice their true feelings.

Hungary was never in a position to oppose Germany, being dependent on the purchasing power of the German industrial population to market its agricultural surplus. It had to accommodate itself to the wishes of its main customer or go bankrupt and be wiped out. What could it expect from the Western powers? What did it ever get? Nothing! Only maltreatment at the hands of the Little Entente and insinuations concerning the murder of Alexander of Yugoslavia, who is known to have been shot by the henchmen of Mr. Pavelich, who now rules supreme in Croatia by the grace of Hitler. It is natural that politically and economically Hungary's sympathies were with Germany as long as those sympathies did not clash with Hungarian ideas of fairness and decency as they do now.

Admiral Horthy, the Regent, is a real leader of his country, admired and well loved even by those who opposed his regime at the beginning, including Socialists. There will never be a Hungarian "government in exile" as long as Admiral Horthy lives, for the best men of his country will always rally around him. The "feudal coterie" exists in the recollection of bygone times in the imagination of Mr. Schultz.

PAUL STRASSER

Winnetka, Ill., October 9

Dear Sirs: I wish to express my gratitude to *The Nation* for revealing the deceitful game the Hungarian aristocracy tried to play on the Western democracies and the democratically minded people of Europe when they brought the seemingly honest and well-meaning, but dangerous, Tibor de Eckhardt to this country.

As a former student leader of the youth organization of the Democratic Agrarian Party of Czecho-Slovakia, and as a former resident of the province of Slovakia, which belonged to Hungary before the first World War, I feel deeply the need for reconciliation between Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia to insure the future stability and peace of Central Europe. But I recognize that this is impossible so long as Hungary is ruled by a feudal landowning class. Our people watched the growth of the Small Peasant Party of Hungary, led by

Mr. Eckhardt, with great hope. Eckhardt, as the leader, promised to bring agrarian reform and the reform of the electoral system, which together would have resulted in the democratization of Hungary. To our great disappointment, however, Mr. Eckhardt, instead of carrying out his election promises, in all cases supported the interests of his fellow-aristocrats. He attacked Czecho-Slovakia on every possible occasion with the typical Nazi accusation that we were a "hotbed of bolshevism" and an outpost of Soviet Russia. As late as July, 1940, in an article in the English-language publication of the Hungarian Foreign Office, the *Danubian Basin*, he justified the seizure of Carpathia from Czecho-Slovakia on the grounds that our President, Dr. Eduard Benes, is a Bolshevik and that Dr. Benes allegedly desired to give this province to the Russians and so bring communism into the heart of Europe. Mr. Eckhardt repeated this thesis while on his first propaganda visit to this country in the spring of last year.

Meanwhile, Eckhardt's party's representation has shrunk from twenty-four deputies to five—a very good indication of how much the little men of Hungary really trust him. Is it then a wonder that we young Czecho-Slovaks warn the world to be wary of him? Our desire today for a real understanding with the peoples of the Danubian basin is just as sincere as it was years ago, but we have learned that an understanding is possible only between real democrats. Tibor de Eckhardt, judged by his political past, cannot be considered a friend of democracy.

We have not, however, given up our hope of finding a partner among the Hungarians who would share our desire for a democratic understanding. We point to such people as Dr. Vambery and Dr. Jaszi. There are people even in Hungarian jails with whom we could come to an understanding, people about whom Mr. Eckhardt does not talk, for example, the ardent democrat Feja Geza.

All this prevents us from sitting down with Mr. Eckhardt. We are very grateful to *The Nation* for informing the people of America that it is not the ideas he preaches but the insincere intentions of Mr. Eckhardt to which we object.

ERNEST SARISAN

Chicago, Ill., October 10

Religious Freedom Where?

Dear Sirs: I note that an effort is being made to bring about freedom of religion in Russia as a price of military aid from the United States. It strikes me that this would be a good time to have a little reciprocity in that field.

About a year ago, through the efforts of the Pope, religious freedom was denied in Spain. Franco, in return for certain favors, announced that no form of religion could be practiced except the Roman Catholic. If the Church of Rome really stands for religious freedom, now is the time to bring forth the proof by granting such freedom in Spain.

C. B. C.

Phoenix, Ariz., October 13

Brandeis and Holmes

Dear Sirs: In your editorial tribute to Justice Brandeis in *The Nation* of October 11, you state, accurately, that Brandeis was Jeffersonian to the deepest core of his being, and that one of the forms in which this found expression was his opposition to bigness, either of governmental or business units.

I think it is interesting, in view of the widely accepted notion that Brandeis's views paralleled those of his colleague Holmes, to recall that the latter was not opposed to "bigness," at least in business. An early indication, or at least implication, of this was shown by Holmes's disagreement with the majority in the so-called "Merger case"—*Northern Securities Company v. United States* (1904). In fact, as Holmes wrote to Sir Frederick Pollock some years later, this dissent helped to cool the relationship between himself, Holmes, and trust-busting President Theodore Roosevelt.

This same attitude is also revealed by several other items in the Holmes-Pollock correspondence. One example is: "I agree . . . that there are great wastes in competition, due to advertisement, superfluous reduplication of establishments, etc. But those are the very things the trusts get rid of." This was written in 1906, but Holmes maintained the attitude to the end. Thus, with regard to at least one generally accepted "liberal" view, the skepticism of Holmes did not clear the way for the empiricism of Brandeis.

J. WILLIAM ROBINSON

West Lafayette, Ind., October 13

The Undiscoverables

[Continued from page 399]

Ten minutes later Carmelo approached the corral and called him by name. He took the lad by the nape of his neck and urged him toward the hut. Brasi resisted.

"The devil's in him, right enough, but you haven't thanked him, boy," Carmelo said, and he spun the lad around. "He's never been like this before, Brasi. He must be sick. Here, give me the knife." He took the blade in one hand and selecting a hair among Brasi's black locks jerked it from his scalp. The boy did not protest.

"See, young one." Pinching the hair between his fingernails he drew the knife blade through it. "A week's wages he has spent. Look at *my* blade." He did not draw the knife his brother had so often used. Its quality was much inferior.

The brothers returned to the bushes and sat down with their father. "There was talk in town?" Carmelo said.

"There was . . . much." Surprised at the bitterness in his father's voice, Carmelo said, "The sardines are abundant? Are the boats going out?"

"*Accusi dicono*," was the only reply. "So they say." The cold, non-committal phrase, normally a means of evasion, made the son angry. He swore under his breath.

"Eh, eh. Better alone than in evil company," the father said and stirred himself to converse with his sons. He told them how he had searched through the stock of many shops before choosing a knife. Brasi listened intently.

"The fishermen are lighting their lamps," Carmelo said.

"It is the best season in many years, they say. For six nights now the sardines have been crowding like a Good Friday procession. All the boats were getting ready to go out. They were even patching the Archangel Michael."

"But . . ." Carmelo objected, "the crew, there wouldn't be a crew for the Archangel."

"Don't be foolish, boy. There's always a crew to be got in San Filippo. They scratched one together. The Archangel was going out," Cesare mumbled. Their father's bearing was confused and uneasy. Sometimes in his exuberance or in his grotesque denunciation of an opponent Father lied, Carmelo knew. Perhaps he had lied now, out of ill-temper. Presently Cesare rose and bade them good-night. He did not light the stump of candle in the hut.

For a while the elder son brooded irritably over Cesare's gloom. Had his father quarreled with someone in the town? Had he been humiliated? Already Carmelo, drawing near manhood, had learned that his father, whom he had once revered and admired as the most daring of men, was regarded in the town as a rather stupid and quarrelsome man, redeemed only by a gift for turning phrases and recounting a story. So long he had worshiped his father, listening with ready ears to all his tales of verbal contests, that even now he blushed at his thought. Anger, and with it pity for his father, rose in him. But Father *was* a man. For work *and* for fighting. If only the softlings of the town knew the half of it! "*Quello è mascolu*," he murmured, warmly asserting his father's manliness. With the classical phrase he put aside shameful thoughts of his father's deficiencies. Yet a thought haunted him, "If only Father would not brag so much!"

Now, talking with his younger brother, Carmelo's speech was full of sententious advice. He quoted proverbs and refrains in the body of his discourse. To Carmelo's gaze Brasi was perceptibly changing. Brasi had not yet become critical of his father and his brother, but the age of his innocence was passing. Carmelo could perceive it. That air of innocence was now restored by Brasi's distress.

The elder brother wanted to fling himself forward upon his knees and press his lips upon the boy's face. It was good, *bedda madonna*, to have such a brother, to sit with him above the sea beside the animals and talk. Holy flesh, it was good, with Father sleeping not far off. The hot emotion welled up, and he loved consciously, filled with enormous gratitude. The night, for darkness had fallen, was itself friendly, for it shut the three of them into one small region of dependence. To have a brother, younger than oneself, even though he was fifteen years old and strong and fearless, was good. Holy flesh of Christ, it was good. What more could a man want? He crossed himself, thinking of his mother, dead these three years.

His emotion was checked, and changed, by the barely audible sound of weeping that came from the direction of the hut. Father's sobbing was broken by muttered oaths. Utterly confounded, he raised his voice and blurted out the first thought that came into his head.

"Well now, I'll swear you can't count the fishing boats, Brasi." He was, even

in his discomfiture, disappointed with the question. It would not engage his brother's attention as once it would have done.

"Thirty-four," Brasi replied indifferently.

"Thirty-two," Carmelo sharply answered, though he believed Brasi's figure. Then at least two more fishing boats had put to sea than normally made up the San Filippo fleet. Father had not lied when he had said that a crew for the Archangel had been got together. The sweat broke out on Carmelo's forehead. Behind the bushes his father was still sobbing and cursing, and he was afraid Brasi would hear it. He was also stricken with shame and would have crept away himself had it been possible. To overhear the weeping of one's father is not permitted.

"Thirty-four," Brasi asserted with growing interest.

"Thirty-two!"

"Thirty-four!" the boy shouted.

"Thirty-two!"

"Thirty-four, *bedda matri, sporca 'arne!*"

"Young man!" Carmelo exclaimed, checking his brother's garbled oath. Father was still sobbing behind the bushes.

"Thirty-four," Brasi said, a little chastened.

"We'll count. Begin at the San Filippo end, with the three brightest lights." The fleet, resting some seven or eight miles off shore, had formed a long street of ships. At the San Filippo extremity a constellation of three lights burned and was separated from the main body of the fleet by a black path of the sea.

"One, two, three," Brasi said and stopped suddenly.

"*Bedda madonna,*" Carmelo whispered. As Brasi had said "three" the third light had gone out.

"Another," Brasi shouted. Of the three-point constellation only one hard jewel of light now burned in its black pool.

"That also," Carmelo exclaimed an instant later. A minute before there had been a suburb or promontory of life thrust out confidently from the populous township of the lights. There had been the sign of men rocking together in their boats, over the depths, laughing quietly, whispering their jests, rebuking one another, indulging in amiable or tolerant ribaldry. Now there was blackness. The promontory had gone.

Again Brasi yelled as the first light of the main fleet was put out. "Another!"

The town of ships was shrinking to a village.

"*Patre, padre!*" Carmelo shouted, "Come quickly."

Brasi leaped to his feet and sprang into the bushes shouting, "Father, Father!" Two more lights disappeared as he did so. Cesare blundered through the bushes without his shoes, buckling his belt as he came.

"The dogs, the dogs," he muttered urgently and whistled the dogs into life. They barked at once, one on each side of the corral, on duty against the perils of the night. But awaiting a new order they heard only the excited voices of the father and his sons and the sighing of the breeze. They stood tensely on guard against nothing that their senses could detect.

Carmelo shouted, "No, the lights, look!" Cesare ran forward, thrusting Carmelo aside, cursing savagely.

"Another has gone out!" Brasi shrieked. There was amusement in his excited voice.

"Be quiet, fool," the father shouted hoarsely and strode forward, and stood a dozen paces nearer the sea.

"Two more," Carmelo said, under his breath, hushed by his father's unintelligible behavior. The lights went out in twos and threes, rapidly, until only four were burning. The father stood there, weeping loudly, horribly blaspheming. The traditional substitutions were not used. The father heaped filth upon God, the Virgin's womb, the Blessed Sacrament, the body and blood of Christ and his redeeming cross, shrieking in a voice that wept and despaired. They caught a momentary glimpse of a dimmer light that winked rapidly as it approached the last four lights.

"The pinnacle, the cursed pinnacle, has gone out to give them the news," the father screamed. "It was true, true, true! Ah God, dear God," he sobbed, "the rumor was true. That cursed Romagnole who betrayed us long ago! He had a cursed dagger in his hand and now he's stabbed his own people in the back."

"Father," Brasi wavered, "what is the matter, Father?" Carmelo stood motionless, not understanding the meaning of the extinguished lights and his father's woe.

The four lamps went out. Blackness lay in front of them, stretching away into the far distance. The stars alone shone, scattering their faint light upon the sea.

"Ay, ay," the father wailed. "My little son, my little one, my little son, come here to me."

"Father," Brasi called in a quavering voice, "here I am."

"No, no, not you! Carmelo, my little Carmelo." They saw him fall upon his knees. They heard the blows of his fists upon his forehead and a fresh torrent of hideous blasphemies. Carmelo ran forward. The father's arm dragged him to his knees. "My little son, oh, my little one," the father said and dragged Carmelo into his fierce embrace. His face was wet. He pressed kisses upon Carmelo, and for a moment he did not sob. Then his forehead was thrust violently against the son's head, and his embrace became desperate.

"My little son," he moaned.

"Father," Carmelo choked, "what is it?" The father did not speak. Behind them, as they knelt locked in one another's arms, they heard Brasi begin to weep. For a few moments the father was calm.

"What is to be will be. I swear by God's sacrament it shall be," he said grimly. Then he lifted his head and shrieked terrible oaths against all the rulers of men. Again his passion became cold, and with grim fury he said, "By God's Mother and her Son, I am finished. They shall pay, too."

[To be continued next week]

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The Shape of Things

THE PRESIDENT'S BOLD FIGHTING TALK ON Monday night provided an excellent keynote for the opening of the debate on the Neutrality Act amendments. Isolationist Senators are already asserting, as we go to press, that the speech was virtually a declaration of war and that the changes in the act demanded by the Administration will effectually put us into it. This of course is true, and it is to be hoped that the Administration forces will not try to soft-pedal these obvious and fateful implications. The President committed the country, more pugnaciously and unequivocally than ever before, to a policy of total resistance to Hitler's aggressions. He said that the shooting had already begun and that Germany had fired the first shot; and he more than implied that the United States would fire the last one. He announced that "we Americans have cleared our decks and taken our battle stations," and that we would not desert them until Nazism was finally and completely defeated. These words do imply war, as the isolationists and the Nazis insist. But these elements will waste their breath if they try to scare the country with the clear meaning of the President's words. The country knows what his words mean, and it is not afraid.

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VIRTUAL REPEAL OF THE NEUTRALITY ACT seems assured by the decision of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to recommend that the ship-arming bill be amended to permit our ships to enter belligerent ports. Although the Senate isolationists promise a vigorous fight, the amendments seem certain to pass. A great deal of water has flowed under the bridge since the Neutrality Act was adopted, and the majority of Congressmen have realized the folly of trying to buy peace by abandoning our national rights. Particularly encouraging is the fact that a substantial group of Republicans have abandoned the party's line of blind opposition to the Administration's foreign policy and taken the lead in pressing for a positive program. For some time the President has been lagging behind public opinion with regard to action against the aggressors. But he will hardly allow leadership to pass to the opposition.

JOHN L. LEWIS HAS A GOOD CASE IN HIS dispute with the steel companies which own the captive coal mines; and since his adversary is ultimately the United States Steel Corporation, he can combat it only by means of his power to stop work in those mines. It is true also that the National Defense Mediation Board in this instance failed to show its usual admirable speed and then recommended not a solution but further negotiations. But there is little doubt that Lewis might have consented to continue negotiations without closing the mines if it were not for the fact that he hates President Roosevelt so much—not to mention the British and Sidney Hillman—that he is willing to invite a showdown which may not only mean his defeat in the immediate dispute but precipitate drastic legislation in a Congress which has been waiting for a good excuse to pounce. No one would welcome such a development more warmly than United States Steel. And Myron Taylor's refusal, according to Lewis, to meet with him before Wednesday, when the strike and the feeling against labor would be three days old, shows that defense is not the first consideration in the policies of United States Steel. If Lewis wins the union shop in the captive mines, the steel workers stand to win it in the mills of Big and Little Steel. It is, in fact, reported that the Steel Corporation, whose subsidiary, the H. C. Frick Company, is the largest company involved in the strike, is willing to grant the union shop in return for a promise that the steel workers will not ask similar concessions. Lewis obviously can make no such promise. The failure of the Mediation Board to issue a clear-cut decision in this crucial case is unfortunate. But it does not excuse Lewis's reckless action in closing the mines and preparing the way for repressive legislation which United States Steel, above all others, desires.

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THE SITUATION ON THE EASTERN FRONT continues to deteriorate despite the coming of winter along the northern half of the 1,800-mile battle line. Although the defenses of Moscow have stiffened since General Zhukov took over the command of the vital central sector, the Russian losses in the Donetz Basin have been exceedingly serious. Kharkov is one of the greatest of the new industrial cities created under the first Five-Year Plan. Its loss, together with that of Stalino and Taganrog, constitutes the most deadly blow yet delivered to Soviet war production. Rostov, now gravely endangered, is of equal value as an industrial center and of far greater strategic significance. It is the gateway to the rich Dombas coal fields and is on the direct route to the Caucasian oil fields. Loss of Rostov will not mean, however, that the oil fields are Hitler's for the taking. The Nazi legions are still several hundred miles from the closest fields at Grozny, and there is a strong possibility that long before reaching this point they will have to face fresh British as well as Soviet troops.

BRITISH FEELINGS OF FRUSTRATION AND disappointment because no attempt has been made to exploit the opportunity to attack Germany created by Russia's stubborn defense boiled over in Parliamentary debates last week. In the House of Commons demands for more action were joined to hot criticisms of some ministerial leftovers from the Chamberlain era, notably Lord Halifax, War Secretary David Margesson, and Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Minister for Aircraft Production, who as past appeasers are suspect of present lukewarmness regarding aid to Russia. A recent statement by Lord Halifax to the effect that it was quite impossible to hope for invasion of the Continent this year was denounced as a plain tip to Hitler to have no fear of attack in the west. Foreign Secretary Eden attempted to turn this onslaught with a mild rebuke to Britain's Ambassador in Washington, who, he said, had not used "exactly the right words on the right occasion." Mr. Eden also hinted vaguely that some sort of offensive might be in preparation, adding that any advance information about the plan of action would be "playing into the hands of the enemy." He failed to placate the opposition, and three days later a mass-meeting of workers shouted down Ellen Wilkinson and other speakers who suggested that a western offensive would be premature. Undoubtedly the British government is right in not yielding to public clamor in this matter. A Continental expedition could only be organized at the expense of other forms of aid to Russia, including offensive action in the Middle East or North Africa, where a new battle may open shortly. But Mr. Churchill could well alleviate the public anxiety responsible for the current agitation by dropping the ex-appeasers from his Cabinet.

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THE MARITIME COMMISSION BLUNDERED inexcusably when it announced to the world, including the Nazis, that all shipments to the Soviets would hereafter be sent from Boston to Archangel. We do not pretend to know all of the reasons for this decision. It has been suggested that the commission was merely trying to win political favor by making provision for one of the many smaller ports that had been pressing for more of the defense export trade. But the explanation hardly measures up to the gravity of the error. And it seems inconceivable that the commission would issue a statement of such strategic importance without checking with the State Department and the Navy. It now appears that the commission did not mean to say that no further shipments would be sent via Vladivostok or Iran, though little or nothing is being sent by those routes. Vladivostok's facilities for handling oil may have been seriously taxed by our recent shipments, but there is no evidence that in shipping supplies to the Soviet Union this country is making the fullest possible use of the Pacific routes in addition to the more direct Atlantic route.

LAST DECEMBER OUR WASHINGTON EDITOR, I. F. Stone, in a special dispatch from Detroit first broke the news of the so-called Reuther Plan. He told of the possibility of converting the machinery of the automotive industry to defense production and of the vast machine-tool resources idle in the shops of the industry. It takes a long time for some ideas to sink in. Eleven months later the *New York Times*, in its issue of October 26, reported that the OPM and the industry are no longer so scornful of these ideas as they once were. W. H. Harrison, OPM production director, says automobile manufacturers, with car production curtailed, are finding that they have more machines that can be turned to other purposes than they would hitherto admit. "Officials also are discussing plans," the *Times* reports, "to 'recapture' the 'captive' tool-making facilities of the automobile industry, and, by pooling them, add greatly to the output of tools needed to fashion the implements of war."

★

HEARINGS ON THE PRICE-CONTROL BILL have finally been ended after three months of wrangling during which the cost of living advanced nearly 5 per cent. It is not clear yet what kind of bill the committee will write, but it seems likely that it will be less rather than more satisfactory than the one prepared by Price Administrator Henderson. The pressure for a ceiling on wages as well as on prices has been accentuated in the past week by Canada's decision to experiment with such a measure. Mr. Henderson has pointed out, however, that the Canadian action differs fundamentally from proposals usually made here. Canada has not frozen wages. It has taken a base period and pegged industrial wages to the steadily advancing cost of living. This practice has been followed in civilian industries since 1940. While in the United States some wages have risen more than the cost of living, millions of workers have suffered reduction in real wages as a result of rising living costs. To freeze wages at their present level would be to penalize these workers while protecting farmers, workers in the defense industries, and such others as have been fortunate enough to improve their status. Similar inequalities are to be found in the price field. A general ceiling on prices may be justified on occasion as an emergency measure, but it is certain to cause many more headaches than the flexible plan suggested by Mr. Henderson.

★

THE RESUMPTION OF BRITISH-MEXICAN diplomatic relations, after a three-and-a-half-year interval, represents a setback for the Nazis in Latin America. The cause of the rupture—confiscation of British oil properties by the Mexican government—has not been eliminated; the settlement simply reflects Mexico's clear-cut alignment with the countries resisting aggres-

sion. It will be recalled that Mexico never recognized the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, that it was the only country on the American continent to throw its weight unmistakably on the side of the Republican government of Spain, and that even today it has not recognized the Franco dictatorship. That it was slow in resuming relations with Britain was not its fault; the British were said to fear that a compromise with Mexico would tempt Venezuela, from whose oil fields the British Atlantic fleet is largely fueled, to seize British-owned properties. A few years ago when the Latin American states had good cause to look upon British and American imperialism as opposed to their legitimate national aims, this threat may have been a real one. Today the vastly greater menace of Nazi penetration has brought about a fundamental change of attitude which the present action of the Mexican government clearly demonstrates.

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GENERAL J. B. M. HERTZOG, FORMER PREMIER of South Africa and honorary leader of the opposition Africander Party, has announced his support of Nazism, which he says is no German patent but an old Afrikaan custom. His party and its leader, N. C. Havenga, whose chief political characteristic has been lifelong loyalty to Hertzog, have promptly repudiated him and reaffirmed their adherence to democratic principles. This leaves the position of the numerous South Africans opposed to participation in the war more confused than ever. Provided Hertzog has been able to carry any of his followers with him, there would now seem to be at least four anti-war, republican groups in South Africa, all at loggerheads with one another. The most sinister and extreme of these factions is the Ossewabrandwag, which has completely adopted Nazi racial doctrines and is organized on Nazi lines with a para-military corps. Differing little, if at all, in principles is the Herenigde Party headed by Dr. Malan. There has been constant personal rivalry, however, between Malan and the Ossewabrandwag leaders, and attempts to form a united front have more than once broken down. Past feuds also form a barrier between Malan and Hertzog. Last year General Smuts remarked that of all the members on the opposition benches only seven did not aspire to leadership. This situation has helped to prevent the South African anti-war and pro-Nazi movements from smashing the Smuts government. It would be a mistake, however, to underrate their potential menace.

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THE SECOND ISSUE OF *FREE WORLD*, OUT THIS week, carries one feature which hides a surprising charge of dynamite under its harmless appearance. Eight prominent Latin American democrats tell in brief statements what the Latin American countries expect from the

United States. The surprise is the unanimity with which they demand two things: economic help divorced from imperialist control; support of democratic tendencies in the Latin countries. After paying sufficient deference to the Good Neighbor policy and the needs of hemispheric defense, these leaders, as with one voice, warn the United States that deep-rooted suspicion of its motives still poisons relations between Washington and the peoples of the Latin countries; that a whirlwind war-time courtship is not an acceptable substitute for tested friendship; that a Latin American economy capable of resisting Nazi pressure can be constructed only if United States financing is employed to build up the purchasing power of the countries affected—not to drain off quick profits; and that dictators are still tyrants even if they operate in the Western Hemisphere. We hope this charge of pro-democratic opinion explodes in the innermost recesses of the State Department, where a democratic foreign policy is least popular.

The High Cost of Terror

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE Nazi atrocities in France and the other subjugated countries have spread cold horror through the civilized world. President Roosevelt's powerful denunciation of reprisals against innocent hostages and Prime Minister Churchill's promise that "retribution for these crimes must henceforward take its place among the major purposes of the war" have expressed the emotions and the determination of decent people everywhere. The atrocities have served as no other tactic could have done to dramatize again the Nazi policy of calculated frightfulness, which by its very persistence had dulled the reactions of even the most sensitive onlookers.

I have just read over the accumulated stories of terrorism in the past two weeks, and the picture is one that cannot be looked at for more than a moment at a time. One is tempted, in defense of one's sanity, to charge off some of the evidence to propaganda, recalling the fabrications and belated corrections current in World War I. But this way of escape has been closed by the Nazis themselves, who control to the last item the export of news from the countries in which their rule by firing squad has been established. Only an occasional dispatch from Berne or Stockholm offers latitude for invention. The bulk of the evidence comes through the Nazi censorship, and a considerable proportion of it is given out by German officials or correspondent-propagandists.

Such, for example, was a recent story told by the New York Times correspondent, Ray Brock, in a dispatch from Ankara. Mr. Brock quoted the eyewitness account, written by Walter Gruber in the Nazi Belgrade *Donau Zeitung*, of a punitive expedition against the Serbs.

Said Gruber, who as chief of the S. S. Propaganda Department for Belgrade may be assumed to hold dear his country's reputation: "In some villages the population met us with white flags; in some cases we respected them. In others we found unflattering slogans chalked on the walls, posters insulting the Führer. In those cases we sometimes shot one man out of ten in the entire village and sometimes burned the villages to the ground." Women and children, Gruber reported, were shot when they resisted the Germans or were in possession of "illegal papers." One small child was shot because "Communist pamphlets" were found in its pocket. All townspeople suspected of aiding the Serbs or suspected of resistance "were shot out of hand."

This is typical, not exceptional. Two hundred "Jews and Communists" in Belgrade have been executed as a reprisal for a single attack on two German soldiers. In Norway all winter coats as well as blankets have been requisitioned from the citizens for the use of the Nazi forces in Russia. That this order will be enforced to the last woolen garment may be assumed from a recent statement by Josef Terboven, Nazi Commissioner in Norway. "It is a matter of indifference to Germany," he said, "if some thousands or perhaps tens of thousands of Norwegian men, women, and children starve and freeze to death during this war." In Russia the horrors are still hidden; but Winston Churchill has referred darkly to the facts that will later emerge concerning the behavior of the Nazi armies on the eastern front, and J. Alvarez del Vayo in his article in last week's *Nation* said that 100,000 Ukrainian civilians, mostly Jews, were reliably reported to have been shot in the past two months.

But such is the ordinary imagination, in America as elsewhere, that the murder of 100 innocent French citizens echoes louder in the nerves than 100,000 Eastern Europeans. Horror is generated by geographical proximity and sense of kinship rather than by numbers or brutality. The reprisals already visited on French hostages for the assassination of two German officers, one in Nantes and one in Bordeaux, and those still threatened as we go to press have done more to make Americans realize what Nazi rule means in the lives of conquered peoples than all that has happened in and out of Germany since Hitler came to power.

And the cringing subservience of Pétain and his fellow stoolpigeons has opened the eyes of many bemused Americans to the true functions of the Vichy regime. When Pétain asks his countrymen to surrender to the Nazi gunmen those guilty of "criminal acts" against their oppressors and to do it in order to support his policy of collaboration with those oppressors, he surrenders his last poor pretense of dignity and independence. It is to the everlasting honor of the French people that even the offer of a fabulous bribe—15,000,000

francs—added to the threat of imminent reprisals has not produced a single clue or whisper of information leading to the discovery of the men who committed the assassinations. This brave silence is the nation's answer to Nazi terrorists and French traitors.

Whether assassination is an effective and so a justified method of attack is another question. General de Gaulle, while describing the attacks on Nazi officers as "normal and justified," has asked the French people "not to kill Germans" until a "directive" is given by him; and he suggests that internal resistance will be futile until it can be supported by an attack from outside. In the larger sense of achieving a clear victory over the Nazis he is doubtless right. Hitler will not be defeated by individual acts, however numerous, and the price of such acts, in human terms, is certainly exorbitant. But that they have an immediate and useful effect is also evident. To prove that the "new order" is in fact no order at all, but government by machine-gun and firing squad imposed upon populations committed to uncompromising resistance—this is a major objective; and it need not wait upon a successful invasion of the Continent for its accomplishment. To teach the men and women of the United States what this rule means, to make them understand, in Churchill's words, "what Hitler would inflict upon the British and American peoples if only he could get the power"—that is another major objective, perhaps the most important that could be realized at the present hour.

Whether these results justify their terrible cost is hard to calculate, but they cannot be lightly dismissed. A high German officer in Greece is reported to have said, "There is a point beyond which human suffering ceases to pay us." In the cynical brutality of those words lies a truth that the Nazis are only beginning to learn.

Labor's Irresponsibles

NO COMMITTEE of Congress investigating the defense program, and there are a half-dozen looking into the various aspects of the job, has approached the Truman committee in courage. It has been the only committee to challenge the forces of monopoly and of business-as-usual which are hampering the defense program. Even its more conservative members have shown an independence of mind in dealing with big business interests that commands respect and deserves gratitude. The Truman committee represents honest middle-class indignation at monopolistic greed interfering with defense. Characteristically, its chief emphasis has been on the need to make a place in the program for "the little man," and since defense cannot be speeded up until the scattered but enormous resources of our small shops and factories are put to work on armament, the emphasis is thoroughly justified.

The representatives of labor and little business have a common interest in spreading work and in preventing the concentration of defense orders in a few hands. To the small business man these mean the difference between continuance in business and bankruptcy; to the worker, the difference between a job and "priorities unemployment." It is significant in this connection that the one place in the defense program where champions of the little business man have found a place for themselves has been in the Labor Division, first of the Defense Commission and then of the OPM. It is the Labor Division which has stressed the need for spreading orders and for encouraging pools of little businesses for defense.

The maintenance of better relations between labor and little business is of the utmost importance for the future. If big business can turn little business into an enemy of labor, it will have laid the basis in a thousand small towns for an American fascist movement that Hitler victories abroad might make formidable. Abroad, while big business has bought the shirts of fascism, little business men, men of the lower middle class, have worn them. In the maintenance of democracy, in the making of the peace, in post-war reconstruction, the relations between labor and little business are likely to prove crucial.

That is why the spectacle presented by the hearings on the Currier case before the Truman committee is so deplorable. The members of this committee and the small-town, small-business folk whom they represent have seen the dirtiest of labor's dirty linen paraded before them. The quarrel between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. which lies behind the Currier case is evidence that labor's leadership in this country, at one of the most critical moments of world history, is prepared to sacrifice everything, including the good repute of the labor movement, to its own petty feuds. In part, particularly in the old-line craft unions, the rank and file are infected with the same cantankerousness and opposition to new ideas as the leadership. But in part these feuds arise from the quarrels of men who act and think as if their unions were their personal and private property.

The A. F. of L. is at war with the C. I. O.—let aid to Britain and Russia wait. John L. Lewis hates Sidney Hillman and Sidney Hillman hates John L. Lewis. The C. I. O. construction workers are at war with the A. F. of L. teamsters. Blood has been spilled in Detroit, and feeling is bitter. Each side is prepared to make deals with employers to put one over on the other. Openly or tacitly the A. F. of L. threatens to kick over the stabilization agreement in the building trades if the Currier contract is approved. The Truman committee and the man in the street are told that we must pay \$200,000 more for some badly needed defense housing or there will be trouble.

Sidney Hillman, whose aid to the small business man

in the defense program has been considerable, should be on the best of terms with the Truman committee. Instead, he was put on the spot in a way that made candor impossible and evasion unavoidable. His appearance before the committee was not impressive. He dodged questions, fell back on long-winded speeches about his thirty years in the labor movement. It is hard to see what else he can do to keep the peace, under the circumstances, but give the A. F. of L. a virtual monopoly on defense construction. Most construction workers belong to the A. F. of L. The abrupt shift to prefabrication would not only cause disastrous strikes; it would throw many craft workers out of employment. The C. I. O. construction union, moreover, is made of paper and spite and, in this case, serves the purposes of a company union.

It is the circumstances that call for criticism. Labor in America may some day pay a bitter price for the luxury of the personal feuds and the internecine warfare exposed before the Truman committee. The time may be approaching when unless the rank and file clean house, others will. It is time that a group of old dodos, hard-fisted toughs, and stubborn prima donnas, with a sprinkling of racketeers, were told that they are not the labor movement. The longer they are permitted to continue their present tactics, the harder it will be for the rank and file of both A. F. of L. and C. I. O. to get together and enforce peace on their leaders, peace and a sense of responsibility.

Whispering Campaign

SENATOR WHEELER related in an interview a few days ago how a business man in Chicago had been denied aluminum by priority officials and "just for fun" had written to England for it. Back came a prompt reply from Britain, according to Senator Wheeler, saying that the order could be filled in three weeks. The Senator stated that his informant was a Captain MacDonland of the Zenith Radio Company. This enabled the Washington correspondents of the *New York Post* to make a few inquiries, with the following result: The story had its genesis last June at the annual meeting of the Zenith Radio Company. A shortage of alnico steel, an alloy of aluminum, nickel, and copper, was being discussed, and it was suggested that some of this steel might be obtained from England. The company thereupon wrote to England and was promptly informed that alnico steel could not be supplied, that it was subject to export licenses, that the British government had informed the trade that no licenses for the export of such materials were being granted, that none would be granted. Except for these little details Senator Wheeler's story was strictly accurate.

That bit of phantom aluminum has appeared all over the United States and for four months has helped to inflame business men who on one score or another have grievances against the Administration. It is but one sign among many of a definitely organized campaign to awaken and irritate latent Anglophobia to serve the purposes of the isolationist opposition. One recalls earlier stories of a similar pattern: British officials in Washington were using lend-lease funds to give champagne suppers to movie stars; lend-lease steel was being sold at cut prices in the South American market; American tankers were being used in order to permit British shipping firms to make profits on non-essential business. For several days all the papers of the Hearst transcontinental chain printed column upon column of protests by business men against the sale in this country of a fire-fighting pump used in British air-raid fires. There is no evidence that even one British pump of that kind has ever been sold here. But the headlines and interviews managed to create the impression that the American market was being swamped with British-made air-raid pumps. The frequent appearance of such stories, so displayed and so exploited, is no coincidence.

When it is remembered that in the ordinary course of export administration the various authorities in Britain have to grant some thousands of licenses every day, it is not strange that sometimes—say, in one case in a thousand or even one in a hundred—something, some part of an article, or something in some part of an article whose export would contravene the very stringent rules laid down to insure that lend-lease material be not misused, slips through. Some months back the charges that began to roll up in isolationist circles about the misuse of lend-lease goods and funds were branded by the President "just plain dirty falsehoods." But if one grants a 1 per cent margin of error or doubt in what are often difficult and complex decisions, one will get some hundreds of small challengeable cases.

These stories cannot be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders, for they indicate the beginnings here of a kind of movement by which in most of the countries of the world mischievous minorities have been able to frustrate the intentions of more inert majorities. Hitler managed to rally almost the entire class of small business men of Germany in opposition to the Weimar Republic on the ground that the government of the republic had become the tool of Jews who were growing rich at the expense of truly German small businesses. The small man in Germany, like small men everywhere, was having a hard time in the depression and therefore lent a sympathetic ear to the explanation; and many a shopkeeper who had never in fact suffered the slightest injury at the hands of Jews became not merely violently anti-Semitic but violently hostile to the liberal republic. That was, of course, the main purpose behind the campaign on the racial

issue. And it is quite clear that those who are directing the present campaign in the United States intend, if they can, to use the Anglophobia latent in some parts of the country, particularly where Irish influence has been of long standing, as an avenue of attack upon the New Deal and the Administration's foreign policy.

It is an astute maneuver. Throughout the country organizations of "small business men" are springing up. The effort of the small business man to make sure of his livelihood in the industrial transformation of the coun-

try, to see that defense plans are not made a screen for monopolistic practice to his disadvantage, is legitimate. But it is evident that certain of these organizations, ostensibly created for the protection of the small business man, are exploiting his fears and prejudices for political purposes that have very little to do with his economic security; and he is, by a side wind, being blown into opposition to the country's foreign policy, an opposition that is in harmony neither with his interests nor his intention.

Vladivostok and Points East

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 24

VLADIVOSTOK: The best information I am able to obtain is that the shift from Vladivostok to Archangel for Russian shipments does not spring from a desire to appease the Japanese. My source is strongly opposed to appeasement and unlikely to underestimate the strength it still commands in the State Department. He says that the shift was dictated by the time which can be saved on aid to the Russian front by using Archangel instead of Vladivostok. The proof will come when and if the Germans strike northeast of Moscow at Vologda and cut the one railroad which runs south from Archangel. Whatever the difficulties of the Trans-Siberian route, it will be the last one left if the Nazis succeed in cutting the railroad from Archangel in the north and in reaching the Caspian in the south.

LABOR AND DEFENSE: The best information I can obtain, from sources which would like to believe differently, is that John L. Lewis still hasn't changed his mind about the war. This runs counter to the information implied by the pleased and mysterious smiles of the British labor delegates who spoke with Lewis recently, but it comes from much closer to headquarters.

Although Lewis heads a compact group made up of himself, Kathryn, and Denny Lewis, and could probably swing just that many votes in the labor movement against aid to Britain and Russia, his attitude acts as a damper on labor efforts for defense. As long as Lewis has yet to declare himself, the big jobholders of the C. I. O. tread softly on the issue.

This may explain why the C. I. O. conference on priorities unemployment held here last Monday met behind closed doors, with Philip Murray absent. A labor conference to speed defense would help bolster morale in both Britain and Russia, but this was largely a "bull session" of research directors. Rank-and-file desire for

more vigorous measures will make itself felt at the coming C. I. O. convention.

Some indication of what labor participation could do in the councils of defense was given by several of the reports made at the conference. The Automobile Workers' union reported that machine tools in the Detroit area are not being used at more than 25 per cent of capacity; the Steel Workers' union, that its industry was employing almost one-sixth of its workers less than five days a week; the Farm Equipment Workers' Organizing Committee, that certain large farm-equipment firms were attempting to corner the civilian market at the expense of their defense orders; the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, that unhealthy and dangerous working conditions were holding back full production of copper.

OIL: Secretary Ickes acted on good advice when he suddenly discovered there was no oil shortage and the British on equally good advice in returning forty tankers. The Maloney committee's next step would have been to subpoena port records of the United States Maritime Commission, and judging from the log of the I. J. White these would have shown how little use has been made by the British of American tankers. The I. J. White was one of the tankers turned over to the British in May. It took one cargo from the Gulf to Halifax; tied up at Norfolk, ostensibly for repairs; went to Curaçao; loaded up with oil for Capetown, South Africa; and was sunk in the South Atlantic on its way there on September 15. In four months this tanker had carried but one load of oil for the British, and that only to Halifax.

It must be kept in mind that we are dealing here with an international oil combine. Standard of New Jersey is the largest single owner of British and Norwegian tanker tonnage. Shell, primarily a Dutch-British company, is also a large American concern, with big holdings of tankers on both sides of the water. Neither can be

trusted. The tanker shortage, partly the result of manipulation, was used to force passage of the Cole bill giving the majors eminent domain for their Southeastern pipe lines and an increase in the price of gasoline. Third-quarter reports, just beginning to come in, show the effect of that price increase. Shell Union more than doubled its net earnings during the quarter, despite generous tax allowances. It earned 51 cents a share on its common in the three months ended September 30 as compared with 21 cents a share in the same period last year.

According to the *Wall Street Journal*, the sudden lifting of restrictions on the sale of oil products took the industry by surprise and has given it some headaches by forcing a revamping of long-range transportation plans. There is reason to suppose, however, that the oil companies were, in fact, worried by public reactions to an apparently unnecessary crisis and were preparing to make Ickes the goat. This explains the role assigned James W. Moffett, chairman of the board of California-Texas, a subsidiary of Ralph K. Davies's company. Moffett was given the job of feeding out facts embarrassing to Ickes. Having obtained their price rise, though not steel priorities for their pipe lines, the majors were preparing to decamp and leave Ickes holding the bag. They are still afraid he might some day emerge as a real czar of the oil industry.

Tip-off on how the majors feel about the tanker shortage is the refusal of the Canadian government, even better oiled than our own, to permit transfer of the thirty-five Canadian tankers from the Great Lakes for the winter. They are small enough to be brought through the Chicago ship canal for use in the Atlantic. These tankers are owned by subsidiaries of the same big American and Anglo-Dutch combines. The Texas Railroad Commission, which has shut down many of the Texas oil fields nine days a month for lack of tankers, would like to get its hands on that Canadian fleet for the winter. But it might be difficult for the majors to maintain the price rise if Texas were enabled to expand production.

SOCIAL NOTES: At Mrs. Evalyn Walsh ("Hope diamond") McLean's hosty-totsy shindig last Sunday night Hjalmar Procope, Minister of Hitler's ally, Finland, sat on her left, Lord Halifax on her right, to the delight of local appeasers and pro-Nazis. Cissy Patterson and the *Washington Times-Herald* and the New York *Daily News*—Chicago *Tribune* crowd were quite pleased. The *Times-Herald*, which has run Hearst-syndicated sob stuff on the Windsors, was also pleased by the last-minute invitation to the Duke and Duchess to lunch at the White House. This announcement followed a spate of rumors that the Roosevelts would find some excuse not to entertain the wilted Windsors.

Americans Without a Country

BY CAREY MCWILLIAMS

THOUSANDS of European refugees, seeking to escape from countries overrun by the Nazis, have found themselves caught in an incredible maze of conflicting citizenship laws, visa regulations, and consular stupidities. While the war has dramatized the problem, it had arisen long before September, 1939, as a result of modern means of transportation; ease of transit has made utterly obsolete the myriad restrictions upon free movement which developed under the conditions of travel prevailing a century ago. It is not so generally known that the domestic migrant, or refugee, encounters very similar difficulties, that literally tens of thousands of migrants are kept constantly on the move in this country by the dizzy complexities of our settlement laws. (Originally settlement laws were intended to immobilize labor—after the Black Plague; today they have the opposite effect of stimulating migration.)

Settlement laws patterned on early British statutes were in effect in forty-three states and the District of Columbia on January 1, 1936. Lacking any uniformity, these

statutes are a snarl of weird and complicated provisions, applying not only between states but between counties in the same state and between townships in the same county. In Illinois, for example, responsibility for the care of the destitute rests upon the particular township in which relief is applied for. In order to be eligible for relief the applicant must have resided continuously in this one township for three years, during all of which period he must have been wholly self-supporting. Recently a woman seventy-two years of age lost settlement—and therefore became ineligible for relief—by moving from Chicago to Cicero. In 1940 the state of California shipped a sixty-five-year-old Okie back to his native state on the ground that he lacked residence in California. Oklahoma promptly contended that he had lost settlement there and shipped him back to California, where once again he found himself ineligible for relief. States exchange transients as belligerents exchange prisoners of war.

Many "crazy" situations arise under these settlement

laws. A young man who had lived all his life in Pennsylvania joined the army and was stationed in California. There he married a California girl, a native daughter. Six months before his term of enlistment expired he deserted. Unable to locate her husband, the girl applied for relief in California. But she was told that by marriage she had acquired the settlement of her husband. Consequently she was "returned" to Pennsylvania, where she had never been before. In order to obtain relief she had to become an exile. Court decisions, moreover, have upheld the right of a state to "deport" a destitute transient, regardless of whether the transient consents.

"Every parish," noted the *Annals of Agriculture* in 1808, "regards the poor of all other places as aliens." That the same concept prevails today in America is shown by the case of Elmer Hawthorne, a native of Iowa. Elmer's father had been an Iowa farmer for years, paying taxes on a four-hundred-acre farm. When the elder Hawthorne lost the farm during the depression, Elmer, with a wife and three children to support, became a farm laborer. In the winter and spring of 1939 he was working as a farm hand in Humboldt County. One day while he was at work in the fields a deputy sheriff served him with a "Notice to Depart" which read:

You are notified that you are not a resident of Humboldt County; and as you have, or it is presumed you may, apply to said county for aid and support, you are therefore notified to take your departure from this county and return to the place of your settlement, as Humboldt County will not be responsible for your support.

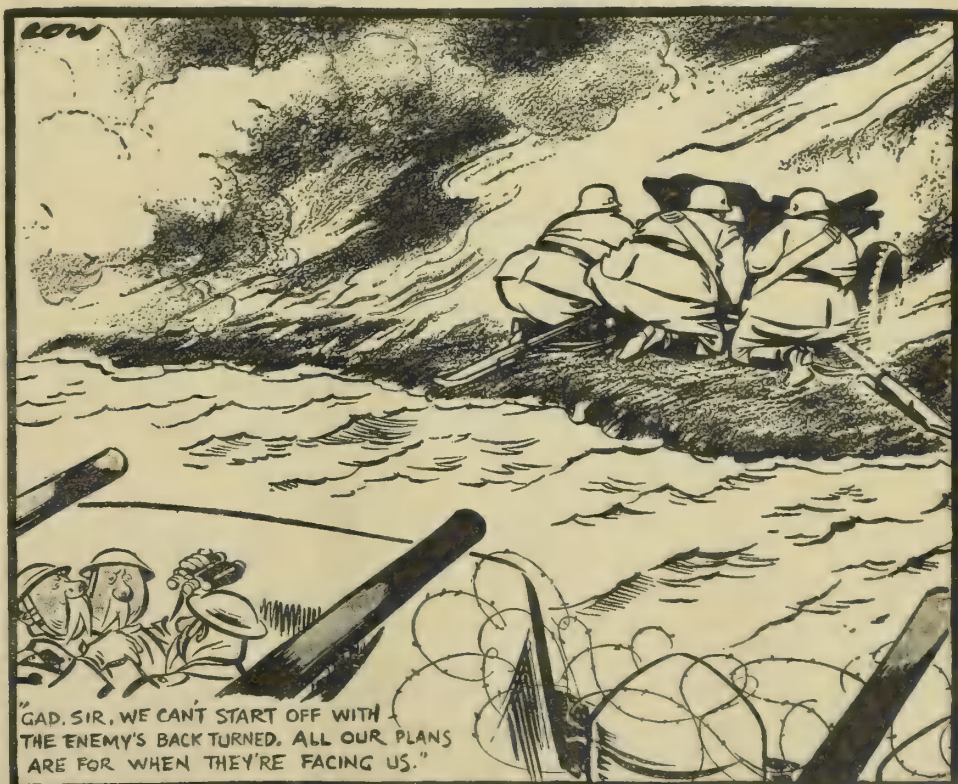
Given under my hand this
11th day of April, 1939,
E. S. Johnson, County Auditor,
By Order of the Board of Supervisors.

At the time the notice was served, Hawthorne had not applied for relief, but was regularly employed and wholly self-supporting. Soon afterward, however, he lost his job. Since he had been notified that he was ineligible for relief, he had to send his wife and children to Nebraska to live with the "in-laws." After wandering around in search of a job, he finally got work in Cherokee County and immediately sent for his family. A few months later, through no fault of his, he also lost this job. When he applied for relief, he was given a temporary

grocery order, but was then served with a notice like that he had received in Humboldt County. Since no relief could be obtained in Iowa, the entire family moved to Nebraska. As soon as they applied for aid in Nebraska, however, they were told they were residents of Iowa. Hawthorne, in other words, discovered that he was a resident neither of Iowa nor of Nebraska. He found himself an alien in his own, his native land.

Of all the stories which the Tolan committee investigating migratory labor has heard, the strangest is that of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Anton Hulm. In 1932 the Hulms with their eleven children were living on a farm in North Dakota. When the droughts came they "lost everything," as Mrs. Hulm put it, and were forced to move to South Dakota, where Hulm found work with the WPA. In April, 1937, he got word of a job in North Dakota and induced the local welfare board to advance him the necessary money to move his family. Unfortunately, the job proved to be a mirage, and for nearly a year, though the Hulms were out of the state, South Dakota was compelled to support them because they were still technically residents. At the end of the year, however, the relief checks ceased to arrive, "settlement" having been lost, and Hulm was compelled to seek aid from welfare agencies in North Dakota. He received a \$6 grocery order. A few weeks later a welfare worker appeared at his home and announced, "We are shipping you in the morning back to South Dakota. If you don't go peaceably, we will have the law on you."

The next morning the Hulms were loaded into a truck and taken across the line to Lemmon, South Dakota.



WE MUST HAVE THEIR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION

There they were met by the chief of police and a local welfare official. "You don't belong here," said the chief; "you turn right around and go back." He also threatened to arrest the driver of the truck for transporting indigents into the state—a misdemeanor in South Dakota as in some thirty other states at the present time. A Red Cross worker finally got permission to take the family to a restaurant for lunch. As soon as they had eaten, however, they were marched back to the truck, where they sat until 9:30 in the evening while the town of Lemmon debated what to do with the Hulms. At last the chief of police, more in despair than out of pity, took them to a hotel. At seven o'clock in the morning they were routed out of bed, fed, packed in a car, and taken across the line into North Dakota, with a warning to stay out of South Dakota. "I can't do anything about it," said Mrs. Hulm. "We are just betwixt and between."

Once back in North Dakota, they were escorted to an auto camp by welfare officials and told not to leave until they were ordered to do so. The next morning the county welfare board held a hearing on the case and decided that the Hulms must be returned once to South Dakota. So in an hour they were on their way back. To avoid the possibility of arrest for transporting indigents across the line, marked by the railroad tracks through the town of Lemmon, the North Dakota officials on this trip were careful to let the Hulms out of the truck while still in their own territory. The family was then given \$5 and the instruction, "Just walk across these tracks; South Dakota is to take care of you, and you'll have no trouble."

So the Hulms picked up their equipment, much of it broken by now, and herded their children across the line. As they were walking up the main street, the chief of police appeared again and served them with a legal order to take their departure from South Dakota forthwith. Mrs. Hulm, flourishing the \$5 bill, said that they were there to stay. "Oh, no," said the chief, "you're going to sleep on the North Dakota side." For the rest of the day the issue was nobly debated by the sheriff of Adams County, North Dakota, and the chief of police of Lemmon, South Dakota. After a night in an auto camp, paid for by Mrs. Hulm, the family was once more haled before the welfare board and told that they had "ten minutes to get to the other side of the line." By this time Mrs. Hulm was becoming a trifle impatient. "Why," she told the officials, "people treat their dogs better than that."

Despite her protests, however, they were marched back across the line into North Dakota, only to be met by a deputy sheriff who said they could not enter the state. "Well," announced Mrs. Hulm, "there is just one thing to do, Dad. We are going to park on these tracks until we have help. Something has got to be done for us. One side or the other has got to keep us." And park

they did, right on the tracks. Toward evening the watching deputy sheriff went across the line into South Dakota and got in touch with the State Welfare Board. Later that night the Hulms were moved again into South Dakota. Weary of this war of nerves, South Dakota did not attempt to send them back. A few months later a lawsuit between two sovereign states to determine responsibility for their care decided that the Hulms were residents of North Dakota. Later another court action was necessary to determine which of two counties in North Dakota was responsible for them and should give them relief.

Our settlement laws have always been unworkable; since the depression they have become intolerable. States compete to see which can enact the most stringent requirements for settlement. As one state raises its requirements, other states do likewise. In consequence a special category of distressed persons has been created—the "federal homeless," residents of the United States but without settlement in any one state. No one has ever estimated how much administrative agencies spend annually in interviewing migrants and attempting, by correspondence, to verify their place of residence. I have seen files on particular families that resembled a dossier on a Dreyfus case.

It is frequently charged that migrants move from state to state in order to get relief—or more relief. But as a witness told the Tolan committee, "when you leave home you do not get relief." Most states will give some temporary assistance while they are attempting to verify residence elsewhere, but if such residence can be established, further aid is denied and the transient must return home. Transients are also excluded from the WPA, since the appropriations are never sufficient to provide work even for residents. In a few states migrant agricultural workers receive some assistance from the Farm Security Administration, but with this exception they are "outlaws" so far as welfare programs are concerned.

With migration being greatly stimulated by the national defense program, it is high time that Congress took action to prevent state legislation that practically Balkanizes the United States. Settlement laws should be abolished and eligibility for assistance determined on the basis of need, not of residence. If these laws cannot be abolished, they should be made uniform as to when settlement is acquired and when it is lost and should include the provision that a settlement once acquired is not lost until a new one is obtained. Pressure can be brought upon the states to make these changes by federal grants-in-aid, under the Social Security Act, conditioned upon the enactment of suitable state legislation. If some such action, in line with the recommendations of the Tolan committee, is not taken promptly, the number of "Americans without a country" is certain to increase.

The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

IV. The Grisafi

SUMMARY OF PARTS I TO III. *The rumor that Italy has entered the war sets the little fishing village of San Filippo in ferment. The fishermen have been warned indirectly by the old harbor master, Don Cataldo, not to take the fleet out, but they set sail for the fishing grounds earlier than usual. The arrival of a Fascist officer in a coast-guard cutter turns the rumor into fact. He ousts the harbor master and then the cutter heads for the fleet. On the hill pasture above the village and the sea, the Braggart, Maniscalco, joins his sons, Carmelo and Brasi, who are herding goats. The evening before Maniscalco has been thrown out of a wineshop for swearing that neither Duce nor King shall have his son for their wars. Standing upon the headland, father and sons see the lights of the fleet go out one by one and know that the boats have been ordered back, and that war has come. Maniscalco gives vent once more to his rage and fear and swears that "they shall pay."*

WHEN at last everyone on Fishermen's Street had told every neighbor of Italy's entry into the war, the despised slattern, Diodata Ferrarello, slip-slopped across the rubbish patch below the chapel of Our Lady of Light at the top of the steep street and approached Rosaria Grisafi's hut. Naturally Diodata was the one to tell the crazy old woman, Rosaria. Someone had to tell her. Even Rosaria Grisafi had a right to know. The women shrugged their shoulders and went into their houses. The first stimulation of the news had worn off, and numbness was beginning to be felt.

"Eh, *matre*, blessed woman," Diodata yelled, looking into the hut. The old Grisafi woman, who was sitting in the corner as usual, smiled and beckoned vigorously to Signora Ferrarello to enter. Diodata entered and without giving Rosaria time to rise from her chair shook the old woman by the shoulders and shouted into her face. Rosaria was not deaf, but one always shouted at foreigners, children, and lunatics.

"Eh, listen. We're at war, blessed woman. We're at war."

"Guerra!" Rosaria smiled vaguely and nodded her head.

"Now listen. Saints and martyrs, *listen*. War, I say, war. We're at war."

"Si." Again the crazy old woman nodded. She patted Diodata's hand. "Guerra."

"Clouds of angels, can't you understand, you poor old lady," cried Diodata. Then she imitated the sounds of

war, the passage and explosion of shells and bombs. The Grisafi got out of her chair and made straight for the bottle of cordial standing in the niche below the Sacred Heart that was too big to take the place of the Virgin deposited from the niche.

"Guerra," she repeated cheerfully.

"Hordes of devils." Diodata waved her hand vigorously, as if cleaning a window, to indicate that she did not want any cordial.

She smiled as one did in taking leave of the Grisafi, exaggerating the smile into a theatrical grin and nodding her head in a violent pantomime of approval. The old woman's lively face put on a smile also. Her hands fumbled with the wicker-covered bottle. "*Bedda Madonna*," Diodata exclaimed and strode across the floor and replaced the cordial in its niche. As she reached the door again, the Grisafi shrilled the traditional farewell.

"Every good and blessing. And guard yourself."

"Thank you, thank you," Diodata screamed and added to herself, "The poor blessed old woman." Rosaria, whose voice never rose above a mumble or a whisper at



any other time, invariably shrilled her leave-taking, ■ if the words were shot out of a pistol.

Diodata shuffled swiftly down the street to her house. "Blessed old woman," she ejaculated as she kicked open the door. Rosaria had been crazy since her fisherman husband had been lost in the great storm many years ago. She had been driven out of the town of San Filippo and had gone to Messina. When she returned nine years later, the townsfolk were still hostile to her, but since she had become a quiet and harmless sort of lunatic they did not try to put her out. Without authorization Rosaria had taken possession of the hut in which she now lived.

Traditionally it had always been the home of the chapel caretaker. After a while all opposition to her occupancy of the hut had died out. The neighbors merely continued to use the patch of land atop the hill as a rubbish dump.

"She has a right to know," Diodata asserted loudly, to no one in particular, though Paterno's wife was passing by.

Diodata Ferrarello herself enjoyed no public esteem. "The slattern from Brindisi," the women called her. Her husband had abandoned her years ago. Her vicious and quarrelsome son Filippo, who abused her and everyone

else, had supported her since then, none knew how. Very few days passed without a desperate uproar of screaming and cursing issuing from the Ferrarello house. Filippo, the sallow, thin-chested wastrel, would play his exquisite music through the clatter, to infuriate his mother. Afterward he would play accompaniments while she sang. Once in a while the Grisafi would trot down the hill and poke her head into the home of the woman whose man had run away. The other women had



little to do with the Grisafi or the Ferrarello woman.

When Signora Ferrarello had gone, Rosaria returned to her corner chair and folded her hands. A smile of pleasure remained upon her face even when she took a nap. When she awoke she took the chapel keys out of their hiding place, drew her black shawl over her head, and hurried to the chapel. She had assumed the role of chapel caretaker just as she had taken possession of the hut. Onopio Bencivenni, the barber's brother and sexton of the principal church of Our Lady of Sorrows, whose duty it was to open the little chapel, had one evening left the key at the old woman's hut. The next day Rosaria had opened the chapel and had continued to do so ever since. The parish priest had officially appointed her as caretaker after that and had insisted that she be paid a few lire weekly. This awakened the intense hostility of Bencivenni, for Rosaria kept the chapel in spotless condition, which was more than one could say of the immense, wooden-floored, sour-atmosphered church in the piazza. Though she was now an official handmaiden of the church, the Grisafi still kept the chapel keys hidden and still mumbled resentfully when any member of the swarm of Bencivenni's children came within sight of the chapel or her hut.

Once inside the chapel, Rosaria hitched up her skirts and secreted the keys in a pocket in one of her petticoats. Then she extinguished the votive candles and took them out of their sockets and carried them to the dimin-

utive closet that served as vestry. She laid the candles upon the table, sorting them carefully into two heaps according to their length. The more expensive and less-consumed candles that after paring and trimming could be put on sale as new ones, she wrapped in a piece of cloth. The butts she dropped into the box she kept for that purpose. The sale of candles at the chapel of Our Lady of Light was the exclusive privilege of Rosaria Grisafi. She was allowed to make 20 per cent profit, but crazy as she was, the San' Filippini said, she had nothing to learn from Bencivenni about the selling of grace and grease twice over.

For more than an hour Rosaria busied herself in the chapel. Then she knelt to say her prayers, aloud, as always. That was the only peg upon which the nearly extinct opposition could hang their propaganda. "Do I roar my head off at the blessed company of saints?" Bencivenni always said with a flourish of his hand that was at once interrogative and condemnatory. It was ridiculous to say that the Grisafi roared, but her sibilant whispering got upon people's nerves, or rather disturbed their devotion almost as much as Bencivenni's sniffing and spitting and the way he whacked the sacred furniture around to show he was inside the community of clerical skirts.

When Rosaria had ceased whispering in the total darkness of the chapel, she shrilled, "Every blessing and good" but omitted the "*Guardatevi*" of which Bencivenni accused her, asserting that she ordered the sacred images to look out for themselves. Then she trotted to the door, locked it on the outside, and gazed out over the sea toward the fishing fleet.

"Blessed Mother," she murmured, and at once she repeated the words, in fear. The lights of the fishing fleet were going out. She began to tremble. She put out her hand and leaned against the chapel wall. The extinguishing of the lights could have only one meaning for her. There was no other enemy of fishermen than the fierce wind that roared suddenly out of the northwest or the south. Soon the wind would come frantically lashing the sea, battering the houses, and flattening down the tree tops in the piazza. The word "blackout" had no meaning for her. Clutching the key, she stumbled over the refuse piles to her hut.

Inside the hut she ran aimlessly from side to side of its one room until her purpose calmed her. Then she set about her duty methodically. The Grisafi made fire on the hearth, and when the smoke had cleared she set a caldron of water over it, scolding herself that she had not prepared soup earlier in the day. Then she laid the table and closed the window in order that the room should be heated to oven warmth. Next the soiled bedding was taken off and flung under the narrow bed and the coffer of sheets and blankets was dragged out.

[Continued on page 437]

America After Defense

BY ALDEN STEVENS

II. Our Capacity for Abundance

IN 1934 the Brookings Institution published a book called "America's Capacity to Produce" which examined American industry with some thoroughness and showed that we had a pretty impressive plant—the best in the world—but that it wasn't working at anywhere near full capacity although millions of Americans were badly in need of things it was able to produce. The report dealt with the situation in the twenties, but the plant didn't develop much during the thirties except in a handful of new industries, notably chemicals, and the Brookings report was still a fairly accurate picture of American industry when the war broke out in 1939.

In 1940, however, began a period of the most extensive and most rapid industrial growth known in American history; nearly every phase of production from extraction of raw materials from the earth to the final output of articles wrapped in cellophane was affected. By September 15, 1941, the government, chiefly through the Defense Plant Corporation of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, had started new plants and plant expansion to the value of \$3,200,000,000. Private industry was engaged on another \$900,000,000 worth—2,400 projects in all had been initiated. The control set-up of these varies: some are wholly privately owned; some are owned and operated by the government; some are owned by the government and leased to private operators. Of the government-built and -leased plants, the government will retain title to some, private operators to others.

Before we attempt to make an estimate of America's capacity to produce after the war, let us see what we as a nation are getting for the \$4 billion already spent or authorized for new plants. Our 250 plants for explosives and ammunition are costing \$750,000,000. For post-war civilian use 95 per cent of these won't be worth a nickel. They will be valuable as preparedness for the next war if they can be packed in sawdust and dusted off later when needed. Explosives and ammunition have changed greatly since 1918, but it is manufacturing formulas and processes that are different, not the plants themselves. Almost the same thing can be said about 153 new gun plants for which we are paying \$291,000,000. We shall not need the guns they can produce unless we are fighting or preparing to fight, but the plants ought to be put on ice. Their disposition is a matter for the army and navy to decide; so far as America's peace-time needs are concerned, these plants have little or no usefulness. A

smokeless-powder plant is not good for anything except making smokeless powder. Some of the gun and machinery plants could perhaps be converted into factories for other kinds of machinery; this might be wise if we could be certain of never needing new guns.

Much of the money we are investing, however, is enlarging our capacity to produce things which, though not consumers' goods, will be important to future consumers, for they may make possible an eventual improvement in America's standard of living. The OPM announced on July 31 that \$410,000,000 was being spent on iron and steel facilities of various kinds—blast furnaces, rolling mills, machinery for making pipe, wire, structural steel, etc., and various other types of fabricating equipment. Steel capacity in the United States, now 86,000,000 tons, will be increased by 1,500,000 tons this year and by more than that amount in 1942. The increase may amount to as much as 15 per cent by 1945 if the war goes on that long. Plant facilities are being improved as well as enlarged, and in time there will be no need to operate any obsolescent equipment. Improved kinds of stainless steel developed for war purposes promise new uses for the material in peace time.

Expansion in aluminum is more impressive than that in steel. Jesse Jones, through the Defense Plant Corporation, is hiring the Aluminum Company of America to build an alumina plant in Arkansas with an annual capacity of 400,000,000 pounds. (Alumina is aluminum oxide and is obtained from bauxite, the principal aluminum ore. Two pounds of alumina are required to make one pound of aluminum.) Under the same contract Alcoa will build for the government three aluminum plants: one at Massena, New York, on the St. Lawrence with a capacity of 150,000,000 pounds, one near Bonneville Dam in Washington with a capacity of 90,000,000 pounds, and one in Arkansas with a capacity of 100,000,000 pounds. The Defense Plant Corporation will lease these plants to Alcoa for five years, taking 85 per cent of the net operating profits during that period, and will own the plants. Construction has been slow to start, and many features of the contract have been severely criticized as good for Alcoa and very bad for the taxpayer. However, we are concerned here only with the fact that eventually aluminum capacity in the United States will be increased by the amount these plants produce. In addition, the Defense Plant Corporation is financing other new plants with a total capacity of 260,000,000 pounds. These will be built and operated by other manu-

facturers, principally the Reynolds Metal Company.

The most abundant metal in the earth's crust, aluminum sells in ingot form for 15 cents a pound (in 1935 the price was 23 cents). With production more than doubled and perhaps tripled, with the monopoly broken, at least on paper, and with better stainless steels and magnesium coming in as possible rivals, the price is bound to go down. In some quarters there is talk of 5-cent aluminum after the war.

Magnesium, a metal about two-thirds as heavy as aluminum, now limited in use by a price considerably higher than that of aluminum, is going to be plentiful after the war. The Dow Chemical Company, which has been selling magnesium as "Dow metal," has two magnesium plants now and will operate one of the new ones being built, but the RFC is wisely preventing it from obtaining a monopoly on magnesium by financing four other firms—Diamond Alkali, Basic Magnesium, Mathieson Alkali, and International Agricultural Corporation—in the construction of plants in Ohio, Nevada, Texas, and Louisiana. When finished, these plants will have a capacity of 334,000,000 pounds of magnesium a year. It is possible, too, that other plants will be constructed, also with Defense Plant Corporation funds. Thus a metal which has never been plentiful enough for complete exploration of its promise will come into its own. The Defense Plant Corporation is financing a million-dollar magnesium foundry to be operated by Bendix Aviation Corporation at South Bend, Indiana.

The sum of \$52,425,000 is going into expansion of machine-tool and related facilities, most of it into expansion of existing space and equipment—265 plants are affected. This means that when the war is over, American industry can go as far and as fast as it likes with invention and development.

The list of new projects is long, and most of them need not be considered in detail. Included are 200 new shipways, 4 tank factories, \$35,000,000 worth of new facilities for making electrical equipment. Up to the present \$885,000,000 has been allotted to 280 factories making aircraft and aircraft engines, parts, and accessories. Other items are petroleum refineries, improvements in transportation facilities, and new mining and metal-smelting equipment. Production of zinc, copper, manganese, tungsten, chromium, and lead will be increased. Some brand-new kinds of plants are also on the list—a tin smelter in Texas, for instance, for Bolivian ore; several synthetic rubber plants built mostly with private funds by Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, and United States Rubber, with others projected by other companies; and \$400,000,000 worth of miscellaneous chemical plants, many of them producing plastics.

Power capacity will increase about 50 per cent in the next six years if the Federal Power Commission's estimates of special defense needs are accepted and its rec-

ommendations followed. About one-third of this increase will be in hydroelectric power. Construction of extensive and long-needed power grids in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast is regarded as assured. At present about 15 per cent of developed power is used in homes; after the war this proportion should rise. The Rural Electrification Administration cooperatives will carry power to farms, and at the same time, let us hope, the new factories will be turning out labor-saving electrical devices.

The needs of defense have not only given America all these new plant facilities but have increased its productive capacity in other ways. Large orders have already enabled the aircraft industry to go on an assembly-line basis. The prefabricated-housing industry is doing the same thing, and already has a capacity of more than 25,000 houses a year, which will probably be doubled by 1943. Under new Department of Agriculture plans small Southern farmers will get help in raising more vegetables and feed crops with which to raise hogs and cows. The demand for more farm machinery created by the trek of farm workers to higher-paid defense jobs will tend to increase the productiveness of American agriculture, already the highest per capita in the world.

The government's training programs—the National Youth Administration, the Civilian Conservation Corps, the Work Projects Administration, the Civil Aeronautics Administration—are giving new skills to more than a million Americans, and training programs sponsored by industry are adding their share to this number. All these new trained workers, more than we ever had before, will be needed to run the defense plants; after the war they will still be needed if the plants are changed over to peace-time production and not merely abandoned.

Our synthetic chemical plants will insure a vast supply of rubber and nylon and rayon and multifarious plastic materials the uses of which are only beginning to be imagined. The steel and aluminum and magnesium plants will be able to produce all the metal we shall need for bathtubs and cooking utensils and kitchen sinks and automobiles and tractors and hay-balers. The new airplane factories will fill the air with fast, safe transport planes—enough to take Americans and their goods anywhere. Our farms will have machinery enough to produce the nourishing food that is now beyond the reach of so many Americans. The firetraps of our great cities' slums can be torn down and replaced with decent houses; the shacks of the Negro share-croppers can be exchanged for neat bungalows that arrive on freight cars and are set up in two days.

When the war is over we are going to have a superb industrial plant to make the things we need. There will be plenty of trained men and women to operate it. There will be plenty of Americans who need what it produces. Three-fourths of America's farm homes, for example, do not have plumbing.

The plant will be privately owned for the most part, but the government, through the Federal Loan Agency, will have a far larger share in it than it has ever had before. Thus government and industry must collaborate on the job of changing over to production of civilian goods after the war and of keeping up production. The more use a plant makes of modern mass-production methods, the greater must be its outlay on equipment and the tooling-up process. To get the full benefit of its machinery, the plant must be operated at close to capacity. This fact places upon industry and government the joint responsibility to sell capacity production, which can be done only if Americans have plenty of purchasing power. And purchasing power depends on two things—jobs for all and prices within reach. If one of these is lacking, the machine slows down. Firm price-control measures may therefore be absolutely essential after the war. When the steel industry put in automatic rolling mills it cut costs but not prices, creating unemployment and not expanding its market. Now the American plant as a whole is cutting costs through modernization brought in to meet defense needs. Will prices go down to match costs after the war is over?

The first purpose of the defense program is to protect America now, but America's future needs protection, too.

[The first article of this series was printed in the issue of October 18; the third will appear next week.]

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Badges and Bonuses

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY KNOX recently announced details of a contest designed to stimulate productivity in the many shipyards working on the present huge naval and mercantile-marine building programs. A special board is to rate each shipyard "on its overall efficiency" every three months, and the winners will have the privilege of flying a special pennant indicating their top ranking. Each man in a winning yard will also be given special insignia.

Similar methods of stimulating output were widely resorted to at one time in Soviet Russia. In the early days, when revolutionary ardor was still red-hot, this "socialist competition" as it was called had a certain measure of success, but in recent years Russian industry has relied more on individual incentives for workers of a kind normal in a capitalist economy. It would not be surprising, therefore, if somewhat more material rewards than badges and honors proved necessary in this country in order to obtain from employers and employees alike that extra effort and efficiency that are essential if the defense program is to be completed on time.

This problem of incentives is very much in the minds of our business men during the present crisis, but they are extremely shy about talking out loud about it. There is such

universal moral condemnation of war profits that no business man dares admit that he would dirty his hands with them. Yet at the same time there is widespread complaint against extraction by the Treasury of a large percentage of excess profits earned. How can the government expect, the financial press asks, the whole-hearted cooperation of industry if it whittles down the rewards of private enterprise in this manner? In this connection it is pointed out that the first thirty-three industrial companies to issue statements for the nine months ending September 30 show an increase in operating profits of 83.4 per cent over the same period of 1940, but an increase in net after taxes of only 10.3 per cent. Considering that 1940 was an exceptionally profitable year, it might be thought that these results were something less than ruinous. But presumably the additional effort involved in raising the gross by 80 per cent is regarded as inadequately rewarded by a mere 10 per cent addition to net.

This debate is not confined to America, and in England it has recently came out into the open as the result of an article in the *Financial News*. The contention of that journal is that although war production in Britain is reaching new levels it cannot be stepped up to the extent necessary to beat Hitler unless producers are offered increased material incentives. Business men, it is said, can earn too easily the profits they are allowed to retain; they must therefore be offered greater inducements to make the greater effort required for a new acceleration of output. A reduction in the excess-profits tax to 60 or 70 per cent and an increase in depreciation allowances would, it is suggested, do the trick. At the same time, the *Financial News* points out, wages in some of the most vital war industries are relatively unattractive; they must be raised in order to spur the energies of the workers engaged in them and to bring in recruits.

Such measures would accentuate the inflationary trend already apparent in Britain, and recognizing this fact, their advocates propose to accompany them with tightened controls over physical consumption. The payment of dividends, it is said, should again be restricted and the rationing of consumers' goods greatly extended, with the objective of giving more to active war workers and less to the remainder of the community.

Commenting on these proposals, the London *Economist* points out that with supplies barely enough to go round as it is, there is little room for differential rationing. Essentially, it continues, the plan of the *Financial News* is "to pay for an increased war effort by the distribution of I.O.U.'s. To the cynically minded it may seem a strange realism that offers baits that will be undesirable and dangerous if they are translated into real terms—whether it is now, during the war, or after—and meaningless if they are not." The *Economist* admits, however, that the proponents of greater incentives have some logic on their side. In a country striving to divert the maximum amount of its resources to the war effort there are practical economic arguments for a policy of allowing war industries to make greater profits than non-essential trades and of paying higher wages to workers engaged in war production than to those following normal pursuits; that is, unless the required transfer of labor and capital is secured, as in Germany, purely by fiat.

If we admit this line of reasoning, it surely follows that the

desired end cannot be reached through an indiscriminate relaxation of profit and wage controls. That would merely serve to stimulate the essential and non-essential industries alike. What is needed is a system of rewards applicable only to those groups which make a direct contribution to war production. This, I think, rules out investors as a class, for in neither Britain nor America are they providing new "risk" capital for the purpose of extending war industries. In this country some three-quarters of the new defense plants are being financed by the government, and even in those cases where the job is being done by private capital it is usually with the benefit of some form or another of government guaranty. It can be argued of course that private investors would be more willing to take risks in providing capital if the rewards offered were greater, but it is difficult to see how this could be effected without at the same time encouraging new investment in undesirable directions.

The groups really called upon to work harder, think more intensively, and sacrifice more leisure if output is to grow rapidly are the men at the bench, the technicians and research workers, and the managers of industry. Hence there is much to be said for energizing these factors in production by a judicious distribution of special prizes. As a practical proposition the provision of such awards ought to be directly related to actual performance. If the X tank factory scheduled to produce twenty units daily in six months attains this figure in only five, all employed there deserve a bonus.

Another kind of achievement which should be recognized by special awards is progress in cutting costs. Many defense contracts have been let on a cost-plus-fixed-fee basis, and while this does not directly encourage cost inflation as did the old cost-plus contracts, neither does it stimulate economy. In such cases, therefore, it would be well worth while to offer to managers substantial bonuses scaled according to their efficiency in reducing unit costs of production. That policy would tend to strengthen the regard of managers for the national interests even when these conflict with the interests of stockholders. Ideally, of course, such appeals to self-interest ought not to be necessary in a time of national crisis, and, indeed, many men in all ranks of industry can be counted on to do their utmost without them. Nevertheless, it would be wise to recognize that, as an incentive, patriotism is not always enough.

In the Wind

ACCORDING TO *Inside Germany Reports*, the Nazis are breaking up many of Germany's oldest convents and monasteries. At the Birkenweder Convent in Berlin, nuns were told that they would have to give up their "unproductive existence" and go to work. Monks of the Rothenburg Monastery in Görlitz, Silesia, were removed from their cells and loaded into trucks to be taken to an unknown destination. When they asked what it all meant, they were told: "Now you'd better get married and go to work."

A STATEMENT will shortly be released by a prominent American who has just returned from Europe contradicting

several of Herbert Hoover's statements on his food plan and quoting the leaders of the Belgian government-in-exile as being opposed to the scheme.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE'S MOBILIZATION, which until June 22 was the American Peace Mobilization, has tried to affiliate with the Fight for Freedom Committee. The application was rejected.

GEORGE U. HARVEY, Borough President of Queens, is fighting for reelection with the slogan: "First for America, First for Queens, First against Communism." His Democratic opponent has adopted the same slogan and added "First for the Taxpayer." Speaking for the Harvey campaign recently, Father Edward Lodge Curran, Christian Front leader, said: "As long as there is a Martin Dies in the Southwest and a George U. Harvey in the Northeast, no one need worry about the future of America."

GEORGE S. COUNTS, president of the American Federation of Teachers and a candidate for the New York City Council, may not get his name on the ballot. His nominating petitions are being challenged by the pro-Communist faction of the American Labor Party. Counts's campaign manager was approached by left-wing A. L. P. representatives and told that unless Counts agreed not to criticize their faction, his nomination would be contested. Neither Counts nor his manager agreed, and the challenge has been made.

BOAKE CARTER, who was announced as a principal speaker at the Grand Rapids convention of the semi-fascist Anglo-Saxon Federation convention, did not appear. W. J. Cameron, Ford public-relations expert, spoke in place of Carter.

A WAR DEPARTMENT employee has walked past the guards for three weeks with a picture of Adolf Hitler substituted for his own on his identification badge.

PRESS NOTES: *Scoop*, the successor to *Friday* as an effort to combine left-wing propaganda with sensational journalism, has closed shop. . . . So has the *Beacon*, an isolationist weekly published by J. D. Holtzman, a Minneapolis business man.

IT IS REPORTED that one faction within America First wants to disband the committee, feeling that the cause is lost and that surrender now is better than a death-bed conversion. Bishop Henry W. Hobson's recent letter recommending dissolution of America First was directed at this group.

THE TRADE PAPER of newspaper executives, *Editor and Publisher*, which has rarely been known to criticize advertising, recently carried a sharp comment on the copy placed by the interventionist committees. Complaining against the use of emotional appeals, it said: "It is one thing to be shrill about a box of soap; it is another thing to be shrill about selling human lives."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Birth Control and Democracy

CHARITY may still begin at home. But public concern with all causes now seems in direct proportion to the relationship of the causes to foreign affairs and foreign things. I doubt, for instance, that the Massachusetts Mothers' Health Council is going to be able to stir much interest in its fight for birth control while most of the world is concerned with death control. The twenty-fifth anniversary of Margaret Sanger's first trip to jail for conducting a birth-control clinic is not a date important on many peoples' calendars at present. But at a time when the world talks about democracy, there can hardly be anywhere a more comic commentary on democracy than the birth-control situation in the old Bay State and its neighbor Connecticut—two states, advanced in all the techniques of our civilization, where a doctor is a criminal if he tells a patient how not to have a baby even if having one might injure her health or jeopardize her life.

The situation does not look funny to the clerics—largely Roman Catholic—who want to keep the laws or to the ladies and gentlemen who want to change them. One side is confident that it is doing the Lord's work at the Lord's direction, and the other is equally confident that it is serving the best interests of mankind. I'm on the side of the latter. But the interesting thing to me is the exhibition of the distance between law and practice in these two states, which certainly do not consider themselves backward in the traditions of self-government. The people, presumably, have at least as much to do with making the laws in Massachusetts and Connecticut as they have in North Carolina and Kansas. But in these two New England states the people have made birth control more criminal than it is in any other state, though they lead all other states—except one—in practicing it.

If this proves anything, it is that democracy is a system under which the people can make the law most rigid in the very places where they disregard it the most. Stated otherwise: when the people govern themselves, they have no hesitation in adopting rules they have no intention of obeying. That may not be a general rule, but if Connecticut and Massachusetts are acceptable examples of American democracy, it is the rule that they have adopted and that they cling to and apparently adore. And I think that's funny. It has been ten years or more since most of the backward states of the South refused

to follow Tennessee in adopting the anti-evolution law which was dramatized in the famous monkey trial at Dayton. But the home of Harvard still pretends that birth-control information is illegal in Massachusetts, though contraceptives are for sale at practically every drugstore in Boston, and the Massachusetts birth rate keeps going down.

The Massachusetts Mothers' Health Council, a name recently adopted as less frightening to timid legislators than one containing the naked words "birth control" would be, has been seeking to get the law changed in order to help child-burdened as well as child-bearing mothers and families. Leading doctors, scientists, and citizens have indorsed their efforts. What they want to do needs to be done. And in this year of high talk about democracy the law needs to be changed not merely for the sake of mothers' health but in order to make democracy itself look a little less crazy in Massachusetts.

Everybody knows that nobody except a few cops at a few clinics (now shut) and some clerical and lay zealots before legislative committees and in the General Court has paid any attention to the law. Doctors in every town in Massachusetts and Connecticut go every day casually about the business of being criminal in this regard. In Massachusetts the birth rate dropped to 13.8 per 1,000 of population in the same year that the birth rate was 22.9 in North Carolina, where birth-control clinics were operated by the state—largely at the expense, incidentally, of a rich doctor from Massachusetts. The comparison between the law and the vital statistics make a joke on the zealots which it seems strange that they should wish to maintain.

Of course, the whole business is not funny. Those who are denied by the law are those lost in poverty and ignorance in Massachusetts and Connecticut. It hits nobody else. It interferes with nobody else. Like Tennessee's monkey bill, it is a law to intrench ignorance, but unlike Tennessee's bill, it is also a law to punish the ignorant for being ignorant and the poor for being poor. It makes a hypocritical joke out of self-government, but in itself it is something which is not funny and not pretty—an ugly parody on a free people in states which are among the richest in the country and sometimes think themselves the wisest. In the struggle for freedom more things than planes and bullets need to be considered in this Bible belt which runs from Greenwich to Boston and insists on ignorance by law.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"So Bright an Andalusian"

FROM *LORCA'S THEATRE*. Five Plays. Translated by Richard L. O'Connell and James Graham L. With a Foreword by Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

HERE are five plays from Lorca's theater: a violent farce in two acts; an erotic allelujah in four scenes; a legend of our times in three acts and five scenes; a tragic poem in three acts and six scenes; a poem of 1900 Granada, divided into various gardens, with scenes of song and dance. So we have variety and excitement; and if we are confused by the arrangement, perhaps matters can be straightened out later, for the editors promise—or is it hope?—to present another volume later on. The sober company of scholars has not yet begun to work over Lorca; there will in time be plenty for them to do, and they can make themselves very useful, though Lorca can never be entirely taken from the happy amateurs. Nor, I think, would he want to be; he was no dilettante, but he enjoyed his fun and play.

Lorca's peculiar chiaroscuro is helpful to translators: his obscurity lends them excuses, and his brilliance both energy and light. Messrs. O'Connell and Graham present the prose portions of the plays with immediacy and ease; in their translations of the lyrics they are more uneven, sometimes hitting things off with remarkable grace, at other times regressing into a poetic lingo that is a little distressing with its inversions, awkward word order, rhyme-hunting, and *ripio*-fetching. The editors have also contributed a double introduction, two essays, one of notes on the playwright, the other on the dramatic values in his plays; of these the first is much more readable than the second, which is dismaying in its effect of choppiness, and both suffer by comparison with Stark Young's introductory foreword, which sets off expert writing against that which is merely well-intentioned.

The plays are presented in an order—or a disorder—which illustrates Lorca's range rather than his progress. The editors do not date them very clearly, and there is no authoritative bibliography to help us; from what I have been able to gather from various desultory researches, "The Shoemaker's Prodigious Wife" was first presented in 1930, "The Love of Don Perlimplín" in 1933; "If Five Years Pass" (is this exactly right, by the way, for "*Así que pasen*"?) was written before 1931; "Yerma" had not been published by 1934; "Doña Rosita, the Spinster" appeared in print around 1935. Thus the order of the plays as presented in this book swings back and forth. Well, perhaps after we have a second volume, with "The Butterfly's Evildoing" (1920), "Mariana Pineda" (1927), "The Puppets of Cahchiporra" (1931), "Little Portrait of Don Cristóbal" (1931), "Blood Wedding" (1933), "The Public" (?), "The Dreams of My Cousin Aurelia" (?), and "Bernarda Alba's House"—perhaps, after that, the public will insist on a complete collection, with the work arranged according to strict chronology, and with the three plays of the trilogy brought together.

Concerning this trilogy, a note in Lorca's correspondence,

I forget just where, indicated that he was trying to progress from exuberance toward austerity; how far he might have succeeded is another question. He was versed in Greek drama as well as in his native tradition: one wonders what he might have thought of the contemporary Irish theater, whose language, making due allowance for the difference of moisture in the air, was somewhat cousin to his own. Yeats was in Spain more than once, I think, but I know of no record to show that their paths ever crossed. Lorca would have enjoyed the hard Irish, I think, and admired both their folksiness and their preciousness. He was not lachrymose; he knew better than to break up his lines to weep; unlike many writers who identify themselves with the emotional states of women, he never invested himself with melancholy. He knew, as perhaps Unamuno did not, that for the tragic sense of life gaiety was no accident but essential. He knew that if the play was tragic it was play still—"gaiety transforming all that dread." It is good to have, in this first collection of his dramas, these specimens of his friendly invention, his rashness, his fun, and always his brilliance, a kind of light vanished from our literature, if it ever shone there. Even the formal silk hat, in which he comes on to address the audience in the author's prologue to "The Prodigious Shoemaker's Wife," reminding them that the poet does not demand benevolence but attention—even this tall silk hat is a symbol of his profusion: when he takes it off, it becomes illuminated with a green light from within. He tips it over and a gush of water falls from it. He seems embarrassed and retires; but he did not really need to beg our pardon.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

The Role of Reason

NEW LIBERTIES FOR OLD. By Carl Becker. Yale University Press. \$2.

PROFESSOR BECKER is not only an able historian but one of the most urbane and lucid essayists of our day. In this volume he gives us a series of essays previously published in journals. It is a testimony to the author's wisdom that while some of them are a little "dated," they are never completely so, for his historical perspective is too broad to allow him to succumb to the mood of a period without reservations. One essay in the volume, for instance, entitled *Loving Peace and Waging War*, was obviously written in the period when everyone was busy proving war to be futile, and so does Professor Becker. Yet he anticipates the lessons of the present day by a qualification of his general thesis.

When one country resorts to force of arms to decide a dispute with another, that other cannot be expected to demonstrate the futility of war in general by refusing to defend its rights or its existence in a particular situation. . . . It must decide whether war or submission is the lesser evil, and war may very well be the lesser evil for it, however great an evil it proves to be for all in the end.

The only criticism which can be made of this wise reservation is that, if sufficiently pressed, it may invalidate rather than qualify his thesis.

Perhaps the most interesting note in the essays and the one which recurs most often is the author's analysis of the role of reason in social and political life. An authority on the eighteenth century, he is consistently critical of the Enlightenment's too easy confidence in reason as an arbitrator of all social disputes and in the progress of reason as a guarantor of social progress. He sees the fallacy of regarding reason in man "as a bit of universal intelligence placed within each individual man to make manifest to him the universal reason implicit in things and events." As astute historian he sees how easily "rational" arguments become mere rationalizations of what passion and interest prompt; how, for instance, jurists and philosophers can, and always do, follow in the wake of the action of statesmen to prove that the action is in conformity with some "natural law."

The recognition of this aspect of human history provokes a gentle cynicism but no capitulation to anti-intellectualism or relativism. Professor Becker continues to resist the "fallacy of supposing that because truth is in some sense relative, it cannot be distinguished from error," and even though he is forced to "abandon the cosmological temple in which democratic ideology was originally enshrined," he does not lose faith in democracy as a system which seeks "rational and human values as ends" and tries to realize them with a "minimum of coercion and maximum of voluntary consent."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

The Indispensable Century

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND. By Basil Willey. Columbia University Press. \$3.25.

ALL past times are "inadequate," and the particular inadequacy of the eighteenth century surely lies in what Mr. Willey calls its "steady decline . . . in the tragic sense of life." The light of Newton's fiat had dispelled the theological night, and the educated classes lived in conscious pleasure at the new day, prizing cheerfulness above all things, enjoying, as Mr. Willey says, "almost the nearest approach to earthly felicity ever known to man." Shaftesbury, enumerating the intellectual virtues, set "Good-Humour" and "Raillery" beside "Common-Sense" and the "Free Play of the Mind" and gave the reason for the new emotional tone: "'Tis the persecuting spirit has raised the bantering one."

The victories of Reason over mystery were great, but none so great as the victory over the problem of evil. The doctrine of "Nature," that dominating idea of the age, was framed to demonstrate the goodness and propriety of the universe. The discordant elements of life had been attributed by Christianity to the devil; it was a crude way, yet still a way, of taking cognizance of evil; but the eighteenth century, in ridding itself of the supernatural, banished Satan, as Mr. Willey says, more harshly than it banished God; it explained that discordant elements were not really discordant at all or not really in Nature at all. In the Nature of "Cosmic Toryism" (Soame Jenyns, Shaftesbury, Pope) what seemed to be evils were shown by Reason to be necessary in the cosmic

FORECASTING

The NOVEMBER Issue of

FREE WORLD

OUT THIS WEEK

ERNEST BEVIN, "Not by Words Alone."

SENATOR TOM CONNALLY, "We Shall Not Succumb."

ROUND TABLE No. 2 . . . What About Germany After the War? "There is not one group among the German people that can offer any reliable guaranty to the rest of the world that what has happened since the last war will not be repeated. A British or American governor stationed in Berlin for a period of twenty years is the only solution." This is Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster's plan.

Others taking part in this discussion are: Max Brauer, Sir Norman Angell, Major Wheeler-Nicholson, Count Carlo Sforza, Emil J. Gumbel, Stefan de Ropp, Milos Safranek, Thomas Reveille, Dr. Max Immanuel, Louis Dolivet, Dr. George Shuster, Dr. Werner Thormann.

GRAVE WARNINGS addressed to the American people by prominent Latin American leaders about the need of more effective collaboration between this country and the other members of the Pan-American Union.

ARTICLES by J. Alvarez del Vayo, Dietrich von Hildebrand, Karin Michaelis, Henri Focillon, Michael Straight, Ernesto Galarza, Carlo Prato, Wou Saofong, and others.

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scheme and, since necessary, not evil. In the libertarian view which passed into the modern revolutionary tradition (Hobbes, Priestley, Godwin), Nature was conceived as considerably more efficient; in this view the cause of human suffering was held to be the corruption of man or of certain classes of men. Just how man as part of a perfect Nature came to be corrupt was never explained, though a transmuted vestige of Christianity ascribed his degeneration to the dominance of his emotions, desires, and habits, which a properly cultivated Reason might soon subdue.

Amid all this depressing cheerfulness a few figures stand in relieving darkness. For us Swift, Dr. Johnson, Bishop Butler, and Burke, with their awareness of misery, mystery, and complexity, their stubborn sense of the tragic, are likely to be the attractive personalities of the age. We are of course repelled by the moral callousness of the Tory philosophers who conceived a Nature which was the apology for the status quo. But we are also dejected by the libertarian philosophers with their solemn confidence in Perfectibility by Reason. ("As the world advances in civilization," Priestley wrote, "... war becomes less distressing to peaceable individuals who do not bear arms.")

Yet though the naive sanguineness of their hope must irritate us, the hope itself continues to be ours. As Mr. Willey says, the eighteenth century is the *indispensable* century; we cannot conceive ourselves without it; the philosophical assumptions of no other time are so much taken for granted, so unconsciously embodied in our thought. The great work of succeeding times has been the correction and augmentation of its ideas.

Mr. Willey's present volume is the sequel to his "The Seventeenth Century Background," and it is quite as admirable as its predecessor. Like the earlier volume, it ends with an illuminating chapter on Wordsworth, for the two works are to be taken together as a preface to the study of romanticism. And like the earlier volume, it is scholarly, lucid, and perceptive, one of the best intellectual histories available.

LIONEL TRILLING

Napoleon and Hitler

NAPOLEON SPEAKS. By Albert Carr. The Viking Press. \$3.

NO HISTORIAN would dare to boast of his full command of the vast literature instigated by Napoleon's fascinating personality. It would be still more daring to pretend that hitherto unknown facts or a new point of view warranted one more book on the subject. Poets like Heine and Victor Hugo deified Napoleon's memory; legends arose making a myth of his existence; sociologists branded him a belated representative of the Vandalic epoch. Mr. Carr is no historian, but his careful study of numerous biographies and in particular of Napoleon's correspondence has enabled him to write a lively, readable volume *in usum delphini Americani*. That Mr. Carr examined "at least 40,000" of the emperor's letters, of which he includes more than 480 to make "Napoleon speak," matters less than the parallel to which the author himself points and which made him write a book of contemporary interest.

"A Napoleon and a Hitler may be poles apart in terms of individual psychology," Mr. Carr admits; "... nevertheless, ... by understanding Napoleon one comes close to the inwardness of all dictatorship." This appears to be a dangerous doctrine, for the author himself emphasizes that personality and circumstances combined to give birth to the "historical figure." It is easy enough to find analogies in the careers of the two dictators. Both were corporals; Napoleon started as an unsuccessful author, Hitler as an unsuccessful landscape painter; both were neurotics; both were imprisoned—and probably a good many people hope that the Moscow winter will start Hitler's downfall as it did Napoleon's. There are, however, dissimilarities which are more momentous than the apparent resemblance. First of all, Napoleon's personality expressed not merely "the glorification of naked power and ... fundamental contempt for democratic idealism." Anatole France in a delightful story reports a conversation Napoleon had with his fellow-officers on board *La Muiron* when he suddenly returned from Egypt. "France," he is supposed to have said, "would never submit to a military dictator. Frenchmen are much too *spirituel*. They can be led only by someone who is intellectually minded." And then after a while he remarked casually, "*Je suis membre de l'Institut.*" No matter whether it is true or not, this story could not be told of Hitler even after 100 years. Perhaps the remark recorded in the Memorial of St. Helena that "in the long run the spirit is always victorious over the sword," was an afterthought, but the fact remains that the Napoleonic codification of the law of the "new order," in which the emperor took an active personal part, is still more or less the law of the European continent, preserving for a better future the achievements of the French Revolution. Even Mr. Carr recognizes that Napoleon "pushed education somewhat ahead of its position under the monarchy." To understand Napoleon's ingeniousness is not to idealize dictatorship, but neither does it bring us close to Hitler's "inwardness." This "inwardness" is but a megalomaniac overcompensation for the inferiority complex from which the German middle class suffers; it certainly has no relation to the feeling of national preeminence which all Frenchmen simply take for granted.

Apart from personal qualities, the parallel does not fit into the events. Napoleon's dictatorship terminated the French Revolution by confirming its essential achievements and carrying them, in the wake of his armies, all over Europe. No dictatorship is democratic, but Napoleon's was certainly more democratic, at any rate more popular, than the *ancien régime* which preceded and the Holy Alliance which followed it. Hitler's dictatorship is not the result but the starting-point of victorious conquests, not the end but the inauguration of a revolution. And it is doubtful whether Hitler is "a bulwark of private property" as Mr. Carr and some appeasers seem to believe. In appearance dictators may be similar, but this similarity offers no "clues" to contemporary problems. Dictators can no more be pigeonholed than elected leaders of democracies. To stress the similarities is to obliterate the differences, and to explain current events by these similarities is as misleading as to interpret the past in terms of our day. All this, however, does not diminish the value of Mr. Carr's book as a vivid, colorful, and dramatic account of a lustrous personality.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

Lull Before Death

THE FORT. By Storm Jameson. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

A HALF-DOZEN French and English officers hiding in the cellar of a French farmhouse, beyond which the German juggernaut of 1940 has rolled on toward Paris, talking about war and peace, killing a German soldier who falls into their hands, finally being killed themselves: this almost eventless scenario constitutes the entire plot of Miss Jameson's "The Fort." The people in this little story of less than 150 pages, which reads like a novelized "Journey's End," do not say anything joltingly new or heroic or obscene or clever, but what they tell each other they say with a crisp directness nourished by the anger or determination or bitterness that moves each of them during this crucial but ironically quiet interlude. In their attitudes toward the catastrophe that faces France they stand out curiously like silhouettes against the lurid background of total war, as if the complexities of their private, individual lives had been blacked out, leaving only the outlines of various types of Men Fighting: the French, with their neurotic, half-concealed pessimism and their fatal quarrels among themselves; the British, more fearful of melodrama than of death, warming to each other most when all hope has vanished; the one German, who by the way is the least convincing of the lot, with his catchwords and Hitlerolatry but apparently not enough brains to fulfil his own professed ruthlessness.

Thanks to Miss Jameson's restraint, "The Fort" has the clean-cut unity of a one-act play; you read it not so much to find out what is going to happen to these men, because that is virtually predetermined, but to see how they behave while waiting, and to compare their talk with what you imagine to be the conversation of men who know they are trapped but will not admit it.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

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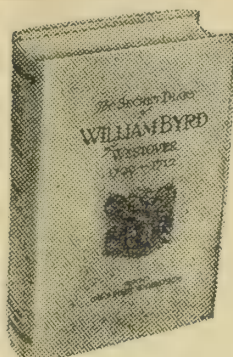
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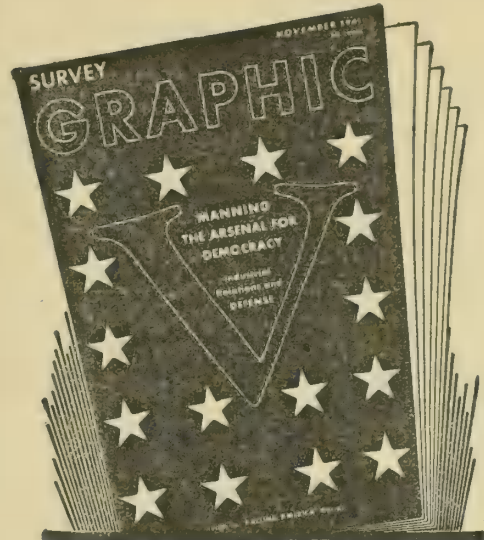
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MUSIC

REHEARING "Cosi Fan Tutte" after a number of years I find that I do not hear in it the tragic implications which Turner hears, and that it is not for me, as it is for him, Mozart's most perfect achievement in opera. What I do hear is a beautiful work, with characteristically Mozartian melodies and textures of sounds of voices and instruments. And in the performance with which the New Opera Company opened its season I heard these melodies and textures beautifully created by Fritz Busch in the living sound of good singers and instrumentalists. Moreover, this finished, lively performance of the music was complemented by an equally finished and lively performance of the play.

The New Opera Company's second production provided me with a first and surprised hearing of Tchaikovsky's excellent music for "The Queen of Spades"—the melodious vocal parts very much like his songs, and the superb orchestral part which reveals not only the mastery of the orchestra that is heard in the symphonies but an astonishingly effective use of it for every dramatic purpose it is called on to serve in the opera. But as I enjoyed this music, excellently sung and played under Herman Adler's direction, I had to fight off the illusion-destroying effect of a stage performance by young Americans of college dramatic society caliber whose inadequacy for their roles was exaggerated and made ludicrous by some of the things that ineptly pretentious, arty stage direction had them do.

The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo's most spectacular and publicized novelty this year is "Labyrinth"—spectacular and publicized because of the participation of Dali, who contributed the libretto and designed characteristically eye-monopolizing settings and costumes. The music—completely irrelevant to everything on the stage—is Schubert's C major Symphony; the choreography is another example of Massine's feebleness when he is pretentious, as compared with his delightful invention for purposes of mere gaiety and fun and wit in "The Three-Cornered Hat," "Beau Danube," and "Gaité Parisienne." The other novelty that I saw, "The Magic Swan," Fedorova's restaging of the third act of "Swan Lake," is a series of divertissements. And new for me were Massine's "Capriccio Espagnol" to the Rimsky-Korsakov piece,

which might be described as a series of divertissements in Spanish style, and Ashton's "Devil's Holiday" to music of Paganini-Tomassini, which is quite good.

In contrast to all these were Balanchine's fascinatingly original vocabulary and invention and powerful rhetoric in his "Serenade" to Tchaikovsky's music, his "Baiser de la fée" to Stravinsky's perversion of Tchaikovsky's music. As for "Poker Game," its thinness and brittleness are to be accounted for, I think, by the fact that its point of departure is one of the worst of Stravinsky's pieces of synthetic music; and the wonder to me is the amount of humorous and exciting movement that Balanchine contrived in spite of this handicap.

And finally I saw some of the classics—"Swan Lake," Fokine's "Sylphides," "Petrouchka," "Spectre de la rose," Nijinskys "Après-midi d'un faune." Some of these suffered most from performances that lacked precision and spirit and that had only such distinction as was imparted to them by the exciting brilliance and theatrical personality of Tumanova, the poised and fluent grace of Danilova, the style and wit of Massine. "Le Spectre de la rose," that is, suffered more than "Gaité Parisienne" and "Serenade." But where these were a little shabby, "Petrouchka"—with the chaos on the stage in the carnival scenes, the musical chaos achieved by the fatuous Efrem Kurtz—was a ruin. And "L'Après-midi d'un faune" had some deplorable changes even in the still wonderful choreography "after Nijinsky," and disturbingly tasteless new costumes for the Faun and the First Nymph.

Columbia's new set of a performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 by Beecham and the London Philharmonic (470, \$5.50) enables us to hear how fine a work this symphony is when it is performed as Tchaikovsky directs by a man of first-rate musical taste. The performance is well recorded, though not with the marvelous clarity of texture of the Furtwängler recording of the "Pathétique"; and both copies of the first side that I heard lacked the brilliance of the other sides and got a little gritty at the end. One copy of side 7 had a noisily swishing surface; on second copy the swish was less disturbing.

Some of the September releases of Victor have straggled in. One of them is the set (808, \$4.50) of Handel's Concerti Grossi Op. 6 Nos. 1 and 5—fine works, which have the delicacy of line,

texture and proportions of chamber music as they are played by Hermann Diener and his Collegium Musicum (the only other recent recording of No. 5 is that of Weingartner's excellent performance with large orchestra). The performances are well recorded, but sides 1, 2, 4, 5, and 8 of my copy have noisy defects. So has side 2 of my copy of the excellent and well recorded performance by Talich and the Czech Philharmonic of Dvorak's beautiful "Carnaval" Overture (13710, \$1). And so have sides 1 and 7 of my copy of the Coolidge Quartet's recorded performance of Beethoven's wonderful Quartet Op. 59 No. 1 (Set 804, \$4.50)—a performance that is technically and musically impeccable but thin in sound and cold in feeling. I hope that some day Victor will release H. M. V.'s Budapest Quartet recording of the work; meanwhile I suggest Columbia's Roth Quartet version.

I have also heard Victor's September set (806, \$2.50) of Schnabel's performance of Bach's Italian Concerto, in which Schnabel's musicianship is evident, with best effect in the superb slow movement, and with occasions in the two fast movements where rhythm and execution are slovenly. Then the set (809, \$3.50) of Mozart's Sonata K. 497 for piano four hands, which Tovey considers a great work, but which I find uninteresting, and which is played insensitively by the two Sanromás. And the set (807, \$2.50) of Wilhelm Friedemann Bach's Sonata in C minor for viola and harpsichord—not an interesting piece of music, but played with beauty of tone and phrasing by Primrose, with Pessl thumping along as usual.

B. H. HAGGIN

DRAMA

The Arden Forest Follies

LAST year Maurice Evans and Helen Hayes made an acceptable attempt to put back on the stage one of the Shakespearean plays least obviously for all time rather than just for a day. Inspired perhaps by that attempt, an entirely different group tackled boldly an even more difficult assignment and with Helen Craig (late of "Johnny Belinda") as its Rosalind romped (for a few nights) through "As You Like It" at the Mansfield Theater. The plot of that play, considered merely as a plot, is not any better than the plot of, let us say, "Panama Hattie," and there is no more

reason why any attempt should be made to get a spectator to take it seriously. The conspiracy against the good Duke in the one is just about as believable and just about as thrilling as the attempt to blow up the Panama Canal in the other, and it is, incidentally, wonderful to think that people who call themselves sophisticated know how to take the latter while expressing condescending amazement that Shakespeare's contemporaries were childish enough to accept the other.

To the extent which all this suggests, Eugene S. Bryden, the European director responsible for the production, was perfectly right in treating the story very cavalierly indeed, and he was at least defensible when he gagged many of the scenes—sometimes very successfully, as that of the wrestling match, which must have come as a great relief to those who have seen it played, as I have, with all the portentousness of the duel in "Hamlet." But "As You Like It," like "Panama Hattie," has the unity and coherence which come from accepting a set of conventions consistently observed, and it is this which Mr. Bryden's production utterly failed to recognize—with the result that it degenerated into a kind of vaudeville performance consisting chiefly of low-comedy scenes no one of which reinforced any other and which added up to no whole any more meaningful or effective than the sum of the parts.

To me the pattern of the play and its theme are obvious enough. It is a playfully satiric fantasy on the idea of the simple life, and everything is related to that central idea. Orlando and Rosalind, each for his own reason, have gone to seek in the forest that life in accord with nature which both, as good Elizabethans, have read about in Montaigne or in some Italian pastoral. And in the forest they meet various personages who represent for the most part no reality at all but merely the various conventions generated in literature by the ideal of the simple life. Thus the good Duke and his company represent Robin Hood, while Corin and Phoebe are figures from the artificial pastoral or what we should call the Dresden china version of pastoral life. Rosalind is a sort of Alice in this Wonderland of literature who makes common-sense remarks and believes in it all only to the same limited extent that Alice believes in the Mock Turtle or the White Queen because, like Alice, she has met those personages as conventions but never before believed that they had

tangible existence. The one exception is William, the shepherd as shepherds really are and hence the ultimate commentary on the whole thing. You have been looking for the simple life and the man who knows nothing but what nature has taught him. Well, here he is, and the joke is on you.

Perhaps this is not *the* interpretation of "As You Like It." Quite possibly others are not only defensible but better. The point is simply that the play could be played with this in mind and that the recent production was fundamentally unsatisfactory not because it did not follow *this* pattern but because it did not follow any pattern at all, because as it was played there was no unity whatsoever. "As You Like It" may not be one of the best of Shakespeare's plays. Its reference to contemporary fashions and its easy yielding to Elizabethan taste in romance may prevent it from ever again being more than a museum piece. But it is a great deal richer than the performance at the Mansfield ever suggested.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Undiscoverables

[Continued from page 424]

Carefully, for it would take the fleet at least two hours to make harbor even if the full force of the gale did not overtake it and stamp it down into the water, she made the bed. Meanwhile, she prayed, all the prayers she knew, stringing her disordered appeals for a safe journey, good harvest, deliverance from sickness, rescue from the sea's perils, and easy childbirth into a sibilant chain. Only in her prayers was she hasty and unmethodical. Not until the soup was made and simmering gently on the hearth did she take the bottle of cordial from its niche; then, glancing supplicatingly at the Sacred Heart, she snatched a folded blanket from the corner and ran blunderingly out of the hut.

Except for a few children the unlit streets were empty. She did not even comment to herself on the darkness of the streets but made her way with slower and perplexed gait toward the piazza.

A dim light came from the wide-open door of Our Lady of Sorrows, and somewhere among the unrustling trees a voice was hysterically yelling that the light was visible. The Grisafi came to a standstill in front of the church. There were scandalously few women inside. All the fishermen's wives should have been clamoring to the Virgin. They should have kept up their prayers until a quarter

of an hour before the landing, or until a boy ran breathlessly into the church and yelled with cracking throat, "They're coming, Paterno and Grisafi. The Knight it is. Coming first." But it was not dawn, and the Knight, first to make the beach in that storm of long ago, had been spied wallowing amid gray water, not black.

Then Rosaria spat, a little spittle, sufficient to express her hatred of the powerless and deceitful Lady of Sorrows, the modern plaster one that long ago had replaced the powerful and imperious Lady of wood who once had dwelt there. Bencivenni, and others too, said that the Grisafi had been seen to spit on passing the church. She spat furtively, with cunning, sometimes only making a tiny extrusive darting of the point of her tongue. But it was blasphemy. Everyone knew that she had said things against the Lady of Sorrows who had not saved her husband despite her most extravagant promises.

Screaming about the light, spitting out his hot bile against whosoever had flung the church door open, knowing well that it was the priest, Bencivenni ran past Rosaria into the church and slammed the great doors.

A group of men were skulking in the arcade under the Town Hall, shirking their beach duty, like the women in their beds.

"Eh, cattle, cowardly loafers, card players, and politicians," she stormed quietly as she hurried toward the beach. Some of the skulkers were sitting on chairs brought out of the Fascio office. They should have been on the thundering beach outside the little harbor, whose entrance was too narrow for passage when the sea also clamored for admittance. She hurried round the corner, past the brand-new public convenience, toward the beach. The beach was almost empty. The people were thick along the stone quay. Perplexed but still moving quickly, she stepped over and through the boxes scattered before the fish-curing factory and approached the back of the quietly conversing crowd. There she stood, nervously shuffling her feet, until a middle-aged man came up to her. He pushed his head forward to peer at her and touched her blanket with his fingers. For a moment he grasped the neck of her cordial bottle and she clutched it tightly. "The brandy, too, *bedda matri*, the crazy old thing," he exclaimed, and drifted away.

A quarter of an hour later the boats began to arrive. The Grisafi heard the grating of wood upon stone. Don Paulo Mori, the Fascisti chief, somewhere be-

yond the crowd bellowed a lot of incomprehensible remarks about responsibility and irresponsibility. The crowd of landsmen broke up and streamed around her to enter the town by the narrow street that led from the quay. When they had all gone, a few fishermen and their wives followed, the women silent and humble, the men sullen and cursing down in their throats. Behind them came the rest of the fishermen, grouped together, walking out of step, not saying a word. Don Cataldo's shoe leather squeaked well in the rear of the group. He was frantically giving excuses for his inability to prevent the fishermen from going to sea and lighting their lamps. The news had been given out too late. The naval lieutenant said nothing in this dispute.

Behind the officials came six men, among them the partners of the Archangel Michael. Filippo, the son of Signora Ferrarello, carrying his mandolin, detached himself from the Archangel group and confronted the Grisafi.

"Eh, my lively grandmother Rosaria, what are you doing here?" he cried, and his voice was unrestrained. The Grisafi did not reply but hugged her blanket and the wicker-covered bottle to her chest. Filippo whistled.

"Eh, old lady, you go home, like a good old mother. There's no man here for you," he said and put his hand upon her shoulder. She wriggled beneath his grasp.

"*Ora va*," he said loudly, as if concluding a trivial conversation, hearing the two officials and the ex-harbor master as they approached. "Everything will be well. Go on home, old mother," he added quietly.

"Ferrarello!" Don Paulo Mori snapped.

"*Bacio le mani a Voscienza*," Filippo replied, but the unperturbed tone and the instantaneousness of the answer did not imply deference, much less any readiness to kiss his honor's hands.

"What is this woman doing here?" the harbor master put in.

"Ah!" Filippo said as if he were making a point in some wineshop bantering match. "Ah! The old lady wanders in several senses, but her object now . . ."

"You went to sea in the Archangel Michael. You were never a member of the crew."

"*Signore*. I was never a member of the crew, as you say. There are other trades, the growing of oranges and lemons, for instance, or . . ."

"Sufficient," Major Mori snapped, in-

furiated at the man's insolence. "You went to sea."

"A disturbance of my routine," Ferrarello said smoothly, a minute inflection of finality in the phrase. Don Cataldo fidgeted. "A day of such disturbances, *Voscienza*." Filippo was addressing the ex-harbor master.

"There may be days of trouble for certain people," Mori said heavily.

"Ah! Who can doubt it, Signor?"

Rosario Grisafi bowed her head and Mori again turned to Ferrarello.

"What is she doing here, impertinent?"

"Why nothing, I surmise." Mori well understood that the unusual word surmise was intended as insolence. "It is well known to you, gentlemen, that the old lady is confused. Doubtless, as you also will have reasoned, since you know her story better than I do, she imagined a storm was brewing and came to the waterfront prepared."

"Saints and martyrs," the ex-harbor master replied, not in surprise but in melancholy confirmation.

"I will escort the old lady to her house, with your permission. *Bacio le mani a Voscienza*." Again Ferrarello addressed Don Cataldo, who was terrified at the mandolinist picking him out for deference.

"Stay here. Go on home, woman." Mori waved the Grisafi away. Promptly, as if she had all the while been so resolved, Rosaria obeyed.

"Well, well! *Tutto buono i beniritto i guardatevi*." Filippo laughed and waved his hand in a humorous gesture of dismissal as he said this.

"You still have not told us why you decided to sail in the Archangel Michael."

"Signor Mori, I was invited. I was offered payment. Being in need of money I accepted."

Mori, recognizing a debating trick in the precision and logic of the statement, shot in his next question quickly.

"There was conversation at sea?"

"About many things, Signor. About fish and the manner of catching them, the price of them, the seaworthiness of the patched-up boat, et cetera, all the things that fishermen will talk about. I performed a little on my instrument. I talked a little. Though doubtless you have been informed of all this."

Mori waited some time before replying. Once he seemed about to speak but checked himself. "You'd better put yourself under your own roof with the rest of your worthless family of *latitante*."

"*Latitante!* Why, Signor. As to that, how can we be *latitante*? We have not fled, and we do not hide in the hills."

Mori abruptly turned away in exasperation.

"*Bacio le mani a Voscienza,*" Filippo said and strolled away.

In the piazza over a hundred people, not all of them fishermen, were talking quietly in black groups.

"The Grisafi . . ." Ferrarello heard a fisherman say.

"Well, now," he ejaculated with interest, joining the group, "What was the meaning of her bringing down a blanket and her famous bottle of mouth-wash?" The fishermen did not reply. That the mandolinist had been detained by the officials made them suspicious. Nor was Filippo's lighthearted tone appropriate to the theme of their conversation. He moved on, but though several times he heard the old woman's name, none would talk freely about her.

Major Mori entered the piazza and accosted the minor politicians under the arcade. Hearing him order them to go home, the groups in the piazza also departed. Bencivenni opened the church door from within. He locked the door noisily and crossed the square to the street corner, starting violently as Filippo stepped out.

"Eh, Don Onopio."

"Damnation, man, you frightened me. And don't 'Don' me. Can't you leave off even when no one's listening to you?"

"Apologies. Apologies," Ferrarello ejaculated promptly, falsifying the accent of the word in contemptuous and sufficient rebuttal of the charge of disrespect.

"Well, then, what do you want?"

"You're going to cool off? As I do after playing?"

"I am not a night bird."

"Now, now. It's you who are making aspersions. Why do we two always quarrel, Signor Bencivenni?" Ferrarello answered his question. "Habit, I suppose. I awaken hostility. I must bridle my tongue."

"*Bedda matri.* Listen to him. Just listen!" Irritated at being addressed by the mandolinist, Bencivenni nevertheless took a proffered cigar and began to smoke. He attempted to reestablish his dignity by speaking quietly.

"I was thinking about that crazy old woman. She was down at the waterfront with a blanket and a bottle of brandy," Filippo said. Bencivenni blew several puffs of smoke before replying.

"Hm," he mused. "It is well known that she is touched in the head."

"She was down there to take care of her husband," Ferrarello said, and then, as the sexton was about to reply, he asked, "Has she ever done that before?"

"I don't remember," Bencivenni answered at last. "It was the putting out of the lights, I guess. She's not just crazy, she's mad." He said this emphatically.

"But they're put out every night when the nets are drawn round the congregation of fish."

Bencivenni let the pretentious word pass, though he suspected the mandolinist was imitating the manner of speech he himself usually affected. He answered, "Rarely are the lights extinguished at such an early hour. The coast guard went out to tell them we are at war. Why, you were in the Archangel Michael yourself!"

In a back street they heard a door knocker being loudly rapped. The echoes resounded in the piazza. Dogs barked and were quiet. They barked again when once more the knocking began.

"Most Holy Mother of God," Bencivenni muttered.

"I know her husband was drowned," Filippo said.

"If you . . ." Bencivenni began, and then, lowering his voice, he said, "It was the first day of the season after the sea was blessed and she foretold a great storm. She behaved strangely the day of the procession and shouted out that the men would all be drowned before the night was out. People couldn't quiet her, and she was taken away and locked in her house with her husband till the ceremonies were over. Grisafi couldn't control his wife."

"And then?" Ferrarello asked quickly.

"Her husband and three others in the same boat were drowned. A storm blew up at one in the morning."

In another street a door knocker was hammered. Bencivenni hurled the cigar upon the ground and stamped upon it. The dogs were barking furiously now, and the hubbub echoed loudly through the piazza. Then for a while there was silence. Bencivenni crossed himself hurriedly and touched Ferrarello's forearm.

"Holy Mother of God," he whispered. In the piazza an obscure form was moving swiftly. "It's her, she's going to the old Paterno house. Holy Mother, blessed company of saints." Bencivenni began to tremble and swear. At intervals he crossed himself.

"The Paterno house," Filippo said after a while.

"She'll knock again! God forbid it." They waited a few moments, until the knocking began. Bencivenni gabbled in excitement and fear. "It's the old Paterno house."

"She knocked upon the doors of the dead men that night after her husband's boat was overturned in making the beach. It was lost because it was undermanned. It was undermanned because her husband was under her thumb and she was stingy with money, just as she is now with the wax. Well, God have mercy on her. This isn't the moment to speak ill of her. But she was the cause of the boat being overturned. That's true." He crossed himself. "And she herself prophesied it. Eh! What do you think of that, man? But why do you ask me? You must have heard it, though you were away a long time in your early years."

"I was in prison as a convict while you were a sexton in church," Filippo said with nonchalant sarcasm.

"As I was saying, the night after the storm she went round to each of the three houses and knocked on the doors. She seemed to be living the previous night again. They drove her away. She was demented. Mixed up. She knocked and cried out, 'They'll all be dead, before the night's out,' the way she did at the procession."

Presently Bencivenni said, "Will you take a little glass with me at my house? It's too hot to sleep." He talked freely and emphatically about the storm of twenty-five years ago as they were crossing the piazza. As they were approaching his house, he exclaimed in fear and pointed.

"That's her!" the mandolinist said. They heard the Grisafi's gabbling whine a short distance from them. She came half running, half trotting in their direction. The sexton pulled Ferrarello into the doorway as Rosaria Grisafi drew near.

"Eh, eh, Holy Mother," she wailed, "Holy Mother. They'll all be dead before this night is out."

Ferrarello's mandolin slipped from his grasp and clattered hollowly upon the stones. The wires sustained their notes a few moments. He did not stoop to retrieve it until the Grisafi had moved out of sight and hearing. Long after, sitting in the unlit room beneath the bunches of votive candles hanging from the beams, they heard the dogs barking at intervals and knew that Rosaria Grisafi was running wild about the streets, muttering her prophecy of grief.

[To be continued next week]

Letters to the Editors

Mr. Ickes Explains Further

Dear Sirs: In your issue of October 11 you advert again to language contained in an earlier editorial criticism, to the effect that "the most dangerous aspect of the whole [oil] situation is that every important post which has to do with oil under Ickes, the Maritime Commission, or the State Department is staffed with men drawn from the oil trust or its legal satellites."

In my comment upon your earlier editorials, for which you gave me such generous space in the same issue, I did not refer to this charge because I did not want to impose unduly upon you. I had no disposition to dodge the issue.

Strictly speaking, the charge cannot be sustained by the facts, as a careful canvass would amply demonstrate. Naturally I am speaking only for myself, since it would be presumptuous on my part to attempt to defend either the Maritime Commission or the State Department. It is a fact that many of the experts upon whom I have drawn for services in connection with the Petroleum Coordinatorship have represented major oil companies. It should be added that, with few exceptions indeed, there has been no complaint on the part of people in the oil industry that the independents have been discriminated against or that they lack the full measure of representation to which they are entitled. If you have any complaints from such sources, I will be glad to consider them with you either privately or publicly.

It seems to be generally overlooked that the Petroleum Coordinator has neither compulsory nor restraining powers conferred by statute under which he may direct the activities of the oil industry. From the beginning our policy has been one of cooperation with the industry, and I may say that, with few qualifications, I have never seen more genuine and whole-hearted cooperation between government and industry. I would not have the right, even if I had the desire, as Petroleum Coordinator, to change the competitive position as between any units or segments of the industry. I have assured the industry from the beginning that I would do all in my power to see to it that, as the result of my administration as Coordinator, there would be no change in the relative com-

petitive position of any company, great or small. I think that it would be extremely bad public policy and an arrogant assumption of power that I do not possess to take advantage of an emergency situation to impose my will upon an industry with respect to matters concerning which the Congress has not legislated. As a matter of fact, to do so would be little less than a breach of faith.

It is axiomatic that if one is trying to get results by cooperation one must cooperate in good faith with those with whom one is attempting to work. There cannot be cooperation unless it is based upon mutual trust and understanding. And in a business that is dominated by big units to the extent that the oil business is, there could not be cooperation but only a futile attempt at dictation if the big units were not given the fair and proportionate representation to which they are entitled. That a balance is pretty well maintained between the big companies and the independents is proved by the fact that there have been practically no complaints from the independents. Such criticisms as I have seen have been from those who, while justly and properly wishing little business to have its rights, are at the same time not fully acquainted either with the powers, the objectives, or the accomplishments of the Petroleum Coordinatorship.

It happens that I did select as my deputy coordinator Ralph K. Davies, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company of California. I selected him on his merits, and without regard to his business or political connections. I doubt that I could have selected anyone else whose appointment would have been so cordially approved by such an overwhelming number of men in the oil business, both big and little. I had not dared to hope that there would be such practical unanimity as there has been in his case.

It is true also that I selected as general counsel a member of the law firm that represents the Standard Oil Company of California. In that instance the selection was determined by the fact that when I was Oil Administrator under the NIRA Act in 1933, Mr. Marshall came to me as a young lawyer, from the law faculty of Yale, and learned his oil law as a government lawyer. I came to

know and trust him then, and my trust and confidence in him have not been diminished since he went into private practice as a lawyer representing oil interests in California. Even taking into account these two and others who might be mentioned, it cannot accurately be said that "every important post which has to do with oil under Ickes . . . is staffed with men drawn from the oil trust or its legal satellites."

As to tanker tonnage, or tanker availability, I wish, with you, that either the British or ourselves, or the two of us together, could work out the facts quietly and without the sensationalism which inevitably attaches to a Congressional investigation, where it is the headline that counts.

HAROLD L. ICKES,

Petroleum Coordinator for
National Defense

Washington, October 15

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CAREY McWILLIAMS, State Commissioner of Immigration and Housing in California, will this winter publish a book on the migrant problem to be entitled "Shadows on the Land."

ALDEN STEVENS, free-lance journalist, has contributed articles to *Survey Graphic*, *McCall's*, *Harper's Magazine*, and other periodicals.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES, poet and critic, has published a translation of García Lorca's poems.

LIONEL TRILLING, assistant professor of English at Columbia University, is giving a course of lectures on Shakespeare at the New School for Social Research.

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The Shape of Things

IN THE PAST WEEK THE GERMAN DRIVE against Moscow has made little headway, but as we go to press word comes of renewed offensive efforts directed against Kalinin, northeast of the capital, and Tula, an important strategic point to the southeast. Reports suggest that the weather is improving from the German point of view, with hard frosts binding the muddy roads which had been immobilizing the panzer divisions. While checked before Moscow, the Nazis continued to advance elsewhere, showing once again their ability to divert pressure from one part of the front to another. In this instance their objective was the Crimean Peninsula, where they succeeded in breaking the stubbornly defended Russian lines at the narrow Perekop Isthmus which joins it to the mainland. Sweeping forward rapidly after this success, they are now approaching the southern coast and the great Soviet naval base at Sevastopol. Capture of this stronghold would leave the Russian Black Sea fleet in a serious plight, for its only remaining base would be Novorossisk on the coast of the Caucasus. But this city, too, will be menaced by the fall of either Rostov or Kerch, a port at the eastern extremity of the Crimea divided only by a narrow strait from the northern Caucasus. In view of this development the threat to the main Russian oil fields is becoming desperately serious. And in general the Russian situation is such as to dispel the last shreds of complacency in the West.

✱

JAPAN'S ROLE IN THE WORLD CONFLICT took on new significance last week when the Nazi government officially announced that the United States had attacked Germany. Many observers interpreted this as an open appeal for Japanese assistance under the Tripartite Pact. Both Berlin and Tokyo promptly disclaimed any such intention, but it cannot be denied that Germany has established the technical basis for such an appeal should it subsequently decide that the time is ripe to bring Japan into the war. The real question is of course not how Japan's obligations under the pact should be interpreted but whether Japan can best serve the Axis cause in or out of the conflict. At this stage there seems little doubt

that Japan is more useful as a bellicose non-belligerent. By alternately threatening to move north or south, it has effectively immobilized a powerful Soviet force in Siberia, an increasingly strong British and Dutch force in the South Seas, and the larger part of the American navy. If Toyko entered the war, these combined forces would probably be strong enough to overwhelm the Japanese in a fairly short time. The recently completed scheme under which the United States, Great Britain, China, and the Dutch East Indies have agreed to coordinate the flow of vital raw materials—to the exclusion of Japan—may have already been supplemented by coordinated defense arrangements among the ABCD powers. If this is the case, Japan's value to the Axis is clearly based on its ability to keep out of the conflict.

★

SENATE ISOLATIONISTS HAVE CONCEDED defeat of their efforts to prevent revision of the Neutrality Act, and by the time this issue of *The Nation* appears on the newsstands it seems probable that both the arming of merchant vessels and the abolition of prohibited zones will have been approved by a large majority. Nor is there much doubt that the House, which has approved the first of these measures, will concur in the second. We cannot hope, however, that signal defeat in Congress will restrain the isolationist minority from claiming that it really represents a majority of the public and that the country is being rushed into war by a Presidential dictator. That is their story, and they will stick to it regardless of evidence that the country approves Mr. Roosevelt's step-by-step policy to prevent a Nazi victory and recognizes that denial of aid to Britain and Russia can only promote the success of Hitler's one-by-one strategy. The rising fury of German attacks on the President indicates the alarm felt in Berlin over the prospect of increased American participation in the Battle of the Atlantic. Already the Nazis have been forced to admit that their attacks on shipping have been reduced in effectiveness; their own figures show a total of 441,300 tons sunk in October compared with claims of 683,400 tons in September. There is no doubt that actual British and Allied losses during the last two months are considerably below the German figures, which throughout the war have been consistently exaggerated.

★

THE PRICE-CONTROL BILL APPROVED BY the House Banking Committee has turned out to be even worse than was expected. As a result of pressure from the farm bloc, all possibility of checking the rise of agricultural or food prices was eliminated. If the bill is enacted as it now reads, the prices of farm products cannot be subjected to ceilings which are lower than the highest of three named levels—110 per cent of parity,

the price of October 1, the average price prevailing between 1919 and 1929. Since the ratio of farm to industrial prices on which "parity" is based was one of the most favorable in history, and since other prices are bound to rise in sympathy with agricultural prices, there seems no point at which the price-control bill could take hold. A very considerable increase in prices is permitted also by the provision limiting action before prices reach the 1919-29 levels. This provision would permit, for example, the price of raw sugar to rise from its present level of 3.5 cents a pound to 5.84 cents before a ceiling could be imposed. To make matters worse, the House committee struck out of the bill a provision for setting up a system of licensing which was essential for the enforcement of the measure. Fortunately, there are indications that the Administration intends to carry the fight for more effective price control to the floor of the House. But it will have to fight not only against a well-intrenched farm bloc but also against time. For if action is not taken promptly to head off inflation, even the more drastic provisions of Henderson's original bill would be unavailing.

★

WHEN THE ARCHBISHOP (NOT THE DEAN) of Canterbury urges help to Russia in the name of civilization, it is plain that Anglo-Soviet relations have come a long way since Munich. But old suspicions die hard, and remnants of mistrust are unhappily to be found on both sides. If the Russians and the Third International are agitated over Britain's failure to invade the Continent, there are those who are similarly uneasy over the purported unwillingness of the Russians to allow British troops to fight on Soviet soil in the Caucasus, not to mention Stalin's outright refusal to permit English or American military observers to go to the front. The possibility or desirability of either opening up a western front or starting joint operations in the Caucasus is primarily a military question, and we do not pretend to know the answer. Neither do the Communists. What we do know is that the campaign they have organized to "Open Up a Western Front" is not helping to deepen confidence between the two allies. If the Churchill government sees no real chance of a successful attack in the west—and there is every evidence that such is the case—these deep strategists will have succeeded not in creating a diversion for Russia's benefit but only in promoting demoralization in Britain. Those who carry on this campaign in England thus take upon themselves a heavy responsibility, but, if unwise, they are at least within their rights. England is in the war. It is hard to take the same charitable view when those whose only contribution to the struggle is to attend rallies in New York howl down the British Ambassador with cries of "Open Up ■ Western Front."

IN DENMARK TWO MONTHS AGO WORK WAS begun on a new highway, bridge, and ferry system which will provide a shorter, much speedier route between Copenhagen and Hamburg. The work is being carried out by Danes, and the Danish Treasury is providing the funds, but the plan and purpose of the scheme are Nazi. It is, in fact, just one link in the economic chain with which, as Thomas Reveille shows in his article on page 448, Hitler proposes to bind all Europe and Africa together in his New Order. An inspired article in the Copenhagen newspaper *Politiken*, now subject to Nazi censorship, explains that the new route is to be part of an express highway crossing Europe from northeast to southwest. It will start eventually at Murmansk on the Arctic Ocean and one terminal will be Lisbon, "starting-point for the transatlantic clippers to North America." Another branch, the newspaper continues, will end at Algeciras in Spain, "but the plans include also a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar which, with a railroad across the Atlas Mountains, will connect with the Sahara railroad being built by the French. Thus the huge diagonal route from the Arctic Sea will be continued through Africa, across the narrow Atlantic Ocean, to South America and Chile." Obviously this Gargantuan scheme for a land and air route across half the world will not be completed quickly, but it is significant of the long-range nature of the Nazis' planning that in the midst of their desperate campaign against Russia they should have ordered two of their vassal states to get busy on vital sections. The French Saharan railroad is being built with the virtually slave labor of refugees. In Denmark the wrecking of the country's economy has provided a large pool of unemployed on which Germany can draw for construction of this kind.

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ROBERTO FARINACCI, MUSSOLINI'S RIGHT-hand man, made a whistling speech the other day. He proudly gave Italy the credit for "creating the atmosphere" for the present war. And fortunately, he continued, "at the right moment we found a powerful ally." This reminds us of the story of the mouse who made a pact with a cat "at the right moment." The mouse, poor innocent, didn't really believe that his "powerful ally" would eat him in the end, but Signor Farinacci seems to have some qualms on that score, for he assured his 40,000 listeners that their best friend, Germany, would not betray them after the war. In support of his rather anxious assertion he said that though Italy had always hated the Hapsburgs—he was speaking in Trieste—there had always been sympathy between the German and Italian peoples. Nobody heckled him; we may be sure of that. But we doubt whether his speech will cause the good citizens of Trieste, or of Italy in general, to sleep better of nights.

NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT BECAME OF the investigation of propaganda in motion pictures by a packed committee of Senate Anglophobes, but information from Washington indicates that it has been unceremoniously ended. For a while it seemed as though it might have serious consequences, since its real purpose was not to investigate propaganda but to frighten publicity-conscious producers by getting them a bad press. When the investigation got under way, however, it took on the atmosphere of a Yahoo convention, and no reporter could avoid giving the impression that the defense had all the best of the argument. Not since the early days of the Dies committee has there been anything to equal the first hearings, when Wendell Willkie, counsel for the producers, discovered that the Senators had not seen the pictures they objected to; he also pointed out that one of the "propaganda films," "Escape," had appeared as a serial in the isolationists' bible, the *Saturday Evening Post*.

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HAVING FAILED THEIR SCREEN TEST, THE isolationists are now turning their attention to radio. It seems that the networks are unwilling to put Mr. Lindbergh in the same category as the Pope of Rome and the President of the United States by giving him a national hookup whenever he chooses to speak. John T. Flynn and the New York *Daily News* see this as persecution, government coercion, and the beginning of the end of freedom in America. The immediate issue is the refusal of the major networks to give full time to the America First rally held in Madison Square Garden on October 30. NBC offered to carry a half-hour of the program on a hookup of sixty-two stations east of Chicago. Senator Wheeler refused. Mutual offered a half-hour both on its network and over WOR. The offer was ignored, and when only a quarter-hour was left available, Senator Wheeler rejected that too. WOR has a letter from the committee's radio chairman admitting that failure to accept was the committee's fault and adding, "I want you to know that I have never found you other than cooperative in all ways." Nevertheless, Mr. Flynn tore into the networks and, sinking to an inexcusable disingenuousness, presented "statistics" to show that in three days the radio chains offered 127 interventionist broadcasts against 6 for the isolationists. To arrive at this ratio Mr. Flynn included as interventionist propaganda straight news broadcasts that reflected unfavorably on Germany, appeals for war relief, and all broadcasts having to do with the defense program. The truth is that NBC alone has carried 15 America First broadcasts this year and has presented 72 isolationist speeches to 56 for the interventionists. If Mr. Flynn thinks that reports of Nazi generals murdering hostages make good propaganda for intervention, we agree. But he is complaining to the wrong people.

Lewis's Big Gamble

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

IT IS well to be frank about the politics of the captive-mine strike and to separate that aspect of the controversy from the more fundamental problems of labor's rights and obligations in a period of emergency.

John L. Lewis is a bitter man. He suffered a major defeat last fall when he came out for Willkie and against the Administration's defense and foreign policy. He promised to resign as president of the C. I. O. if Roosevelt were reelected President of the United States and he did so; but his resignation was a gesture of defiance rather than of defeat. He is fiercely vain and unforgiving. He is still hungry for power. This month at the national convention of the C. I. O. he will either reestablish his dominant position in the organization he created—though he is not expected to try for the presidency—or he will be further discredited. He is playing for a new lease of power.

John L. Lewis is an isolationist with all the trimmings. He hates Great Britain; he loathes the President, Sidney Hillman, and the Defense Mediation Board. He talks the fascist-leftist language of Wheeler, Nye—and Hitler; dismissing Britain's struggle as the dying convulsions of a greedy plutocracy and asserting that American participation in the war would cinch the hold of reaction and repression. This is his major thesis, and he has a major stake in seeing it come true. He has never worried—at least publicly—about the effect on democratic hopes of a Nazi victory.

John L. Lewis has therefore no reason at all for supporting the Administration's program and every reason to sabotage it. But last year's sabotage nearly ended his career. To conduct his war with the President and the President's foreign policy in such a way as to restore his own fortunes was Lewis's most pressing problem, and the captive-mine dispute offered the best possible answer to it.

That his conduct in this dispute might endanger the American labor movement by arousing public indignation and encouraging anti-strike legislation was probably not a matter of serious concern to Mr. Lewis. In fact, such a result would only support his contention that war and preparations for war are certain to bring about repression.

The captive-mine dispute was made to Mr. Lewis's order. For many years the refusal of the coal mines owned by the big steel companies to accept the union shop, which is in force in the rest of the mining industry, has been a grievance of the United Mine Workers. The miners have long waited for an opportunity to win this basic demand, and today, when the steel mills need coal and the coal mines need workers, seemed the log-

ical time to try. Lewis made the demand, the companies refused, the Mediation Board delayed its decision and then merely offered alternative methods of bringing about a settlement—and the workers walked out.

The issue promptly shifted from one between John L. Lewis and the steel companies owning the mines to one between Lewis and the country in the person of the President. Mr. Roosevelt's three unsuccessful attempts to induce Mr. Lewis to call off the strike aroused anger throughout the nation, anger which anti-labor, anti-Administration forces were quick to capitalize. The President was as freely attacked for his patience as Lewis was for his intransigence. But Lewis held out until he could yield in circumstances which leave him full latitude for maneuver and possible final resistance. The strike was called off under the terms of a seventeen-day truce during which the Mediation Board will again try to work out a settlement of the union-shop dispute. Lewis's hands are untied if the decision goes against him.

This leaves him in a strategically stronger position in the C. I. O. He has fought labor's fight against the toughest and most powerful industrial forces in America and he has not surrendered; he has merely accepted a truce at the reiterated personal request of the President of the United States. He will go to the C. I. O. convention with several trump cards up his sleeve. The argument that he has also precipitated a bitter labor struggle in the heart of the defense production will operate against him with less force than it would do if the steel companies were not in the eyes of labor the very symbol of the most ruthless anti-union elements in the whole of American industry.

It is true that the steel companies were driven, by the C. I. O. and the Wagner Act, to accept collective bargaining. But it is also true—and this organized labor knows better than the public—that the major companies and particularly United States Steel are preparing to use the national emergency to dilute or throw out altogether the gains made by labor under the New Deal. The Kearny strike was an opening battle in that campaign, and the company accepted the alternative of government seizure of a plant rather than grant the union's demand for a modified closed shop.

The captive-mines dispute offered a second battle ground. The steel companies know that if the workers win the union shop in the mines, the same demand will be pressed as soon as possible—that is, when present contracts run out—in the steel plants themselves. And they are determined to scotch this plan at the start if they can possibly do it.

The companies have the vast advantage of being able to fight by sitting tight. However unreasonable or unjust their position may be, it is solidly founded in the status quo. To defend it they have only to refuse the demands

of the union and let the workers bear the onus of creating unnecessary trouble.

This strategy tends still further to help Lewis with labor while it hurts labor with the country. Such a result may not be the object of the steel companies, but as long as both Lewis and the C. I. O. are discredited in the public mind the companies will probably not object if Lewis enjoys a comeback in the convention. Their hand may even be strengthened by an increase in the power of the C. I. O.'s ex-chief.

Where in this struggle for power does the defense program come in? It would fare badly if its progress were left to the uninhibited impulses of Mr. Lewis and the steel magnates. Fortunately, the Administration has provided machinery to settle the dispute if it can be settled, and if it cannot, provision is also made for government seizure and operation of the mines. This is a drastic step which both miners and bosses will avert if they are still accessible to reason and capable of compromise.

For the real issue in the present struggle is not the closed shop but what methods may legitimately be applied by the workers to win it and by the employers to resist it. If John L. Lewis had not been spoiling for a fight he would have voluntarily accepted the services of the Mediation Board, even if to do so involved delay. And if the companies were as much interested in the country as in their feudal labor policy they would have done the same. But to both the stakes of economic and political power were more important than the defeat of Hitler, and only the force of outraged public opinion expressed by the President drove them to an armistice. It remains to be seen whether it will be strong enough to produce a genuine peace.

The American Defeatists

IN RECENT WEEKS the Nazi press and radio have been preparing the ground for a peace offensive to be launched openly if and when the kernel of Russian resistance is smashed. On page 448 of this issue, Thomas Reville suggests the form which this offensive will take and analyzes the advantage which it offers the Nazis. If Hitler is successful in persuading Britain to negotiate peace, then he will have achieved the hegemony of Europe and will be able to proceed with the organization of his New Order knowing that the British Empire will eventually fall into his lap like a ripe plum. It can be taken for granted, however, that the British will not be tricked, and the odds are that Hitler will then adopt his second alternative of an undeclared peace or phony war, during which the German forces will pursue a defensive policy while the conquered lands are being integrated

with the Reich and the economic basis for a final onslaught on the West prepared.

If this plan is to succeed, it is essential that the United States should be kept out of the war at all costs and that American aid to Britain should not be increased. It follows that the anticipated "long and sustained peace maneuvers" must have among their major objectives the capture of public opinion in this country. In the past few days we have witnessed the first tactical moves in this direction. On October 23 John Cudahy, former ambassador to Belgium and more recently a visitor to Germany, appeared before a secret session of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee and urged that the United States adopt the role of mediator between Hitler and his enemies. On October 30, as one of the star speakers at the America First rally in Madison Square Garden, he publicly advocated the same policy. America, he told his audience, should not intervene in the war but should use the threat of intervention to enforce peace. He quoted von Ribbentrop as saying to him that Germany feared more than anything America's entry into the war, and he proposed that "this fear should be capitalized to initiate peace negotiations."

Everybody knows that peace with Hitler can be secured, but the question is, at what price? And on that momentous detail Mr. Cudahy did not enlighten his audience at the Garden. After appearing before the Senate committee, however, he did tell reporters that he supposed Hitler would demand some "central control in Europe." That remark ranks high among masterpieces of understatement, for there is surely no doubt that Hitler would consent to peace now only on the basis of retention of his conquests or, at best, the granting of nominal independence to states like France. Is that the kind of peace which Mr. Cudahy wishes the United States to mediate? Is he proposing that American influence should be used to rivet Nazi chains permanently on Norway, Holland, Belgium, Poland, Yugoslavia, and Greece? Is this the kind of settlement which he thinks ought to be underwritten with American gold? If not, he should give us a broad outline of the peace terms he considers equitable.

We do not accuse Mr. Cudahy and his associates of being conscious German agents, despite the rapturous applause and attention their every utterance receives in Berlin, but we do say that they are dangerous carriers of Nazi germs. No doubt when Hitler and von Ribbentrop so kindly gave Mr. Cudahy interviews they did not propose that he undertake the advance publicity for their peace offensive. But it is equally clear that they did drop into a receptive mind the ideas that they wished to put across, feeling confident that Mr. Cudahy would rapidly become convinced that they were his own original thoughts. They picked their man astutely.

Granting, however, that Mr. Cudahy is unaware of

his sources of inspiration, we cannot altogether recommend his candor. We are informed on good authority that before the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee he adopted an extremely defeatist attitude, saying we could not hope to defeat Germany in a hundred years. If he believes that, what is the logic of stressing publicly Germany's fear of American might?

In his speech at the Garden Mr. Lindbergh indulged his defeatism to the full but failed to back up his fellow-orator's proposals for American peace mediation. Presumably he recognized that to talk about capitalizing German fear of American intervention is mere bluff unless we intend to intervene should our efforts to secure a just peace fail. And Mr. Lindbergh believes that we should not intervene in the war under any circumstances. He continues to urge that Europe be left to stew in its own juice, and he is quite happy to see Hitler, as head chef, adding Russia and Asia and Africa to his pot.

In the course of a prolonged regurgitation of his previous speeches Lindbergh explained that in 1939 Britain and France should have recognized Germany's overwhelming superiority and refused to go to the aid of Poland. "If Germany had been permitted," he said, "to throw her armies eastward against Russia in 1939 instead of in 1941, the picture in Europe would be far different today. Whether or not Germany would have turned west after conquering Russia is debatable. But even if she had done so, a weaker Germany would have faced a stronger England and France." The cold immorality of this statement is matched only by its political infantilism. Does Lindbergh really believe that Nazi Germany would have been weakened if allowed to digest Russia unmolested, or that its appetite would have been appeased? Is he suggesting that if and when Germany completes its conquest of Russia its ambitions will be achieved? If Goebbels, with the aid of his America First volunteers, succeeds in selling that notion to America, he will have won a decisive victory in the peace offensive.

Social Security Taxes

THAT the Treasury will rely on a substantial increase in the pay-roll taxes levied under the Social Security Act for a major part of the additional revenues required for the 1942 tax bill now appears certain. The only thing that remains to be settled is the size of the boost that Congress will be asked to make. One proposal, which apparently has strong support within the Treasury Department, calls for raising the employee's contribution to the old-age and survivors' insurance fund from the present 1 per cent to 5 per cent, and increasing the levy which supports unemployment insurance. The possibility of combining old-age, survivors', disability, and unemployment insurance in one system, supported by a tax

of approximately 6 per cent, is also being studied. Additional taxes would not only be levied on the 32,000,000 persons now covered by the Social Security Act but extended to some 27,000,000 persons in categories now exempt. Estimates of the additional revenues to be thus gained vary from two and a half to five billion dollars.

The case for a further drastic increase in taxation as an anti-inflation measure, is of course overwhelming. The continued increase in defense expenditures is constantly creating new purchasing power which cannot be offset by an increased volume of consumers' goods. Unless this buying power is mopped up by higher taxes, inflation is inevitable. Much may also be said for taking advantage of this opportunity to extend coverage under the Social Security Act to farm laborers, domestic workers, employees of non-profit organizations, and others now denied the benefits of the act. But the suggested extension of coverage in no way depends on the proposed boost in the levy on pay rolls. The increased tax is advocated solely as an anti-inflation measure and as such must be weighed against other forms of taxation.

Judged on this basis the pay-roll levy is about the worst possible tax that could be imposed. Since it is levied only on incomes under \$3,000, it is more regressive even than the deservedly unpopular sales tax. It would undoubtedly reduce purchasing power, but since it would fall predominantly on low-income families, its chief effect would be to cut down the consumption of food and other everyday necessities. The demand for durable consumers' goods and luxuries would be only slightly curtailed. Thus the effects of the tax would run directly counter to the broad social objectives of the Administration, now doubly important from the standpoint of strengthening the nation's internal defenses.

The alternative to the increased pay-roll levy is, of course, a steep rise in the excess-profits tax and further substantial increases in income and inheritance tax rates. These taxes fall primarily on the well-to-do and have the effect of curtailing individual savings and expenditures for luxuries. The objection to them is that they are bound to encounter stiff political opposition. Although the well-to-do pay a fairly small proportion of the country's total tax bill, they contribute considerably more squawks per dollar than any other income group. Having failed in its effort to obtain equitable and adequate tax legislation at this session of Congress because of the organized opposition of business lobbies, the Treasury appears to have adopted a frankly opportunistic policy with regard to next year's bill. On the pretext of extending the benefits of social insurance, it would adopt a brazen soak-the-poor tax bill. It would take this action even at the risk of discrediting the whole social-security system in the eyes of the public. Its proposals may be good politics, but they are bad economics and utterly lacking in statesmanship.

War in the Workshops

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 31

THE Tolan committee was set up by the House under "a resolution to inquire further into the interstate migration of citizens, emphasizing the present and potential consequences of the migration caused by the national defense program." It takes its name from its chairman, Congressman John H. Tolan of California, and he and his colleagues are to be commended for the thorough job they have done. The committee, at hearings here and in Detroit, recently found itself going into the basic problems of the defense program. If civilian capacity can be converted to defense and orders spread widely enough, defense migrations and their attendant dislocations can be averted. Workers can find jobs at home. We can prevent the creation of ghost towns in one area while new boom towns, with inadequate housing and insufficient sanitation, spring up in others. This key to the problem of defense migration is also the key to the problem of a total defense effort. Some of the material dug up by the committee supports contentions put forward many times in the past year by this correspondent and others, and if they are stressed here again, it is because they are so vitally important if new "victory" programs are to become realities in time.

1. *Inventory of Capacity.* The first step in a total effort is to know what tools we have. H. S. Person, a famous consulting engineer, for fifteen years managing director of the Taylor Society, testified that the Nazis have "inventoried and brought under control not only the resources of Germany but also those of occupied territories. We have hardly begun to inventory our resources." We ought to have a national inventory covering every machine and factory in the country and the defense uses to which it can be put. The testimony of Donald M. Nelson, executive secretary of the SPAB, showed that the SPAB had ordered a compilation of material requirements but gave no indication that it was making an inventory of the machinery available to meet those requirements. Mr. Nelson and the SPAB have made a promising start, and it is with no desire to pillory either that I suggest Mr. Nelson be recalled and asked why no inventory of machine capacity has yet been ordered.

2. *What an Inventory Could Accomplish.* Michigan ranks fifth among the states in defense contracts as a whole and first in volume of ordnance contracts and subcontracts. Yet Governor Murray D. Van Wagoner of Michigan told the committee that 2,000 of its small and medium-sized factories may soon be closed down for lack of work. "Michigan could produce 50 per cent more

for defense if the energies of our small industries were tapped." The Governor suggested an inventory and engineering survey to determine what use could be made of these facilities and what new tools and dies were needed to adapt them to defense. He touched a vital spot when he said, "The tooling up process might be accelerated by the pooling of existing resources for tool-and-die manufacture."

3. *Obstacles.* The machine-tool industry doesn't want to share its orders with manufacturers in other lines. The automobile industry has no desire to turn over its private tool-making capacity to a coordinated-defense tool program. "For the past months," R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers, testified, "as the world situation has become more and more critical, well over 20,000 tool-and-die makers have been operating the machine tools of the auto industry in producing the tools, dies, jigs, and fixtures necessary to the production of new model cars."

4. *What About the Reuther Plan?* One witness in Detroit was Major Ross L. Gardner, automotive liaison section, central procurement district, United States Army Air Corps. Major Gardner said aircraft production has been his "sole business for thirty-one years." Representative Osmer of New Jersey questioned him.

Mr. Osmer. Do you feel that the transition can be made from building automobiles to building airplanes?

Major Gardner. Oh, yes.

Mr. Osmer. Is it true, as has been contended, that automobile tools are almost wholly unadaptable to the manufacture of airplanes?

Major Gardner. That is not true.

5. *Ask Mr. Knudsen.* Why doesn't the Tolan committee question Knudsen? Alex Taub, for years a General Motors employee here and in England, was recently brought from abroad to give us the benefit of British experience in conversion.

Ten months ago, when I first returned to America [Taub testified], the state of mind of industries such as the motor-car industry was still against any interference with their normal business. Defense work was only acceptable to those who foresaw a possible cut in their output, and these were few. At that time the announced percentage of facilities available for defense work was in the neighborhood of 15 per cent. Today, with curtailment on the premises, it is freely admitted that 50 per cent of the facilities can be used for defense with a possibility in certain areas of extending this to 70 per cent. We have one instance of actual practice where nearer to 90 per cent is used.

This instance, I have learned, was an order for gears for aircraft engines. One company wanted \$5,000,000 to build and equip a new plant to make these gears. Ford found it possible to take on the job with existing equipment and a \$100,000 order for new gear grinders. The 15 per cent estimate referred to by Mr. Taub was made by Mr. Knudsen himself at a press conference. Is it wise to leave a man who can be so wrong about the defense possibilities of his own industry in a top position at OPM and SPAB?

6. *The Next Step.* So long as industrial mobilization is left in the hands of men like Knudsen who are employees of the businesses to be mobilized, too little and too late will continue to sum up our effort. Can one imagine either the OPM or the SPAB, as at present constituted, taking the next step outlined by Mr. Person in his testimony? "The radical, the effective, the urgent step is still to be taken. There is still to be set up an agency, with the authority of common consent as well as of law and with the competence of technical knowl-

edge, whose task will be to organize all the plants of the nation into one great coordinated national plant."

7. *The Front Line.* "War today," said Morris Llewellyn Cooke in his testimony before the committee, "is fought in the workshops of the world." Neither army-navy procurement officials nor the OPM understand. Mr. Cooke described how some fifty garages in one section of Australia pooled their efforts to make parts for Bren guns and were in production within seven weeks. Mr. Taub told of an English motor-car company, half the size of Studebaker, which found it possible to manufacture the forty-two-ton Churchill tank with the machinery it had used for making motor cars. In Rhode Island, Mr. Cooke said, a clothing manufacturer is making sights for the Oerlikon anti-aircraft gun. A little imagination and will, a readiness to subordinate business as usual and to give up the advantage of new government-financed plants, will go a long way. But these are the very qualities still missing in our defense program as it is organized today.

"Peace" This Winter

BY THOMAS REVEILLE

HITLER'S next step after he has achieved his objectives on the Russian front will most probably be a peace offensive of a definitely new and very dangerous type. It will not be just another "peace offer" of the kind made to England after the Polish campaign and after Dunkirk, but a long and sustained peace maneuver. Its primary aim will be to induce a negotiated peace, because that is Hitler's best short-cut to world dominion. Maintenance of a peculiar state of armed truce, not unlike the "phony war" which prevailed between September, 1939, and May, 1940, is the preferred Nazi method for breaking the will to war of the democracies. The disintegrating psychological and political effects of the new armed truce are expected to be even more devastating than were the effects of the phony war on the European nations subsequently overrun by the Nazi hordes. If the maneuver does not succeed, the armed truce will have provided Hitler with the time he needs to take the longer road to world conquest, that is, to organize the New Order with that end in view.

Psychological considerations are not the only factors which will impel Hitler to launch a sustained peace offensive. The foreseeable strategic, political, and technical circumstances of the future exclude any different move on the part of the Nazi Reich. The strategic factors may be examined first. At the conclusion of the Russian campaign Nazi Europe will have three major military

fronts—the eastern front, the northern front, and the southern front. In order to determine precisely what Hitler's next move must be, one has to appraise the character of each of these three fronts and the danger each presents to Nazi Europe.

Hitler embarked on his Russian adventure on June 22 with two objectives in view. The first was to eliminate the ever-present threat of the Red Army to the extensive eastern frontiers of Nazi Europe. The second was to push the Russians out of Europe into Asia. Russia's natural resources were needed to strengthen the industrial and agricultural basis of the New Order, especially in the event of a protracted war.

Hitler may be said to have achieved his main objective when the Germans reached the gates of Moscow. By then the offensive strength of the Russian army had been definitely shattered, and the key industrial and raw-material centers of the Soviet Union had been occupied or were seriously threatened. The Russians were not likely to be able to reequip their man-power adequately and speedily enough for offense from their two remaining sources of supply. The Soviet industries in and around the Urals were obviously insufficient for the purpose. And Anglo-American deliveries during the first four critical months of the war had been too slow to inspire fears of speedy Russian rearmament from this source. By the end of October, therefore, the problem of

a Soviet stand beyond the Volga, or the Ural Mountains, became of secondary importance for Adolf Hitler. His position was analogous to that of Caesar after the conquest of Gaul, when the Roman conqueror could feel safe except for periodic raids by the Germanic tribes. Unless there is an unexpectedly rapid increase in Anglo-American aid to the Soviet Union, Hitler can regard his Russian acquisitions as secure for some time.

The northern front is not likely to be the next arena for German military action, for it is not a land front. Moreover, since the Allies were not able to organize even minor raids on the Continent while Hitler was fully occupied in Russia, the Reich will not for the present be unduly concerned over possible landings on the fortified coastline of Northern Europe.

There is, of course, the ever-present threat of the Royal Air Force over European skies. But is this aerial threat serious enough to the Reich to call for action in the immediate or near future? In this connection it must be recalled that even at the height of the Russian campaign, when the Luftwaffe was fully engaged on the eastern front, R. A. F. flights did not reach out beyond the coast of Northern Europe, and bombing expeditions over such relatively nearby targets as the Rhineland and Berlin continued to be restricted in scope. The intensity of R. A. F. activity did not increase enough to be seriously damaging to Europe's industries and transport system; no such claims have, in any case, been made by the British. With the return of the Luftwaffe fighters from the eastern front it is hardly likely that R. A. F. activity can increase either in range or in intensity.

The threat of the R. A. F. to German Europe is not therefore sufficiently grave to warrant large-scale Nazi efforts to eliminate it. But even if it were, the Reich would not be in a position to undertake such action. The reason is obvious. The R. A. F. cannot be eliminated except by an invasion of England, and such an invasion will be, on technical grounds alone, hardly possible for some time. The Luftwaffe, as well as the other German armed services, exhausted by the Russian campaign, will need both recuperation and replenishment before it can embark on new big ventures.

There remains the southern front, stretching from the Dardanelles to Gibraltar. The Allied forces on this front are too weak to constitute a serious offensive threat to Nazi Europe. This weakness is clearly established by the inability of the Allied Near Eastern command to organize an effective expedition against the Axis troops stationed in Libya during the long interval which has elapsed since the Battle of Greece. Nevertheless, the Allied forces here constitute a menace to Nazi Europe for two reasons. They block Axis communications in the Mediterranean and the approach to the oil wells of the Middle East. Their presence also serves as an unpleasant reminder to the Nazis that they have not yet accom-

plished the first part of their purpose—the banishing of the British from the ordained *Lebensraum* of the New Order, which comprises both the European and the African continent and is referred to as "Eurafrica." The very weakness of the Allied forces is an additional incentive for German military action in this area.

Such action is likely to be undertaken soon, probably in the coming winter months; the Nazis should be able to muster easily the relatively small force of men and amount of material required for this campaign. The campaign can be launched by three possible routes—through Turkey and the Caucasus, through Libya, or through Spain and French Africa. The first route is the most hazardous by reason of its exceedingly difficult terrain and very poor communications. The route through Spain and French Africa, on the other hand, might threaten immediate complications with the United States, and at this juncture the Nazis are anxious to avoid such complications almost at any cost. Libya, therefore, is indicated as the locale for the launching of the Mediterranean and Middle Eastern campaign; action here may be supplemented by action against the Syrian coast from the Italian islands in the Aegean Sea and from Crete.

Once the Eurafrican *Lebensraum* has become an indisputable Nazi domain, Hitler is bound to embark on a long and sustained peace offensive. The advantages which he can derive from such a policy are very substantial. In the first place, it permits him to keep his promise to the German people that they would have peace by 1942. He will be in a position to give them "peace." The Eurafrican *Lebensraum* may be considered immune from attack for the better part, if not the whole, of 1942. Technically speaking, therefore, peace can prevail within the New Order. The semblance of keeping his promise to the German people will be heightened by another "peace offer." Such an offer is certain to be turned down by Great Britain and the United States. The refusal will be utilized as a further confirmation of the fact that Hitler himself has fulfilled his part of the promise. The Führer will be pictured as the man who wants peace, and who will abide by his determination by simply ignoring the continued hostility of the "plutocratic" democracies, except for retaliation. Retaliation will of course take the form of bombing attacks on England and of accelerated submarine warfare.

The policy of a sustained peace offensive is also essential for consolidating the first stage of Hitler's march to world conquest. A prolonged period of calm devoted to the consolidation of the European continent as a German domain is a recurring theme of Nazi literature and blueprints. In "Mein Kampf" and elsewhere it had been foreseen that the peace interval necessary for this consolidation would materialize through Great Britain's "coming to its senses" and becoming either an ally of

Germany or, at least, a benevolent neutral. This was and continues to be the cornerstone of Adolf Hitler's dreams, the veritable axis around which he devised his schemes for world conquest. England's persistent refusal to play the role assigned to it constitutes the fatal obstacle.

But the Reich can take no other course. It must pursue the policy of an armed truce, a phony war, in the hope either of inducing thereby a negotiated peace or, at the very worst, of obtaining the long respite necessary to organize the New Order for an actual military attack upon the Anglo-Saxon world. The Reich is essentially a land power and cannot achieve a dominant naval position for many years; the Italian navy is not adequate for tasks beyond European and African waters. The rebuilding of the Luftwaffe to and beyond its strength before the Russian adventure will similarly require large efforts which are bound to take time. The requirements of the campaigns in Scandinavia, Western Europe, and Russia have not permitted the Reich to devote enough time to the organization of the New Order. Discontent is rife among subjugated peoples and must be attended to before the Reich is in a position to make further substantial military preparations. For nine years large sacrifices in their material well-being have been exacted of the German people, and a let-up or respite is essential to the maintenance of domestic morale and stamina.

These factors, coupled with Europe's invulnerability to outside attack for some time to come, make it inevitable that Hitler should devote his major efforts to constructing the New Order. The legal and institutional framework for that order already exists, but most of the actual implementation remains to be accomplished. Such implementation will take two principal forms. The first is the Germanization of important industrial areas in

Europe. On account of the threat of the ever-lengthening reach of the Royal Air Force it becomes necessary to hasten the process, started as far back as 1935, of moving heavy industry and armament industries toward the south, in particular to Central Europe. Inasmuch as Central Europe is now inhabited by non-Germans, the population must be increasingly diluted with Germans. Germans from cities and industrial areas now subject to R. A. F. bombing will be settled in such industrial regions as Bohemia and Moravia. The displaced Czech and other alien peasants and workers will be sent either to the vulnerable parts of the Reich or to the factories and lands vacated by the retreating Russian soldiers and civilians. The industrial system of Europe must be reorganized to yield the maximum not only in offensive and defensive armaments but also in peace-time goods.

The second part of the Nazi scheme for the New Order requires a thorough reorganization of the raw-material and agricultural structure of Europe so that relative self-sufficiency may be achieved in the event of a long-continued war with the Anglo-Saxon democracies.

The sustained peace offensive has even more promising potentialities for Hitler and the Nazi Party in its possible effects on the morale of both subjugated and democratic peoples. The effects of a long phony war on subjugated peoples are obvious. The elimination of the prospect of a quick Allied victory would probably bring about growing despair among the conquered peoples, leading eventually to their acquiescence in, or acceptance of, the New Order. The danger of this happening is increased by the fact that a state of phony war would permit the Nazis to undertake murderous purges of the conquered like those instituted by General Heydrich in Czecho-Slovakia.

The effects of a sustained Nazi peace offensive on democratic morale would be no less menacing. The offensive will be utilized in an effort to bring about either a slackening of the armament efforts of the democracies or their moral and political disintegration, or both. It is true that a prolonged armed truce would present the democracies with more time and opportunities to make gigantic strides in their armament efforts. But it is equally, if not more, probable that the immediate inability of the democracies to undertake an actual offensive against the European continent, coupled with the disintegrating psychological repercussions of a military lull, might bring about a mass movement in favor of the negotiated peace which would be Hitler's easiest path to world dominion.

The tendency to slacken war effort



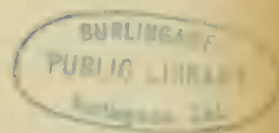
on the slightest excuse is a democratic failing which cannot be overlooked. This failing was plainly manifest throughout democratic Europe, especially in France and England, during the period between September, 1939, and May, 1940. It became noticeable again after Hitler invaded Russia; the English people almost tended to forget the seriousness of the Nazi menace, and American public opinion became perceptibly less bellicose.

The grave potentialities of Hitler's next step should therefore be fully appreciated at an early stage. This step can be combated effectively in two ways: first, by explaining in unambiguous terms to the democratic masses the purpose and implications of Hitler's scheme; secondly, by getting down to the job of arming at full speed in order to be able to launch an offensive against continental Europe before Hitler is able to consolidate

his New Order. Such a goal is within relatively easy reach of the democracies. Hitler cannot organize both for defense and offense quickly enough to overtake an accelerated democratic effort. It took him seven long years to build the armed forces with which he crushed the armies of his European enemies. A battleship like the Bismarck took more than five years to build, and during that period there was no R. A. F. to bomb European shipyards. All of Europe and Africa cannot give Hitler the edge over the democracies in man-power, raw materials, or industry. Moreover, Hitler has to organize his vast new resources practically from scratch, while the resources of the democracies will soon be completely on a war footing. A determined and sustained war effort can render the democracies ready for the kill well before Hitler has been able to organize for defense.

America After Defense

BY ALDEN STEVENS



III. The Great Unwinding

THE first article in this series examined the effect of defense on technological advance and suggested that as the defense program grows and employment increases with it, the threat of technological unemployment after the war becomes greater and greater. The second article considered the effect of defense on the country's productive plant, showing that this plant is being enlarged and modernized under the impact of the crisis and will emerge from the war able to provide Americans, to say nothing of other peoples, with more material goods than have ever been available before.

The threat of a post-war economic collapse is obvious, and is on many tongues. As millions of men leave the army after the emergency is over and as four or five times as many stop making tanks and guns and shells and battleships, they must find employment in other fields or, without an income, they will be unable to buy the products of our fabulously enlarged and improved industrial plant. If the plant is unable to sell its products, it must slow down, adding more workers to the ranks of the unemployed. When demobilization actually takes place, therefore, we shall have to devise a mechanism that will in some way provide all Americans with the means to buy the things which our enormously expanded plant will be geared to produce. This mechanism must, whatever else it does, provide jobs for all.

Before we can begin to devise such a system we must consider the known factors in the problem of demobilization: first of all, the number of persons we may expect

to be affected. By 1944, according to the National Resources Planning Board, there will be 23,000,000 workers in defense industries and at least 3,500,000 men in the armed forces of the United States, provided, of course, that the war continues and that our defense production expands on schedule. Should peace come somehow next year, the figures would be smaller—11,700,000 in defense industries and 2,500,000 in the armed forces, a total of 14,200,000 persons. At present about 1,800,000 men are in the armed forces and about 4,500,000 in defense and related industries. More than 4,000,000 Americans are still unemployed. Thus when world peace is restored, between 7,000,000 and 26,000,000 persons in this country will be obliged to find new jobs, the number depending upon how long the war continues and upon the progress of our own armed effort.

Another known fact is that many industries, with resources provided by the defense program, have improved their methods, installed labor-saving devices, and achieved far greater production with less man-power than ever before. This will be very definitely a factor to be reckoned with when the time comes for readjustment to peace. But while we know that America's capacity to produce is going to be greater than ever, we know, too, that Americans need the things we shall be able to produce. And we know that when war ends in Europe, the physical problem of reconstruction will be staggering, and the task of feeding Europe until Old World agriculture gets back into its swing no less immense. We can be pretty sure that a large share of both jobs will fall to us, and that our part in them will not

end with one big-hearted shipment of wheat and potatoes but will go on for years. Moreover, vast mechanical problems are involved in the change-over of war-material plants to peace-time uses.

At the close of the first World War demobilization was accomplished without much real trouble. But even then it was realized that it could not be done in a week. Ten months passed before the 2,000,000 men of the A. E. F. got back to this country, and the government did not want them to come any faster. At the time of the armistice it had unfinished contracts for war material worth \$6 billion which it was wary about canceling. Some war-material factories were kept running months after the armistice, and of course settlements were made on unfinished contracts and in some cases the government assisted firms to change over to peace-time production. It saw clearly that 4,000,000 soldiers and more than 3,000,000 industrial workers could not be dumped on the labor market overnight.

In 1918 the movement from farm to city had already started (remember the song, "How're you going to keep 'em down on the farm?"). After the armistice a million copies of a booklet entitled "Forward to the Farm! Why not?" were distributed to service men. But the drift to the city went on. In 1919, when the Kansas wheat crop seemed in danger for want of hands, a reemployment committee set up by the government had no trouble getting 50,000 ex-service men into the wheat country—but at \$5 to \$7 a day, usually in addition to food and lodging. The farm was not mechanized then.

The Council for National Defense, the Red Cross, the United States Employment Service, and various local agencies combined in a campaign to get employers to hire the veterans of the A. E. F. They spread posters and propaganda liberally, and with fair success. By the end of 1919, 927,000 ex-soldiers out of 1,326,000 who had applied had been placed in jobs. It was all very systematically handled—questionnaires about training and experience were sent to France to be filled out before the boys sailed for home, and some of them found jobs waiting for them when they landed. Most of them did not.

Jobs after the war will go first to demobilized soldiers and defense workers, and this is as it should be. What better reward for service can we devise, now that there is no more homestead land? But this necessity adds a youth problem to our other troubles. Dr. Floyd W. Reeves, director of the American Youth Commission, a division of the American Council on Education headed by Owen D. Young, has written:

A piling up of *several million* [my italics] unemployed, inexperienced new workers will be inevitable unless advance planning finds a way out of this dilemma. . . . The extent of post-defense youth unemployment will depend primarily upon the extent of general unemployment, but it appears certain that

whatever the general rate of unemployment, unemployment rates will be higher among the work-seekers under the age of twenty-five, and especially high among those under the age of twenty-one.

Dr. Reeves adds, "Some of the factors which caused unemployed millions during the 1930's have been and are being intensified through the defense effort."

During the last war it was generally assumed that afterward the world would be as it had always been. The nostalgic cry of "Back to normalcy!" echoed in every corner of a war-weary land. The way back seemed perfectly possible. This time it is different. Everywhere people are saying to themselves and their neighbors that the world will not be the same, and that even if it were possible to go back to "normalcy," normalcy would not be good enough.

Whatever the outcome of the present war, at the end of it America must make a choice. We can drift into an extended, aggravated depression, with more unemployed than ever before and with swollen relief rolls keeping large numbers of us alive; or the millions now making tanks and guns and smokeless powder and learning to fight can be turned into really productive workers making the houses and bathtubs and clothing and radios and light airplanes that they and their fellow-Americans want. The change-over from war to peace cannot be expected to occur automatically. It can be brought about only by foresight and planning—more foresight and more planning than we have ever had. And the planning had better start right now. In this war of surprises it is beyond the power of any man to predict the date of an armistice. If the war ended tomorrow we should be faced with a problem of demobilization and readjustment varying only in degree from the problem we should face in 1945 or 1946. We are far from ready now to meet this happy if unlikely possibility, and its effect on America might be tougher than a continuation of the war.

In England Arthur Greenwood and his staff on the Ministry of Reconstruction, established January 7, 1941, are working on the problem for the British government. For British labor a committee under Harold J. Laski has drawn up a blueprint of reconstruction calling for nationalization of land, banks, and transportation facilities—a frankly socialistic set-up for post-war England. In America the National Resources Planning Board is gathering basic facts and figures and has already published a pamphlet called "After Defense—What?" which states in general terms some of the problems. The WPA has made and pigeonholed plans for hundreds of useful projects; these can be dusted off and begun on short notice to absorb persons thrown out of work by the end of arms manufacture.

Post-war planning in the Department of Agriculture has been stimulated by the announcement that we shall have to send a billion dollars' worth of food to Great

Britain this winter and by the realization that we shall be feeding much of Europe for a long time to come. Not all the benefits of this course will go to Europe: the one-crop system in the South will at last be broken down, and small farmers will plant vegetables and raise dairy products and meat. Secretary Wickard and his colleagues have the nation's nutrition needs firmly in mind.

The Department of Agriculture's excellent little monthly magazine, *Land Policy Review*, like the publications of the National Resources Planning Board, is crammed with news of post-war planning for large government-financed public-works projects—roads, flood control, rural electrification, quick-freezing plants, food-storage facilities, and the like. But one Department of Agriculture analyst writes, "However valuable public works may be in providing stop-gap employment during the transition from defense to peace-time commerce, they cannot alone provide full employment or avoid a post-war depression." Perhaps the lack of more penetrating planning is due to the fact that people in Washington, unlike the British Labor Party, have not decided

just how much traditional *laissez faire* is going to be resumed and how much discarded after the war. Until we make up our minds how much control the government is going to have over power, land, banking, transportation, and industry, we can only putter at post-war reconstruction plans—as the public-works school is doing. Still, it is good that dozens of government bureaus, private foundations, and research agencies, as well as many writers, economists, and engineers, working independently, are trying to devise an answer. If we have economic chaos after this war, it will at least not be because no one saw it coming or sought to avert it.

Hitler eliminated unemployment in Germany, at least for the duration of the war, by mobilizing all Germans into war industry. Our own war industry contains the promise of a permanent solution of the problem in America, but not, like Hitler's, by its own perpetuation. The promise can be fulfilled only if we have the courage and the intelligence to utilize the new wealth-producing capacity that it will bring.

[*This is the last article of Mr. Stevens's series.*]

The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

V. The Yellow Broom

SUMMARY OF PARTS I TO IV. *When the rumor spreads through the little Sicilian village of San Filippo that Italy has entered the war, the fishermen set sail for the fishing grounds earlier than usual. The arrival of a Fascist officer in a coast-guard cutter confirms the fact that war has come. The cutter overtakes the fleet and orders it to put out its lights and turn back. From the hill pasture above the village the goatherd Maniscalco and his two sons watch the lights of the fleet go out. Maniscalco, who has been turned out of a wineshop the evening before for declaring that neither King nor Duce shall have his son Carmelo for their wars, swears that "they shall pay." Meanwhile, in the town the crazy old woman Rosaria Grisafi has also seen the lights go out. To her it is a signal that a storm is raging at sea, and in her deranged mind it is confused with the storm in which her husband had been lost years before. She makes preparations to receive the survivors. Then she goes into the town and runs from door to door, knocking and calling out the women with warnings of disaster.*

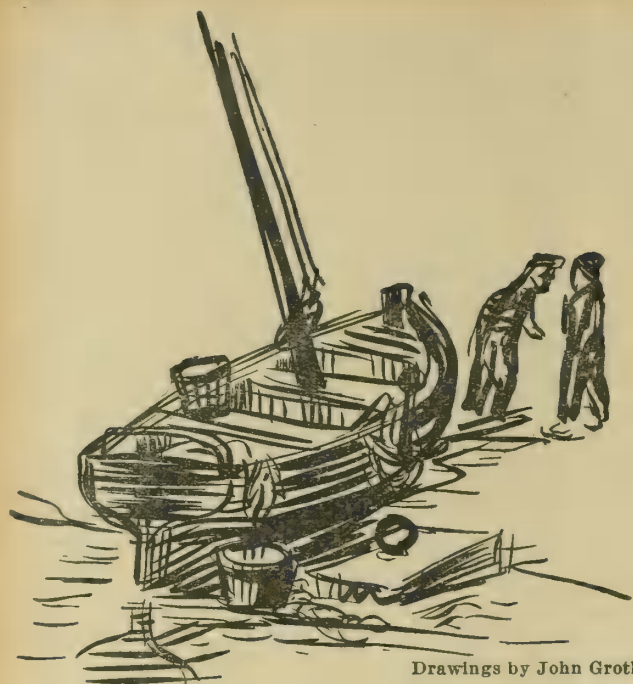
MAJOR MORI leaned out of his office and gave Nunzio Chiesa an order. The ex-farmer in the soiled black shirt hitched up his belt in lazy acknowledgment of Signor Mori's rank, but he did not rise to his feet. When the office door had closed, Chiesa

yawned, scratched among the three-day stubble of his cheek, and called around the door post at his side to the members of his file of the Fascio, Santo Albanese and Umberto Rossi. They came out into the vestibule, smartly dressed, ostentatiously precise in their movements, expressing thus their resentment of Nunzio Chiesa's yawning slovenliness. They were both privately critical of Mori for keeping the ex-farmer in office. Chiesa's past services and a certain hard-headed common sense alone shielded him from trouble. When the agitation after the first World War had died down, he had been the first agrarian to step forward out of the silence, into the Fascio. For several years now he had been going to ruin.

"*Bedda matri,*" Chiesa exclaimed, squinting at them, "we're going to make an important call. It's what you might describe as a significant mission." Rossi and Albanese frowned.

"*Ora va,*" Nunzio yawned and set them in motion with a clucking of his tongue. He marched ahead of them, not with the quick, tiring step of the military forces but with the dogged stride of the peasant going to market. In the piazza several groups were talking in the sunlight. Before the church door were five or six women, chattering loudly.

"Eh," Nunzio exclaimed, falling back a little. "That blessed woman has never been honored with so much



Drawings by John Groth

talk since she came back from whoring in Catania." During the last three nights the blessed Grisafi had gone howling and muttering through the dark streets like an old bitch in the onset of rabies, demoralizing the townsfolk, many of whom were now ready to believe that the war would bring some unparalleled catastrophe.

Behind them a whistle blew, and glancing back they saw Benito Stefani, the fish curer's son, striding after them. Signor Stefani's hands were lifted to the waistline. His gloves were held firmly in one of them. His torso was held back as if he were going downhill. Thrusting his chin up and out, he stared aggressively from side to side. Behind him he left a faint smell of fish.

As he drew level with the file Stefani flicked his black gloves in a forward direction and pounded ahead into Fishermen's Street. At the top of the hill he guided them round the garbage heap. "Halt!" he cried.

Nunzio Chiesa walked on and stooped to squint through the Grisafi's barred window. Straightening up, he made a brief noise expressive of futility.

"Enter," Stefani ejaculated and waved his gloves from Nunzio to the door. Nunzio hitched up his belt, put his feet side by side, drew himself up, and promptly relaxed, offending Stefani. "Eh, old lady, by your leave," Chiesa shouted, pushing the door ajar.

Stefani frowned. "Enter at once and inspect the place thoroughly—to be sure she is not hiding."

Chiesa spread his hands, shrugged his shoulders, and transferred his weight to one leg. Then he pushed the door open. "*Ave Maria*," he called before entering. Glancing around, he spread his hands again and came out.

"She's not there," he said flatly. Stefani pursed his lips. "I've searched thoroughly," Chiesa added in an expressionless voice, making a turn of his hand indicative of looking under a stone. Stefani fidgeted awhile and took short paces up and down.

"Breaking open chapel doors is a serious matter," Chiesa said vaguely, gazing at the white building.

"Who is talking of breaking open chapel doors?" Stefani demanded petulantly.

"She's in the chapel, I guess. It's blacksmith's work to break open a door. Anyway, a door like that." The crowd that had gathered in the street near the chapel suddenly exclaimed, "Ah!"

The old woman had darted round the chapel corner, snatched up a bright yellow broom and a bucket of water, and retreated once more into the chapel and slammed the door. Stefani marched his men to the front of the chapel. He indicated Chiesa with a flick of his gloves and his task with another flick at the door.

"Talk to her, Chiesa," he snapped at the end of a minute when Chiesa still had not moved. "Do as I tell you."

Several fishermen, Lisazzio among them, took up a position beyond the chapel, toward the threshing floor.

"*Santa Madonna!* Talk to that crazy old thing through a three-inch plank? One will need to have considerable authority!"

"Obey your orders. You have the authority."

"She'll just swear like a Tuscan."

"Do as you are told!"

"Very well." Nunzio Chiesa approached the chapel and banged upon the door with the iron door ring. Immediately there was a screeching flood of abuse from the other side. Nunzio turned to Stefani and waved at the door.

"Eh, just listen, Rosaria," Chiesa protested when the Grisafi had stopped. He rapped his knuckles upon the wood. Just as promptly as before he was defied and reviled. There was one strong expression that was clearly heard. Chiesa, who had turned away, spun around and threw out his hands at the massive planks.

"Shame on you, scandalous old woman," he protested hotly. A colossal remark was the result.

"Stupid old idiot!" Chiesa shouted irascibly.

"Chiesa!"

"Well, what do I do now?"

"Surely you can do better than exchange insults through a door with a deranged female?"

"I told you that's what it would be," Nunzio said loudly, then continued, mumbling to himself, though quite audibly. "*Sporca ma'onna*, what am I to do? Dedicate myself afresh? Saints in heaven, how's a man to proceed, do I make a speech, with profuse and stupendous gestures? Who tells me? Let him do it."

The old woman had kept up a continuous howl of abuse throughout.

"Chiesa!"

"Signor!" Chiesa's anger at Stefani was unconcealed, though he glared at the chapel door.

"Make a fresh attempt."

Nunzio wheeled about and spread his hands. "Eh,

entrails of God," he muttered, addressing himself to the woman once more. The effort was unfruitful, except in the production of more scurrilous abuse and several loud thwacks upon the door. Scratching in his stubble, Chiesa shuffled away and sat down upon the horse block that stood beside the chapel door. Slightly confused, Stefani strolled toward the crowd.

"Did anyone hear her bolt the door?"

"No, *Voscienza*. She locked it. She always carried the keys under her little skirts."

"She was poking her face out through the little window."

"Of her little house, *Voscienza*." The speakers vigorously pointed at the cottage across the garbage patch. For several moments they continued to describe the whole event to Stefani, including his own arrival.

"She doesn't usually work at this hour, does she?" Again Stefani accused the crowd.

"No, Signor. She came out of her little house by the back way and went round behind the chapel."

"She was looking out of her little window, Signor."

"She's locked the door, but not bolted it."

"She keeps the keys under her little skirts. But the bolt is too hard to throw over, Signor."

The freely sprinkled diminutives were an attempt at deferential persuasiveness.

"Eh, she's crazy, *bedda matri*," Chiesa said loudly.

"Very well. Chiesa!"

Stefani turned his back on the crowd.

"Signor."

"Break open the door," Stefani commanded, a little uncertainly.

"Eh, *sporca*," Nunzio began. Then he approached the leader. "With your clemency, Signor, I think it would be best to wait till she

comes out. She makes her soup at one o'clock. She doesn't work at this hour, as they have told you. But this morning she washed her new broom and put it out in the sun to dry."

Stefani rejected Chiesa's advice and curtly ordered Rossi to fetch the blacksmith.

"That's right. It's a new broom, *Voscienza*. She bought it yesterday at Caltagirone's and she washed it this morning," a woman said. "She didn't like it to look dirty. It is bright yellow. It was a brand-new broom, Your Excellency. She ran out and swore a lot and snatched up the broom as if it were a naughty child. God's mercy upon her, she's crazy, *Voscienza*."

[Continued on page 464]



In the Wind

THE FEDERAL GRAND JURY investigating misuse of franking privileges has learned of twenty-four secretaries to Senators and Representatives who were associated with George Sylvester Viereck and George Hill, Hamilton Fish's secretary, in the circulation of postage-free envelopes to isolationist pressure groups. Names of the twenty-four will be released within two weeks.

JOSEPH E. DAVIES, former ambassador to the Soviet Union, may become our next ambassador to Mexico.

A CHICAGO JUDGE, considering the case of an alleged draft dodger, decided against any form of leniency because, according to the *Chicago Daily News*, the man had taken part "in the Carnegie-Illinois steel strike that resulted in the pitched battle of Memorial Day, 1937, when several persons were wounded."

ANNA LOUISE STRONG, discussing religious freedom under the Soviets in George Seldes's *In Fact*: "Today Young Communists are not allowed even to scoff at their parents' religion. . . ."

LEWIS E. LAWES, former warden of Sing Sing, has established residence in Dutchess County, New York, and will run against Hamilton Fish in next year's Republican primaries.

MANY AMERICANS have recently received printed postcards from Shanghai which bear on one side the slogan "Help China—Buy Chinese Goods" under crossed American and Chinese flags and on the other side the seal of the America First Committee. No one knows who is printing or distributing the cards. Most Chinese goods available today are, of course, manufactured in Japanese-occupied territory.

ONE TALESMAN examined on the opening day of the Trotskyite sedition trials in Minneapolis had been mobilized as a deputy in 1934 to combat striking members of Teamsters Local 544, of which many of the indicted men are officers. He was also a member of a family against whose business the union had recently struck. At first he declared that he would be a fair-minded juror, but later, under defense questioning, admitted the possibility of prejudice.

CORRECTION: In the Wind on October 18 reported that Edward L. Bernays, the public-relations expert, had taken a personal account for Torkild Rieber, former president of the Texas Company. Mr. Bernays has assured us that his firm has never been retained by Mr. Rieber or the Texas Company. We are glad to withdraw the statement.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

K. K. K. Versus U. S. O.

NOT being either a member or an admirer of the Ku Klux Klan I don't get its literature. Indeed, since the Klan seems now more a lingering nastiness than an active menace, I haven't bothered to pay much attention to it. Perhaps that was a mistake. It is a mistake which Frank McCallister, secretary of the Southern Workers' Defense League, does not make. A wise man, not reading for entertainment but on the lookout for trouble, he reads the *Fiery Cross*, which calls itself "the voice of Americanism," and reports vast klonvocations in Florida and Illinois, New Jersey and Georgia. The other day he sent me a copy containing a piece praising me for criticizing the U. S. O. Of course, the Klan has no more interest in the U. S. O. than it has understanding of "Americanism," but there are Catholics in the U. S. O. and Jews, and therefore the Klan is out to smear it.

I am not working on that job. Nobody but fools or slick peddlers of bitterness to fools for initiation fees could make out that the U. S. O. was a Catholic conspiracy or a Jewish plot. If any sect has predominance in it, it is the Protestant. Certainly the things which have seemed to me questionable about the U. S. O. come as straight from the hierarchy of the Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army as from the gentlemen of the Roman church or Judaism. Indeed, if I have any personal feeling in the matter (which I hope I haven't) it would be about the Y. M. C. A. When I was a young reporter I lived at the Y. M. C. A.—and that experience is apt to have a lasting effect. What I have been kicking about is sectarianism of any kind in the provision of recreation for soldiers and sailors. Indeed, my protest is nothing more than a 1941 restatement of the official conclusion of Raymond Fosdick, who tried to supervise army recreation by the contending and competing sects and organizations in 1917-18. In effect he said, Please, never again. What we've got is what he said we ought to avoid like the plague.

But the U. S. O. is not to blame for the fact that the recreation centers it was going to operate with the money it collected in its drive last May are still largely nonexistent now. Building them was the government's job, and the government has fallen down on it—fallen down badly. In most places selectees can just hope to play a game of darts in one of them next January. Competition among the creeds is not waiting so long. Some substan-

tial good work has gone forward. Many intelligent young men—and some not-so intelligent—have been working in the U. S. O.'s service in the maneuver areas. But they haven't forgotten to advertise the U. S. O. and its service to the soldiers.

In some defense centers little towns have done almost all the work of providing recreation, but the U. S. O. has taken most of the credit. The U. S. O. armband on the U. S. O. worker will be prominent in most of the photographs taken of the center which was set up by the small-town ladies under the energetic direction of the local superintendent and largely at local cost. The one thing the boys always get everywhere is U. S. O. stationery, and so all the letters home testify to the U. S. O. The boy has to say in his own handwriting how much the small town out of its small means has done for the soldiers. Actually that small town's doing and giving have been a magnificent contribution to the morale of the tired, homesick, sweaty and dusty men in the maneuvers. But the story comes to the people back home on paper provided—it is about all that is provided in many cases—by the U. S. O. Certainly the U. S. O.'s advertising job for itself has not been neglected.

Such criticism, I know, puts me in almost solitary confinement between the combined sects on the one hand and the K. K. K.'s on the other. It is not a pleasant position to occupy. Among all the men in all the organizations—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish—which compose the U. S. O. there is an overwhelming predominance of men of goodwill. They are not less interested in men because they are by the nature of their positions first interested in their own particular set-up for the service of men. But the owners and operators of the K. K. K. are interested only in bitterness at a profit. No decent person would have any difficulty in making a choice between them. Fortunately no sensible person has to make the choice. There is plenty of solid ground between them for the millions of Americans of all creeds who hate religious intolerance but who believe at the same time that recreation should be shaped by the soldiers and not by the main offices of separate, and determinedly separate—except in the matter of collections—organizations in New York. These Americans are contemptuous of the phony and fortunately impotent, I think, hatreds of the Klan, but as Catholics, Protestants, Jews, as giving citizens and receiving soldiers in this crisis calling for unity, they are more interested in the contact between warm heart and welfare than in any creeds or organizations between.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

LAST WINTER, soon after the death of Scott Fitzgerald, I said that he had written only one novel, "The Great Gatsby," and a few short stories that would continue to be read. It was reported that he had made a new beginning before his death, but a fresh reading of "Tender Is the Night" published in 1934 intensified rather than dissolved my doubt that he would write another book as good as "Gatsby." "Tender Is the Night" contained some of the most glamorous writing Fitzgerald had ever done, but it struck me as the work of a man who had relapsed into self-pity—and self-pity, however well it may be explained, indicates a failure of will.

I rejoice to say that Fitzgerald's posthumous, unfinished novel, "The Last Tycoon" (Scribner, \$2.75), proves me wrong. In this novel he had not only returned to the level of "The Great Gatsby"; the internal evidence of the finished chapters—and of the working notes which are included—shows that he would have gone beyond it. This triumph of Fitzgerald over himself and over the hazards thrown up by a world in disintegration—of which he was at first the por-trayer and later, it seemed, the victim—is a tribute to his stamina as an artist and a man. And the fact that he was able to achieve it in Hollywood, that oversized caricature of all that is wrong with our world, makes the triumph even more impressive.

In "The Great Gatsby" Fitzgerald reached that plateau of objectivity and control in fiction which few American novel-ists attain. So many of them never rise above the stage of the autobiographical novel which is essentially a pre-novel, a stocktaking of one's own personality and background writ-ten out of an obsession rather than a discipline. Likewise, Fitzgerald's early heroes were himself. Gatsby, on the other hand, was an independent character, created, to be sure, out of the author's special knowledge and understanding but related only in that sense to Fitzgerald's own individual experience.

In "The Last Tycoon" Fitzgerald shows an even greater freedom and power in the creation of a character. Gatsby walks by himself—he still does—but we see him, so to speak, in silhouette. Monroe Stahr of the present book is much more thoroughly realized. Also, as Edmund Wilson says in his preface, "The Last Tycoon" is "far and away the best novel we have had about Hollywood, and it is the only one which takes us inside." But Fitzgerald was working toward something even more significant. We tend to think of Hollywood as a world apart, as funny or horrible, but in any case no responsibility of ours. Fitzgerald's Hollywood is both funny and horrible, but it is also integrated with the larger world, of which it is at once end-product and mon-strous reflection. His book in its finished form would as-suredly have been a brilliant novel about Hollywood. It would also have been a commentary and a judgment on the society which spawned it.

This volume presents the best of Fitzgerald. Besides the 70,000 words of his new novel, it contains thirty pages of notes, "The Great Gatsby" in full, and five short stories, including May Day and The Diamond as Big as the Ritz—which adds a new and modern dimension to the Ameri-can tall tale. The notes are extremely interesting for the glimpse they give into the process of a writer at work. They are full of insight and humor; they are also intensely moving as the intimate remarks to himself of a sensitive and highly gifted human being.

"A TREASURY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN," con-taining the words and music of 102 songs, has been issued by Simon and Schuster (\$5). The piano arrangements were made by Albert Sirmay. I haven't tried them but they look negotiable, and Mr. Sirmay tells us that they were "de-rived exclusively from the original piano scores published in London during the composer's lifetime." It is a handsome book, and it is illustrated throughout with delightful draw-ings by Lucille Corcos, including eleven full pages in color and many smaller black-and-whites.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Rebecca West in Yugoslavia

BLACK LAMB AND GREY FALCON: A JOURNEY THROUGH YUGOSLAVIA. By Rebecca West. The Viking Press. Two Volumes. \$7.50.

TO WRITE nearly twelve hundred pages on Yugoslavia is almost as heroic a feat as to be a Yugoslav. Miss West did it in five years, including her first trip into that land of abject poverty, dark passion, and sublime idealism. Miss West's two thick volumes are a confession of infatuation, to which balanced comprehension would have been an im-pediment. Her work is superb art inspired by distorted truth—a beautiful creation, but cubistic rather than classic.

The Serbs have monopolized all Miss West's love—and they well deserve it. But with the zeal of the enamored, Miss West turns on anybody who may reasonably or un-reasonably disagree with the Serbs. The Croats, for instance, she dislikes wholesale, from beginning to end. The Slovenes—another branch of the three-pronged Yugoslav nation—she mentions on three out of the 1,150 pages. There is some-thing odd about Englishwomen: when they become interested in the Balkans, they are more partisan than the Balkanites themselves. And just as Miss Edith Durham was a violent hater of Serbs, Miss Rebecca West is a merciless critic of non-Serbs.

The basic mistake Miss West made was to accept as her sole cicerone through Yugoslavia, Stanislav Vinaver, alias "Constantine," a man who earned his living as a censor in Stoyadinovich's Press Bureau (and who banned, among other books, John Gunther's "Inside Europe"). "Constan-tine" was a "writer and a poet," as Miss West calls him.

But he was first of all Stoyadinovich's official; second, a talker; third, a writer; and fourth, a thinker. So it happens that Miss West's elaborate political analysis of Yugoslavia is what the Press Bureau wanted her to say; and that in her huge book there was no place for the leading Serbian, Croatian, and Slovenian writers and poets—Slobodan Yovanovich, Tin Ujevich, Marko Ristich, Gustav Krklec, Milan Rakich, Ivan Cankar, to mention only a few. The greatest Yugoslav playwright, Miroslav Krleza (now reported killed by the Nazis), is barely noticed on one of Miss West's pages. The monumental works of Ivan Mestrovich, one of the world's greatest living sculptors, are recorded here and there, but not his Croatian nationality. Even the great Serbian Bishop Nikolay, the most highly educated and venerated preacher in Yugoslavia, is sketched in a short, biting portrait: he resented the existing Belgrade government and thoroughly despised "Constantine."

Nowhere in Miss West's lengthy book of travel does the peasant come on to a page. Occasionally one finds his vivid costumes or unusual customs splendidly described, but not his soul. And yet this peasant, three-fourths of the Yugoslav population, has borne the crucifix of Yugoslav history. It is his stooped and invincible figure which created the folk epics, liberated Serbia from the Turks, made war on the Hapsburgs, and challenged the Nazis. Miss West imagines the black lamb to be the symbol of the dark, tortured South Slav soul; and the gray falcon, of the foreign invader. The truth is that Yugoslavs would hate being compared to lambs; and the Gray Falcon (*Sivi Soko*) is the traditional greeting among Yugoslav fighters *against* the invader.

Almost one-half of Miss West's eleven hundred-odd pages dwell on Yugoslav history and politics. There are thrilling sections written with great enthusiasm and in a soaring style—the stories of Dubrovnik and of the Kossovo Field are only two of the many gems. But there is also too much unessential or even grossly inaccurate history spread throughout the book. And the closer Miss West comes to the present, the more biased her attitude, until finally she lets herself go in pure invention and personal attacks on the leaders of the Croatian Peasant Party, the late Stepan Radich and Vladimir Machek (the latter is now in a German concentration camp for having stood by the Serbs in their supreme hour).

It is not true that Radich ever advised the late King Alexander to establish dictatorship—this insidious charge was invented by the Belgrade Press Bureau. The conversation between the dying Radich and Alexander, which Miss West quotes directly, never took place. It is equally untrue that the Serbian liberal, Svetozar Pribichevich, suggested abdication to the late king. And when one reads through Miss West's long and desperate effort to explain that the late king, though a dictator, was a democrat, and how he who loved everybody was deserted by everybody, one is left with a sense of pity for the author's naivete. And anyway, what good does it do at this time to rake up this unpleasant past?

But in spite of political distortions, Rebecca West's book is a magnificent piece of writing. Her pages pour over you sometimes like an irresistible torrent, sometimes like a monotonous drizzle, but their chief quality is always pre-

served—the graphic, pictorial description of faces and landscapes. Her writing seldom penetrates below the surface, but it gives you the surface in an almost physical sense. Reading it, you actually see, smell, hear, touch as well; and you experience an intense sensual joy. One sample: ". . . Mrs. X., who was an exquisite creature made of moonlight and soot-black shadows, cast from her slimness her heavy coat, which fell from her like a declaration in recitative." Or about the people of the island of Rab, "who are all like crucified Christs":

Everywhere there are terraces. . . . On these inclosures black figures work frenetically. From a gray sky reflected light pours down and makes of every terrace and field a stage on which these black figures play each their special drama of toil, of frustration, of anguish. As we passed by on the stony causeway, women looked up at us from the fields, their faces furrowed with all known distresses. . . . From the olive terraces the men looked down with faces contracted by the greatest effort conceivable; and the trees they stood upon, though the droughts of summer and the salt hurricanes of winter had twisted them to monstrous corkscrews, also seemed fortunate by comparison.

And again:

Below us lion-colored islands lay in a dark-blue sea. To the east the mainland raised violet-gray mountains to a dense superior continent of white clouds; to the west the long outer islands lay like the scrolls angels hold up in holy pictures.

Had Miss West thrown out of her manuscript much of the history and all of the politics, her book would have come out half as long. It would have been not only one of the most colorful pictures of Yugoslavia, but one of the most beautiful books written in recent years.

STOYAN PRIBICHEVICH

Right from the Feed Box

HORSE CRAZY. By Jesse M. Lilienthal. Illustrations by Howard Brodie. Julian Messner. \$2.50.

ALL horse players die broke. Sure; but what other mania of the Western world gives you a better run for your money? The sport of kings takes you out in the open air; the jockeys' silks are bright and gay; and you get a lot of exercise running downstairs to buy tickets and climbing up on the seats to watch the runners go round. You learn a new language, with a highly developed technical apparatus and a colorful vernacular. You can devote the half-hour between races to the delights of exhaustive research; you can discover your own undreamed-of powers of prophetic acumen, and identify yourself with a completely successful *curriculum vitae* in the short space of the minute and twelve seconds it takes to run six furlongs or of the one minute fifty-two and three-fifths for a mile and an eighth. That is, you can if you win; and if you lose, what gorgeous fantasies you can erect on a groundwork of "If I'd 'a'" or "I should 'a . . .!" Some days you might even make a little money.

All the fascination of this sport Mr. Lilienthal has excellently conveyed in his delightfully illustrated monograph. Both technically and colloquially, this talk rings true: it is the kind of chatter you can hear in the infield, the paddock,

or the seats behind you. The horses' names sound like horses' names, not like stories or the movies, where they're all Black Beauty or something. The people are like the ones you see, hear, and smell. And Mr. Lilienthal purveys not only good lingo and yarns but also sage advice to the investor. This is perfectly sound without being a bit evangelical; but I don't know, I'm afraid it is not ultimately convincing. In spite of his warnings, readers of *The Nation* will go right on trying to beat the Daily Double, trying to pick the winner in a field of two-year-old fillies in a four-furlong scramble in April, trying to get even in the nightcap, the last day of October at Empire City, for four-year-olds and up which have showed nothing but appetites since the Saratoga meeting. They will keep right on doing these foolish things; they will, or else I don't know my middle-class intellectuals.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Saroyan Again

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. By William Saroyan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE" is the flimsiest bit of whimsy I have read since that masterpiece of the coy blandishment, "Dear Brutus." The newspaper reviews I came across of the stage production concurred in one opinion, namely, that Mr. Saroyan violated almost all the laws of the orthodox theater. (The Aristotelian? The Elizabethan? The Restoration? The Broadway?) But for my part I recognize no violations of anything but the spectator's sense of probability: a play that devolves on mice arranging flowers on the floor in the shape of the name Agnes seems to me to be the apotheosis of the circus and as such perfectly representative of the contemporary theater. (I wait for the day Mr. Saroyan produces a tragedy about a man who chews off the head of a lion who turns out to be Mr. Saroyan.)

The trouble is that Mr. Saroyan writes too much. Therefore the internal pressure of each work progressively declines, until in such a play as "The Beautiful People" there is nothing much present except an attractive title and some passages of flighty dialogue. And since Mr. Saroyan's subject has always, in the end, been Saroyan, the exhaustion of his matter is accelerated with every work: the Saroyan will soon be as completely explored as the Mississippi Valley. This play, I take it, celebrates the sentimentalist in the author: what other aspect of Mr. Saroyan is perpetuated here I can only guess, but I suspect the absolutist. Thus the poet in the play writes his book that consists simply of the word Tree. I would remind Mr. S. that he is missing an opportunity in omitting to write a play that consists simply of the word "Abracadabra": who knows, perhaps with this as invocation he could turn anything, including bad drama, into cash?

The second offering in this trilogy is entitled "Sweeney in the Trees" and needs no further comment than this quotation from the note that precedes the text: "What trees were Sweeney's? All trees. *The Trees*. Sweeney's trees. Trees which provided shade for human comedy and human tragedy. Shade, cool, height, and beauty. The trees of poetry." The phoniness of this pronouncement can be perfectly observed if the epithet "human" is removed; then it stands revealed

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in its fundamental wooziness. Trees that provide shade for comedy and tragedy are capable also of concealing the wood in which pretentious young men perform acts of emotional strip tease. "I identified 'Sweeney in the Trees' as follows . . . a play, ■ dream, a poem, ■ travesty, ■ fable, a symphony, ■ parable, a comedy, a tragedy, a farce. . . ." Or, "I believe ■ play—any work of art—should be several things, etc." And, for those who want the latest gossip about the young Archimedes of the Theater, he adds: "I shall very likely produce and direct 'Sweeney in the Trees' some day."

I end this with a fable or a parable or an allegory or a what have you of my own, about a gifted Assyrian who wrote some great short stories and gazed at them so long and so lovingly that they took on the appearance of poems, and then the poems took on the appearance of cantos, and the gifted Assyrian inserted some quotation marks and the names of friends and in the end, with the great short stories forgotten in his pocket, announced that he had just written a remarkable masterpiece called "Hamlet," or the "Divine Comedy." But the short stories knew better.

GEORGE BARKER

American Political Theory

POLITICS AND LAW IN THE UNITED STATES. By

D. W. Brogan. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

THE DEMOCRATIC TRADITION IN AMERICA. By

T. V. Smith. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.50.

MR. BROGAN, an English political scientist with an extraordinary gift for understanding and illuminating the woof of constitutional principles and the warp of political tactics in the fabric of democratic history, whether in his own or in other nations, gives us a remarkably readable and able account of our own constitutional history in this small volume. It has the virtue of any book written by a sympathetic foreigner, for it combines familiar perspectives with insights which could have come only from an outsider.

Mr. Brogan traces the accretions of custom and usage which have been added to our written constitution and proves that our system is not as inflexible as is sometimes assumed. He thinks, nevertheless, that we indulge in some "misguided antiquarianism," such as the election of the President by state rather than by popular vote, and believes that such outmoded machinery may become a source of mischief. His account of our party system with its emphasis upon sectional rather than class interests is interesting, though he probably underestimates the distinctively class character of New Deal support. He finds that Congress fails to develop a responsible leadership, partly because of locality limitations in the election of Congressmen and partly because of the distribution of committee chairmanships according to seniority. With most Englishmen and many Americans he speculates upon the possibility of substituting at least ■ quasi-parliamentary system for the present constitutional relation between the President and Congress. These speculations and hopes are probably vain. However desirable such changes may be, they cannot be achieved without a radical reconstruction of the whole structure of our government.

Mr. Brogan's chapter on the Supreme Court includes a

discriminating analysis of the controversy occasioned by the "court-packing" plan of the Administration. One gathers that the author believes that the controversy raised an important issue which was not settled. His position with respect to this issue, which may be regarded as his basic principle of criticism for the whole of our government, is expressed in the words: "Based on the doctrine of natural rights, the American constitution was planned to be a 'government of laws and not of men.' In consequence American political practice has shown some of the weaknesses of a legalistic attitude to the problem of organizing freedom."

There is nothing legalistic about Professor Smith's account of the American tradition. His books deals not with the mechanics of government but with the faith which informs and the tradition which guides political thought and action. T. V. Smith's belief in the democratic way of life has the passionate quality of a religious creed. But he is no dogmatist. He has, in fact, a capacity for weighing the imponderables of politics, for understanding the complex values involved in every political decision, which is more frequently attributed to British than to American political theorists. He understands politics as an art rather than a science.

In a really superb chapter upon Abraham Lincoln he reveals his own approach to politics in an estimate of Lincoln.

Lincoln had learned to accept evil and to tolerate it. But . . . Lincoln had never learned to call evil good. The technique whereby he saved both his modesty in admitting moral ambiguity in the universe and his integrity in refusing to call either terrestrial or celestial evil good constitutes a story all its own. It was a technique of detachment, mainly through humor, wherefrom hangs many a tale. . . . My best single guess why we have promoted Lincoln from life through death to secular sainthood was that he had this scrupulous mind concerning good and evil.

Among the many good chapters in this volume the one on Operative Equality and the Middle Way must be particularly commended. In it the author rigorously upholds equality as the regulative principle of democratic justice. But he also understands, as some equalitarians do not, that if this regulative principle is raised to an absolute dogma it does violence to the complexities of social life. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Where Do We Sit?

HOW and where a nation sits is even more important than how or where it stands, because every citizen, when he is at home in his own easy chair, is relaxed and most deeply himself. He is either sinking into overstuffed desuetude or he is in repose gathering new strength to meet the world. The chair itself is either deadening or bracing. That is why the new chairs at the Museum of Modern Art are good news. They are being shown, along with other modern furniture, not only at the museum but in a string of big-city department stores that helped sponsor the competition. The slogan is "Organic Design."* Patterns are now on hand; with enough further testing and, above all, popularization, real production can begin and cut down prices.

* For detailed information see the excellent pamphlet "Organic Design in Home Furnishings" by Eliot F. Noyes, published by the Museum of Modern Art and sold for 75 cents.

In a nutshell, what the furniture designers have done is to cut the intolerable dead weight of our customary overstuffed chairs by a complete revision, and to multiply the usefulness of our chests by standardization. Some chairs by Saarinen and Eames, the sensation of the show, were shaped like sat-on sea-shells and built over a thin, steam-pressed plywood core. This self-stiffening continuous sheet is the same that is used in the latest plastic airplanes, in one-piece plywood sailboats, in the next year's automobiles. This structural method surpasses the framed construction that was "modern" just yesterday to the same degree as *that* surpassed the massive construction which once produced the Pyramids and the Grand Rapids club chair. Strength with less weight and fewer joints is the constant aim of the master constructor.

Are these chairs, then, something ultimate? It is not proved. Much testing is needed to establish whether, for example, the body-fitting modeling allows those changes of position that have been found indispensable to real relaxation. Meanwhile chairs using rattan or cane, or even metal, frames, and cloth or leather or rope or rubber seating, all retain their attractiveness and their claims; the excellent wicker pieces by Anderson and Bellah have perhaps the best chance to catch on with the public.

The other old idea is applied to chests or cabinets and is simple standardization. For years individuals have been trying to make room for their small articles—books, laundry, linen, china—in handy, demountable, interchangeable storage units. The idea was not only, as the museum explains, to be able to fit your furniture into that procession of apartments which changing jobs and shifting circumstances decree; it was also that America is sick of moving vans, and wants household goods it can carry in a Ford truck or a station wagon. On this program the museum makes a good start. The best designers and the largest manufacturers are behind it and will carry it through even if the product is still too fancy and the prices are still out of reach. Among the sets shown, this reviewer passed by the jury's prize-winner, which was amenable to a million different arrangements, in favor of one that was less like a busy housekeeper but perhaps more like an attractive wife. It was the set by Stonorov and von Moltke, with its voluptuous gray walnut color, its inviting surfaces, elegant proportions, and distinctive detailing.

The carved, bone-like, unmechanical, "primitive" detailing of legs and knobs in this set would offer a point of departure for an excursion into aesthetics. That will have to be made another time. Suffice it that the public is perhaps not yet aware of a new phase within the "modern" design movement. The "machine-age aesthetic" is already left behind, or rather reduced to a subordinate place. In Stonorov and von Moltke's chests it rules the boxes, but the adjuncts show something new; in the chairs the new dominates altogether. The new slogan is "organic"; the drawings resemble those of cavemen rather than engineers; the forms appear fanciful and random rather than geometric and rigidly calculated; they derive less from superficial rationalization, more from that strange coherence that wells up into imagination from the unconscious.

For the time being, let us pass all that by. In new furniture two needs are crucial. One is to have all America reasonably

comfortable. This cannot be done through the clogging inefficiency of our furniture-building methods. The cumulative waste in materials, assembly, cataloguing, shipping, moving—even in pushing these overstuffed Fat Effies of ours every time we clean—mounts into the gigantic. But even worse is the effect on the American spirit. It is in repose that we shape our dreams. The greatest promise implicit in the museum's show is that we are on the way again to furniture that leads the citizen not out of the world but back into it—strengthened and refreshed.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

"A GALE OF LAUGHTER."—*Atkinson, Times.*

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NOW is the time to start the ball rolling.

The Christmas Book number of *The Nation* is scheduled for publication on December 6. An early space reservation will assure efficient handling of your notice in this feature issue.

The NATION
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PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

- Tomorrow Will Come.* By E. M. Almedingen. Little, Brown. \$3.
- Opinions of Oliver Allston.* By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. \$3.
- Under the Sea-Wind.* A Naturalist's Picture of Ocean Life. By Rachel L. Carson. Simon and Schuster. \$3.
- Civilians Must Fight.* By Raymond Daniell. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.
- Stafford Cripps: Prophetic Rebel.* By Eric Estorick. John Day. \$2.50.
- Sentimental Education.* By Gustave Flaubert. Dutton. Everyman's Library. 95 cents.
- Plant Hunters in the Andes.* By T. Harper Goodspeed. Farrar and Rinehart. \$5.
- Music on Records.* By B. H. Haggin. Knopf. \$2.
- Man the Master.* By Gerald Heard. Harper. \$2.50.
- The Collected Short Stories of Ring Lardner.* Modern Library. 95 cents.
- The Strategy of Freedom: An Open Letter to American Youth.* By Harold J. Laski. Harper. \$1.50.
- Foundations of Modern World Society.* By Linden Mander. Stanford. \$2.25.
- It Must Be the Climate.* By Max Miller. McBride. \$2.75.
- History of the United States Food Administration, 1917-1919.* By William C. Mulendore. Stanford. \$4.50.
- Nation and Family: The Swedish Experiment in Democratic Family and Population Policy.* By Alva Myrdal. Harper. \$4.
- The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations.* With an Introduction by Carl Van Doren. Oxford. \$5.
- Etruscan Sculpture.* Phaidon Edition. Oxford. \$3.50.
- Pensées and the Provincial Letters.* By Blaise Pascal. Modern Library. 95 cents.
- The Greek Political Experience: Studies in Honor of William Kelly Prentice.* Princeton University. \$2.
- Twice a Year: A Book of Literature, the Arts, and Civil Liberties.* Fall-Winter 1941. Twice a Year Press. \$1.50.
- The World's Destiny and the United States: A Conference of Experts in International Relations.* Chicago: World Citizens' Association. 50 cents.

DRAMA

The Theater and the War

THERE was, as I remember it, comparatively little treatment of World War I on the contemporary American stage, but it appears that World War II is destined to be dramatized as it goes along. Three of the most successful plays of the last two years—"There Shall Be No Night," "Watch on the Rhine," and "The Wookey"—have dealt seriously with the subject, and another, Maxwell Anderson's "Candle in the Wind" (Shubert Theater), has just been added to the list of assured successes. All are serious, all but one are even decidedly grim; and the fact that

audiences flock to see them means, perhaps, that for all the conspicuous lack of flag-waving and other signs of superficial excitement, we are actually taking this war far more seriously than we took the other. Neither playwright nor public can get away from it; neither playwright nor public can rest content to make what seemed in 1917 adequate gestures made at appointed times and then go on to talk about something else. This is a total war in a sense different from that commonly indicated by the phrase. We find ourselves thinking about it, not part of the time, but all the time. Nothing can be said or done without reference to the one monstrous and overwhelming fact.

That any of our playwrights should actually rise to the occasion, do justice to the theme, is too much to expect, for great literature is seldom or never written that way. Homer may contain all that anyone cares to remember these three thousand years later about the Trojan War, but the Iliad was not written by a contemporary, and though the second World War may quite possibly be remembered three thousand years hence, it will not be known in the words of Sherwood or Hellman or Anderson. Whatever history still survives will still seem more tremendous than whatever fiction of the day has survived along with it, just as the newspaper report and the eyewitness account now seem to outrun both the dramatist's picture and the dramatist's commentary. In so far as the dramatist is compelled to deal not only with an action of which he is a part but with one which inevitably dwarfs and overwhelms him, just to that extent he must be content to relinquish the poet's hope that he may reveal hidden greatness, for he must be content instead to play a part even less important, perhaps, than that of the mere journalist or historian.

Something of this sort I have said in less general terms before, and since "Candle in the Wind" is, despite certain glaring defects, as good as any of the other plays on the same subject—even in some respects the best of the lot—this may be as opportune a time as any to shift the point of view and to say that once one has accepted the general proposition that contemporary plays about the war are all but inevitably less than adequate, one may go on to remark that they have, nevertheless, been so far a good deal better than one had much reason to hope. Not one of the four mentioned is merely cheap or fatuous, as both "patriotic" plays and

"propaganda plays" commonly are. All are at least sincere, none is really glib, and all are at least moving—even if less so than the news itself. And this judgment will stand in the case of Mr. Anderson's new play no less than in the case of any of the others.

It begins, I think, very badly indeed with an extremely stilted scene in the gardens at Versailles just after the occupation. But as Mr. Anderson swings into his melodramatic story of a French officer in a concentration camp and the effort, finally successful, of the American girl who loves him to match wits and a checkbook with an organization which seems to have no Achilles heel, the play picks up momentum. The atmosphere grows tense, the suspense at moments almost unendurable, and the story merely as a story genuinely if not really profoundly interesting. Mr. Anderson is also as successful as anyone else has been in trying to expose the chill horror of the Nazi philosophy, but I should hesitate to say that he has, any more than the others, actually made it any clearer or any more terrible; and like all the rest he depends, not wholly in vain, upon what we know from other sources to lend to his sheer melodrama a substantiality and a significance neither of which it would have if we did not bring into the theater with us information and convictions gained elsewhere.

"Candle in the Wind" enjoys the advantage of admirable direction from Alfred Lunt and excellent performances contributed not only by Helen Hayes, the star, but also by the other members of a rather large cast, which includes several talented foreign performers, presumably fugitives from the world they are attempting to present. Its defects are those which one is accustomed to find in the author's other work. Just as "There Shall Be No Night" does not wholly escape Mr. Sherwood's characteristic literalness, nor "Watch on the Rhine" Miss Hellman's weakness for mechanical contrivance, so "Candle in the Wind" is by no means free from that certain pompousness which is Mr. Anderson's besetting sin. Especially in the first scene and the last, which is to say almost everywhere that melodrama is not dominant, one will find specimens of his plushiest verse and his most quilted prose, passages in which the fine words and more or less regular rhythm do not heighten meaning but seem to surround thought with some sort of padded wrapping which blurs outline and cushions impact. But it would also not be fair not to say that the big speech

near the end furnishes something of an exception. The heroine has been challenged by the German lieutenant to defend her conviction that no people will actually be content to accept permanently the Nazi strait-jacket. She replies that no wild thing ever really accepts captivity, and that of all wild things the wildest is the human mind. That "big speech" very nearly comes off.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

"Dumbo"

THE new model brought out this year by the Walt Disney studio is a flying baby elephant. He comes to life in the film that bears his name, "Dumbo," a charming picture filled with marvelously conceived episodes. Despite this, Disney continues in it a development the problematic nature of which has grown more and more apparent since "Snow-White."

In "Plane Crazy," Disney's first Mickey Mouse cartoon (1928), a little auto is changed through the power of the cartoonist's pen alone into an airplane, which takes flight with Mickey at the controls. In "Dumbo" a similar miracle occurs: the baby elephant suddenly spreads his ears and volplanes through the air like a Pegasus or a bomber. Here, however, the miracle does not result simply from the fact that the film is a cartoon film, but originates in the psychological effect of a "magic feather" which Dumbo's friend, a little mouse, has elicited from some insolent crows. This tiny difference betrays a structural change in the Disney films. Through a long period Disney spurned the traditional notions of reality and created his own laws for the elements of our visible world: in "Plane Crazy" Mickey's girl-friend uses her petticoat as a parachute, and the Skeleton in "The Skeleton Dance" (1929) employs his thigh bone to play upon a xylophone made from the bones of his skeleton friends. These metamorphoses come out of the observed relations between shapes or movements; the more ruthlessly they destroy familiar connections, the more they are justified—the more they manifest the artist's power over his material. Is the cartoonist dependent on fabulous princes, wizards, and magic feathers in order to defy the laws of nature? By including such fairy-tale beings more and more Disney has unnecessarily overburdened his films.

In addition, "Dumbo" clings to camera reality and even deals with imaginary things on the same plane. There is no doubt that Disney intends here to imitate the technique of the realistic film; but it must be acknowledged, too, that this intention turns against the principles on which Disney's classic short cartoons are based. In them he sought to build a world which had as little to do with ours as Mickey with a living mouse; his creatures strolled through a cartoonist's space in a time which, like the space itself, spread or shrank to his liking. In "Dumbo" Disney treats not only imaginary objects as real, but more, he combines them with human figures and does things which could as well have been done in the studio, and thus threatens the true interest of his medium. The cartoon film tends toward the dissolution rather than the reinforcement of conventional reality, and its function is not to draw a reality which can better be photographed.

The turn to a realistic style is fostered by the full-length cartoon which requires a story. One is reminded of the old comedies; they too have suffered from their extension to feature length. Film comedy and cartoon coincide in that they do not aim at the development of plots but rather at the exposition of particular incidents. For both kinds of film the whole "story" is just a gag or a series of gags. Hence they should be brief; for only on this condition can the plot keep its quality of a thread that holds together the pearls of the gags. The nature of the incident in both comedy and cartoon influences the nature of the plot. Thus the genuine cartoon would scoff at the idea of machinery ruling mankind and, like the comedy, select as its hero the weak little creature who must assert himself against the stupid and evil powers of our world. It is to their own disadvantage that Disney's feature films do not follow this line, but submit too readily to current social conventions. Significant in this respect is the conclusion of the present film: young Dumbo, instead of flying off toward some unknown paradise, chooses wealth and security and so ends as the highly paid star of the same circus director who once flogged his mother Jumbo. Is no better solution possible? However questionable the illustration of absolute music may be, "Fantasia" proved, at least, that feature cartoons are not necessarily dependent upon a "story." One could wish, too, that Disney would stop animating fairy tales into conventional everyday life,

and, proceeding like Chaplin, develop everyday life into fairy tales through his cartoons. As to the methods of representation, he might be able, after the example of great painters, to transform both real and imaginary objects in his art and thus bring it to a new level.

"Dumbo" shows that Disney has already an inclination toward such a transformation. Hopes are raised by such scenes as the erection of the circus tent—a sequence in which reality is transferred to a strange, exciting sphere. Most fortunately, too, Disney's artistic instincts frequently prevail against his artistic intentions and thrust aside the disturbing story to bring in such happy inventions as the gang of crows, the beautifully developed play of the champagne pearls, and many others quite as delightful.

SIEGFRIED KRACAUER

RECORDS

EVEN after this delay my report on phonographs is incomplete because of production difficulties which are expected to increase. Lafayette has not yet received the table model radio-phonograph combination that is to replace last year's JS-175, or the machine that is to replace last year's excellent hundred-dollar B-102; and so far, therefore, I have heard only the C-213, which is good value for its price of \$74.50. In the high-price range Lafayette's new Overture, which promised to be an outstanding machine, has been postponed; and the new 19-tube Concerto I will report on when I have been able to hear it with an Audax D-36 pickup in the better cabinet.

Three years ago, when both Consumers' Union and Consumers' Research recommended the Philharmonic machine as being the best buy and having the best tone, I found it conscientiously made of excellent parts but extremely unpleasant to listen to. Last year I had two reports about Philharmonic's new machines that led me recently—when I had to look for a substitute for the Lafayette Overture—to hear them myself. And I found this time that they are still constructed with honesty and conscientiousness that are rare in this

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conscienceless industry, and that with the right pickup and cabinet they give fine reproduction of records.

They comprise the 12-tube Futura and 15-tube Electra—the second with greater power and better speakers. I heard them (1) with a domestic record-changer equipped with the Astatic LP-23 jewel-point pickup-cartridge, and (2) with the fine Brush PL-25 jewel-point single-record-playing pickup; I heard them (1) in the Cromwell cabinet, and (2) in the Strathmore, which has a larger speaker-compartment (the Chippendale's speaker-compartment is of the same size as the "modern" Strathmore's). And with the Brush pickup in the Strathmore their sound had a cleanness, clarity, and sweetness that it did not have with the Astatic on the changer and the smaller speaker-compartment of the Cromwell—with an additional depth and richness in the sound of the Electra from its greater power and better speakers (I should add that I liked the Futura best with its treble-control turned one step down from maximum, the Electra with its treble-control at maximum). I was unable to hear them with the Audax D-36, but am confident that it will give good results with them; and the only way to have a record-changer without loss in the sound is to get a Garrard RC-30 equipped with an Audax head. The price for the Futura chassis with Brush pickup is \$275.65; for this chassis in the Strathmore cabinet it is \$362.25; for the Electra chassis with Brush pickup it is \$349.95; for this chassis in the Strathmore it is \$437.85. These are the prices for the machines with standard broadcast radio; for FM add \$62.50. And for a Garrard changer equipped with an Audax D-36 head add \$55.

On the previous occasions that I have written about machines I have recommended putting the speaker into a separate box of which I have given the specifications. This accomplishes two valuable ends: it gives the sound astonishing spaciousness and clarity of definition; and it makes a record-changer unnecessary, since the rest of the machine can be put into a cabinet low enough to be accessible to a seated person, who does not have to get up every five minutes but merely has to lean over in his chair to change the record (my objection to record-changers is not a whim but has behind it such good reasons as inferior reproduction and increased record-wear). Philharmonic offers its machines in such a two-cabinet set-up, the Gotham: \$410.50 for the

Futura, \$495.25 for the Electra (these prices without FM). But while the 8½ cubic feet of the speaker-cabinet are enough for the 12-inch main speaker of the Futura, the 15-inch speaker of the Electra should have at least 10 cubic feet and preferably 12; and I recommend buying only the Gotham end-table cabinet for the Electra chassis and having the larger speaker-cabinet built by a carpenter according to specifications which Philharmonic will furnish.

For readers who may want to build such a speaker-cabinet for their present machines I will repeat the specifications I gave a year ago. It is a simple box of ¾-inch wood, of any dimensions that provide an interior of at least 15,000 cubic inches for a 12-inch speaker or 18,000 for a 15-inch; with a removable back that fits in flush with the sides, top and bottom; with long pieces of 1- by 2-inch wood fastened diagonally across the back and the side panels to eliminate any vibration; and with the entire interior—except the hole in the front panel for the speaker—lined with Kimsul acoustical wadding, obtainable from the Kimberly-Clark Corporation, 122 East 42nd Street, New York. A small hole is cut in the back for the speaker-cable to pass through; and for easy handling the box can be put on castors.

And since questions are coming in I will also repeat my recommendations on needles. Use a Victor half-tone or full-tone steel needle, whichever gives the better result with a particular recording—a fresh needle for each side. If you can afford it use shadowgraphed steel; and try not only Victor but Actone RF-12A (in the package with these numbers stamped in black), which is made by H. W. Acton, Inc., 370 Seventh Avenue, New York, and which is cheaper. For the first playing of new records use a Victor chromium needle to get rid of the abrasive debris—one needle for four or five sides; and use a chromium needle for each series of sides on a changer. Do not use other semi-permanent needles; do not use a jewel-point unless it is a permanent and integral part of a pickup—and then only a pickup as good as the Brush; and do not use a cactus or thorn: whatever the advertised claims, this needle gives poor reproduction when new, wears down too quickly when repointed, and does as much damage to the record when worn down as a worn steel needle does—and a steel needle used for only one side causes as little wear as any needle can.

B. H. HAGGIN

The Undiscoverables

[Continued from page 455]

Then the thing Stefani had not wished to hear was spoken.

"Oh, she's certainly mad, *Voscienza*. She runs about the streets at night frightening good people." The speaker was the mandolinist Ferrarello. The crowd was at once silent. Stefani turned his back upon them. No one spoke until he ordered Rossi to fetch a blacksmith.

"That's right," Ferrarello drawled. Stefani frowned. "Make one more effort, Chiesa, there's a good fellow," the leader said, putting on an expression designed to counter-balance amiability.

Nunzio stamped over to the church door and bawled suddenly. "Rosaria, come out." The answer began halfway down the chapel aisle. It became precise and intelligible a second before a great whack resounded upon the door. Then silence, followed by shrill blasphemies.

"She's broken the shaft of her bright yellow broom," Ferrarello said, and many voices in the crowd at once confirmed him. Subdued yet lively conversation continued for a while.

"*Bedda matri!* She was as daft as a child with a new toy, with that broom," Diodata Ferrarello cried.

"She bought it at Caltagirone's store, you know. And wasn't she proud of herself! Eh, you should have heard her, my ladies. She beat down old Caltagirone a whole lira on the price. My word, she was content." The emphatic voice of the speaker enabled them all to hear.

A quieter voice spoke up. "She came out of the shop and pretended to sweep the sidewalk. You should have heard her chuckling. Holy Virgin, you'd have thought the broom was a piece of good news, like . . . She shook it in Bencivenni's face, they say."

"No, she didn't shake it," Diodata Ferrarello put in.

"*Accusi dicono*. That's what they say." Now that she spoke out sharply in defense of herself everyone recognized the speaker as Signora Santangelo.

Diodata answered her emphatically. "I say she didn't. I was coming out of the church and I saw her. She just held it out toward Bencivenni and laughed. She was pleased as a girl to have a new broom, that's all."

"Well, the old one was certainly worn down."

"Anyway, she came to my house and showed it to me," Diodata said, "And she swept my kitchen floor with it to

"Show me how clean it would sweep," Diodata continued.

"That's why she had to wash her bright yellow broom in lye water," a male voice said. There was no response from the crowd, neither from Diodata nor from the other women, though some of the fishermen standing in a group beyond the chapel laughed aloud.

"She came to the Paterno house twice last night. My husband saw her. She banged on the door with her hand because they'd taken the knocker off."

Signor Stefani suddenly put an end to vocal comment by striding up to the chapel door.

"Rosaria, have you any fifty-cent candles?" he shouted rather diffidently, holding his face near to the keyhole. Encouraged by the Grisafi's silence, Stefani repeated his question. Presently he put his ear to the door.

"All right, all right. What does it matter?" he shouted. The old woman's reply was not to be distinguished, but Stefani put his hand in his pocket and took out coins. "Don't you trust me? I trust you, Rosaria. I can't see you light the candle, you know." He pushed a coin under the door. "Now listen, I want to talk to you, about the chapel," he shouted quickly. She did not hear him, for she was already on her way to comply with his request.

As the Grisafi trotted away to the votive-candle stand, Stefani straightened up and made a gesture of modest triumph, as if saying, "You see, it can be done if you go the right way about it." Chiesa silently scoffed, tossing his head as if the ruse was of no account.

"You should use a little wisdom, a little tact, Chiesa."

"At fifty cents a time? Why, she'll light every wick in the diocese for fifty cents apiece. You just try to get her out and see what happens."

"We shall see."

"And she'd set her blessed self on fire for fifty lire," the emboldened Chiesa scoffed.

"Now listen, Rosaria. I want your advice," Signor Stefani suddenly exclaimed. Behind his back Chiesa threw up his hands and in silence appealed to the crowd. The fish curer began to gabble something unconvincing about a mass that was to be celebrated in the chapel.

"Go to the point, *Voscienza*," Nunzio Chiesa muttered contemptuously.

"So, why don't you come out and talk it over, Rosaria," Stefani coaxed. The Grisafi at once let loose a stream of horrible abuse and banged the door

with her broken broom. Chiesa laughed aloud.

"Idiot, blockhead, slovenly cretin," Signor Stefani yelled, and Chiesa stood to attention.

When the blacksmith arrived, he was at once ordered to break open the door. Blasphemous shrieks greeted the first blow of the hammer. Rossi held the iron swage against the lock, and the blacksmith reluctantly swung the hammer. Then the chapel bell began to ring furiously. The door resisted every blow, though the plate of wrought iron that covered the mechanism of the lock buckled beneath the swage. Rossi lowered the tool and shrugged his shoulders. The blacksmith drew back. Still the bell rang furiously. The crowd suddenly became restless. At the bottom of the street an automobile was heard noisily changing gear for the ascent. As it reached the summit, the bell stopped. Major Mori got out of the car and strode toward the door.

"What in God's name? You fool, you demented fool," he thundered.

"She wouldn't come out, what else could we do?" Stefani protested, flinching before the uniformed Mori.

"Break open the door, man, now you've begun," Mori shouted and wheeled upon the crowd. "Go home, all of you. Have you nothing better to do? Albanese, arrest that man." He pointed authoritatively at Ferrarello. The townspeople, indeed, had not waited for Mori's command. They had begun to drift away as soon as he had got out of the car. Now they scurried down the street and across the garbage patch. Some of them accepted invitations to enter the houses of friends. The fishermen unobtrusively stole away toward the threshing floor.

"Arrest him," Mori bellowed, his neck and face puffed up with blood and his eyes standing out of his head. He shook his heavy arm and planted his feet angrily in the dust. The chapel door jerked open, shuddering as it swung on its hinges.

"What have I done, *Voscienza*," the mandolinist protested as Albanese dragged him toward Mori. He threw off the subordinate's hand with a vicious oath.

"Take him down to the Town Hall. It doesn't matter what he's done. I'll find a way to instruct him." Thoroughly frightened now, Ferrarello lost his head and stepped back three paces and lifted his hands in a defensive manner. Mori, thus prompted, dashed at him with long pounding strides and brought his fist

down upon the top of Ferrarello's head. Albanese kicked the fallen man in the ribs.

"That's right, that's right," Mori snapped and put his hands upon his hips and glared down the almost empty street.

"In there and fetch her out," he shouted without turning his body. When he did face the chapel, it was to sneer at Stefani. "A nice, foolish thing to do. Don't you know any better than to break open chapel doors? Answer me! You think it good sense to attract half Sicily to watch you arrest one old woman? Confound you, I'll make you sit up for this." Triumph, rather than anger, rang in Mori's voice.

"What else . . ." Stefani began. His face twitched with fear and resentment. Suspicion that Mori had planned this ignominy awakened in him.

A clatter of chairs resounded in the chapel, and Mori strode into the doorway. Chiesa and Rossi were dragging the Grisafi along the aisle. With one hand she hugged the broken broom to her chest. In the other she clutched a long fractured candle with which she delivered backhanded blows in Chiesa's screwed-up face. All three were shouting.

"Listen to me, woman," Mori bellowed. The Grisafi was at once silent, though when Chiesa released her arm she promptly struck him in the face with the candle.

"*Porca madonna*," Nunzio yelled and grabbed the candle. They tugged at it until the candle was nothing but a length of limp and broken segments in Chiesa's victorious grasp. He stared at it for a moment, swore horribly, and threw it upon the ground, whereupon the Grisafi spat in his face. Chiesa howled in rage.

"Take her to the Town Hall. Get into the car, you!" Ferrarello limped to the automobile.

"You, Stefani, and you two, take her to the Town Hall," Mori sneered, exulting over his subordinate. The two men dragged the Grisafi some thirty yards and halted. Because the men were now out of hearing, Stefani spoke up again.

"I shall not do that," he protested hotly. His indignation at being given such an ignominious task gave him courage.

"You will do that. And you will present yourself at my office at once." Livid with resentment and shame, Stefani muttered an order to the file.

"I shan't. You can't expect me to do

that. What . . ." Signor Stefani's voice suddenly dropped. The tone of controversy went out of it precisely because he had just fully realized what humiliation was about to befall him. He flushed deeply. "No, sir, you've no right. I am an officer too."

"Ha, so you're an officer! You therefore have the right to break down chapel doors. Oh, yes, my dear sir. Church doors too? Why not? Up to the dimensions of small cathedrals? So you're an officer, eh? And not Toni Stefani, the little fish peddler."

"Mother of God, you've no right . . ." Stefani burst out. "The little fish peddler" was the nickname he had always borne among the townspeople. From the days of his early childhood his father had not only forbidden him to mix with other children but had given other men's youngsters the same admonition, in the very presence of their parents. Since that time he had been called by that derisive nickname. For a few moments Stefani's courage endured, and then suddenly he was facing Mori the man. Mori stood over him, the hot blast of personal strength coming out of him like a sirocco. Stefani wilted and gazed wretchedly into the black-shadowed, exultant face of Mori, into its sneering power.

"You shouldn't give me such an order, sir," he faltered.

"No?" Mori did not soften. On the contrary, it seemed to Stefani that he lifted up his bulk and bore down upon him. "Eh, *bedda matri!* The young fish peddler is ashamed. There will be sly women peeping out of their houses as he leads his captive through the streets. That's what they'll do, my little sir. They'll say, 'Signor Stefani's big day. He's got a prisoner! An old lady with bees in her bonnet.' You should be proud, Signor. Eh, that you should! The way you were when I gave you the order." Mori laughed scornfully. "You marched off in great style. You certainly did."

Stefani's eyes were opened. So Mori had given him this mission deliberately to bring him to ridicule. It was part of Mori's undeclared feud with his father. It could not be called a feud, for Stefani senior had failed to gain the protection of the *pezzi grande* in Catania. And Stefani senior was too pusillanimous a nature to fight on his own.

"You should not bring the party into contempt, Signor." It was Stefani's last desperate defense.

"You cause me to smile," Mori sneered and returned to his car. When he had driven away, the fish curer strode

off across the garbage patch leaving the file to escort Rosaria Grisafi to the piazza. The woman went quietly enough and only shouted when she caught sight of Bencivenni standing on the steps of the great church. She tried to shake the broom head at the sexton. Rossi struck it from her hand.

Stefani junior, though he was a subsecretary of the Fascio, did not present himself at the office where the local leaders were to listen to the directions of an important functionary from Catania who had arrived during the file's operation on the hill. Caustically yet smoothly, the functionary expressed his disapproval of the Grisafi incident, suggesting that a disproportionate importance had been given to that source of demoralization.

"You must make some attempt to understand the mentality of the people, gentlemen," he continued glacially. "It may be true that this old woman was a demoralizing influence, prompting superstitious fears. But surely you realize that people, being what they are, resent the person who awakens their fear? With a little care they could have been made to approve of her—withdrawal." He chose the word as if selecting it from its pigeonhole in an archive of words.

The functionary continued to unwind his silken discourse, leaning back a little farther from the table at each period. He had heard that the people of San Filippo were already trying to make a hero out of Don Cataldo, whispering of him that he was a member of a powerful monarchist society. A few, the functionary added, in gelid tones, would try to make a heroine of Rosaria Grisafi.

A smile became set upon the elder Stefani's face during the functionary's criticism of Mori. It delighted him to see the San Filippo leader deflated. But after a while his satisfaction was marred by his certain knowledge that when the functionary had gone he, Signor Stefani, would suffer the full, withering blast of Mori's wrath. Nevertheless, it was good to see the overbearing ruler of San Filippo put down.

"But I take a different view of the Maniscalco affair," the visitor concluded, as if dismissing a tiresome employee. "Here is an instance of flagrant incitement to disloyalty. You cannot be unaware of the nature of the offense. He was agitating against military service. Everyone in this town will have repeated his words. There is surely no doubt in your mind as to the course you should

take. Why has nothing been done, Major Mori?"

"It shall be done." Mori angrily gave orders to his son, Antonio, also an assistant subsecretary of the local Fascio, to arrest the goatherd. Signor Stefani was shocked by Mori's tone, and alarmed.

"And there is little reason to detain this person Ferrarello."

"The man has a criminal record," Stefani senior said deferentially, in order to curry favor with the Major.

"Very well," Mori snapped.

Half an hour later the mandolinist, squatting sulkily upon the steps of the church, watched a car drive away in the direction of Catania. Sitting in it was Rosaria Grisafi. "They're going to lock her up in a beneficent institution for the care of the mentally sick. *Bedda matri!*" Ferrarello said to Bencivenni, who came out to send the mandolinist about his business. He held the yellow broom in his hand. Ferrarello moved down four steps into the sunlight.

"I'll sit here and beg. You can't turn me away."

"Can't I! A fine beggar, you! Begging is forbidden by the state. You put more liquor down your throat than I do food," Bencivenni exclaimed with incongruous pomposity.

"Just look at yourself, beanstalk," Ferrarello sneered.

"Pack yourself off at once, mountebank." The sexton brandished the bright yellow broom at Filippo. The mandolinist scowled at Bencivenni before replying, "You should say artiste. Well, anyway you don't stink of stale fish." Stefani junior was crossing the piazza.

"Eh, Holy Mother of God!" Bencivenni exclaimed hurling the broom upon the steps.

"What has occurred to you now, my lord cardinal?"

"She's got the keys in her pocket."

"Such professional jealousy," Ferrarello murmured.

Bencivenni stalked into the gloom of the church without answer. Several minutes later Diodata, Ferrarello's mother, slip-slopped by.

"A little alms for the love of God, kind and beautiful lady," Filippo quavered, holding up his cupped hand.

"Catastrophic failure!" he ejaculated as Diodata walked on. Before leaving the house she had heard of Filippo's release, and relief had set loose her anger. "Spendthrift!" she spat at him.

Presently he wriggled up the steps and fell asleep in the shade.

[To be continued next week]

Letters to the Editors

The Swedish Myth

Dear Sirs: Allow me to put on record my emphatic disagreement with practically everything Maurice Feldman said in his article called Where Sweden Stands, in *The Nation* of October 11. The fact is that Sweden since the beginning of the war, and in particular since the outbreak of hostilities with Russia, has committed countless violations of neutrality, none of them for the benefit of the Allies. German airplanes that fly over Swedish territory are no longer shot at. If they crash by accident, their crews are no longer interned. The supposedly one and last German division which was officially permitted to cross Swedish territory in June is still going back and forth between the Nazi bases in Norway and the Finnish front. So much so that the Norwegians, who really and bravely fight Nazism, now mockingly call Sweden "Transitania" and say "it wasn't a division, it was a multiplication."

It is not true, as Mr. Feldman said, that the Swedish government has declared recruiting for the Finland Corps unlawful. It did declare recruiting for the German Waffen SS unlawful after it had been revealed that these recruits were sent to Norway to help subdue the patriots there, but it specifically excepted from the ban recruiting for the Finland Corps, and this still goes on with the full support of Swedish military and civilian authorities.

Nordstjärnan, the Swedish weekly paper in New York, printed on August 28, with glee not regret, a report that 50 Swedish officers and non-coms and some 400 men already were fighting on the Russian front, and that fresh contingents were coming over at the rate of 150 to 180 men a week. The paper made it clear that these were not, as in the 1939-40 war, civilian volunteers, but fully trained and equipped soldiers, that is, taken out of Sweden's armed forces. Thus Sweden, that brave little democracy, is depleting its own military resources to help Germany invade and destroy the official ally of Great Britain and the United States.

And what of the German ammunition train, marked "foodstuffs," that blew up on July 19 at Krylbo, Sweden? What of the Swedish navy conveying men, guns, and ammunition to Finland,

as was dramatically exposed by the "accident" to the three Swedish destroyers at Harsfjärden on September 17?

I have no grounds for suspecting Mr. Feldman's honesty or his attachment to democratic ideals, but I must say that the picture he drew of Sweden today is exactly what the German propaganda agencies would like to have us swallow. The Nazis are interested in presenting Sweden as a gallant little democracy resisting German pressure—if this picture gains ground, the British blockade may be weakened and American export licenses may again be granted for Sweden, whence the goods can then be reshipped to Germany.

I wish that Mr. Feldman's Where Sweden Stands were true. But I know it isn't. The Swedish myth still is popular in America. One day there will be a cruel awakening.

JOACHIM JOESTEN

New York, October 21

Mr. Feldman Brings Up Reinforcements

Dear Sirs: Joachim Joesten, recording his "emphatic disagreement" with my article on Sweden, says that German pilots of airplanes that crash in Sweden are no longer interned, but he gives us no figures to show how many pilots have been sent back to Germany.

As to the attitude of the Swedish workers and farmers toward the Russian-Finnish war, if Mr. Joesten had more first-hand information he would know that the Swedish people do not feel the same sympathy for Finland now as during the campaign of 1939-40. If he had read the *Göteborg Handels-och Sjöfärstidning* of October 24, 1941, he would have seen there, in one of many anti-German articles, this confirmation of my contention: "The ill-will with which bourgeois circles in oppressed countries formerly regarded Russia also is beginning to disappear. Why the 'crusade' against Bolshevism has had this effect need not be explained. The cause is evident." In the *Politisk Tidskrift*, official periodical of the peasants' organization, appears a similar statement: "This war does not mean a crusade against Bolshevism but much rather a realization of Hitler's maniacal imperialistic dreams."

Letters from persons now in Sweden and conversations with others who have just come from Sweden further confirm the views put forth in my article. Karl Heinz, one of the leaders of the Austrian Social Democratic Party, who arrived recently in the United States from Sweden, where he worked in close collaboration with the Swedish Social Democratic Party, not only agrees with my article, but also tells me that the Swedish workers, peasants, and intellectuals are doing heroic things for Norway. The truth is that the Norwegian people still have a high regard for the Swedes. They know, and so does every well-informed student of Scandinavian affairs, in how many ways Sweden is helping Norway at the present time.

Mr. Joesten writes: "The Nazis are interested in presenting Sweden as a gallant little democracy resisting German pressure." Why? Are the Nazis also interested in having the United States resist German pressure? George Gibson, the head of the British Trades Union Congress, after a recent visit to Sweden, drew a picture of the country for the people of Great Britain in numerous articles and radio speeches. Does Mr. Joesten think that Gibson's picture "is exactly what the German propaganda agencies would like to have us swallow"?

I am proud to be in the company of George Gibson, Karl Heinz, and other leaders of the British Labor Party and the Second International. Only people who have present contacts with Swedish officials, trade-union leaders, students, workers, business men, journalists, etc., should be presumptuous enough to put on record their agreement or disagreement.

MAURICE FELDMAN

New York, October 27

On Mr. Jarrell as Critic

Dear Sirs: Recently you printed a review by Randall Jarrell of the poetry of Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska which is a startling example of deadly and uncreative tendencies in criticism. The review also shows that the reviewer is aware of poetry, and under the circumstances this is a discouraging revelation.

No matter how many poems a reviewer has read, is his taste reliable when he can suggest that Mr. Gregory

should have written, if he were really an ironist, "soft-breasted Whitman" instead of "wide-breasted Whitman"? That is an issue of verbal taste, and since criticism of poetry depends on this, it is an important issue. One does not even need to have read Miss Zaturenska's poetry to see, on internal evidence in this review alone, that Mr. Jarrell's sneering objections to her work are based on dislike of her range of imagery and her own verbal taste. After we have discovered such a lapse in the reviewer as the one quoted above, we begin to wonder. And we discover an equally important error in his attitude and tone toward the poets he is treating so summarily; there is contempt here—revealed in his use of the "mouse" figure—and contempt is a strange emotion with which to approach the work of any creative artist, whether that work is successful or not. There is also a premature desire to bury these poets, who are still young and very much alive: to bury Mr. Gregory with mild respect and condescension, as if his work belonged to a very confused past; and to bury Miss Zaturenska with an amused surprise at the fact that she writes poetry at all, since she is hopelessly handicapped by not having known English in her cradle. Has Mr. Jarrell forgotten Conrad?

I happen to disagree with Mr. Jarrell. But even if I agreed in substance with his judgment on these poets, my main discomfort about this review would still exist. In no sense can this sort of thing be called criticism. Poetry is one of the important efforts of the creative spirit; and in a tragic era, which demands the intensification of creative awareness, real criticism neither sneers nor tries to obliterate. It welcomes what is good and places its emphasis there. And it illuminates its rejection of what is bad—of course it must reject as well as accept—by fair analysis, for its purpose is to aid our perception of real values.

REBECCA PITTS

New York, October 15

And His Reply

Dear Sirs: I'm rather puzzled by Miss Pitts's specific points. Mr. Gregory writes metropolitan poetry, Miss Zaturenska pastorals; so I used a very brief figure about town mouse and country mouse; but surely that's not contempt. I tried to explain Miss Zaturenska's verbal weakness by saying, "She is handicapped for poetry, just as Santayana was: by not having spoken English as

a child." Does that show "amused surprise" or "bury" her as "hopelessly handicapped"? While commenting on the inconsistency of Mr. Gregory's irony, his unqualified acceptance of Emerson and "wide-breasted" Whitman, I put in a parenthetical joke: "Surely so ironic a poet might have said *soft*"; is that an "issue of verbal taste"? Miss Pitts has not read, but interpreted, my review.

Calling a partly unfavorable review sneering, contemptuous, not criticism at all, certainly ought to influence the critic to write more favorably: who wants to write an unfavorable review and have Miss Pitts act as if he had murdered the Princes in the Tower? Some old writer said that a poet, writing about someone, "may nat spare, although he were his own brother"; I suppose that it is different with criticism, which "welcomes what is good and places its emphasis there."

RANDALL JARRELL

Austin, Tex., October 23

Another Non-Winner

Dear Sirs: That was a swell review of "Pulitzer Prize Poems" you printed in your September 27 issue. Rolfe Humphries is to be credited with both intelligence and intelligibility on the subject of taste in poetry. To his list of non-winners of the Pulitzer prize who have written poetry of quality may I add the name of Rolfe Humphries?

DORIS BENARDETE

Brooklyn, N. Y., October 6

"Advance" and Union Labor

Dear Sirs: It seems to me that in the interest of truth, the Congregationalist paper *Advance* should not say on its masthead that it is printed by the Pilgrim Press when such a press no longer exists. I have made this protest several times to the editor of *Advance* and to other leaders of the Congregational Church—without result.

Advance is printed by the R. R. Donnelly Company of Crawfordsville, Indiana, an anti-labor concern against which the printing-trades unions are conducting a nation-wide campaign. It is a fact that several years ago the Donnelly Company was found guilty of unfair labor practices by a court in Indiana.

Considering that democracy is clearly on the defensive throughout the world, I think it would be wiser for churches to employ union labor for their printing

and other work. At least, the misstatement about who prints *Advance* should be rectified.

MARION E. LEWIS

Marshfield, Mass., October 28

George Sterling

Dear Sirs: I am writing the biography of George Sterling (1869-1926), and shall be very glad to hear from any *Nation* readers who have recollections or impressions of this neglected California poet who was a protege of the late Ambrose Bierce and a close friend of Jack London.

CYRIL CLEMENS

Webster Grove, Mo., October 17

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The Shape of Things

THE CONTRADICTIONS IN JAPANESE POLICY toward the United States have never been more strikingly illustrated than by the developments of the past week. Simultaneously with the dispatch of Saburo Kurusu, former Japanese ambassador to Germany, as a special envoy to make another attempt to reach a settlement with the United States, the *Japan Times Advertiser*, an organ of the Foreign Office, published a series of seven demands which, it said, this country must accept or "face the alternatives." We were told, for example, that all military and economic aid to China must cease, that Chungking must be advised to make the best peace it can with Japan, that Manchoukuo and Japan's "co-prosperity sphere" in East Asia must be recognized, and that the freezing orders and other restrictions on trade with Japan must be lifted. Kurusu has not been sent to Washington in the expectation of gaining all these demands—or any of them—without substantial concessions on the part of Japan. The Japanese Foreign Office is not so unrealistic as to dispatch its ace negotiator on such a futile mission. Kurusu has been sent because the Japanese government is in desperate need of an agreement with the United States that will relieve the economic pressure that has resulted from the freezing orders. But Kurusu's hands are tied by the fact that neither he nor any other statesman can recede from the expansionist program to which the government is publicly committed. Mr. Churchill's announcement that strong British naval forces are now available for service in the Far East makes the Japanese dilemma even more acute.

★

GENERAL WINTER IS NOW DEPLOYING HIS forces on the eastern front, and German hopes for the early capture of Moscow have become dim. In fact, there is reason to suppose that the Reichswehr's present offensive operations on the central front are designed as a feint to distract attention from preparations for a new drive in the south. There is no sign that the British are moving toward the opening of a second front apart from increased air and naval activity in the Mediterranean.

Southern Italian cities which are supply bases for Axis forces in North Africa are being heavily bombed night after night, and in a brilliant sea action a light British squadron sank ten merchant ships bound for Tripoli and two Italian destroyers. This intensified drive against Axis communications in the Mediterranean may be the prelude to a new land offensive against Libya, or it may be designed mainly to discourage a winter attack by the enemy. The unknown factor in the North African situation is the extent to which British reserves in Egypt have been reduced for the benefit of the army General Wavell is organizing in Iran. British bombing raids on Germany are also being undertaken on a greatly increased scale, giving point to Winston Churchill's claim that full parity with Germany has been achieved in the air.

★

AS WE GO TO PRESS NEWS COMES OF THE rejection by the Defense Mediation Board of John L. Lewis's demand for a closed shop in the "captive" coal mines. By confronting the government with a dreadful dilemma Lewis has probably enhanced his political position within the labor movement. But his own advantage may not be labor's, because if the Administration is compelled to choose between the total requirements of national defense and the immediate interests of one sector of American society, there is hardly any doubt where its choice will lie. We plan to treat the problem fully next week, when a knowledge of the board's reasons and of labor's reaction will have made an analysis possible.

★

THE DIPLOMATIC SET AND THE SOCIAL ELITE of Washington must have prepared for the anniversary of the Russian Revolution by fasting. At the annual reception they poured into the Soviet embassy and elbowed their way to the heavily loaded tables like the noon-day crowd at the free-lunch counter of an old-fashioned saloon; they looted the vases of red roses on their way out. Lights had to be flashed off and on to clear the place of famished refugees from the Social Register by 7:30 p.m. Platters of fish, poultry, and caviar were swept clean almost as soon as they reached the tables, and there was a bull market in vodka. One couldn't help thinking of the men on the eastern front. Major Attlee was there, but Lord and Lady Halifax were not. The Axis, of course, and its belligerent allies, Finnish, Hungarian, and Rumanian, were not represented. Nor was Franco Spain or Pétain France. But the Bulgarian Minister was the first diplomat to arrive, and later the Japanese Ambassador, with Hu Shih a few paces behind him, came to pay his respects. Portents more easily read lay in the reappearance at the embassy of liberals and ex-fellow-travelers but lately anathematized as tools of capitalist imperialism.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, ON THE EVE OF THE celebration, gave more tangible evidence of America's appreciation of Russia's stand against the Nazis. The billion-dollar loan is the first step in implementing the promises made to Stalin in Moscow, and comes after the Russians had exhausted their own funds in this country, repaid \$10,000,000 of the original \$40,000,000 advanced by the Treasury, and drawn half of the \$100,000,000 credit later made available by the RFC. The size of the new loan is impressive, but a tank attack at Kalinin cannot be stopped by waving drafts on dollar balances in New York. Hitler's guess was that he could defeat the Russians before we could produce enough tanks and planes to save them, and the test will come on the production—not the dotted—line.

★

DIRECT PARTICIPATION OF TRADE-UNION and small-business representatives in the defense program is made all the more necessary by the SPAB's order shifting from priorities to a system of allocating raw materials. Under this system each industry will draw up a schedule of what it intends to produce next year and what materials it needs. The SPAB will decide how much of each material will be necessary for defense purposes and how much can be allocated to civilian industry. This arrangement will make the SPAB the virtual dictator of American business. Production schedules will be drawn up by dollar-a-year men in the different branches of the OPM after consultation with the industry advisory committees. Both the committees and the dollar-a-year men are representative of the bigger business units and cannot be relied on to give either the small business man or the worker fair treatment. We think it time that advisory committees representing labor and small business be set up for each industry. Such committees, or industry councils as suggested by Murray, will be additionally useful if the government attempts properly to police inventories. Supplies cannot be allocated until the SPAB knows what supplies we have. Many manufacturers have piled up huge inventories of raw materials. These stocks are said by informed persons to have a value about \$1,500,000,000 above the value of similar stocks in 1929. The hoarders can hardly be expected to check up adequately on themselves.

★

THE TREASURY'S LATEST TAX PROPOSALS, including a 15 per cent tax to be levied on all incomes at the source, were probably meant to prepare the public for a drastic, but not quite so overwhelming, tax increase in 1942. There seems very little chance that Congress could be induced to accept Mr. Morgenthau's suggestions *in toto*—with elections less than twelve months off. But it is evident that something approaching the \$4,800,000,000 in new taxes envisioned by Mr. Mor-

genthau must be raised if inflation is to be checked. The Treasury is undoubtedly right in insisting that some of the burden will have to be carried by families in the medium- and relatively low-income groups. But a flat wage tax, even with exemptions, is wholly indefensible. One does not have to be a tax expert to realize that a 15 per cent tax on a salary of \$1,800 a year is a far greater burden than a similar levy on \$50,000 a year. And no tax on low-income groups can be justified until we have an iron-clad excess-profits tax that appropriates all of the profits attributable to the national emergency. Such a levy would raise the greater part of the \$4,800,000,000 required by the Treasury. Most of the remainder could be obtained by a relatively small increase in the income-tax rates on medium and high incomes. If, for political reasons, Congress wishes to supplement this program with a levy on pay rolls, serious study should be given to the "deferred income" proposals advanced by John Maynard Keynes, which have been adopted in part by the British government.

✱

THE HOBBS CONCENTRATION-CAMP BILL was sugarcoated for the Department of Justice by the inclusion of two sections, 401 and 402, giving the Attorney General a limited discretion in a limited number of so-called "hardship cases." Cases of this kind crop up often in the news. A man of good character is found after many years to have entered the country illegally or is threatened suddenly with deportation because of some irregularity in his papers. Sections 401 and 402 of the Hobbs bill would have given the Attorney General power to prevent deportations in many cases of this kind. The sections were added to the bill after the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization had been transferred from the Labor Department to the Department of Justice. The Labor Department had strongly opposed the passage of the Hobbs bill. The Justice Department, after these changes, supported it. But Sections 401 and 402 have now been taken out of the bill in the House Judiciary Committee at the request of Hobbs, who said Congressmen Dies and Starnes threatened to block its passage before the Rules Committee unless they were. Without them the bill has become a straight repressive measure. Will Attorney General Biddle now withdraw his department's support of the measure?

✱

BEHOLD THE WONDERS OF APPEASEMENT! Last week New York was visited by a group of Spaniards en route to Peru, all armed with the necessary documents for transit through the United States. These personages comprised the Phalangist delegation sent by General Franco to the celebration of Pizarro's fourth centenary, to be held this week at Lima. Among them

were three active members of the Council of the Hispanidad: the Marquis of Lozoya, Director of Fine Arts in the Franco government; the Duke of San Lorenzo, a colonel of infantry representing the army; and Captain Francisco Regalado of the General Staff of the Ministry of Marine, representing the navy. Everybody familiar with Franco's foreign policy knows that the main object of the council is to oppose in all the Latin American countries the influence of the United States and the movement for hemispheric solidarity and defense of the democracies. Through the generosity of the State Department three important members of this propaganda agency were given a golden opportunity to stimulate the activities of the Phalanx in New York—an enterprise which was effectively exposed in *PM* a few days ago. In Lima they will be equally useful in encouraging the cooperation of the various Axis agents, whose energetic efforts against the United States are sufficiently known. But while the State Department was busy facilitating the work of its outspoken enemies, it found time to deny a visa to Gonzales Peña, Socialist Minister of Justice in the last Negrín government and chairman of the *Union General de Trabajadores*. Señor Peña, who is at present living in exile in Mexico, was appointed by the U. G. T. to bring the greetings of the Spanish workers to the International Labor Conference in New York.

✱

MEANWHILE ANOTHER SPANISH DEMOCRAT, Francisco Largo Caballero, former Premier and also a former head of the U. G. T., has been arrested in unoccupied France by the Vichy authorities at the request of Franco. The seventy-four-year-old leader, whose life since the fall of France has been filled with dangers and vexations, now faces a tribunal in Limoges which will decide whether or not he shall be delivered to Franco. His extradition, as in the case of the President of the *Generalidad de Cataluña*, Luis Companys, and of the brilliant writer and former Minister of the Interior, Julian Zugazagoitia, would mean court martial and certain death. The news of his arrest has aroused indignation throughout the United States and Latin America, and it is rumored that a protest has been lodged in Vichy by the highest American authorities. It is to be hoped that before these words are read the Vichy government will have been shamed into freeing a man who is honored for his integrity and courage by his most vigorous political opponents. Whatever his fate, an ironical moral may be drawn from the fact that while Spanish fighters for democracy encounter endless difficulties in the democratic countries and face deportation and death at the hands of the pro-Axis powers, such enemies of democracy as the Phalangists enjoy the natural support of the pro-Axis governments and the hospitality of the democratic countries as well.

The Railroad Dispute

A NATION-WIDE railroad strike is threatened next month in consequence of the rejection by the operating unions of the recommendations of the Fact-finding Board appointed by the President under the terms of the Railroad Labor Act. Two reasons have been given by the Brotherhoods for their action: they are seeking a rise in basic wages whereas the board proposed what is in effect a temporary bonus; and, in any case, they regard the suggested increases as inadequate. The recommendations, described by one union spokesman as "insulting," include a 7½ per cent increase for operating employees—the best-paid railroad workers—and a rise of 9 cents an hour, or about 13 per cent, for the non-operating grades, together with a week's annual vacation beginning next year. In addition, a permanent basic minimum of 45 cents an hour is proposed for all railroad workers except those on the so-called "short lines," for which a minimum of 40 cents is suggested.

These increases, which fall far short of the original demands of the unions, would, it is estimated, cost the railroads about \$270 million a year, or about half their probable net income for the present year, which is proving their most profitable since 1929. Current prosperity, however, is inexorably linked to the defense boom, and the board accepted the contention of the companies that a condition which may prove very short-lived does not justify a permanent addition to railroad wages. Hence its recommendation that the proposed increases should terminate automatically on December 31, 1942.

Although the operating unions have called a strike for December 5, there is a very general belief that no stoppage will in fact take place. The companies hope that the President will back the board's recommendations and will mobilize public opinion against any further concessions to the unions. The latter look in the same direction for moral support for a more favorable settlement, backed, perhaps, by a threat of government operation of the railroads. Mr. Roosevelt has yet to be heard from, but prospects appear good for an agreement on rather better terms for the workers than those advocated by the board. In this event the companies will undoubtedly seek and probably find compensation in higher freight rates.

However satisfactory such a compromise might prove to the two sides in the current dispute, it could hardly be greeted with unalloyed pleasure by consumers and taxpayers. The operating unions, whose members are among the best-paid workers in the country, are using the threat of a strike which would tie up the whole defense program not merely to obtain an offset to the increased cost of living but to obtain an improved standard of living. It is hard to criticize them while numerous corporations are taking advantage of the urgencies of defense needs

to get away with bigger slices of the national cake. But it is becoming clearer daily that the size of the cake available for American consumption is shrinking and that for the period of the emergency all those above the level of subsistence must expect to reduce their standard of living. If strategically placed groups, whether capitalist or labor, are able to increase their relative shares of net national income, it must mean more than proportionate sacrifices for the rest.

The present crisis on the railroads illustrates the futility of attempting to handle piecemeal the problem, created by the defense program, of how to distribute a limited supply of goods among consumers. The report of the Fact-finding Board recognized this situation when it declared that an "effective attack on the problem [of incipient inflation] can only be made for all classes, groups, and industries. Such a comprehensive attack, if it is going to be made at all, must be made by the government. It must grow out of a carefully formulated and well-coordinated plan covering prices, wages, profits, taxes, credit, investment, and priorities."

Hitler's Double-Talk

BY FRED A KIRCHWEY

HITLER did not celebrate the anniversary of the October revolution in Red Square, and Stalin did. To the accompaniment of anti-aircraft fire and the distant sound of Nazi bombers, Stalin defied the invaders and prophesied the collapse of Hitler's regime within a year. Stalin stood out in the open surrounded by a people who had been hammered by Hitler into a unity more solid than the revolution itself had ever achieved. Stalin's voice, carrying to the farthest parts of the world, found response in hearts that were irreconcilably bitter against his rule until the day when Hitler made the Red Army the hope of successful resistance to fascist world conquest. November 7 of this year was a symbol not so much of the revolution as of the new collaboration between Soviet Russia and the Western world, of which the appointment of Maxim Litvinov as ambassador to Washington was a practical and striking demonstration. Litvinov is the living embodiment of that collaboration; just as his retirement from the Foreign Office in May, 1939, was an ominous forewarning of Stalin's repudiation of the principle of collective security and his coming attempt to buy peace with Hitler, so Litvinov's new assignment is an announcement that Russia has turned West again. The importance of the shift, in political as well as military terms, cannot yet even begin to be realized.

But if unforeseen obstacles prevented Hitler from attending the ceremonies in Moscow on November 7, he celebrated his own favorite anniversary the day after. Speaking from the beer hall in Munich from which has

flowed so much of the world's agony, Hitler's words were obviously addressed not to his comrades of the infamous putsch but to the men and women in the still unconquered countries to which he looks for support. His speech, like Stalin's, was a bid for the collaboration of the West—but it was directed to appeasers and fifth columnists rather than to fighters.

The meaning of the Nazi leader's speech is implicit rather than open and direct, and its effect may therefore be the greater. Hitler wasted less time than usual on denunciations and bombast. Though he reiterated his assurance of total Nazi victory and emphasized the futility of resistance, the arrangement of his ideas was clearly designed to please his apologists and to trap the unwary.

In effect Hitler repudiated the idea of world conquest. He dismissed the statement attributed to Wendell Willkie that either Washington or Berlin would be "the future capital of the world" by assuring his hearers that Berlin had no desire to be a world capital, while Washington certainly never could be. By a series of shrewd if mutually contradictory comments on the Battle of the North Atlantic, he attempted to put the United States clearly in the role of aggressor. "Mr. President Roosevelt," he said, "has commanded his ships to shoot as soon as they see German ships. And I have commanded German ships, whenever they see Americans, not to shoot thereupon, but to defend themselves as soon as they are attacked." This self-denying edict was practically repealed by the accompanying promise that German ships would sink on sight any ship of any nationality that "carries war materials." But the inconsistency was not apparent enough in the context to wipe out the effect of Hitler's expressions of restraint and forbearance in dealing with the threat of American "aggression." Isolationist orators in Congress and Hitler's stooges in America First will know what phrases to omit in applying the Führer's words to their not dissimilar ends. As for the President's charge that Hitler intends to conquer Latin America, it was brushed off as hardly worthy of adult attention. "South America," he said, "lies as far away as the moon."

This speech can be understood only in one context—the context of Hitler's projected peace drive. Its reassuring tone is not to be explained merely as an effort to discourage the United States from declaring war. That object is only part of a much greater plan.

The imminence of an attempt by Hitler to freeze the struggle into a state of suspended action while Germany consolidates its position on the Continent has been freely discussed in our pages. It was forecast by J. Alvarez del Vayo in his article *This War Is Different* on October 25, and Thomas Reveille last week subjected the coming "phony peace" to a searching analysis that should be reread in the light of Hitler's speech. This peace drive may prove more dangerous than a major military offensive. Let Hitler say: "I offer the world peace and recon-

ciliation. I will defend the New Order I have set up in Europe but I will not attack. If British planes bomb our Continental cities, I will send my planes over England. If Britain minds its own business, I will leave it alone. If the United States tries to sink Nazi ships, we will defend our rights on the sea. If the United States abandons these aggressive measures and agrees to a future of peaceful trade, it can count on our friendly cooperation. The needs of a war-torn Europe offer endless markets for the products of American farms and factories. Today the world may choose: peace and collaboration with the New Europe—or war to the end." Let Hitler say words like these, words which were in fact implicit in last Saturday's speech, and a hundred Lindberghs will cheer him.

It is up to those who understand the language and strategy of the fascist revolution to make clear to every doubting mind what purpose lies behind the threatened peace campaign. Hitler offers peace only when peace is equivalent to victory. He offers peace only when his aggressions have been carried to a point where they begin not to pay. A Hitler peace is war waged by other means and a preparation for the next armed attack. If Hitler asks for peace, all but Nazis and Nazi sympathizers will take his words as a call to arms. The day when Hitler no longer wants to fight is the day for the final struggle to begin.

The tough resistance of Moscow produced the speech of Munich. Effective, determined cooperation between Russia and the West must be the answer to that speech.

Federation Is Not Enough

BY NORMAN ANGELL

THIS past week has included Armistice Day—the twenty-third anniversary of the day which saw the end of the war that was to end war and make the world safe for democracy. The date was seized upon, appropriately enough, by peace organizations of all kinds and by those interested in peace aims and post-war reconstruction, to exchange ideas and promote views. The National Peace Conference decided to make Armistice Day a "World Government Day," in order, it explained, to "inaugurate a campaign for America's participation in a constitutional world order," since "the provision of justice and security for all requires a federal world government." The conference stressed its view of world government "as different from regional organization, a union of English-speaking democracies, etc."

The assumption underlying the effort of the National Peace Conference seems to be the one so often made by those concerned with the post-war settlement—that success in peace-making will depend upon the form of the post-war international organization, upon the "plan," the constitution, upon getting the details of the blue-

print just right, upon whether or not the future organization shall be a "league" or a "federation" and whether it shall be a federation of the world or confined to the democracies.

Yet the truth is that the tragic failure of the last victory, the fact that barely two decades after its achievement it has to be fought for all over again, has very little to do with the constitutional defects of the League of Nations or even with the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, though this statement will be hotly challenged in some quarters. (If that treaty caused this war, what caused World War I at a time when Europe was not living under such a treaty, when Germany had all its colonies and was enjoying great prosperity?) The League itself, despite manifest defects, might have been a brilliant success if the nation which initiated it, and Britain and the Dominions, which joined it, had done early what they now do late—if they had promptly and resolutely given aid to the victim of aggression whether they happened to like him or not; if the truth they now recognize—that we cannot in the long run effectively defend ourselves against evil and violence unless we are prepared on occasion to defend others—had been recognized when the last war ended. The second war has come because those who signed the Covenant failed to apply it even when it would have been relatively easy to do so, because they refused to combine against war.

Constitutions, plans, systems, whether political or economic, can never of *themselves* insure peace and well-being, for the obvious reason that they do not work automatically but are worked by men; whether the schemes are to achieve their intended purpose or not depends upon whether the men who carry them out understand what is primary and indispensable and what is secondary and optional. The futility of constitutions as such is revealed in the history of many of the Latin American republics during the nineteenth century. For whole decades bloody chaos and military dictatorship reigned in countries which had democratic constitutions, as democratic, theoretically, as that of the United States. One historian of the American Constitution has remarked that it succeeded in its early days because it was implemented by men who would have made any constitution successful.

Today it is evident to Britons that if China can be helped to continue its fight for freedom, then Britain's freedom is more secure; London and Hull and Bristol and Plymouth are safer. For if China can keep the Japanese occupied, Russia can draw troops from Siberia, throw them into the defense of Leningrad and Moscow, and so keep German forces from the attack upon Britain. We see, quite simply and clearly now, that the fight for freedom is indivisible, that the defense of other victims of violence is our defense. No one in Britain dreams of challenging that doctrine today; with the re-

sult that millions of Britons, capitalists and socialists, Tories and radicals alike, are willing to take immense risks to help Russia at this moment. But if it is true today that the indispensable condition of our own security is to help others, it was equally true ten or twenty years ago that the indispensable condition of our own security was to say that we *would* help others. And if we had made it clear that we would do what we are now doing, there would have been no war. (Lloyd George once wrote of the first World War that if those who finally took the field against Germany had said sufficiently long beforehand that they would do so, war would have been averted.) Yet the proposition, so self-evident now, that to defend ourselves we must defend others, even Russia, even far-off China, was only yesterday repudiated not merely by the realists, who called it outrageous nonsense, but by the moralists, who called it immoral warmongering. A great many of the latter—including eminent theologians in both Britain and America—insisted that while it was entirely right for a nation to use force to defend its own security and its own interests, it was wrong to use force, together with others, to defend the general security, the general interest, the law. There seemed to be no realization that this turned upside down the basic principle of organized society, that any society must collectively defend its members or become the impotent victim of the lawless violence of a minority, that if each acts only for his own defense and repudiates any obligation to help others, then a few ruthless gangsters who have the shrewdness to combine will be able to pick off their victims one by one until they have all at their mercy—which is what has happened over much of the earth already.

The primary right of all, the right for which the enemies of Hitler now struggle, is the right to life, existence, the right not to be tortured, killed, extinguished—unless, to escape that fate, the victim is prepared to surrender all other rights and freedoms whatsoever. That primary right has now been placed in jeopardy everywhere because we have not recognized the obligation by which alone it can be made secure—the obligation of all to defend the right to existence, to freedom, *as such*. In the past we have not believed in defending freedom; we have only believed in defending "our" freedom. By limiting the defense of freedom to our own, we have come near to making the defense of even that impossible.

These are elementary social truths, so elementary that one has a sense of apology in dwelling upon them. Yet it is certain that when Hitler comes along with his promise of peace to the West on condition that the West agree to let him swallow Russia and to let Japan swallow China, many eminent people, sure of their integrity, will urge, as they have done in the past, that this immoral transaction, fatal to all future freedom and security, be accepted as true "statesmanship."

Fumbles for Finland

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, November 9

THE Finnish question is a test of the effectiveness with which the United States—and Britain—can help the Soviets. The record so far is no model of swift action. The war began on June 22. Not until August 18 did the American government bring pressure to bear on the Finns to make peace. On that day Sumner Welles transmitted a Soviet peace proposal to Finland. In the memorandum of the conversation as now made public, Welles reports, "I said I was communicating this information as a transmitting agent and that at the moment I was expressing no official opinion with regard thereto." This may or may not explain why the Finns did not bother to answer. On October 3 Cordell Hull called in the Finnish minister, Hjalmar Procopé, and asked "whether Finland is going to be content to regain her lost territory and stop there, or whether she will go farther. . . ." Again there was no answer. Some time later the American minister in Helsinki was instructed to inform the Finnish government that it must discontinue offensive operations against the Soviets or lose our friendship. Again there was no indication that the Finnish government was interested in discussing peace. This statement I base directly on Secretary Hull's talk with the press on November 3.

Why did the State Department wait until November 3, almost three months after the Welles conversation, to reveal that Finland had been turning a cold shoulder to American requests that it accept a Soviet invitation to discuss peace? Secretary Hull waited almost a month after the Finnish armies had cut the Murmansk-Leningrad railway before he broke the news of the peace offer. A few days after he spoke, Murmansk, Russia's only ice-free port in the north, evacuated its civilians in preparation for a Nazi-Finnish siege. Early publication of the news was necessary (1) to show the Finnish government that we meant business, (2) to prepare the public mind here and in Britain for the possibility of war against Finland, (3) to clear the way for a British expeditionary force to help the Russians save Murmansk, and (4) to let the Finnish people know that Russia was offering peace on the basis of territorial concessions and that they would lose America's friendship if the offer was rejected. The conversation of August 18 should have contained a time limit for a reply, and the news of a rejection or a failure to answer should have been released at once. Quick action might have kept the supply line to Leningrad open.

Three weeks ago Moscow asked London to declare war on the Finns, Hungarians, and Rumanians, and the failure of the British government to reply has drawn protests even from the *London Times*. The British government sought to give the impression that it hesitated to act against Finland for fear of American displeasure. It was a "planted" question at the November 3 press conference as to what our attitude would be toward a British declaration of war against Finland that provided the occasion for Secretary Hull's revelations. I am reliably informed that the President and Ambassador Winant wanted to bring the peace offer into the open in September but that the British balked. From what I know of Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the heroic fight the Soviets are waging, I believe that report. But I wonder whether influences in our own State Department have not also been a retarding factor. I find Secretary Hull, in the statement made at the November 3 conference, referring to Finland as one of the anti-Nazi countries, a description at the moment requiring considerable qualification. I find the *New York Times* reporting from Washington on November 7 concerning the peace offer, "It has never been expected that the reply, even if adverse, would cause any immediate alteration in the relations of the two countries," that is, the United States and Finland. This almost certainly reflects "off the record" statements made to the *Times* man in the State Department. I also wonder what Secretary Hull meant when he said on November 3 that he asked for ■ withdrawal of the Finnish troops *in principle*. Does ■ withdrawal *in principle* mean that troops still stand where they are?

The State Department has no right to be dilatory or vague. Murmansk is at stake, and peace with Finland would release many Russian divisions for the defense of Leningrad and Moscow. According to information at the War Department, the Germans and Finns had eight divisions on the northern part of the Finnish-Russian front and moved two more divisions there on the mere report that a B. E. F. was a possibility. Mannerheim has eleven divisions, mostly if not all Finnish, on the southern half of the front. One of the divisions in the north is an Alpine division of Nazi troops brought over from Norway through Sweden, with Swedish permission. This statement is also based on War Department information. These figures give some idea of what peace, or a B. E. F., could do, either to free Russian troops or to force the diversion of more Nazi troops to the north, relieving pressure on Leningrad and Moscow.

The Finns, as I know from unofficial talks, are preparing to put in claims for territory far beyond the historical limits of Finland. The State Department could do a great deal of damage by permitting long discussion of these claims to delay an end of hostilities or a British expeditionary force. The department occupies a strategic position in another respect: it is clear that the Finnish people are not getting the truth about this peace offer from their government. The first big assignment for Colonel William J. Donovan's newly organized short-wave propaganda division is to place the facts before the Finnish people. The division's job is to mobilize democratic and Social Democratic sentiment in Finland for peace and against the policies of Mannerheim, a German sympathizer from the last war and a fascist. This is the kind of revolutionary, democratic fifth-column work we did in the last war, when we helped subvert the imperial governments of both Germany and Austria-Hungary, and this is the kind of work we must do again if we are to raise the people of Europe against Hitler.

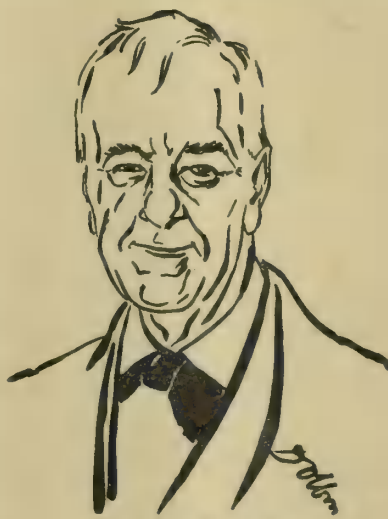
But Donovan, aside from his own limitations as a conservative, is operating under several handicaps. One is

that we have as yet only one short-wave station whose beam hits squarely at Finland. Another is that an effective job of propaganda among the politically advanced and sophisticated Finnish working and middle classes requires a more leftist appeal than the Atlantic Charter or the Four Freedoms. A third is that our short-wave stations are owned by such big radio-equipment manufacturers as Westinghouse and General Electric, which might oppose and could reject proposed broadcast copy they thought too radical. The most important obstacle is that Donovan's division, though it will deny it, is pretty much under the State Department's thumb with respect to the kind of propaganda it may send out, and the thumb is usually that of Michael J. McDermott, chief information officer of the department, a right-wing Catholic and a State Department old-timer liberally incrustured with bureaucratic barnacles. It is here that we come up against the basic problem of implementing our vague speeches about democracy with a concrete program and direct propaganda. We're not going to solve that problem until control of policy and propaganda is lodged in more vigorous and progressive hands.

Good Neighbor Daniels

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

ONE day in 1933 I was on my way back to Mexico City from one of my frequent visits to the interior of the country when at a wayside stop I suddenly noticed a rather excited crowd obviously awaiting the arrival of an unwelcome visitor. In the general noise I could make out unflattering remarks addressed to the expected traveler, whose presence in Mexico was evidently considered something of a national outrage. I heard no specific name, but the word "ambassador" was distinctly repeated again and again. I could hardly believe that it was I who could be the object of so unflattering an outburst, for the Spanish Republic, still very young, was popular among the Indian masses, and through my close contact with the common people I had succeeded in removing much of the deep-rooted animosity they had always felt toward the stiff diplomatic representatives of the old monarchy. My confidence was confirmed in a few minutes, when upon learning my identity the mood of the crowd changed and the deprecatory clamor gave way to pro-



Josephus Daniels

longed cheering. The momentary confusion had been caused by the simultaneous arrival of two ambassadors; the hostile demonstration was intended for the newly appointed American envoy.

It was in this atmosphere, charged with memories of intervention by the marines at Vera Cruz, that Josephus Daniels, who as Secretary of the Navy had been held responsible for that incident, made his entrance as United States Ambassador to Mexico. That Mr. Daniels's resignation last week, eight years after his arrival, provoked genuine consternation

among the Mexican people is a good indication of the tact and understanding that characterized his long and popular ambassadorship.

When I left Mexico in the summer of 1933, both Ambassador Daniels and his wife had already won the hearts of the Mexicans. Early in 1940, when the problem of the oil expropriations threatened once more to poison relations with the United States, I was again in Mexico and heard from President Cárdenas himself, a man

known for his sobriety of speech, the most eloquent and sincere eulogies of the American ambassador.

On the same day I had an opportunity to talk long and informally with Mr. Daniels about the struggle of Spain and about Mexico, which we both loved. I was amazed at the alertness of his mind, at his extensive knowledge, at his appreciation of tendencies that must lead to a tragic unfolding of the situation in France, and at his realistic attitude toward the dangers of fascist penetration in Latin America. He was one of those who realized from the start the deplorable effects that a collapse of the Spanish Republic would have on the Spanish-speaking countries of the Western Hemisphere. He knew that a rebel victory would allow Hitler to make use of Franco in Latin America to promote hostility against the United States. Ultimately he considered the loss of the Loyalist cause an American disaster. Since the end of the Spanish war he has followed with profound interest the work of the Spanish cultural institutions established in Mexico by intellectual émigrés, and he well understands how the influence of these Republican exiles might be used to counteract the anti-democratic activities assigned to the Phalanx.

Josephus Daniels went directly to the people. Although he never mastered the Spanish language, his winning personality enabled him effectively to address the masses, who very quickly identified him as a real friend of

Mexico. He spared no effort to be present at every important manifestation of Mexican social life, whether it was an art exhibit or the establishment of a new *ejido* in which land-hungry peasants could till communally a piece of ground formerly owned by foreign capital. The Mexicans knew that he viewed relations between neighbor nations as having far broader aspects than the defense of any private interests. He was not the aggressive attorney of an influential group of investors but the ambassador of one people to another.

I can hardly conclude even these brief remarks on Ambassador Daniels without a reference to the warm sympathy he displayed when the flight of those two remarkable Spanish fliers Barberán and Collar, the first to be attempted between Spain and Mexico, ended in disaster. In those trying days, days of anguish for me who had whole-heartedly supported the experiment, Ambassador Daniels was often with me. At that time Republican Spain enjoyed a popularity that the new American Ambassador had yet to win. A smaller man would have resented the situation. Ambassador Daniels was wonderful. I well recall his firm handshake and his encouraging words whenever he came to the Spanish embassy for the latest news.

Every Mexican who knows him—which is to say nearly all Mexico—must share the devoted admiration that I have for him.

Passage to India

BY PAUL WOHL

FOR the first time in more than two thousand years the military might of Europe strikes eastward toward Central Asia. In the past when European powers have penetrated into Asia, it has been from the coast. Only Russia, itself half Asiatic, expanded overland to the foot of the Himalayas and the landlocked plateaus of inner Asia. For the rest of Europe, as for America, Asia has been an overseas country, with Britain guarding the route to the East from Suez to Aden and Rangoon. Now, not much more than three hundred years after the apogee of the Second Mongol Empire, a nation of the West advances on the ancient land route to India and China. Germany is striving to realize a new *Drang nach Osten*, a revised version of its Berlin to Baghdad dream.

The Caucasus is the last powerful bastion barring the road to India. If Nazi Germany's mechanized armies can drive to the shores of the Caspian Sea, they will stand at the threshold of the treasure house of the British Empire. From the western shore of the Caspian two age-

old routes lead to Asia: one across or around the sea into Turkestan and from there either across the Oxus into Afghanistan and India or over Badakhstan, the "roof of the world," into Sinkiang; the other around the mountains to the ancient trail across Iran and western Afghanistan into the valley of the Indus.

The plains north of the Caucasus are the only place on the European continent where British armies can now oppose Nazi military might. The defense of this triangle between the Caucasus and the Volga is equally important for Britain and for Russia. German penetration to the Caspian Sea would sever Russia from 75 or 80 per cent of its oil supplies; it would compel Britain to defend single-handed the land route to India in areas where not only geography but also the sympathies of the people are largely favorable to the enemy. In order to keep India from becoming a Nazi-Japanese trysting place, Great Britain would have the herculean task of blocking the Nazi advance and at the same time bolstering the continued resistance of an isolated and dismem-



bered Russia, until the full strength of America could turn the balance.

The Caucasus is no insurmountable barrier. It offers a favorable position of defense, but it does not form an impenetrable mountain wall from the Black Sea to the Caspian. The eastern ranges of the Caucasus do not abut steeply on the Caspian Sea; they descend to a narrow plain, the so-called Gates of Derbent, which in all times has been a thoroughfare of conquest and migration. It is through the Gates of Derbent that Russian railroads reach Baku. Various conquerors of the past built walls from the mountains to the sea against future invaders who might be tempted to follow in their path. Today, not Alexander's masonry, nor Soviet artillery hidden in the mountains, nor the guns of the tiny Russian Caspian fleet will be able to halt the advancing Nazi columns unless well-equipped mobile forces are ready to encounter them.

Once on the other side of the Caucasus, the Nazis would still have to wind their way through the mountain chains of Transcaucasia. Here, however, natural obstacles are few, and on reaching Tabriz their armies would be able to sweep along the natural highways which cross the Iranian plateau from northwest to east unless stopped by a British expeditionary force. The distance from Baku to Bombay is less than the distance from Warsaw to Baku. With the rich Baku region in their rear, even if the Russians blow oil wells, refineries, and industries to the skies, the Nazis would have a much better base than the British, who must bring their troops a long way across the mountains of the south. Winter is the ideal season for military operations in this part of the world.

The Germans would not arrive as newcomers to Iran. The name of Wasmuss, imperial Germany's Colonel

Lawrence, has not been forgotten by the Persian tribes. The few hundred German officials, engineers, and business men who frequented the hotels of Tehran were no menace to Britain and Russia; they could be too easily spotted and interned. The real danger comes from men like Wasmuss, "mushrooms of unrest" as the Germans call them, who share the privations of the natives and hide in the shadow of the mosque.

The farther the Nazis penetrated into the Moslem world, the stronger their position would become, for in the Orient, even more than in America, nothing succeeds like success. Especially east of Tehran they would meet a cordial welcome. Haushofer's friend, Oscar von Niedermayer, recently promoted to the rank of general, concluded in 1917 a secret alliance with Amir Habibullah of Afghanistan which led to the third Afghan war and in 1919 brought the tribesmen of the Hindukush to the gates of Peshawar. ("From Hamburg to Calcutta" was a German war aim in 1917. Free transit to the frontiers of Persia and Afghanistan was one of the conditions Germany imposed upon Russia in the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk.) Today von Niedermayer, according to reliable reports, is once more in Afghanistan. He is experienced in disguise, and his knowledge of Iranian and Pushtu is rivaled only by the most erudite scholars. With him are scores of young Germans inured to the hardships of native life.

If the Nazis, driving along the ancient thoroughfares of Central Asia in the track of Alexander, Genghis Khan, Timur, and Nadir Shah, can reach the Afghan cities of Herat and Kandahar, Britain will have to muster the whole military might of India to stop them. Hitherto Britain has made little use of India's man-power; the Indian army is estimated to consist at present of not more than one million men, only about a third of whom are adequately equipped and trained. In India, too, the Germans have friends, especially among the powerful Islamic minority. It is true that in 1933-34 the British encouraged the Hindu press to publish reports about repression in Germany, and many a cultured Hindu has asked me, "Is that the way Germans are treated by their own government?" At that time some people in India began to think that perhaps they were not so badly off under the British Raj. However, motley India could be fertile ground for the seeds of strife that the Germans know so well how to sow and cultivate. Even today some Indian business men show the influence of Nazi propaganda.

If the Germans can establish themselves in India, the Japanese will try to take over the racially akin Burmese. And German-Japanese supremacy over the sub-continent would soon be extended to bring about a redivision of territories in Asia. It must eventually lead to German-Japanese rule over the Indian Ocean. In his book "Democratic Ideals and Reality" Sir H. J. Mackinder,

the legitimate father of "geopolitics," points out that "sea power is fundamentally a matter of appropriate bases, productive and secure." In the past the British could rule the Indian Ocean with a minimum of naval units because no competitive power had a foothold on its shores, although the sea lanes were open to all nations. With Nazi overlords in Bombay and Calcutta, the Indian Ocean would become a closed sea.

An India hostile to Britain, with its ports and ship-building facilities at the disposal of the Nazis, would draw all the countries of the Indo-Pacific basin into the sphere of Hitler's world empire. Australia and New Zealand would be cut off from the direct sea route to Britain, and the fortress of Singapore would become an isolated stronghold which could be reached only from America. The United States would be compelled either to withdraw from the Asiatic side of the Pacific or to fight Germany and Japan under the most unfavorable conditions.

After months of hesitation England has finally become aware that Hitler's advance into Iran might sound the death knell of the British Empire, and in a desperate effort to stem the Nazi tide is rushing troops and supplies to the Middle East. There are three routes by which the British can reach Tabriz and Baku—from Basrah in Iraq, from Abadan or Bandar Shahpur in Iran, and from Karachi in India. The ports of Basrah, Abadan, and Karachi can accommodate large vessels and are equipped to handle rapidly hundreds of thousands of tons of cargo. Basrah is the terminal of the Iraq railroads. The oil port of Abadan is close to Bandar Shahpur, the port terminal of the Trans-Iranian Railroad, and to Ahwaz, its first important inland station. From Karachi India's Northwestern Railroad swings through Baluchistan to the Iranian town of Zahedan, with two branch lines going to the southern border of Afghanistan.

The only direct railroad from the ocean to the proximity of the Caucasus is the Trans-Iranian. This is better equipped than is generally supposed. In 1940 it had at least 100 locomotives and about 1,000 railway cars, the great majority of from fifteen to twenty tons, and was served by eight repair shops and ten power stations. Almost one-third of the track has steel ties. In 1939, 16,480 cars carried freight on the road, an indication of relatively heavy traffic. North of Tehran two branch lines swing west and east. The western line has been extended to a point about 200 miles from Tabriz, the southern terminal of the Iranian branch of the Russian railroads. Between this point and Tabriz is a stretch of country crossed by several natural motor roads. The eastern branch of the Trans-Iranian runs toward the Russian railroad from Turkestan to the Caspian Sea. Rail connection with the Russian roads could be fairly easily established if the necessary materials were available.

The Iraq railroads fork at Baghdad. One track runs north to Mosul and from there along the Syrian border into Turkey; the other runs northeast to Khanikin and Kirkuk, whence caravan motor roads lead to Tabriz. From the inland terminal of the Northwestern Railroad of India similar caravan routes lead to the terminals of Russia's Asiatic railway system.

The linking of these railroads with the Russian roads presents certain technical difficulties. The Iraq line from Basrah to the terminal of the caravan routes to Tabriz is narrow gauge; that which links Baghdad with the Turkish railroads is standard gauge. The Trans-Iranian, too, is standard gauge. The Indian railroad to Zahedan and the Afghan border is of even larger gauge than the Russian railways. The difference, however, is not an insurmountable obstacle. At present the Germans are using in Russia a device invented shortly before the war by a citizen of Australia which enables cars to switch from one gauge to another. The British were once shortsighted enough to reject this device, but it can still be adopted. Besides, transshipment from cars of one gauge to those of another can always be accomplished with the aid of motor cranes and freight containers, of which the British railways have a large number.

Transportation difficulties have, in fact, been greatly exaggerated. If the British have the troops, and the ships to carry them to ports on the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean, an army of 500,000 men fully equipped can be sent to the Caucasus, provided every effort is exerted. In World War I the British had 54,000 freight cars and 1,200 locomotives in France; the Americans brought 1,459 locomotives and 19,200 freight cars across the Atlantic. Under the capable direction of Sir Eric Geddes the British in 1917-18 discharged daily about 10,000 tons of road-building material at various points on the French coast. At the same time large British armies were being supplied in Mesopotamia and Palestine. During the four months of Hitler's Russian campaign it should have been possible to ship thousands of freight cars and motor trucks to Basrah and Abadan (the latter port has a floating crane with a lifting capacity of 200 tons!). The inventiveness and technical prowess of the modern soldier mechanic from our large industrial cities can confound the time-honored calculations of almost any engineering manual. The British have only one large-scale emergency transport operation to their credit—Dunkirk. But what can be accomplished in a retreat can also be accomplished in an advance—provided everyone is animated by the will to succeed at any price.

Only a speedy operation of this kind, plus prompt delivery of large quantities of American transport material, will enable the British, shoulder to shoulder with their Russian allies, to block the Nazi juggernaut north of the Caucasus before it can gain access to the traditional land routes to India and China.

The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

VI. The Scattered Flock

SUMMARY OF PARTS I TO V. *On the day that Italy enters the war a Fascist officer arrives in a coast-guard cutter at the Sicilian village of San Filippo. He ousts the old harbor master and then speeds out to the fishing grounds. He orders the fleet to put out its lights and turn back. The goatherd, Cesare Maniscalco, who has declared that neither King nor Duce shall have his son Carmelo for the war, watches from the hill pasture. He bursts into a rage and swears that "they shall pay." Meanwhile in the town the crazy old woman Rosaria Grisafi thinks the blackout is a signal of a storm at sea and runs through the streets, knocking at doors and warning of disaster. The local Fascist chief, Major Mori, orders Stefani, son of the fish curer, at the head of a file of Fascisti to take the woman into custody. The file includes Nunzio Chiesa, a slovenly former farmer who shows little relish for the job. Rosaria locks herself in the chapel of which she is caretaker, and Stefani orders the doors broken down. Later a visiting functionary rebukes the local officers for raising a commotion about a crazy woman and asks why Maniscalco, who is really dangerous, has not been arrested. The hunt is on.*

HE WAS seen in many places. A carter, asleep on the pole of his wagon, was awakened by the halting of his mules. They were pricking up their ears at a black-bearded man standing in a waist-high reed bed beside the road. The carter gave him bread and cheese and a swig of wine and without alarm creaked his way into San Filippo. When his story got around, an order was issued that all reed beds were to be cut down. None of the reed beds were cut down except the one in which Maniscalco had appeared to the carter. And listening to the carter's final version of that encounter, one would have thought that the man was describing a miraculous apparition of one of the more hairy and less frequently seen saints—St. Jerome, for instance, as Ferrarello said.

A day later the black-bearded man was seen running through a lemon grove belonging to Mori, on the very outskirts of San Filippo. Maniscalco became tinged with heroism when some of the whitewashed lemon trees were found scarred deeply with knife cuts. Then the hunt was on in earnest. Drafted peasants lolled sleepily under bushes at crossroads by day, while the local officers of the law yawned about the valley slopes. In one day the smoldering of a heap of unthreshed beans was attributed to the goatherd, and the pollution of a well upon an estate fifteen miles off was also called his work. A pigeon cote fell out of a carob tree on another estate, and that was Blackbeard's doing, too.

Then Mori's horse went lame in its stable, and one of the Major's servant girls, Lucia Spatu, comely daughter of a notorious harridan, was questioned for two hours. She revealed nothing. As a consequence the entire corps of officers of the law, as well as the Fascisti, was mobilized. A file of soldiers came over from Syracuse and occupied the town. The taverns were closed, and a guard was mounted day and night at the Town Hall. Maniscalco was making things hum, the townspeople said.

On the fifth day all doubt vanished. A dozen sheep belonging to a relative of Stefani were hamstrung, the sinews of their hind legs neatly cut with a skilled knife point. The shepherd was locked up after confessing that a tall black-bearded figure, cursing horribly, had run by his hut during the night. The Fascisti paraded through the streets on two successive evenings shouting "Long Live Italy" at intervals. Incidents occurred by the dozen, outrageous feats of defiance, scandalous impudences involving leagues of furious careering about the scorching hills. Maniscalco was feuding heroically with Mori. The townspeople kept their eyes glued on the Major, thinking of the desperate Blackbeard in the hills.

Carmelo and Brasi, Maniscalco's sons, were never hauled in for questioning. That was because Major Mori had cunningly posted Chiesa to keep the boys under surveillance. Maniscalco would be sure to keep in communication with his sons.

When the sons discovered Chiesa, who without a care to conceal himself was walking up the slope of the San Filippo headland, they were upon the Golden Cape. It was that hour of the late afternoon when the marjoram and the wild thyme begin to give off their sweetest scent.

"Chiesa," Carmelo said, watching the Fascist take up a position among the rocks that belted the landward slope of the headland. "He must be on the lookout for father."

"I shall kill him," Brasi announced instantly and took out his knife. Carmelo deftly whipped it out of his hand. "*Sporca madonna*," Brasi protested, "why should I not kill him? Tell me!"

"What good would it do—besides . . ."

"Besides what?"

"No matter. Father would be blamed. Then they would shoot him, whatever it was he did in San Filippo on your birthday. Is that beyond your understanding, stupid child?" Neither of the boys knew why their father was being hunted. But in giving his decision against killing the blackshirt Carmelo had other things in mind.

One night Cesare had told him certain stories concerning Chiesa. After the other war Chiesa had been one of the wildest of the land agitators. He had spouted from carts and wagons about the countryside, neglecting the little farm he had rented from Mori's master. The farm lay at the head of the San Filippo valley, just over the lip of the plateau. Its lands had been wheat lands, poor in quality. The agitation had died down when Mori transferred his allegiance from the Mafia to the Fascio and cleaned up both criminals and agitators, carrying through the second operation under cover of the first. The defeated and bankrupt Chiesa had then abandoned his farm



Drawing by John Groth

and joined the Fascisti. For some reason or other Mori had advanced him. But those were incidents of long ago. "I don't know what to think of that Nunzio nowadays, or why that devil in a puppet show, Mori, keeps him," Cesare had recently said to Carmelo. His father's hatred of Mori seemed natural to Carmelo, for what goatherd would not be at war with a landlord's bailiff who was also a great landlord in his own right? Mori owned no goats and yet constantly nibbled away at the San Filippo pastures. He was determined to become lord of the entire valley and the surrounding hills, Father had said. Eh, and Father knew Mori had got his land by swindling his master, the Marchese, who lived in Paris, about the insurance rates for his property. When the Mafia and the peasants' organizations had been cleaned up so that there were no more extortionists demanding a "rake-off" and no more marching farmers demanding low rents at the point of a gun, the insurance rates on crops had fallen. Much good it had done His Excellency in Paris.

Once Carmelo and his father had been standing under the trees on The Walnuts estate. Father had had his shirt off searching for a black spider with red eyes that had gone down his back. Chiesa had approached them.

"Better walk alone than in evil company." Father had spoken the proverb gruffly though Nunzio had not even proposed conversation. The Fascist, all in his black shirt and gaiters, had slunk off, chewing wormwood and gall

and ready to forswear the Savior's blood. And all the while he could have hauled both before Mori, for the walnuts they had beaten off the great trees were in piles around their feet. Why had he let them go free? These thoughts gave Carmelo an idea.

"We must make some *ricotta*, boy," he said brusquely, rising to his feet.

"Why so? We made curds yesterday, and to make it in the evening, is that good?"

"I said to make it."

"We have only one little bunch of fig leaves left," Brasi said. The leaves, to be mixed with the warm goats' milk until it curdled, were not obtainable nearer than San Filippo. The shepherds at the ruins below the headland were jealous guardians of the few old fig trees that grew there.

"Why do you want to make *ricotta*?" the boy insisted.

"I shall give some to Chiesa, to humor him. Who knows, he may blink his eyes."

"To Chiesa? Better kill him," Brasi protested hotly, and at that moment father came over the skyline and ran down to the bushes.

"By the Mother who made Christ," Carmelo said, astonished at his father's lack of caution. "Blazing hell," Brasi said at last. Surely Cesare must have seen Chiesa hanging around the pasture? Almost frantic with anxiety, they drove the goats back to the bushes little by little so as not to attract Chiesa's attention. When they approached the hut, Cesare came out and scolded them both for their tardiness.

Dry-mouthed, shaking with fear for his father, Carmelo protested. "But Chiesa's up by the rocks."

"That misbegotten ——! Give me bread and cheese, *figghiu!*" Cesare ran out and bawled obscenely in the direction of the headland where Chiesa lay. And then pitching two balls of cheese and half the bread into his pouch he embraced them both slowly and lovingly.

"Get more bread by Friday. And some onions. Lord, an onion is a thing one misses. No one seems to grow onions any more," he said and again ran out of the bushes and shook his fist at the hidden Chiesa.

"Father, for the love of the Virgin," Carmelo yelled and dragged him back into cover. "They're hunting for you everywhere. You mustn't come back here. You must go to the continent till it's all over." By the continent Carmelo meant Italy.

"What, leave my sons here, my little Brasi and you!" A carbine shot resounded on the San Filippo headland.

"Bastard!" muttered Cesare over his shoulder, caressing Brasi's head. Then Carmelo hissed for silence.

"There's a patrol on the Golden Cape." Again the father infuriated his elder son by running to the edge of the bushes, now waving in the evening breeze. Then, hugging them again, he darted away. At the instant when the

[Continued on page 493]

Experiment in Morale

BY LIAN SHAIRO

WHEN President Roosevelt, calling for conscription last October, mentioned that he would like to see, at the same time, universal work service, his words were either muffled by the bombs bursting in Europe or lost in the pool of public apathy. But in Vermont a group of Yankee farmers and young college graduates listened, and hoped they could believe him. They thought that in work service William James's "moral equivalent of war" had been found. They believed with James that peace could not be and ought not to be "permanent on this globe unless the state, pacifically organized, preserves some of the old elements of army discipline," that a "successful peace economy cannot be a simple pleasure economy."

James had proposed "instead of military conscription, a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against nature," holding that this would inculcate the forgetfulness of self, the sense of obligations and duties as well as of rights, so often awakened only by war. It was a German refugee who brought home these teachings of the American philosopher to American students. Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy, now fifty-three, had tried to combat the sense of futility that overwhelmed German youth after the first World War by founding, with others, the voluntary work-camp movement, later transformed by Hitler to the Nazis' own purposes. In 1933 Huessy joined the Harvard faculty; in 1936 he went to Dartmouth, where a chair of social philosophy was established for him. In his lectures Huessy spoke often of the German work camps as they had been before Hitler took them over. Naturally the resemblances between this service and the CCC camp were inescapable, as were their points of difference. When a branch of the CCC came to work on a lumbering project near Hanover, Professor Huessy's students visited the camp and became acquainted with the boys and their activities.

In the summer of 1939 Robert O'Brien, one of Huessy's students, was hitch-hiking through northern Vermont. At Tunbridge he heard that Lawrence Bowen, a farmer and master of the Grange, was looking for a hired hand. O'Brien dropped by and got the job. Many of Bowen's neighbors also needed help, and soon half a dozen Dartmouth men were doing chores in the neighboring townships for whatever the farmers could pay—sometimes just board and room. The hard-pressed farmers were delighted, and the boys, whose numbers increased through the summer, felt they had found the

kind of work that satisfied their social consciences. Some had scholarships for graduate study, others offers of good jobs in the fall; but the prospect of helping this community get back on its feet—and perhaps the larger community of the nation, too—kept these disciples of Huessy in Vermont. They began to nurse the idea of a work camp—a work camp that should be not simply a relief measure but a mission post to show the way. The Vermonters, suspicious at first, were won over, and community leaders formed the "Committee of the Eight Townships" to cooperate.

One summer resident, Dorothy Thompson, heard that a number of college graduates were working as hired hands around Tunbridge and invited them over to tell her about it. They came and explained their dream. For all their starry-eyed idealism, they knew what they wanted—something they could believe in, something that needed them. The core of their conviction, as expressed by Arnold Childs, Dartmouth '39, was that "the problem of rebuilding morale is the most immediate and permanent problem facing America . . . what we lack is the will to work, to pull together, faith in ourselves, in our way of life." They were inspired by "the discovery . . . that we are a common people, that each of us is organically bound to the other, and that this can be felt and understood only through work and service and community life." They proposed that "the federal government authorize a new type of youth work service which would include all the elements of American society." Dorothy Thompson became their stoutest public defender; another neighbor, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, lent her support; various lines to Washington were laid.

The blueprint was this: The government would set up an experimental CCC camp in the vicinity of Tunbridge, a camp open to boys of every economic status. It would be under the sole supervision of the Department of Agriculture, outside the jurisdiction of the army. The project was to be the rehabilitation of the surrounding communities through methods to be decided by the communities themselves, not, as is usual CCC policy, by Washington. The workers were to help individuals—the farmer who couldn't afford a hired hand, who needed a new barn built, whose brush must be cut or fences mended. Perhaps after a while some of the abandoned farms could be restored to productivity and resettled by city-slum families.

On September 25 the eight townships—Sharon, Norwich, South Royalton, Bethel, Tunbridge, Stafford, Ran-

dolph, and Chelsea—held a mass-meeting in Tunbridge Town Hall and petitioned the President of the United States to receive a delegation and learn about the plan "for cooperation among rural communities, college men, and city youth," a plan which "through personal sacrifice and hard work" was already working in that area of Vermont. The President sent a memorandum to Federal Security Commissioner Paul McNutt suggesting that he "cooperate." McNutt appointed a committee of the National Defense Council to consider the petition, and after a month of hearings the committee decided that the idea was worth government support. With the reluctant consent of Director McEntee of the CCC, the old camp in Sharon was to be fixed over for the new service.

Camp William James, as it was called, was set up in the first week in January. There were forty-five campers, the collegiate contingent having been augmented by five or six local farm boys and by some hand-picked members of the regular CCC. An elected camp manager appointed a council representative of all the elements in camp. The Department of Agriculture appointed a committee of civilians—including Dorothy Thompson and Professor Huessy—to supervise the camp's broad policy; the manager and council were in charge of schedules, work assignments, discipline, and cleanliness. The community was to be consulted on projects. Discipline was semi-military: activities proceeded to the call of the bugle; campers slept and ate army fashion; there was daily inspection. The boys worked from dawn to dusk and gathered in discussion groups in the evening.

They spent the first month building their barracks and putting the camp in shape. Then one day Representative Engel of Michigan (Republican) declaimed in Congress about "a camp for the over-privileged" which had been set up by the very man who was the founder of the Hitler Youth Movement. Senator Aiken of Vermont (Republican) replied from the Senate that the camp was a fine thing, 100 per cent American, and that he was heart and soul behind it. Attack and defense followed. Finally McEntee wrote the Department of Agriculture that Congressional opposition made it necessary to discontinue Camp William James.

The college men and some of the others, refusing to admit defeat, resigned from the CCC and moved to an abandoned farm near Tunbridge. Through the winter they struggled along on small donations and intermittent pay for odd jobs, clinging to their belief in the hope their plan held for democracy. But funds ran out, the draft cut in, families exerted authority. By late spring all but the most stubborn disciples had given up.

Their experience, however, has had echoes throughout the country. In Grafton, New Hampshire, in July and August, a work camp underwritten by the town rebuilt a dam which had been washed out in 1927. In Hudson, Ohio, members of a work camp reconstructed the Good-

rich Settlement camp. In Monteagle, Tennessee, another work camp built a craft shop for the Highlander Folk School. In Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, twenty-five young people constructed recreational facilities for children of miners and factory workers.

They are looking for something to hold to, these members of a generation bred on uncertainty. They seek an active, productive creed. And in a time of war they believe they have found the way to win the peace.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Figures Don't Lie, but—

A RECENT article in the *Washington Review*, organ of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, opened with this surprising statement:

There is an erroneous belief that the burden of taxation is heavier in Britain than it is in the United States. This misconception has been fostered by frequent focusing of attention upon the fact that some of the British income tax rates, particularly in the lower brackets, exceed some of the rates of our federal income tax. . . . Valid comparisons of the tax burden must be based upon reliable indices. Two indices are generally considered acceptable—per capita taxes and the relationship between taxes and national income.

The conclusion of the investigation carried out by the *Washington Review* is that for the fiscal year 1942 "upon both per capita basis and in relation to national income, the tax burden upon our people is higher than upon the people of Britain." Whether such indices do make possible really valid comparisons under present conditions is open to question. But in any case the worth of the indices for comparative or any other purposes depends on the accuracy of the component figures and on like being compared with like.

Since in all cases the figures refer to incomplete periods, it is obvious that they are estimates, and it is important to know how they have been arrived at. The article places the total American tax bill at \$22½ billion for 1942, an amount which includes state and local government levies as well as federal revenue. The comparable British figure is put at \$7.9 billion,* which appears to be a serious underestimate. The official British estimate for national revenue in the current year is \$7,145,440,000, but to this must be added local property taxes or "rates." The *Washington Review* does not give any separate figure for rates, but simple subtraction indicates that it has allowed \$755 million or £188¾ million. I can discover no authority for this estimate. The latest available figures indicate an annual rate bill for England and Wales alone of about £200 million, a sharp increase over the total for the years just before the war which is partly explained by the cost of air-raid protection, much of which falls on the local authorities. I have been unable to obtain a recent figure for Scotland, but allowing for a modest expansion of the 1937-38 total of £20½ million, an estimate of £22 million

*All conversions from pounds sterling are at the rate adopted by the *Washington Review*: £ equals \$4.

seems reasonable. This means that we should add to British national revenue £222 million in respect of local taxes, or some £33 million more than the *Washington Review's* undocumented estimate.

The figure mentioned previously for total American taxes includes apparently social-security levies, but the Chamber of Commerce has omitted the equivalent British contributions toward unemployment insurance and pensions, which in the year 1938-39 added up to £78,303,597—not an entirely trivial sum even in these days. For the current year the amount will certainly be higher because so many more people are employed, but let us accept this figure and add it to the estimate for national revenue and our revised total of local taxes. Converted into dollars, the resulting sum is approximately \$8.4 billion, or a cool half billion more than the total given in the article under examination.

Nevertheless, this is a minor error compared with the *Washington Review's* estimate of British national income, which is placed at \$36 billion. No authority is quoted for this figure and I know of none, official or unofficial, that could be. Of course, national income is a rather tricky statistical concept, the size of which for any country may vary widely according to definition. But for its comparable estimate of United States national income—\$90 billion for the current year—the *Review* clearly relies on the monthly figures of total income payments quoted in the *Federal Reserve Bulletin*. An estimate of British national income on a similar basis made by the British Central Statistical Office placed the total for 1940 at \$22.4 billion, and in a recent address before the National Tax Association at St. Paul, Minnesota, Dr. Brinley Thomas, a British economist, suggested that the total for 1941-42 would be about \$27 billion. If he is correct, the *Washington Review* is \$9 billion out, and its "valid comparison" becomes hopelessly invalid. Its conclusion was that American taxes absorbed 25 per cent of the national income but British only 22.1 per cent. On the basis of my figures the British percentage works out at 33⅓.

Understatement of the total of British taxes also vitiates the *Washington Review's* calculation of its second reliable index—comparative taxes per capita in the two countries. According to its findings, the figure for the United States is \$168 and for the United Kingdom \$165. Recalculated on the basis of the correct tax bill, the British per capita tax is \$175.

Apart from its happy-go-lucky treatment of statistics, the *Washington Review* article offers other evidence of preparation by someone unfamiliar with the subject matter. "It is of interest to note," it says, "that in Great Britain, which has generally been considered a low-tariff country, customs duties account for about one-fifth of total British tax revenues, whereas in this country they account for less than 2 per cent of total tax revenue." This statement betrays ignorance of the fact that the bulk of British customs receipts are the product of steep duties on such commodities as tea, coffee, cocoa, and wine, imposed entirely for revenue purposes since these goods are not produced in Britain.

I do not pretend to know the motive of the United States Chamber of Commerce in sponsoring such inaccurate and misleading statements about comparative tax burdens, but obviously its findings have supplied useful ammunition for

Anglophobe isolationists who are assiduously spreading propaganda to the effect that Britain is asking greater sacrifices from us than from its own people. This article was given wide publicity in the press. A syndicated Scripps-Howard editorial comment on it was headed "Amazing Figures." The adjective is just, but the really amazing thing is that a reputable organization of national importance should have lent its authority to such an inexcusably misleading compilation.

In the Wind

A DIVISION OF OPINION has developed in the American Civil Liberties Union over the extent to which the union shall fight for full political rights for soldiers. Norman Thomas and several others want to establish the right of soldiers to address themselves to the President on matters of foreign policy; the opposing group wants the union to stay out of all military cases.

SOME NEW YORK Democrats have started a movement to tear down Tammany Hall and use the ground it stands on for a parking lot. They feel that the physical destruction of the building would go a long way toward removing the stigma of Tammany's influence on the party.

A HEARST PAPER has finally taken an ad for "Citizen Kane." In the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* the Hawaii Theater advertised a showing of the Orson Welles film as follows: "Big Screen Attraction! See It from the Beginning: 12:20; 2:45; 5:15; 7:40; 10:00." That was the complete ad.

NEW ENTRY VISAS for this country require applicants to tell whether they are "Negro, Chinese, Japanese, Hebrew, or White."

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has rejected an article by John Dewey answering one by Joseph E. Davies in which the former Ambassador said that the Soviet Union's resistance to Hitler was made possible by the purging of pro-Nazis in the Moscow trials.

THE KU KLUX KLAN is currently distributing reprints of a series of articles on The International Jew which appeared originally in Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*. At the same time a recent issue of the *Fiery Cross*, official Klan paper, says "the Klan is flattered" because the Jewish War Veterans "have followed the lead of the Klan in adopting its slogan, Unity and Victory."

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR still runs this standing head in its advertising columns: "Where to go for luncheon, tea, dinner in Europe." All that appears below is an advertisement for the Primrose Tea Rooms in London.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Clinics for Little Business

HOW much luck the OPM is going to have putting the little boys to work on the big job of defense I don't know. I doubt that Floyd B. Odlum, who is running red, white, and blue railroad trains to defense-production clinics in big and little towns, has any idea yet how successful he is going to be in spreading the big job to the little firms. The red, white, and blue trains rolling down the tracks will not as surely spread the work, I think, as they will dramatize the size and shape of bigness in the United States. Defense Authority is not only mobilizing the country; it is also adding to our knowledge of the country—and to the OPM's knowledge. It is not only showing how big is Big Industry; also, and even more interestingly, it is indicating how big Little Industry still is, and what is happening to it.

Mr. Odlum gave us a rough idea of the size of his job, and of Big Industry, too, when he referred recently to the fifty-six companies holding 75 per cent of the major defense contracts, which he hoped they would share with little companies around them. Actually, his job does not so much involve billions of dollars as thousands of people, from the man running the shop in the shed to the enterprise which erects its steel-wire fences around half a county. It is easier to see the big enterprise. Somehow when we think about American industry we have in our heads a picture of Ford's plants, of the huge furnaces of United States Steel, of the walls around the sprawling aircraft plants and the shipyards. And that is American industry as both Hitler and Churchill see it, as the army and the navy and the OPM count upon it. But American industry is also—as the Congressmen heard from their constituents and the OPM heard from the Congressmen—something widespread and small. Indeed, statisticians in Washington, checked by experts at the University of Chicago, have just finished a new consideration of industry which contemplates the fact that of the 185,000 manufacturing or production units in the country, 135,000 employ twenty persons or fewer. But this 73 per cent of all the plants employs only 6 to 7 per cent of the labor and, what is more important to defense, uses only about 5 per cent of our supply of strategic materials. Even all the plants employing up to fifty people would consume less than 10 per cent of the materials and employ less than a fifth of the labor. I don't know where Big Industry begins above that; maybe not until we get to the fifty-six companies with the 75 per cent of the contracts

which Mr. Odlum hopes they will share by subletting.

This Little Industry is strange. My own statistical department is based entirely on the "World Almanac," but if its figures are not too out of date they show that the average manufacturing plant in terms of personnel is bigger in Mississippi than in New York. They show that mass-production Michigan has the biggest average units, but that they employ only 117 men per plant, with Mr. Ford and General Motors helping to push up that average. In South Dakota the average number of workers per manufacturing plant is only a little more than ten. The average plant in South Carolina has about three times as many employees as the average plant in New York. I am one of the possibly sentimental people who believe that in little enterprise is a good deal of liberty's strength. Such strength is not flourishing in defense, as the need for Mr. Odlum's clinics indicates.

These little industries, up the stairs in the cities and on the spur tracks by the freight depots in the little towns, have no monopoly on virtue. Some of the worst industrial tyrants are in the smallest plants. A good many little shops are sweatshops, too. But it could undoubtedly be shown that in many ways bigness has meant more and better goods. There is something tragic about the necessity for those production clinics for little plants. Clinic is a word we have reserved for the sick, and so far Big Industry has got the contracts and Little Industry is getting the clinics.

It is, of course, not the business of Mr. Odlum, as director of the contract-distribution division of the OPM, to alter any already established patterns in America. After all, this defense emphasis on bigness came under the New Deal. Odlum's job is to spread the work to increase production and also to prevent priority shut-downs from creating economic hardships and political difficulties within this producing America. His bright-colored trains run through a problem which began before defense, which will outlast defense, and which, after it, will be important still in terms of the survival of democracy. His production clinics may prevent the economic malnutrition of many little industries. He may add more men and machines to the defense effort. But it will take more than red, white, and blue trains to halt the new impetus which defense has given to bigness in the United States. If bigness keeps on growing we shall have to invent a bigger word for big. If it keeps on, we may defeat totalitarianism and get something just as total for the enterprising little man.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Compactness Compacted

POEMS AND NEW POEMS. By Louise Bogan. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

WOMEN are not noted for terseness, but Louise Bogan's art is compactness compacted. Emotion with her, as she has said of certain fiction, is "itself form, the kernel which builds outward form from inward intensity." She uses a kind of forged rhetoric that nevertheless seems inevitable. It is almost formula with her to omit the instinctive comma of self-defensive explanation, for example, "Our lives through we have trod the ground." Her titles are right poetically, with no subserviences for torpid minds to catch at; the lines entitled Knowledge, for instance, being really about love. And there is fire in the brazier—the thinker in the poet. Fifteenth Farewell says:

I erred, when I thought loneliness the wide
Scent of mown grass over forsaken fields,
Or any shadow isolation yields.
Loneliness was the heart within your side.

One is struck by the constant fashion of under-presentment, an unusual courtesy in this day of bombast. The triumph of what purports to be surrender, in the Poem in Prose, should be studied entire.

Miss Bogan is a workman, in prose or in verse. Anodynes are intolerable to her. She refuses to be deceived or self-deceived. Her work is not mannered. There are in it thoughts about the disunities of "the single mirrored against the single," about the devouring gorgon romantic love, toward which, as toward wine, unfaith is renewal; thoughts about the solace and futilities of being brave; about the mind as a refuge—"crafty knight" that is itself "Prey to an end not evident to craft"; about grudges; about no longer treating memory "as rich stuff . . . in a cedarn dark, . . . as eggs under the wings," but as

Rubble in gardens, it and stones alike,
That any spade may strike.

We read of "The hate that bruises, though the heart is braced"; of "one note rage can understand"; of "chastity's futility" and "pain's effrontery"; of "memory's false measure." No Uncle Remus phase of nature this about the crows and the woman whose prototype is the briar patch; "She is a stem long hardened, A weed that no scythe mows." Could the un insisted on surgery of exposition be stricter than in the term "red" for winter grass, or evoke the contorted furor of flame better than by saying the fire ceased its "thresh"? We have "The lilac like a heart" (preceded by the word "leaves"); "See now the stretched hawk fly"; "Horses in half-ploughed fields Make earth they walk upon a changing color." Most delicate of all,

we heard . . .
. . . the axe's sound
Delay a moment after the axe's stroke.

Music here is not someone's idol but experience. There are short lines, real rhymes, vowel complements, and con-

sonant resonances so perfect one does not incline to wonder whether the sound is a vowel or a consonant—as in The Crossed Apple:

. . . this side is red without a dapple,
And this side's hue
Is clear and snowy. It's a lovely apple.
It is for you.

In "fed with fire" we have expert use of the enhancing exception to the end-stopped line:

And spiny fruits up through the earth are fed
with fire;

Best of all is the embodied climax with unforced subsiding cadence, as in the song about

The stone—the deaf, the blind—
That sees the birds in flock
Steer narrowed to the wind.

When a tune plagues the ear, the best way to get it out is to let it sound forth unhindered. This Miss Bogan has done with a W. H. Auden progression, Evening in the Sanitarium; with G. M. Hopkins in Feuer-Nacht; Ezra Pound in The Sleeping Fury; W. B. Yeats in Betrothed and elsewhere; W. C. Williams in Zone; all through there is a certain residual, securely equated seventeenth-century firmness. But there are disappointments. The spectacular competence of Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral does not make up for its coldness.

What of the implications? For mortal rage and immortal injury are there or are there not medicines? Job and Hamlet insisted that we dare not let ourselves be snared into hating hatefulness; to do this would be to take our own life. Harmed let us say through our generosity—if we consent to have pity on our illusions and others' absence of illusion, to condone the fact that "no fine body ever can be meat and drink to anyone," is it true that pain will exchange its role and become servant instead of master? Or is it merely a conveniently unexpunged superstition?

Those who have seemed to know most about eternity feel that this side of eternity is a small part of life. We are told, if we do wrong that grace may abound, it does not abound. We need not be told that life is never going to be free from trouble and that there are no substitutes for the dead; but it is a fact as well as mystery that weakness is power, that handicap is proficiency, that the scar is a credential, that indignation is no adversary for gratitude, or sobriety for joy. There are medicines.

MARIANNE MOORE

A History of Law

THE QUEST FOR LAW. By William Seagle. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

IN THIS streamlined history of law the author has undertaken to trace in colloquial language the development of law and legal institutions from their appearance in primitive "pre-legal" tribal society to their modern manifestations in

the highly complex political organization of today, in the very complexity of which he finds a basis for the breakdown of the rule of law—administrative justice—and a return to the personalized officialdom of what he calls the "archaic" period of ancient law.

The types of law that the author establishes are the primitive, the archaic, and the mature, each of which he identifies with a certain economic, social, and political system and with certain incidental characteristics that are reflected in the forms or methods by which justice is administered. The primitive is typical of the law or rather the custom of hunters and herdsmen: government is by group responsibility of the kindred; there is a modified communism of property, practically no political organization, and a system of self-help and composition and sometimes of primitive arbitration, which was not the origin of courts. The archaic is typical of the system of slavery and feudalism, of societies that derive their livelihoods from agriculture, early handicrafts, and commerce; it is characterized by a monopoly of force, the king's peace, private property, the beginnings of courts, with caliph's judgments—a procedure which, while formalized, is still addicted to some form of trial by ordeal and in which there is a relative absence of writing and no lawyers. Greek and Roman law seem to furnish the transition from archaic to what is called mature law, the distinguishing characteristics of which are capitalistic society, formal pleadings, objective law created by and administered by lawyers, highly developed independent courts guided by evidence based on facts and by law, and the rise of natural law, *laissez faire*, civil liberties, and international law.

The form of the judicial duel by which litigation is conducted, incidentally establishing principles and policy for society in general, receives critical attention. The author refrains from asking courts to act as general administrators, on the order of Thurman Arnold's criticism of trial by combat, but recognizes that the modern encroachment of the state on private activity entails handicaps to the rule of law, the judicial process, the rights of the individual. Liberalism has changed its content but not its goal in endeavoring to advance the best interests of both individual and society. Although an apparent critic of capitalism, the author concedes that the growth of economic freedom, civil liberty, democratic forms, and the social values we now extol is an incident of the growth of capitalism, controlled against abuse by constant political and economic pressures. Judicial review, somewhat criticized, is a tribute to American policy, for it acts as a counterbalance to personalized government, always struggling for domination. Judicial supremacy is a half-truth, and always an ephemeral phenomenon.

What distinguishes the present work is the broad perspective, the social outlook, and the comparative approach by and with which the institutional development of society in its more legal manifestations is judged, appraised, and criticized. The author lays under contribution the best researches of the anthropologists, sociologists, lawyers, and legal historians, not only in the English-speaking world but on the Continent as well. In the light of that important service, which has brought the stream of history to the cognizance of lawyer and layman alike, certain breath-taking generalizations and the reviewer's challenges to particular premises, inferences,

IDEOLOGIES and American Labor

By PAUL K. CROSSER

Unlike most recent books on labor problems, this one does not attempt to assess the merits of the CIO versus the AFL but is rather a history of employer-employee relationships as they have been conditioned by three major ideological currents.

"A brilliant and major contribution to modern economic thought."—*Herbert Harris.*

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\$2.50

Education for DEATH

The Making of the Nazi

By GREGOR ZIEMER

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and conclusions may be left aside. But it should be said that Roscoe Pound is not merely eminent as a legal philosopher (p. 393), as witness, among numerous contributions, his long criticism of the "Majority Report" of the Attorney General's committee on administrative procedure, published in the current (November) *American Bar Association Journal*.

EDWIN BORCHARD

"Propagandist for Humanity"

CLARENCE DARROW FOR THE DEFENSE. By Irving Stone. Doubleday, Doran and Company. **\$3.**

IRVING STONE, who has a tendency to paint his characters in bright colors, has not spared the brushes in this life of Clarence Darrow, but he stays within bounds. Well documented, even brilliantly written, the book reads like an adventure story but has the impact of a forgotten indictment. Perhaps the eight-hour day, the right of workers to strike or unions to organize, the anti-evolution laws, and prohibition seem academic issues now, but under Stone's prodding they live again.

In writing this book Stone has weighted the scales skillfully. His emphasis is on Darrow the advocate of liberal causes rather than on Darrow the man. However, he includes enough factual and anecdotal material about Darrow's background, his personal and domestic life, to give the reader an understandable portrait, even though it is a little less critical than it might be.

Clarence Darrow was born in Kinsman, Ohio, in 1857. His father was a bookish furniture-maker much more interested in books than in furniture. He taught the young Clarence three things that influenced all his future actions—love of books and learning, an almost fanatical belief in tolerance, and sympathy for the under-dog.

When Darrow moved to Chicago in 1887 he was merely a country lawyer with a flair for debating. At that time the sound of four human necks being broken by the noose was still fresh in the ears of the people. It was the aftermath of the Haymarket riots. The spirit of revolt was smoldering. Darrow smelled the smoke and couldn't stay away from the fire. Henry George and his system, socialism, anarchism, free love, and other "isms" were attracting the attention of the intellectuals. It was an era of talk, and Darrow was the least silent. In fact, he spent more time lecturing and debating than he did in his law office, and his oratorical prowess brought him into contact with many of the leading personages of Chicago. One of them was John Peter Altgeld, who liked Darrow on sight and soon got him a job in the city law department, which eventually led to Darrow's appointment as general counsel for the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. For a few years he was content, and it seemed as if he might become a successful corporation lawyer, but Eugene Debs was arrested for leading the American Railway Union strike, and Darrow, then thirty-seven years old, gave up his lush job to defend Debs. It was his first *cause célèbre*.

In this trial Darrow originated a pattern of procedure that was simplicity itself. Instead of defending the accused, he attacked the law itself, showing it to be archaic and unjust.

Part of this plan was to put the plaintiff on trial and show that the real victim was the defendant, and as Stone points out in discussing the various important trials in Darrow's career, Darrow used this method or a variation of it in almost all his cases. The only time he came a cropper was in his defense of the McNamara brothers in the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times Building. Darrow was tired and sick at the time and wanted no part in the case, but Samuel Gompers prevailed upon him and Darrow reluctantly gave in, to discover a few months later that the McNamara brothers had been guilty of a series of terroristic acts. For the first time he was confronted with the problem of a defense in which he could not put his heart. He had the McNamara brothers plead guilty and earned the epithet "traitor" from organized labor. He himself was indicted and tried on a charge of jury-bribing because of his participation in the case, and although eventually acquitted, he left Los Angeles broken in health and reputation. He returned to Chicago and had to start all over, and it was some years before his natural ability overcame the stigma attached to his name. That was in 1911. He never tried another labor murder case.

By far the most interesting portions of the book are those dealing with the trials. Stone discusses in detail the cases of the Woodcutters' Union in Oshkosh, of John Mitchell and the United Mine Workers, of Big Bill Haywood and the Western Federation of Miners, of Loeb and Leopold; the Scopes trial at Dayton, Tennessee; the defense of Dr. Sweet, the Negro; and the Massey case in Hawaii. Stone has originated an effective method. He treats them as though he were the director of a play. He sets the scene, explains the

story, introduces the characters, and criticizes the acting. Of course the leading man is always Darrow, and regardless of the script he never fails to give a great performance.

Although Darrow was a bohemian in his personal life, in his thinking he was always old-fashioned. He was the typical small-town agnostic, a benign philosophical anarchist of the same stripe as Thoreau. He hated violence and had a heart as large as his huge body. Someone called him "a propagandist for humanity." It is a fitting epitaph.

GEORGE JOEL

The Dance in Photographs

MARTHA GRAHAM: SIXTEEN DANCES IN PHOTOGRAPHIC SEQUENCE. By Barbara Morgan. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$6.

PHOTOGRAPHING a dance is like photographing the closing of a door. You can photograph a door when it is open, when it is partially closed, and when it is closed, but you cannot photograph it while it is being closed. A dance, unfolding in time and in space, exists in transition. A dance photograph records only an arrested fraction of this transition and cannot therefore reproduce a choreographic pattern. While spatial relationships exist both in the dance and in photography, the factors which determine them are qualitatively different. The temporal design of a dance finds no equivalent in the photograph, just as the textural differentiations of light and dark masses and the accents and rhythm of light, which are the essence of photography, find

"A book written to start a fire"



LOUIS ADAMIC

"We all came from somewhere: from many lands. That was the Passage Here. Now we've got to go back. This is the Passage Back. We've got to take to Europe our American revolution, our accumulated American Experience." So writes the author of *My America*, *The Native's Return* and *From Many Lands* concerning this concrete, dramatic suggestion for defeating the anti-democratic forces.

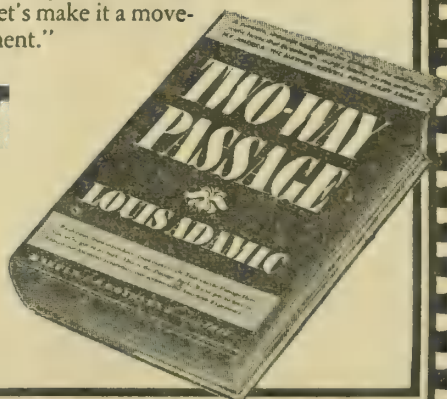
WALTER MILLIS, N. Y. Herald Tribune: "A book written to start a fire. A real idea, clothed by Mr. Adamic's wide knowledge and sensitive awareness, in the flesh of actual men and women as they actually live and feel and dream in this vast complex of American democracy. Many must already believe that unless this general concept can be infused into American thought and policy, the greatest of the great opportunities our time presents will slip irretrievably through our hands."

SYDNEY JUSTIN HARRIS, Chicago News: "Its basic point is simple, dramatic and bound to capture the imagination of every democratic thinker in the country."

SAMUEL GRAFTON, N. Y. Post: "The idea is one of the very few that burst the bonds of more or less disguised imitation of Nazi techniques; it is not a copy of a Nazi method, edited for democracy, but sheerly and completely democratic. Let's make it a movement."

TWO-WAY PASSAGE

by **LOUIS ADAMIC**



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no equivalents in the dance. Thus a photograph of a dance is primarily a photograph and only secondarily an evocation of a dance.

Yet despite the fact that Miss Morgan, in attempting to record dances in photographs, has undertaken an apparently impossible task, she has achieved a measure of success. Her book about Martha Graham consists, as books about dancers should, of many photographs and few words. In a series of some 140 photographs, most of which are mediocre, a few excellent, and a handful brilliant, she has presented what she considers the focal points of sixteen of Martha Graham's most important dances. By a wise selection of successive fractional seconds Miss Morgan actually evokes, for people who already know them, many of the dances photographed. The very weaknesses of Martha Graham's style render her dances peculiarly photogenic. Her compositions are generally characterized by a spastic quality resulting from a lack of modulation and of transition between the arrested, explosive gestures that constitute the focal points of her dances. Thus the impact of Graham's dances is produced by momentarily static positions rather than by transitional sequences. For example, the high-points of "Frontier," of which this book contains some remarkable photographs, are the opening and closing sections, which consist of a series of held positions, while the middle section of the dance, which moves through space, lacks significance. In photographing this dance Miss Morgan concentrated on the opening and closing positions, largely eliminating the intermediary and least memorable section. There are two excellent photographs of "Lamenta-

tion," one of Graham's best dances in an early lyric vein, but the picture of superimposed photographs of the same dance reveals the type of false mysticism of which Miss Graham herself is too often guilty—though, strangely enough, not in the particular dance where the camera creates it. The exquisite torso study of "Exstasis" is by far the best photograph in the book; its excellence does not derive from its faithfulness as a record, but rather from the revelation of a quality never apparent in the actual performance of the dance.

In devoting a book of photographs to Martha Graham, Miss Morgan has focused her camera on the central figure of that cult of the occult where, because practically nothing ever happens, the turn of the screw has the repercussions of a bombshell, the flick of a wrist the impact of a blow. Although the book has obviously been prepared in a spirit of loving dedication, it unwittingly reveals the faults as well as the virtues of that small, tense figure which has, for a good ten years, dominated the waste land of the modern dance. But the revelation of inadequacies will hardly affect Miss Graham's admirers, who will find in the book precisely what they seek—substantiation of their belief in her greatness. The book, which is beautifully printed, contains valuable biographical data, an account of Graham's development as an artist, and a complete listing of all her works beginning with 1926. For admirers of Miss Graham's art, it is an invaluable record and reference work. To those who remain baffled, bored, or irritated by America's allegedly greatest dancer, Miss Morgan's work will appear a colossal monument completely out of proportion to the object of its dedication.

VIRGINIA MISHNUN

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Milton as Political Thinker

MILTON IN THE PURITAN REVOLUTION. By Don M. Wolfe. Thomas Nelson and Sons. \$4.

THIS volume does not attempt a critical evaluation of Milton's poetry, nor does it make the dubious effort to read topical meanings into the poems. The author sets out with the clear intention to weigh Milton as a social and political thinker, and he achieves his purpose with notable success. He examines only those works in which Milton deals with ideas of toleration, religious freedom, democracy, and liberty of expression. His analysis of Milton's views, based on broad learning and a philosophic grasp of the principles involved, reaches the sound conclusion that Milton was a consistent advocate of freedom of worship, of toleration of dissent, of a free press, and of political democracy. Though his advocacy of all these ideas was not equally clear and comprehensive, he was a pioneer in the formulation of the principles upon which modern democratic society rests.

Milton's position as a political thinker is made clearer, and the value of the book is greatly enhanced, by Dr. Wolfe's thorough presentation of the contemporary background of ideas and his extensive reference to the other important theorists and reformers, such as Overton, Roger Williams, Lilburne, Walwyn, and Winstanley. The volume is a significant contribution not only to our knowledge of Milton but also to the history of ideas.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

DRAMA

God's Plenty

IT HAS sometimes been objected that a typical modern play doesn't really give the audience its money's worth, that small talk in prose, one drawing-room, and half a dozen ordinary people in their street clothes just aren't Dionysian enough to constitute theater in any satisfactory sense of the word. There may be something in the objection at that, but it can hardly be raised against "The Land Is Bright," which George Kaufman and Edna Ferber have put together with their usual lavish expenditure of theatrical effects and which Max Gordon has mounted with a fine disregard of the cost at the Music Box Theater. It may be only prose, but it is not the sort of prose one hears around tea tables; there may be only one drawing-room, but it is redecorated twice, and what a drawing-room it is, especially during the nineties when the wife of a new robber baron has just been letting herself go. As for action, well, you could hardly ask for more even with the three generations which the authors have allowed themselves for scope. There are two killings included, but here they are hardly more than minor incidents. Generations rise and fall, era gives way to era, millions are made and spent, and there are more degenerations, regenerations, conversions, seeings-of-the-light, and turnings-over-of-new-leaves than I remember in any three acts of my experience.

Naturally everything moves pretty fast between acts as well as during their course. To take one example of a dozen, the daughter, Linda, whom one saw at the end of the second act in a terrible jam with a gangster with whom she had got chummy in a speakeasy, turns up in Act III as the efficient co-manager of a stock-breeding farm in the West. Or, to take another, we have hardly got her brother fixed in our minds as a playboy when he appears transformed by a good woman into the mainstay of the family's financial affairs; and we have hardly got him fixed as that when, lo and behold, he is a crusty old codger turning the reformed Linda away from the house on his seventieth birthday but ready a few minutes later to stop swearing at the government and to perform a gratifying but slightly improbable right-about-face when the sight of a victim of Nazi tortures convinces him that there is something to do besides holding on to one's own.

Yet either in spite of or because of all this and a very great deal more, "The Land Is Bright" deserves to be called a darn good show, even if one hesitates to apply any more solemn phrase of critical approval. In the first place, though it may sound in description a little like "The American Way," it is actually very different indeed. That pageant was so loosely constructed and so sprawling that it was hardly written at all. "The Land Is Bright," on the other hand, is both written and constructed within an inch of its life, and is so efficient in its dramaturgy that, contrary to all probability, it not only manages to get all its incidents within very little more than normal playing-time but actually succeeds in tying them together in such a way that some sort of compactness and unity is achieved. It is also complete with theme and thesis—that the era of exploitation and easy riches is over, the era of facing social responsibilities at hand—so that a mere critic who has never done more than turn out his little columns on time hardly knows what to say in the presence of so much energy, so much competence, and so much admirable intention. Much the same thing must be said of the acting, which may not have much subtle shading or much poetic insight, which may indeed be a bit on the obvious and brassy side, but which is, like everything else about the writing and production, tremendously efficient, clear-cut, and workman-like. Perhaps one had better just repeat: "The Land Is Bright" is a darn good show. Here is God's plenty in action, color, and "significance." If it were a movie it would be called "an epic"; if it were a novel, the flap on the dust jacket would infallibly describe it as "panoramic in sweep"; as a play it is indubitably "a hit." The last isn't criticism or even description, but perhaps it is, nevertheless, the most important thing to say.

There is, if possible, even less doubt about the success of "Blithe Spirit," the "improbable farce" by Noel Coward just unveiled on the stage of the Morosco Theater; and at the risk of seeming frivolous I am frank to confess that I like this latter with a good many fewer reservations. In fact, I might as well admit that I have no reservations at all, and that "Blithe Spirit" is certainly not only one of the very happiest of its author's entertainments but as thoroughly delightful a bit of nonsense as one is likely to see. In the past I have not always been as enthusiastic about

Mr. Coward's pieces as it was fashionable to be, because I often found that the fun had a way either of petering out or of giving way to a sentimentality which it would be a gross injustice to call beery but which did suggest one of the advanced stages of cocktail jag. Mr. Coward, however, seems to get better and better—much surer in taste as distinguished from chic and much surer also in the art of sustaining an idea or a mood through the three acts necessary to round out an evening. It would be difficult as well as unfair to try to say what "Blithe Spirit" is about, and I will reveal no more than that it concerns itself with a moderately gay young man who inadvertently gets the spirit of his first wife materialized in the home of his second, with resulting complications which are never expected, always funny, and consistently credible once the fundamental premises have been accepted. I have seldom seen a group of performers who seemed happier to be playing their parts than Peggy Wood, Clifton Webb, Mildred Natwick, and an English newcomer named Leonora Corbett seem here, and that helps a lot; but they would assuredly not have been so happy if Mr. Coward had not known exactly what he was doing and if he had not done it so perfectly. The dialogue is witty and the action funny; what counts even more is the fact that the right tone is struck at the rise of the curtain and during the whole time that it is up. Dr. Johnson once said that the personages in Shakespeare's romantic comedies acted exactly as such people would undoubtedly have acted if they had ever existed. Much the same might be said for Mr. Coward's ghostly spouse and her unwilling hosts.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

THE nostalgic reminiscences of an aging miner driven from his home by the encroaching slag heap which has destroyed the lovely Welsh valley of his childhood memories were recounted by Richard Llewellyn in his novel "How Green Was My Valley." A screen version of such a book is a bold project, but Darryl Zanuck as producer and John Ford as director have succeeded in capturing to a remarkable degree the atmosphere of the novel. The film has been produced with elaborate care: a Welsh mining village built in the Ventura hills has been made, by skilful use

of the camera, to seem both authentic and beautiful; the actors almost succeed in lending an air of reality to the highly idealized characters of the story; and the screen play has been contrived with an economy of dialogue and a quiet humor which are unusual and commendable.

The faults of the picture originate in the novel. There the characters are seen through the eyes of a child—the good are perfect, the wicked are damned—but since it is a child who sketches this oversimplified picture, the reader may add a few daubs and smears of his own, and proceed undisturbed by the unnatural greenness of the valley and the supernatural wisdom and goodness of some of its inhabitants. But here in two dimensions are Dada and Mrs. Morgan, Bronwen and Angharad, without any of the humanizing faults which the reader, at his fancy, might endow them with—all too good to be true.

Then, too, in attempting to include too much, the film has emerged episodic and formless to an unnecessary degree, and many of the dramatic possibilities of the book have been thrown away. For instance, the development of the miners' union in the valley is traced with considerable detail in the book and provides some excellent dramatic material, but in the screen version the matter is hastily confided, with a few high-minded remarks from the preacher, Mr. Gruffyd, to the hands of God. Nevertheless, this is a serious film, beautifully photographed and brilliantly acted, particularly by Donald Crisp, Sara Allgood, and Roddy McDowall. There is some fine singing by a Welsh choir, and only in the very cinematic ending does the picture succumb to the conventional.

Why anyone should choose to live in such a dank deserted spot as that inhabited by the characters in "Ladies in Retirement," and, moreover, why anyone should go to the lengths of killing off a nice old lady in order to remain in the company of two rather messy lunatics, are questions that the dramatist has left unanswered. But for those who are not too concerned with probabilities and who enjoy their murders flavored with a dash of psychology, this version of last year's stage success should provide a pleasing chill. There is plenty of suspense, and there is an unpleasant and convincing portrait of a crazy woman by Elsa Lanchester; and while Ida Lupino has often been seen to better advantage, she does as nice a strangulation job as one could hope for. The picture is chiefly notable for its odd conception of the Essex marshes, where

fog resembling boles of cotton hangs perpetually in the air, and the general impression is of an antediluvian swamp.

The American public will probably require more than a film like "One Day in the Soviet Union," and the unctuous assurances of Quentin Reynolds, to convince them that, as Mr. Reynolds proclaims in his commentary, the Russians are "people like us." Poorly constructed and photographed, this picture is a bad blunder in propaganda. Tractors and factories and undergrounds have ceased to be wonders in this country, and the pride the picture takes in the cultural and scientific developments of Soviet Russia seems very naive when accompanied by an invitation to compare them with American achievements. Despite many statements to the contrary, most people are convinced that the Russians are human beings and would be more interested in an explanation of their way of life than in assurances that they are almost civilized. ANTHONY BOWER

RECORDS

AMONG Columbia's November releases is Bach's Partita No. 5 for clavier, one of the duller works, but an occasion for Gieseeking's characteristic sinuous delicacy and continuity of phrasing (Set X-208, \$2.50). And then Chabrier's engaging "España," in a brilliant performance by Beecham with the London Philharmonic that is excellently recorded (71250-D, \$1), but with surfaces on my copy that did not give clean sound with steel needles until I had used a chromium needle to get rid of the abrasive debris. And some of the surfaces on other orchestral records had the same fault.

These other orchestral releases comprise Strauss's "Don Juan," with its fast passages rushed, its slow ones inflated and distorted by Reiner's performance with the Pittsburgh Symphony (Set X-190, \$2.50); Schumann's Symphony No. 4, its slow movement dragged and sentimentalized, its other movements stiff and heavy in Stock's performance with the Chicago Symphony (Set 475, \$3.50); Dvorak's Slavonic Dances Nos. 1 and 3—genial, relaxed music, but tautly unrelaxed as performed by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (11645-D, \$1); Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf," with Basil Rathbone as the narrator, and Stokowski, conducting his Youth Orchestra, fussing with the tempos and sonorities of music that should be played very simply (Set 477,

\$3.50); Ravel's "La Valse," in a heavily graceless performance by Barbirolli with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set X-207, \$2.50); the Persian Dance from Mussorgsky's "Khovantchina," acceptably played by Barlow with the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony (17286-D, \$.75); the Ride of the Valkyries and the Prelude to Act 3 of "Lohengrin," made even less impressive than they are by Reiner's performances with the Pittsburgh Symphony (11644-D, \$1). (The set of Rodzinski's performance of Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" with the Cleveland Orchestra has not yet arrived.)

If one does as Columbia's advertisements say one may do, and plays these recordings on a wide-range machine with treble-control turned up—merely to the point to which it is turned for the Beecham recording—the sound is either hollow and nasal or excruciatingly ear-piercing. If one takes them as recordings that represent Columbia's experiment of intensifying the treble so that enough will remain when people turn down the treble-control to eliminate scratch—if, that is, one plays them with the treble-control turned down below the position for the Beecham recording—the sound is more agreeable to the ear; but even then at its best—in the Prokofiev, Dvorak, and Schumann recordings—it is not deep and round and warm in the way the sound of the Beecham recording is; and the sound of the "Don Juan" and "Lohengrin" is especially thin and flat, that of the Ride of the Valkyries is muffled, and that of the "Khovantchina" remains hollow and nasal. After the fine recording of Mahler's First Symphony these are a great disappointment, indicating that Columbia has not yet worked out a combination of equipment and technique that will consistently give good results. The results of its attempts at innovation during the past year lead me to the belief that the public would be better off if Columbia were content to do whatever English Columbia does to produce recordings as fine as those of Beecham's performance, and then to let the record-buyer decide whether to get the full benefit of the recording by playing it on a wide-range machine with treble-control up, or to sacrifice some of the richness by turning the treble-control down to eliminate scratch, or to lose it by playing the recording on a machine, small or large, of limited range.

But recent experiences with the recordings that have been coming my way have raised in my mind the question

whether one is not better off with a machine of limited range. Thus, a few weeks ago I had an opportunity to hear Victor's September Johann Strauss set (805, \$4) on a Magnavox 55-D (\$375 without FM). The works—the Overtures to "Die Fledermaus" and "Der Zigeunerbaron," the "Emperor" and "Blue Danube" waltzes—are among the best of Strauss, and are excellently performed—the first three by Bruno Walter with the Paris Conservatory, London Symphony and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestras, the fourth by Szell with the Vienna Philharmonic. And on this large machine of limited range (limited by the crystal pickup-head on the Garrard record-changer) their recorded sound was highly agreeable. But last week I received the set from Victor and played it on my wide-range Scott with Audax Pro-2 pickup, on which some of the performances sounded a little strident and others pinched and nasal. It appears that a person who pays a high price for a first-rate high-fidelity machine with a sensitive Audax or Brush pickup that will bring out impressively the excellence of the best European and domestic recordings—the Beechams, Weingartners, Furtwänglers, the Victor Stokowskis—is paying that price for a machine that will bring out just as impressively the stridency and other defects of the poorer recordings. And perhaps he would do better to get himself a compromise machine like the Magnavox, which will produce less impressive results with the Beechams, Furtwänglers, and Victor Stokowskis but more agreeable results with the poorer recordings.

Acting on this idea I heard the 9-tube Magnavox (\$237.50 in the Contemporary cabinet, \$247.50 in the Regency Commode, both with Seeburg record-changer), with pleasant sound of moderate power; the 11-tube Regency Console (\$290 with Seeburg changer, \$315 with Webster changer), with sound that is full and more spacious; and the 12-tube, 2-speaker Belvedere (\$350 with Webster changer), with sound that has much greater power, body, and depth. (The model 55 I mentioned before is the 12-tube chassis in the Regency Symphony cabinet with Garrard changer.) These come only with the changers; and the Seeburg and Webster are equipped with crystal pickup-heads that can be played with either a special removable jewel point or with a metal needle. I recommend using the metal needle—the Victor chromium. An FM tuner can be added for \$50 more.

B. H. HAGGIN

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

- Charles de Gaulle.* By Philippe Barrès. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.
- The Opera: A History of Its Creation and Performance: 1600-1941.* By Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.
- A Creed for Free Men: A Study of Loyalties.* By William Adams Brown. Scribner's. \$2.50.
- The World's Iron Age.* By William Henry Chamberlin. Macmillan. \$3.
- The Atlantic System: The Story of Anglo-American Control of the Seas.* By Forrest Davis. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.
- Thackeray: A Critical Portrait.* By John Dodds. Oxford. \$3.
- Greatness in Music.* By Alfred Einstein. Oxford. \$3.
- The Advancing Front of Medicine.* By George W. Gray. Whittlesey House. \$3.
- The Animals Are in Cages.* Written and Drawn by Hoffmeister. Greenberg. \$2.50.
- Dakar: Outpost of Two Hemispheres.* By Emil Lengyel. Random House. \$2.
- Our Singing Country.* A Second Volume of American Ballads and Folk Songs. Collected and Compiled by John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax. Macmillan. \$5.
- The Novel and Society: A Critical Study of the Modern Novel.* By N. Elizabeth Monroe. North Carolina. \$3.
- War and the German Mind.* By William K. Pfeiler. Columbia. \$3.25.
- Edgar Allan Poe.* By Arthur Hobson Quinn. Appleton-Century. \$5.
- Atrocity Propaganda, 1914-1919.* By James Morgan Read. Yale. \$3.50.
- Grand Strategy.* By H. A. Sargeant and Geoffrey West. Crowell. \$2.
- Doctor Wood: Modern Wizard of the Laboratory.* By William Seabrook. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75.
- The Charles.* By Arthur Bernon Tourtellot. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.
- Journey for Margaret.* By W. L. White. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
- Clara Barton.* By Blanche Colton Williams. Lippincott. \$3.50.
- 12 Million Black Voices: A Folk History of the Negro in the United States.* By Richard Wright. Photo-Direction by Edwin Rosskam. Viking. \$3.

The Undiscoverables

[Continued from page 481]

patrol sank out of sight into the deep hollow by the cliff corridors, the boys saw their father streak over the skyline, dark against the golden and pomegranate-hued feathers of cloud. The patrol did not come to the bushes.

Nevertheless, the night did not end well. About midnight they were awakened by the dogs. Behind the ridge at the top of the pasture they heard rifle shots. Carmelo clapped a hand over Brasi's mouth and told him to lie still. He himself rose and whistled a command to the dogs. The old bitch fell in behind him as he mounted to the sky-

line. Boy and dog lay still, the knobby-headed scabiosa and the stiff thyme plants whipping in their faces. They waited there a long time.

As the new moon sank in a yellow haze, the bitch began to growl contentedly. "She smells father," Carmelo whispered. Presently the dog growled in alarm. Under his arm the bitch's spine quivered and he held her to earth. She growled and whimpered, sniffing the while. Her whole body quivered as if she were a sack of live mice. The valley below was black, though the water pond called the Eye gleamed dimly. Nothing else was visible. The barren carob trees that gave the unlucky herdsman no more St. John's bread were not to be seen. The dog began to cower in terror, thrusting her nose into the grass. A minute later Carmelo heard his father swearing.

"He's drunk," he thought. A few yards to the left of him Cesare blundered over the crest. Cesare took no notice of his soft cry. Instantly fear gripped Carmelo's heart. He had not forgotten the rifle shots but had believed without question that his father, on his own hills and at night, could not come into danger. The Fascisti, if they were silly enough to pull trigger at night, would probably shoot one another. But now, perceiving his father's staggering gait, Carmelo bounded after him in terror, without listening to the direction of the steps. The bitch swerved away from him as he ran.

Cesare had not gone to the hut. Carmelo heard the terrified bleating of the goats, the barking of the dogs. They were barking at father! Holy Virgin, what was happening? Laying his hand upon his knife, Carmelo ran through the bushes without dodging or ducking. The goats were dashing themselves against the hurdles in terror while the dogs raced round outside. As he laid hands upon the hurdle top, a goat leaped over and struck him on the chest. He tried to seize it, but the terrified animal actually snapped at him and he let it bound away. The uproar of bleating goats and barking dogs and his father's wild yelling would surely attract Chiesa. Suddenly Carmelo smelt blood, goat's blood. And in that instant he heard the blow of a knife. Shrieking, he vaulted the hurdle and pitched headlong among the frantically milling goats. Their sharp small feet pounded over his back as he lay. The animals were too scared to leap over him.

"God's body, God's blood," Cesare was yelling. He was killing the goats.

Carmelo scrambled to his feet, slipped, and was down again. The animals scattered around him and he saw his father's black, lurching form.

"Father," he shrieked and leaped up, afraid that Cesare would dive at him with the knife. He threw himself upon his father, entreating him to come to his senses, adjuring him by the womb of his dead wife, imploring him by the Virgin and by all the foul obscenities of hell. Cesare beat off his son with the blood-wet hand that gripped the knife. The other arm hung limp. Again the father sprang at the revolving animals, hacking at them with the knife. He fell upon his knees and hobbled forward, hoarsely commanding the goats to be still. One of them collided with him and he caught it, pushed it to the ground and stabbed it again and again. He did not deftly slit its throat as a practiced herdsman should. Carmelo dragged at his shoulders, provoking a stream of frightful blasphemies. The left arm did not move, and feeling himself the stab of pain the bullet must have caused, he released his father, who again scrambled toward the goats. Carmelo charged at the hurdle fence and, stopping, gripped a stake. There was a remedy for this madness. In the goatherd's lore such things occasionally happened. The sun, or loneliness that during forty years might have been endured, even preferred, would at last mount up in a goatherd's brain. Or he would be enraged by futile jealousy at a rich man's playing with his wife. Too much wine poured into the blood sometimes broke down the everlasting patience. Or an inexplicable fury of killing had been known to seize a gentle herdsman.

Carmelo broke out the circle of hurdles so that the milling animals escaped into the night. Almost at once, recognizing that his son had applied the remedy prescribed in the herdsman's lore, Cesare desisted. He sat among the slain goats, upon the earth wet with blood, muttering oaths. Carmelo strode up to him.

"Thou fool. Bad goatherd, thou!"

"It comes upon a man," Cesare said in a faint voice.

"It comes upon a man to destroy himself and his sons, also?"

"Eh, the dear Christ! My sons . . ."

"What now will they say when I deny you have been here! What is to become of you, and of us, of Brasi? Thou fool, thou fool." Carmelo threw himself upon his knees before his father and embraced him, weeping with rage and pity. The rage was against the town, the law

of towns and the great men of the towns who governed the people of the hills and the bread-bearing land. His rage was also against his father, who had taken revenge upon the townspeople's goats. The pity was wholly for his father. He had bewailed the fate he knew would befall him and his brother, but that was merely an argument.

"Eh, dear Christ and his mother," Cesare muttered, appalled.

"What shall we do?" Carmelo shook his father, who collapsed and rolled over upon the befouled earth. In a few moments Cesare got to his feet and held himself stiffly.

"They shot me in the arm, son."

Carmelo swore to nourish his revenge through the years. He took out his knife and his father's knife and crossed them and shook the cross toward the ground, his body quivering with the vast, curdled rancor of the abased and propertyless herdsman who lives upon bread, onions, and a handful of maggots and cheese. He trembled with hatred for the treacherous and political city. The father tried to stay the oath Carmelo was taking. The son persisted.

"That's a lot of oath for one little bullet in the arm." Carmelo's body stiffened beneath the weight of the man he was supporting. In his father's voice there was sadness and a great irony, yet there was no chiding, no resentment. The oath Carmelo had taken could only mean that the son now knew that his father's death could not long be avoided. Cesare knew that was so.

"Mori's son is hunting me. They have half a hundred men out on the hills. Rossi shot me as I was climbing a wall after onions. I wanted an onion; a man can't live on bread and cheese alone. You put too little salt in that cheese, my son."

"Father," Carmelo wept. The meaning of his own oath of revenge had broken upon him. The man at his side, his father, the smell of whose stale sweat in the night had been assurance of protection, was soon to be dead.

"Eh, son," Cesare chided. "Don't bawl so. Get me some salt. I could eat salt by the bushel and drink milk by the dozen liters." Brasi was standing between the hut and the corral, and they almost collided with him. The father whipped his arm from Carmelo's shoulder and spoke sharply.

"Have done. You must drive the herd to the pastures at the head of the valley near Four Carob Farm. A man can move there. There are many wells of water there. There's no room here by the sea."

"You must go to the continent. The fishermen in the strait will take you across. There's sure to be someone." Carmelo pleaded, but Cesare repeated his order. The younger boy drew himself up squarely, in front of his father.

"Thou art my father," he addressed his father proudly. "And I thy son." His voice trembled as he spoke the word "*figghiu*," son.

"Eh, good son that thou art, Brasi of my heart. But put thy knife away, good son." The boy obeyed and broke into tears and threw himself upon his father. Man and son kissed one another fervently. The dogs began to bark. Here and there in the darkness a goat bleated.

"Hark! I must be going," Cesare said.

"Do as I told you and have cheese for me and goat's flesh and milk to drink at all times." That the Fascisti would allow him to remain with the herd Carmelo did not believe, nor that his father's plan was wise. The town would know, from the movement of the herd, that Cesare intended to keep in touch with his sons. But his father meant to fight. Therefore his sons would aid him. There was no complication in the son's thought. It had often happened that way. So many tales of *omertà* their father had told them, of offended goatherds and peasants who would not denounce an enemy before the law, which was the law of cities, of governors, of the idle princes, but who took their own revenge. There was Nicolo of Roccapalumba, who had become a bandit and died among screaming foes, a broken scythe blade in his bleeding hands. There was Calogero of Vizzini, whom men still respected; there was Bastiano of the Madonie hills; Gelo, Redhead, Broken Teeth, and Carmeno the Betrayed. Eh, by the sweet pitying Christ, Cesare the Blackbearded, called the Braggart, dear father of their blood, standing before them! Fear and love and pride quickened Carmelo's blood.

"We could steal Chiesa's carbine."

"I have my knife, my sling, and a pistol. Rossi's pistol. I dragged him over the wall with one hand. Eh, blazing hell, that I did!"

"They will be coming then; go quickly, Father."

"They will not be coming. They have Rossi to attend to. There were only three of them."

"*Iddu è*. It's him, Chiesa," Brasi exclaimed as they heard someone stumble against the fallen hurdles. As they ran a few paces toward the corral, Cesare sped away.

[To be continued next week]

Letters to the Editors

Confiscation of War Profits

Dear Sirs: I was glad to read a word of good sense on the taxation of corporate profits from Keith Hutchison, who in your issue of October 18 advocated a 100 per cent tax on profits due specifically to the war, that is, on the increase of profits during the present period of war preparation over the average pre-war profits.

Such a proposition is far sounder than Secretary Morgenthau's suggestion of a 100 per cent tax on all profits over 6 per cent. Its adoption would really mean taking the profit out of war, and in this way it would increase the willingness of other groups to make the sacrifices which the war effort will undoubtedly require. A 100 per cent tax on war profits is workable and is already in effect in Britain, where it has been invaluable in strengthening morale.

Secretary Morgenthau's proposal will arouse tremendous opposition, whereas the reasonableness of preventing anyone from profiteering from the war effort will win strong support for the 100 per cent tax on strictly war profits. A confiscatory tax on war profits would reduce the opposition of the owners of industry to the increases of pay which are necessary to meet the increased cost of living. It would also reduce the bickering over prices between the government's purchasing agents and the different companies making armaments, since the government would get back all the increased profit through taxes anyhow, and it would thus tend to reduce the cost of war materials.

Finally, the 6 per cent rate of profit must be figured on a base of capital value. The difficulties, both legal and economic, in making a fair and just administrative determination of the value of the capital base are tremendous, and constitute a serious objection to Secretary Morgenthau's proposal.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

New York, November 5

Relief Bills and Settlement

Dear Sirs: It is true, as Carey McWilliams said in his article on Americans Without a Country in *The Nation* of November 1, that eligibility for assistance should be based on need, not residence. However, settlement laws are

necessary to determine who is to pay the bill for this assistance. Were it not for the settlement laws, New York City's relief bill would be much larger than it is.

Uniform settlement laws would improve the situation, as McWilliams suggests. I feel that, in addition to this, when a person receives aid from a community where he does not have settlement, the bill should be forwarded to the locality where he has. In cases of a dispute between localities some federal agency should settle the dispute; this agency should also have the power to decide whether or not the relief applicant should be returned to the community where he has settlement.

Such an arrangement might alleviate the hardships of migrant workers.

JACOB SIEGFRIED

Brooklyn, N. Y., November 3

Governor Olson's Example

Dear Sirs: Governor Culbert L. Olson of California recently protested vehemently to federal authorities, a Congressional committee, and private defense companies about discrimination against Negroes in employment. To emphasize his own devotion to democracy and tolerance, Governor Olson then appointed a Negro to be judge of the Los Angeles Municipal Court, the first colored judge in California history.

EDNA MITCHELL

Sacramento, Cal., November 2

More in Sorrow

Dear Sirs: It has been brought to our attention that your In the Wind column a week or so ago referred in one item to the *Daily Worker*. Our paper was said to be offering itself to labor as a national publicity organ in matters of national defense. The wording of the item was supercilious, and evidently calculated to inspire sneers and laughs.

We think your publication of that sort of item a real disservice. It was not merely unfair to the *Daily Worker*—which has no such delusions of grandeur respecting its influence. It was, however well intentioned, a blow at national defense.

Our idea is to contribute in every possible way to an intensification of the defense effort. If material in your col-

umns helps, we use it gladly and give credit where due. It seems to us that *The Nation* might well reciprocate. Needless to say, we expect no immediate conversion to socialism; but we do believe that you would do far better to assist our earnest if limited publicity—in the interest of the elimination of Hitlerism abroad and at home.

Let us hope that, in the spirit of Godkin and Villard, you will do so. We pledge our unremitting effort for anti-Hitler unity regardless of past differences or possible future changes.

S. ARCHER, Education Committee,

Upper Harlem Section of
the Communist Party

New York, November 3

[Comrade Archer is too modest in his expectations. After all, what is a gradual "conversion to socialism" compared to an overnight switch from wild-cat strikes to all-out-for-national-defense, including—as our item reported—the substitution of complaints in the Communist press for direct strike action. Let us hope that, in the spirit of Marx and Engels, the *Daily Worker* will continue to publish letters from time to time about naughty capitalists. —EDITORS THE NATION.]

Speaking of Chairs

Dear Sirs: Under the title Where Do We Sit? I reported last week on new furniture at the Museum of Modern Art and mentioned, *passim*, the necessity of further testing. Unhappily this now calls for greater emphasis, since some of the chairs showed signs, toward the end of the exhibition, of being structurally not impeccable. Responsibility cannot be placed squarely on the original designers, since changes were made later by the manufacturers on account of priorities. But we do apparently need, on museum juries dealing with modern design, technical censors to check the more exuberant attempts at "miracles" of lightness or of some other attribute. The greater part of the furniture shown at the Museum of Modern Art would have passed the necessary tests very well.

In the interim it is still true that the best "modern" chairs now available seem to be important in idea if not in execution, as for example the ones at Artek-Pascoe in New York. With a

slim pocket-book but a bold independent taste a young couple could find many very acceptable pieces, "modern" in all but label, at the larger sporting-goods stores. For example, the shipshape lines, the athletic economy, the excellent and agreeable materials in such a product as a "snowshoe" chair put it right up in front among the lighter "modern" pieces; moreover, such goods have been thoroughly tested under rigorous conditions, and they sell in the neighborhood of \$10 instead of anywhere from \$35 to \$100 for comparable pieces in the canonical "modern" style.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

New York, November 7

Farm Prices

Dear Sirs: On October 4 in his discussion of inflation Keith Hutchison spoke of keeping farm prices at their present level by releasing surplus products now held by the government. Before one advocates the use of the surplus farm products to keep agricultural prices from going up or actually for reducing them below present levels, one should consider our future need for agricultural products and that farm prices have been ridiculously low in comparison with other prices. Farm prices are still too low, and we must expect them to go up considerably unless we are prepared to cope with the problem of a greatly reduced output of agricultural products. Even parity farm prices leave the farmer at a disadvantage because the mechanization of industry has been at a much more rapid rate than the mechanization of agriculture since the years upon which the figures for parity are based.

To operate a modern mechanized farm the farmer and the farm worker must have a degree of ability and skill comparable to that of the factory worker and the city business man. Yet the farmer and the farm worker have been forced to accept half, a quarter, or even a tenth of what is received by business and industry. For example, those who know say that it takes an hour's time to produce a pound of cotton. With cotton selling at nine cents a pound one can see at what an economic level those producing cotton have had to live, and should be able to see what cotton must sell for if those who produce it are to get even thirty or forty cents an hour for their work. From my own experience I have learned that it takes at least an hour's time to produce a pound of butter on the average dairy farm. With the farmer getting at least four cents

below the New York wholesale market price, one can see what he is paid for his labor.

A good example of the problems the farmer faces is given in the same issue of *The Nation* by E. M. Hawes of Marietta, Ohio, who writes in the correspondence column. He indicates that his and other farmers' hired hands are now working at defense construction as carpenters, showing that the farm workers do possess skills comparable to those of industry. Mr. Hawes doesn't say how much these men were getting before they left the farms, but he gives some indication of it by saying that the farmers are unable to replace them because they cannot compete with the WPA and NYA. The only immediate solution of the problem is higher prices for agricultural products, though this is not the whole solution.

CLARENCE ARMSTRONG

Baltimore, Md., October 16

Faith Returns

Dear Sirs: Always that part of popular periodicals under some such heading as "Letters to the Editors" is a pretty infallible index of the mental keenness of our rank-and-file citizens and of their awareness, or lack of such, of the significance of outstanding events at home and abroad.

For many years I have been a reader of many periodicals, a favorite among which has been *The Nation*, and for many years I have been disheartened by the vapid stuff found in said department, and by the equal vapidness of editors giving space to such, and especially to unmerited bouquets for themselves. A people not capable of a high degree of mental acumen is a people not capable of taking adequate care of themselves and their inherited advantages.

Every insertion in Letters to the Editors in your October 18 issue is a very high measure of compliment to the people and nation, whose general and permanent welfare I am so intensely interested in and anxious to see promoted. In fact, that entire edition of *The Nation* is a marked improvement on many earlier ones. Therefore, at seventy-five, I am measurably heartened by a returning faith in my loved country's capability to be a sane, perceptive, and united people, fully competent to protect and defend their inheritance against any attacks from within or without.

JOHN S. GOGIN

Walhalla, N. D., November 6

Soviet Anniversary

Dear Sirs: Your readers may care to see this telegram, which was sent by request to the Tass Agency in New York for the November celebration of the Soviet anniversary.

The Soviet peoples are making history in these tragic and terrible hours. I regret that as an elderly writer I have nothing to send but words of hope. But our great democracy will send more. Our people are slow to move but they are sure. They will send ships and materials, and in the end if need be they will send trained men. Hitlerism is the wickedest force which has ever appeared in the world; the more dangerous because it possesses all the tools of modern science. It must not and shall not be permitted to prevail. With its defeat the pathway to a free, enlightened, and cooperative world will lie open to all peoples of the earth.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, Cal., November 3

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The Shape of Things

ILL OMENS ATTENDED THE ARRIVAL IN Washington of Japan's special envoy, Saburo Kurusu. At the very hour of his meeting with Secretary Hull and President Roosevelt, the American press was featuring the militant address to the Diet of the new Japanese Prime Minister, Admiral Tojo, while newspapers in Japan were insisting that the government must be prepared at all costs to break the "economic blockade" and "military encirclement" of Japan by foreign powers and to defend the nation's East Asia policy. The Japanese House of Representatives approved without debate the new government's extraordinary military budget of 3,800,000,000 yen, and, as if in answer, President Roosevelt asked Congress for an additional appropriation of more than \$6,500,000,000 for the army and navy, part of it specifically for the Philippine forces and for the construction of new military posts. And as if to highlight these sober and ominous proceedings, it was disclosed that the German freighter Odenwald, captured in the South Atlantic flying American colors, had been bound from Yokohama to Bordeaux with a hold full of war supplies for Germany, including a load of raw rubber and a consignment of American automobile tires.

★

BUT THE FACTS BEHIND MR. KURUSU'S mission are no more encouraging than the omens. He brings with him an intense desire to avoid war with the United States, but like Nazi Germany, Japan wants peace with conquest. His mission is to persuade the American government that Japan's Asiatic policy deserves its support or at least its complaisance; and he doubtless brings with him certain concessions and offers with which he hopes to buy what he cannot win by argument. But the day for that sort of bargaining has passed. The United States also wants to avoid war in the Pacific, but not at a price Japan is likely to offer. For the Japanese occupation of Indo-China, together with the spread of the war to Russia, put an end to the policy of buying peace at the expense of China. Appeasement is dead. The Chinese front has become part of the general anti-Axis front, and even if Japan, in its extremity, is prepared to with-

draw from or forgo all its other conquests in exchange for the oil and metals with which to "conclude" its "affair" in China, the United States can no longer agree to such terms. This time appeasement will have to come from Japan, and it is hard to imagine in what form Mr. Kurusu can offer it.

★

THE DIRECTION OF JAPAN'S NEXT ATTACK is still a matter of speculation among observers following Far Eastern affairs. Recent troop movements into Canton and French Indo-China have, however, narrowed the field of speculation considerably. These movements suggest an attack either on Thailand or on China's Burma road. Of the two the latter appears the more probable development despite the immense physical obstacles to such a drive, for it is generally believed that an invasion of Thailand would be followed almost immediately by British and American declarations of war against Japan. On the other hand, in the absence of a specific warning from the Anglo-Saxon powers, Japan may feel that it can attack the Burma road without provoking a general war in the Pacific. Actually, such a move would be directed as much against the United States as against China since the Burma road is being used to bring out tungsten, tin, and other vital materials for American defense industries. Moreover, since the major strategy of the struggle against the Axis powers demands the preservation of a free, fighting China, it is to the direct interest of the Allied powers to keep open China's one remaining lifeline.

★

SNOW AND SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURES SEEM to have stopped the Nazis on the northern Russian front. The situation is particularly favorable around Moscow, where the invaders have made scant progress during the past month. It is also reasonably good in the vicinity of Leningrad, where the Nazi thrust toward Vologda appears to have been thrown back. Moreover, all attacks on Murmansk have failed, although the Finns are reported to have cut the rail line that was to have been used to deliver American supplies to the main fronts. The spread of winter to the Ukraine seems to have checked German advances in that area. But with the capture of Kerch the threat to the Caucasus has been materially increased. Since the weather in this area should be comparatively mild for another month, the Germans may be expected to attempt a crossing of the narrow strait at the mouth of the Sea of Azov in their next major effort. The Russians are well aware that this drive is in many respects as crucial as the one on Moscow itself and are reported to have developed strong positions on the east side of the strait. Should the Germans force the crossing, Britain will be faced with the necessity of deciding immediately whether or not to send British troops to aid in

the defense of the Caucasian oil fields. The Russians must look to General Wavell rather than General Winter for ultimate aid in this sector.

★

THE NEW NAZI DRIVE TO BRING VICHY ALL the way into the Axis appears to be a direct consequence of the revision of the Neutrality Act and the increasing participation of the United States in the Battle of the Atlantic. With the Italian navy half destroyed physically and wholly sunk morally, Hitler badly needs reinforcements to offset the growing effectiveness of Anglo-American command of the seas and to reestablish safe communications with Libya. France has been asked to use its navy for convoy work in the Mediterranean, to "protect" Dakar and the West African coast from British attack, and to provide free transit facilities through the French North African bases for Axis reinforcements and supplies. In exchange for these concessions Germany has again held out as bait the promise to release all French prisoners of war and to evacuate part of the territory now occupied—possibly including Paris. Weygand's place in this new scheme of things is obscure as we go to press. There are unconfirmed reports that he is to succeed Huntziger as Minister of War. If this turns out to be true, it would seem to mean that Weygand has acquiesced in the final surrender of France and that all hopes that his influence might be pitted against Darlan's were based on wishful thinking. But against this must be set equally persistent reports that Weygand and others are still resisting certain of the German demands. On this occasion, as in the past, the Germans may find it impossible to impose their full will on the Vichy regime. But it is evident that Vichy's pretense of neutrality is being steadily worn down by the relentless Nazi conquerors.

★

THE MOST CRUCIAL ISSUE BEFORE CONGRESS at the present time is not the strike issue, as many Congressmen seem to assume, but that of price control. There is every indication that anti-inflation legislation is being deliberately sabotaged by powerful groups within Congress. Four months of wrangling and controversy have so far yielded nothing except a committee-written bill which pleases no one and would do little, if anything, toward preventing inflation. Meanwhile prices continue to rise. Since February, when the present advance began, living costs have increased 8½ per cent, wholesale commodity prices 14 per cent, and prices paid to the farmer for his products 35 per cent. Although the price of many manufactured articles and of some basic commodities is being held down by orders from the price-control administration, it is doubtful whether these curbs can be long maintained in the absence of full legal sanction. And unless Congress acts quickly, even legal curbs may be unavailing. Experience has shown that

it is almost impossible to stop an inflation by administrative action once it is fully under way. Since this spiral of increasing prices is at the root of most of our labor difficulties, it is imperative that Congress give immediate attention to the problem. *

THE STRIKE IN THE CAPTIVE SOFT-COAL mines is not the only strike affecting the output of steel for defense. Far more serious is the industry's continued resistance to expansion. Yet the press in general buried or ignored the alarming complaints registered by some of the most conservative figures in the defense program at the steel-industry conference in Washington. Admiral Land of the Maritime Commission said that fourteen shipways were idle in October for lack of steel plates. Under Secretary of the Navy Forrestal declared the steel shortage to be a serious obstacle to our two-ocean-navy program. Assistant Secretary of War McCloy, speaking for Under Secretary Patterson, made it clear that the army was sick of the "over-all" figures paraded by the steel industry to prove that it has ample supplies for defense. McCloy asserted that these over-all figures meant little as long as specific shortages existed in the kinds of steel needed for defense. Knudsen added to the chorus of complaint, although one reason for the most serious shortage, that in light plates, is the automobile industry's huge consumption of steel from sheet and strip mills which could have been making plates for tanks and ships. Eugene Grace of Bethlehem, nevertheless, denied the existence of shortages at the meeting, and the National Association of Manufacturers has launched a publicity campaign to prove that no expansion is needed. Apparently the steel trust would rather lose the war than endanger its monopoly by an enlargement of output that might ultimately undermine prices.

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IN THE POTTER OVER WHETHER OR NOT a grand jury may subpoena a Congressman the fact that Representative Hamilton Fish has not yet told what he knows about a dangerous situation has been obscured. The facts, in brief, are these: A District of Columbia grand jury is investigating Nazi activities in the United States. The same grand jury has already indicted one George Hill on two charges of perjury growing out of his testimony concerning the abuse of the Congressional franking privilege. Mr. Hill is Representative Fish's secretary. Mr. Fish, in turn, is the Congressman whose franked envelopes disappeared from the office of Prescott Dennett just before federal investigators swooped down on that office in a search for evidence. Summoned to testify, Mr. Fish declined to appear in court lest the prerogatives of the House be violated. The ancient struggle between Charles I and Parliament was invoked, and even Administration leaders in the House, fearing perhaps the accusation that they wanted Fish out of the

way during the crucial neutrality debate, supported his contention. Now the House has decided that Mr. Fish is free to appear "voluntarily" at such time as his duties as a Representative do not require him elsewhere. Immediately after the neutrality vote Mr. Fish left Washington on a two weeks' "tour of duty" with the army. The grand jury reconvenes on November 24. Is it too much to hope that by that time Representative Fish and Colonel Fish will have done their duty sufficiently to allow Citizen Fish a chance to do his?

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A SERIES OF MAJOR CRIMES IN HARLEM HAS had one fortunate effect—it has focused public attention on the shocking economic and social conditions in New York's Negro ghetto. For years Harlem has been the most overcrowded section of the city. Although Negro wages are much lower than those of whites doing comparable work, Harlem rents are among the highest in the city for the type of accommodations available. Schools, playgrounds, and health facilities have always been inferior to those in other sections of the city. Negroes have consistently been discriminated against in both public and private employment. Although these facts have long been known to an informed few, they might never have been brought to public notice if a white boy had not been murdered by Negro youths. As a result of this crime the Social Service Bureau of the Magistrates' Courts summoned an emergency conference of civic leaders to set up a remedial program. This conference stressed the fact that the problem was largely an economic one. The Reverend A. Clayton Powell proposes to meet it by insisting that the Negro be given a fair proportion of jobs in the city schools, the police force, and the Health Department, and by bringing pressure on private firms to employ Negroes. It is to the interest of every citizen, white and colored, to see that the people of Harlem have a chance to raise their children in decency.

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IN A REMARKABLY ELOQUENT LETTER TO the New York *Times* of November 15 Pearl Buck makes the telling point that New York's current Negro crime wave is merely a whitecap in a mounting sea. The problem is not confined to New York, and it will not be solved by local measures. America's growing involvement in another war for democracy is all that the Negro population of this country needed to point up its own deep discontent: a crusade against racism is all that was lacking to throw its own underprivileged position into sharp relief. Even so, the Negroes of this country stood ready to do their share in the defense of a democracy that to them was merely a hope for the future until they were reduced to despair by the refusal of defense industries and armed services alike to treat them on a plane of equality with whites. "To the colored American,"

writes Mrs. Buck, "this is final proof of the hopelessness of his plight, that even in the defense of his country he is not allowed his share of work." It matters little that Hitler's attitude toward the Negroes, less publicized, is as scurrilous and abusive as it is toward the Jews. His agents are making headway in our Harlems. Until the government gives faith to these twelve million people, they cannot be expected to offer their lives for a shadow.

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PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION'S THIRD trial as a means of selecting New York's City Council yielded some rather extraordinary results. While the method did not prevent the Democrats from obtaining their usual large majority of Council seats, despite the LaGuardia victory, it achieved its purpose in giving representation to minority groups. Among the twenty-six persons obtaining seats in the Council were three women, a Negro minister, a Communist, and four American Laborites. The Republicans failed to obtain adequate representation, winning but two seats. But this is probably as many as they would have obtained under the old system of district representation. The chief complaints against P. R. are: (1) that the Democrats by more skilful use of the system have gained more than their share of seats in the Council; and (2) that a very large proportion of the electorate are, in effect, disfranchised because of failure to mark their ballots correctly. Strangely enough, the Democrats—who have had the best luck in instructing their followers in the technique of voting under P. R.—are alone in advocating repeal of the system. Presumably this is because Tammany knows that as other political groups become more skilful, the Tiger's perennial hold over ward politics will be broken.

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THE AMERICAN GUIDE SERIES, COMPILED AND edited by the Federal Writers' Project, will be completed with the publication of the volume on Oklahoma sometime this month; and even chambers of commerce now admit that it was a great idea. It comprises fifty-one volumes—covering every state, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico, and Alaska; there are in addition detailed guides for most of the large cities. The usefulness of the individual guides for a nation of travelers need hardly be pointed out; that is one reason why the project has had no difficulty in finding the necessary local sponsors for the separate volumes. They also have another value, for taken together they provide perhaps the most comprehensive single record we possess of the American scene. Self-knowledge is the beginning of wisdom for nations as well as individuals. As a people we have always been deficient in the understanding of our background and beginnings. The American Guide Series makes a vital contribution in that respect—and at a time when such understanding is more important than ever.

A Time for Broader Decisions

ALL parties to the dispute which has led to the closing of the captive coal mines—the union, the employers, and the government—must bear their share of responsibility. The situation has been woefully mismanaged by the Administration, wilfully exploited by John L. Lewis and the steel corporations. The likely results are serious delay to the defense effort, encouragement to fascists within and without, and the opening of labor's flanks to legislative attack.

Neither Lewis nor the steel men tried very hard to avoid a showdown, for they had little to lose by it and much to gain. Lewis was out to recover his influence in the C. I. O., which was slipping away from him on the war issue. He was looking for revenge on the President and Sidney Hillman, and the punishment which the labor movement as a whole might take as the result of his actions appears to have been the least of his worries. If he had been sincerely anxious to win the closed shop, without provoking the kind of row which would put the Administration on the spot, he could have agreed to arbitrate the dispute. Undoubtedly he had an extremely strong case, considering that the union had won a closed shop from the 10,000-odd commercial coal operators and that it had organized all but 5 per cent of the workers in the captive pits. Reporting the hearings before the National Defense Mediation Board on November 4, the *Wall Street Journal* quoted an "interested party" as saying: "Although I hate to admit it, this is a case in which a union shop should be granted if there ever was such a case." An offer to arbitrate would have put the steel companies in a position in which they would have had to accept it, despite the strong probability that the case would go against them, or refuse and be burdened with the sole responsibility of causing a strike.

As it is, the steel companies are now occupying a fine strategic position. Their obstinacy in holding out against the closed shop is in shadow while the spotlight of public disapproval plays on Lewis and the union. The steel companies don't stand to lose a penny if the strike is prolonged. Their orders will not be canceled, for the country must have steel, and while they may lose profits this year they will regain them in 1942. Meanwhile they are getting enthusiastic backing for anti-labor legislation which will enable them to check the advance of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee and which, once on the statute books, will not be removed easily.

While Lewis bellowed his arrogant ultimatums, the steel men promoted their case with less noise but more cunning. Should the National Defense Mediation Board recommend a closed shop and should the Administration

insist on their agreement, they would be compelled, they insinuated, to resign the whole management of the industry to the government. The NDMB was clearly afraid of the situation which would be created were this threat made good; it was perhaps even more afraid of appearing to bow down before Lewis's bullying. Its solution of the problem, however, was hardly heroic, for as I. F. Stone shows in his article on page 503, it tried to wriggle out of the dilemma by summing up in favor of the miners and then awarding the verdict to the steel companies. Did the board cherish a naive belief that Eugene Grace and his fellows would be convinced by the case it presented and grant the closed shop without further ado? If it did it overlooked the fact that for the steel magnates labor is a more immediate enemy than Hitler. Having enticed Lewis to lead the unions into an ambush where the Congressional gunners were waiting expectantly, why should they agree to an armistice?

What is to be done now? The President, having declared, mistakenly we believe, that government machinery cannot be used to enforce a closed shop, has ruled out coercion of the steel corporations. Yet the government cannot stand aside and let the issue be decided by a trial of economic strength. No government, however favorably inclined toward labor, could tolerate in an emergency such as exists today the indefinite paralysis of a key industry. Perhaps the army will be sent into the coal fields, but you cannot dig coal with bayonets, nor can you drive the men back to the pits with machine-guns. Talk about using the army is promoted, therefore, by a hope that, if picketing were prevented, large numbers of men would break with the union and filter back to work. It may prove, however, that union loyalty is too strong to fulfil these hopes, and at any rate no quick return of all the miners can be expected.

Moreover, the breaking of the miners' union by such means would have devastating effects on labor morale and would banish all hopes of an industrial truce during the emergency. And it would do much to reestablish the position of Lewis in the C. I. O., for although most of its members detest his isolationist views and his anti-Administration tactics, they cannot oppose him when he fights for basic union rights. This has been plainly illustrated by the unanimous support given to the miners at the Detroit meeting.

We hope that the President, therefore, will not seek a military solution, and we would urge him to attempt to find some new formula for the settlement of the dispute. Behind the demand for a closed shop in the mines is a desire to achieve union security. Could not this end be reached by a ten-year agreement between operators and the United Mine Workers, with provision for negotiations on wages and hours at regular intervals? This would safeguard the union's interests through the emergency period and forestall any attempt by the employers to use

a possible post-war slump to break away from the obligations of collective bargaining.

The coal strike, together with the fast-approaching trouble on the railroads, illustrates the danger of attempting to deal with labor problems on a piecemeal basis. There is a crying need for a settlement on a broader front which will enable us to concentrate on the national emergency without perpetual interruptions. No good can come of any attempt to dragoon the workers into submission to their bosses by hysterical legislation. What is required is a tripartite treaty between government, labor, and industry. Such an agreement would necessarily involve the willingness of the unions to forgo some of the opportunities that the defense boom appears to offer them. But in return for any sacrifices they make they should be offered a quid pro quo. The President is reported to have put forward a plan modeled on that now in effect in Canada. It would guarantee present wages to workers in defense industries and guarantee increases to meet increased living costs. The unions in return would pledge themselves not to call strikes in defense industries. This proposal, it seems to us, needs a good deal of amplification. For one thing, employers should be required to give very stringent guaranties against the use of a standstill period for undermining union organization. What is much more important, if labor is to be asked to forgo the use of its most important weapon and to check its drive for membership and a higher standard of living, it should also be brought into far closer association with the whole defense program.

As Philip Murray pointed out in his address before the C. I. O. convention, labor has been practically ignored in the administration of defense, while a "horde of representatives of the large corporations" have secured control of nearly all key positions and in far too many instances have used their power to safeguard their own interests. Mr. Murray once again put forward his plan for industry councils in which labor and management could meet on equal terms to decide the basic problems of defense production. He put it forward not as a definitive proposal but as a basis for discussion, and truly it deserves a great deal more consideration than it has yet received. For there can be no national unity, no genuinely cooperative effort by all parties contributing to defense, if labor is asked simply to keep quiet and obey orders. The battle of industry in which we are engaged is no Balaklava, and the enthusiasm of the men who will bear the heat of the day in factories and mines is not going to be aroused by commanding them "to do and die" while refusing any recognition of their ability to "reason why." The ranks of labor are now ready to engage in a fight to the finish with the menace of Hitlerism, as the C. I. O. convention has shown. It will be an unforgivable crime if that spirit is dampened by the blunderings of Congress or the obduracy of big business.

End of a Myth

BY FRED A KIRCHWEY

LAST Friday the House of Representatives adopted a declaration of naval war against the Axis powers. From now on Hitler in the West and Japan in the East face a new enemy force: the armed merchant ships of the United States carrying the yield of our factories and farms into the ports of the Allied belligerents under the escort of the United States navy.

This knowledge is in Hitler's mind as he draws the noose closer around the throat of the Vichy government. It is in the mind of Kurusu as he plunges into his negotiations with a more implacable State Department. The amendment of the Neutrality Act, though delayed, was a political act of incalculable strategic importance at the exact moment when it occurred. Its full consequences will be revealed in the decisions of the Axis leaders in the days immediately ahead.

For at last the United States has wiped out the pretense that it is a neutral in this war. That pretense has been an empty one ever since the Lend-Lease Act was passed, but it served as a cloak for appeasement-mongers and as a wet blanket on the enthusiasm of the interventionist majority. This nation could hardly be expected to spring as one man to its battle stations as long as the Panama flag flew at the masthead. From today onward the United States will do what it must do openly and with an undivided conscience. And this fact, coupled with the increased power that will be released, is enough to warn the Axis that its victories must be won quickly if they are to be won at all.

This is no less true because the decision in the House was made by the small margin of eighteen votes. If Hitler and the Japanese government choose to take comfort from that vote, they are more innocent than their record would indicate. They are not likely to make that mistake. They will squeeze out of the returns all the propaganda value possible, but they will base their policy on the reality behind them. The American people, by every sign, overwhelmingly approve the ending of the neutrality restrictions. They have backed every strong act of the government and have demonstrated their dislike for hesitation and obstacles to action. The vote in the House revealed an internal conflict which is shocking enough in the circumstances but which, at worst, is no true indication of public or even Congressional opinion on the actual issue presented by the Neutrality Act amendments. And it should be noted that a Congress so divided and so riddled with political infection that the President only dared ask for a single change in the act—to permit the arming of merchant ships—finally of its own will wiped out the much more serious provision against sending American ships into belligerent waters.

But granting Congress the measure of credit it narrowly earned, it is necessary to say flatly that the men who voted against the amendment for partisan reasons or because the bill failed to include provisions against defense strikes deserve the contempt of every man and woman in the country who desires the defeat of Hitler. If the measure had failed because a few more Congressmen had allowed their votes to be dictated by dislike of John L. Lewis or Franklin D. Roosevelt, the democratic process itself would have been discredited, and fascism would have won a major battle at home as well as abroad.

The Representatives who opposed the amendment on simple political grounds are beyond reach of argument. But those who voted against the bill because they disapproved of the Administration's handling of the labor problem presented a spectacle scarcely more edifying. Their motives may have been better, but their mental processes were more confused. In so far as they were sincere, and not merely hiding a general, irreconcilable opposition to the New Deal behind their concern over defense strikes, they betrayed an alarming readiness to put second things first. And in this they were guilty of exactly the same crime as John L. Lewis.

They argued that the further commitments to the Allied cause implied in the Neutrality Act amendments would be a positive danger so long as labor was permitted to hold up defense production at will. But this argument so nearly answers itself that one can hardly believe it was honestly advanced. Everyone knows that a large majority of organized labor supports the Administration's foreign policy. The A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. agree on that one point at least. The C. I. O., meeting this week in Detroit, gave equally unqualified support to the walkout in the captive mines and to the struggle against the Axis. Nor is the contradiction in this as great as it may appear to a Republican Senator or Congressman. Out of his own experience the average union member finds it easy to equate Hitler and Eugene Grace—as easy as it is for Senator Byrd to find a likeness between Hitler and Lewis. Both Senator and worker are wrong. Our domestic Führers are inferior ones who can be successfully and finally disposed of only if the war against the Axis is won.

The amendment of the Neutrality Law was a prerequisite to any measures which may be necessary to check labor disputes. Only when a country is openly and wholeheartedly engaged in a struggle will ordinary men sacrifice their ordinary rights. To reverse the sequence as opponents of the amendment tried to do—to say in effect, "We'll decide how far we want to get into this war when we are sure those union men will quit striking"—is to put the cart in front of the horse and then expect the horse to make good speed down the road.

Labor, as well as industry, will have to make many sacrifices if this war is to be fought through to the final

defeat of fascism. The gangster tactics of John L. Lewis have created a division between labor and the Administration which was absolutely unnecessary and which put a powerful weapon into the hands of isolationists, reactionaries, and Adolf Hitler. The bad work was helped along by the mistakes of the Mediation Board and by the deliberate recalcitrance of the steel companies. To

solve the problems precipitated in these past weeks will take patience and patriotism. The attempt to dispose of them by arbitrarily attaching a rider to a bill dealing with major international policy was shockingly irresponsible. Happily the attempt failed. The majority has decided, and the irresponsibles will quickly fall in line. For the great bulk of the country is behind the majority.

The Facts of the Coal Case

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, November 16

ONE does not expect surprise endings in quasi-judicial decisions. The opinion of the majority members of the National Defense Mediation Board in the captive-coal-mines dispute established a clear case in favor of the United Mine Workers of America—and then ruled against them. The majority found that 90 per cent of the bituminous coal industry is already operating under a union shop, and that 95 per cent of the workers in the open-shop captive mines are already members of the U. M. W. A., surely an ample majority. The U. M. W. A. wants the captive mines to accept the union shop in order to bring the entire industry under a uniform contract. The Mediation Board referred back to the declarations of the War Labor Conference Board in 1918 and to experience “in this country and abroad” to show that such industry-wide collective bargaining “leads to stable and mutually satisfactory industrial relations and to continuity of production.”

The majority recorded with approval that in return for the union shop the union has established a scale of fines deductible from the wages of miners who violate the no-strike clause of the agreement. In speaking of the tiny number of non-members of the union in the mines, the board found it “hard to think of a reason why the individual should persist in refusing to join the union.” In the board’s opinion, “these individuals could make a great contribution to untroubled labor relations in the coal industry and to the national welfare in this period of crisis by voluntarily joining the United Mine Workers of America, at least for the duration of this contract.”

The steel industry fears a union shop in its captive mines as an entering wedge to a union shop in its steel mills and shipyards. This is understandable but unpersuasive. *As though it were about to decide for the miners*, the majority opinion sought to set these fears at rest. “Nor do we think,” it said, “that a forthright decision on the facts by the board, under the circumstances of submission in this case, would serve or could be urged as a precedent in any industry in which these peculiar and ex-

ceptional conditions do not exist.” This sounded as though the majority felt constrained to grant the union shop where so overwhelming a majority of both the workers and the industry had accepted it.

Is it possible, the majority asked, that acceptance of the union shop would have a bad effect on production in the captive mines? “The operators concerned in the present dispute,” it continued, “were unable to give any direct evidence on that point.” The testimony of commercial operators already working under the union shop showed “no perceptible detrimental effect upon the efficient operation of the mines, while the penalty clause has to some extent, but not entirely, prevented the interruption of production.” The majority came to the conclusion that “from this immediately practical point of view . . . it would seem to be the part of wisdom for the operators involved in this dispute to accept the offer of the United Mine Workers with its added assurance of full and uninterrupted production at the mines throughout the period of the contract.”

On the basis of these findings a decision for the U. M. W. A. would seem inescapable. The board, as pointed out by the minority, had already set a precedent for such a decision in a case where the facts were, if anything, less overwhelmingly on the side of the union. In the West Coast shipbuilding case, the Bethlehem Steel Company had declined to accept the closed shop provided for the West Coast shipyards in an agreement covering the rest of the industry in that area; 80 per cent of the industry was operating under a closed shop. The board in that case ruled unanimously that “the master agreement is the product of industry-wide collective bargaining . . . approved as an instrument for stabilizing working conditions and contributing to the uninterrupted production of ships.” It found that 24,000 of the 30,000 workers in the yards were already covered by the agreement and decided that the remaining 6,000, employed by Bethlehem Steel, ought to come under it too. “On the merits,” Philip Murray and Thomas Kennedy wrote in the captive-mine minority opinion. “There is no

basis for distinguishing the captive-coal case from the Bethlehem Steel case." If Bethlehem can operate with a closed shop in its West Coast yards, if Tom Girdler can accept a union shop at the New York Shipyard, if Jones and Laughlin and Inland Steel can accept the union shop in their captive mines, why can't the big steel companies do so? The question put by Murray and Kennedy remained unanswered by the majority.

The most tortured part of the majority's tortured reasoning is its discussion of the Wagner Act. It finds that the Wagner Act does not preclude either the union shop or the closed shop. "But," it says, "the clear consensus of the discussions of the Wagner Act was that such labor agreements should be arrived at by collective bargaining with full retention of the right to strike—not by governmental compulsion." From this not too lucid statement derives the President's own highly partial declaration Friday, in the midst of negotiations, that "the government of the United States will not order . . . a so-called closed shop." When this was coupled with Mr. Roosevelt's warning that he would not permit a mine shutdown, it became the broadest kind of wink to the steel companies. This is hardly "collective bargaining with full retention of the right to strike." It is governmental compulsion exercised to block a union shop in the captive mines.

The Mediation Board cannot ask unions not to strike

and at the same time tell them that they cannot obtain a union or closed shop by mediation but only as a result of "collective bargaining with full retention of the right to strike." To do so is to encourage strikes and to discredit mediation. Nor is it helpful when Mr. Roosevelt turns disingenuous and says that to force the 5 per cent minority of holdouts into the union "would be too much like the Hitler methods toward labor." This is to confuse majority rule with dictatorship, and to arouse unpleasant memories of the company towns, company stores, and company unions with which these same steel companies before 1933 provided a preview in miniature of the Third Reich.

If I have stuck so closely to the facts of the decision itself, it is because they are being overlooked in endless discussions of Lewis's motives, the war, and questions of policy high and low. The Mediation Board ruled as it did because it was afraid of the steel trust. "We could take over the Kearny shipyard," one board official said to me, "but we couldn't take a chance on confronting the President with a challenge to take over the whole steel industry." Admittedly, the board was in a tight spot, facing a fight whichever way it ruled. Since expediency could not save it, it might have tried the luxury of an honest decision. That would have had one virtue: it would not have handed an air-tight issue to the one first-rank American labor leader who stands for appeasement.

What the Maneuvers Showed

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

OUR army has made marked progress since the fall of France. Prodded by critical articles in the press and disturbed by their own experiences with masses of men, its leaders have at least realized that their task is to produce a good army as well as a large one, and they are turning military flabbiness into military muscle. The recent maneuvers revealed definite improvement, though they also exposed great deficiencies in some fields.

Intelligent centralized direction based upon known needs has been badly lacking. The President has yet to proclaim a military policy requiring for its implementation an army of definite size and type. A million and a half of our best men have gone into the service and unlimited sums have been spent for armament—to prepare for what? To defend the Western Hemisphere our present force is probably more than adequate. But if the army is to be used in the Eastern Hemisphere, in active opposition to the designs of the Axis—and Hitler's eventual defeat may well require this—our generals would do well to multiply all present plans by four and forget

about an army to be used mainly for defense. The solution of this military puzzle is essential to intelligent planning. Instead of working on the problem of how to meet a large-scale invasion of the United States, a problem which assumes that our entire navy and air force have been knocked out, the army should concentrate on tasks which it may with some likelihood be called upon to face. Clarification of its *raison d'être* would also help to solve its problems of morale.

Perhaps the best feature of our new army is its personnel. Careful selection has produced soldiers of much higher mental and physical caliber than those of the first World War. In this respect probably no army on earth measures up to the American. The new men have shown a typically American aptitude for mechanics and when complex modern weapons have been given them have developed decided proficiency in their use. Few of the men, however, enjoy military life or intend to remain in the army any longer than necessary. The more intelligent are frankly bored, and some would prefer actual war to

their present situation. Most observers report that discipline is extremely slack. The pride of corps characteristic of the navy and marine corps is found in the armored divisions and army air force but is largely lacking elsewhere. Poor classification of men and failure to use their civilian skills have heightened their feeling of dissatisfaction. Moreover, after more than a year there is still a shortage of equipment in some fields, and it is hardly surprising that men use stove-pipe cannon and wooden machine-guns without enthusiasm.

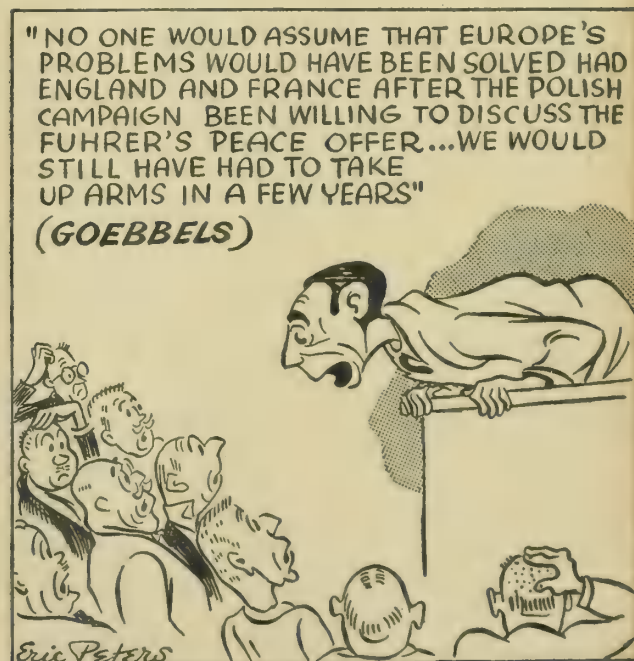
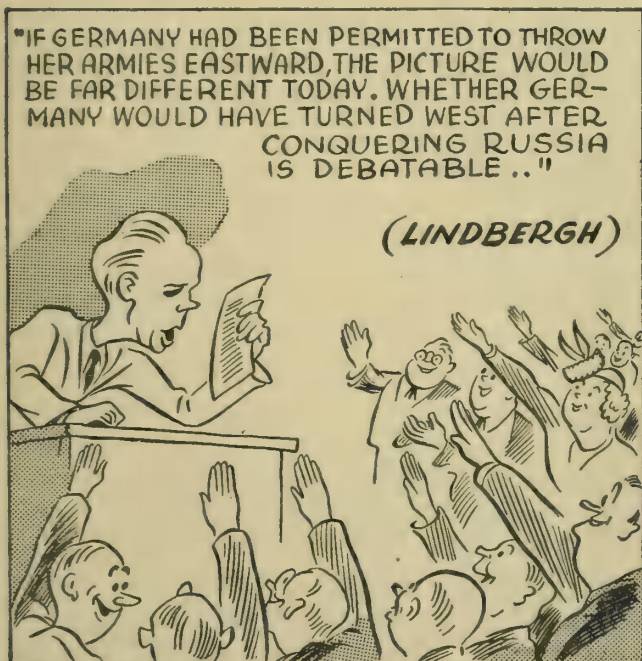
In tactics the American army is learning fast. Our generals have often been justly criticized for their failure to make use of air support for tanks and infantry though American officers conceived the essentials of the blitzkrieg and the army air corps practiced dive-bombing years before the Germans made use of either. In the last maneuvers, in frank imitation of the Germans, our army leaders attempted to employ tanks and planes in conjunction and to give aerial help to infantry operations. Efforts were also made to find an answer to the plane-tank team, and in point of fact the armored divisions were largely defeated in the maneuvers; this result, however, in the opinion of many was without significance since the scales were heavily weighted against the tanks by natural obstacles of terrain. Aerial support for the army was enormously better than in the 1939 and 1940 maneuvers, but it still showed rough edges—the time between request for support and its arrival ran in some cases to nearly three and a half hours. In actual war a detachment in need of support for so long a period might well be wiped out. At best we are merely catching up with the Germans in tactics; to defeat them we shall have to go infinitely farther.

The status of armored, mechanized divisions is still

an unsolved organizational problem. The armored forces have been the spearheads of every victory in Europe, not excluding Russia. Yet in our army they have still no independent status equal to that of the other branches, and they have actually grown at a slower rate than the army as a whole. And this is true despite the fact that the world's leading military critics are substantially in agreement with Hanson Baldwin's conclusion that an "army which does not have a large proportion of its strength organized in tank divisions and motor-transported or quick-moving infantry is an obsolescent army, probably a doomed army." This is not to argue that tomorrow's army must be composed exclusively of panzer divisions. Other branches are indispensable, but the armored forces should instantly be accorded the primacy which their success in war has fully justified. As yet they suffer from intra-service jealousies resulting from their having been earlier either mechanized cavalry or infantry tank support.

The army's worst organizational problem, however, is the air force. The relationship has never been a happy one. The air corps has felt that the needs of aviation were being overlooked by a reactionary High Command, while the army commanders have pointed to the greater pay of aviators, their uncooperative attitude, and their habitual non-attendance at military maneuvers. Several bills providing for a separate air force are now before Congress, fathered by enthusiasts who wish to make aviation into an independent striking force of great strength. From the purely military standpoint their enactment would be a mistake. What we need is greater co-operation, not further division, within our armed forces.

Supply and administration have long evoked unbridled criticism from active field officers. In the 1939 and 1940



Goebbels Outgoebbeled

maneuvers breakdowns in both were frequent; in 1941 a great improvement was effected, but weaknesses were still apparent. The chain of command by which orders were supposed to run from general to privates revealed many weak links, and all too frequently commands never reached the troops in the field. Elimination of red tape and further decentralization of command are pressing necessities. Today more than forty distinct steps must be taken before the army can adopt a new weapon. At a time when talented officers are all too rare many are in charge of routine matters which could be more sensibly attended to by ordinary non-coms.

But by far the greatest weakness of the army stems from the defects of its leaders, from the Department of War down. These defects are due either to the poor quality of the men who make up our officer corps or to a military system which has frequently prevented the best possible use of the material available. Vital for insuring good leadership in any system is a reasonably valid method of promotion. This the American army has never had. Officers in the regular army still receive promotion on a basis of seniority—after having served for a minimum length of time, usually seven years, in their rank and passed routine examinations. Efficiency reports are also weighed, but since these are largely concerned with an officer's proficiency in the minutiae of military housekeeping and discipline rather than with the force or originality of his mind, they do not provide valuable criteria. Only to men above the rank of colonel does any real promotion by selection come. The retirement age is sixty-four, with field duty, in present practice, given up at least two years earlier.

Judged by results, the method has been a failure. It has tended to promote rigidity of outlook and attention to details rather than a broad study of the higher arts of war; the United States army was in each case nearly the last important army to adopt machine-guns, planes, tanks, and other military improvements too numerous to mention. It has meant that our generals are almost all old men. Plenty of youth, vigor, and the spirit of innovation are to be found in the army—the *Infantry Journal*, to mention only one service publication, is strongly progressive—but too many of the natural leaders and progressive military men are still in subordinate positions where their ideas can have little influence.

The system of advancement for officers of the reserve and the National Guard has had even worse results. The National Guard has long been closely connected with state governments, and many of its officers owe their advanced rating to political favoritism. In consequence they are too frequently devoid not only of possibilities for leadership but even of any soldierly qualities. These officers are the ones who in maneuvers bring out sloppy, discontented outfits ever ready to protest to their Congressman. Senator Bennett Clark's recent attack upon

General Lear after he had demoted a relative of Senator Truman's affords an excellent illustration of the difficulty of weeding out unfit material.

In *The Nation* of June 28 last I urged as solutions to the problem of bad officers: (1) drastic purging of the inefficient, (2) adoption of a system of promotion based on merit rather than seniority, and (3) up-grading of leaders of proved ability. Since then the army has made a rather hesitant start toward the first and has admitted the desirability of the second, but has as yet done little in the direction of rapid advancement of its ablest officers. Its purge of inefficient leaders has accomplished some good. Physically inadequate and aging men have been retired to less active service. Many others have been reclassified. Unfortunately, most of these changes have so far affected only officers of the regular army, who are, after all, the least inefficient in the service. Until recently the National Guard has been scarcely touched. Further, the "purge" has not yet reached the High Command, where intellectual rigor mortis is fairly general.

Even if the army, without civilian help, straightens out its leadership tangle, our military system will still lack the efficiency of Germany's. Unified direction, co-ordination of all branches, is urgently needed. Each section of the army has a strong tendency, fostered partly by training, to think of itself as separate from the others. An officer's own section comes first in his interest and affection. In sharp contrast to those extremely able men on the German General Staff who are equally at home in directing land, sea, or air warfare, many of our higher officers are very poorly informed concerning conditions and operations outside of their own specialty. Actual experience in maneuvers has probably somewhat widened their view, but deliberate efforts should be made to produce commanders intelligently cognizant of the possibilities of all methods used to win wars.

If there has been little cooperation within the army, there has been less between the different branches of our national defense. Relations between the army and the navy are far from cordial, and many joint maneuvers in the past have been accompanied with bickering and recriminations. In the last few months the two services have worked on such joint enterprises as landing operations, but the machinery to insure the efficient coordination of the two forces is so completely lacking that success in such projects can be said to depend almost entirely on the relations of the local commanders.

Our army is not yet ready for war, but at last some of its greatest faults are being openly recognized and their solution sought. Informed criticism has played no small role. Progress has been made, though not fast enough to keep pace with the deterioration in conditions abroad. We must do better in the future if we are to construct a people's army that is worthy of the best traditions of a great nation.

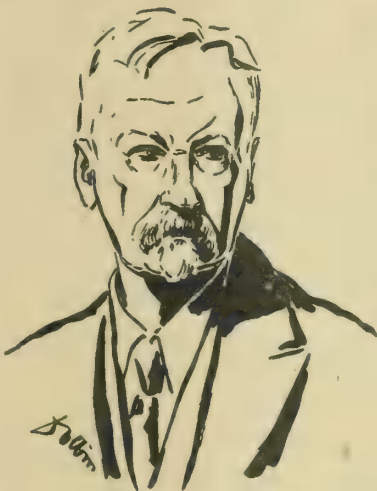
A Knight Without Fear

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

FACING a New York audience twenty years ago, Henry Nevinson wondered why it was that he had been chosen to represent a great newspaper in Washington for the first international conference on the limitation of navies. He answered by assuming the reason to be that he, a man of peace, had made the larger portion of his income for half a lifetime by writing about war. That was true. He had become the honored elder among English special correspondents. He had known more soldiers and witnessed more wars than any other man of his time, had observed the fight for freedom in almost every country, and was moreover the most accomplished writer in the brigade of reporters. On the ninth of November he died, in the Cotswold Hills, eighty-five years old, his life abundantly fulfilled, secure in the affectionate admiration of friends all over the world.

Henry W. Nevinson went to Shrewsbury School and to Christ Church College, Oxford. He was as complete a product of the "grand old fortifying" classical education as you could find. He said that he left the university knowing nothing but Greek and the "Golden Treasury" of English lyrics. This, as Matthew Arnold might have said, was his own heightened and telling way of putting it, but the broad fact is there: he had everything to learn about the world when, in his early twenties, stimulated by the reading of Carlyle, he went to Germany. A term of residence at the new Toynbee Hall in the 1880's brought him into contact with the grim realities of East London, and confirmed his belief in discipline as an imperative element in the democratic community. Long afterward he was a faithful, though unorthodox, member of the Labor Party.

It was Massingham of the *Daily Chronicle* (and afterward of the *London Nation*) who enlisted him in journalism and sent him to Greece for the sharp little war with Turkey in 1897. Thereafter Nevinson was a war correspondent. He missed the Russo-Japanese conflict, and indeed never saw the Far East. With that exception he went through every important campaign until the Armistice of 1918. He never, I think, cared much about news scoops. It was the theater of conflict, and the unending tragedy of arms and the man, by which he was enthralled. Soldiers and the military life were irresistible



Henry W. Nevinson

to him, and for the old regular British Army he cherished a deep and humorous regard. It seemed to him a fact of profound significance that he should have been at Mons in 1914 and standing on the same spot for the final volley four years later.

Nevinson delighted in the drudgery of a newspaper; there were few pages of a daily that he could not contribute to and adorn. He was a finished craftsman and a joyous colleague. For two distinguished English editors he had unbounded admiration—H. W. Massingham, and C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*. He served them both with a

soldier's unquestioning devotion, believing them to be higher in rank than almost any statesman.

He never called himself anything but a journalist; yet it would not have been easy to find in England a more versatile and thorough man of letters. His literary life covered almost sixty years, and his work was excellent, or surpassingly good, in every field that he entered. His record of the fateful Dardanelles campaign gives him a place among the eminent military historians. His centennial tribute to Goethe is a perfect monograph. His autobiography, the "Changes and Chances" trilogy, is an extraordinary—and revealingly reticent—narrative. I have heard it described by a young rival as a memorial of the most romantic, the most satisfying and enviable, career of modern times. His best essays, and he wrote hundreds in all, are unsurpassed for dexterity and wit and a balanced grace of style. There is no finer prose rhythm than his in the English writing of the past half-century. And who having read it could forget the delicate irony of his "Good-bye, America"?

It is not, however, as writer but as man of action that we think now of Henry Nevinson. He was in the high tradition of chivalry, a knight without fear. A struggle for right and freedom in any land drew him like a magnet. His heroes and heroines were those in every age who held the faith and kept it to the end. It used to be rather common in England to hear Nevinson referred to as the champion of every lost cause; and once he turned upon those who thus characterized him with a brilliant proof that the things he stood for were always winning: for example, the smaller nations of Europe, the freedom of Ireland and India, the full responsible citizenship of

women, liberty and opportunity for the manual worker.

How cruelly that demonstration dates the witness of this splendid citizen and particularly the last strokes he was able to deliver in humanity's war of liberation!

High-hearted to the end, his dream was that he might live to greet the returning dawn. No one among us would care to say that he was not fortunate in the hour of his farewell.

To Anglo-Mexican Friendship

BY EDUARDO VILLASENOR

Mexico City, November 8

THE recent resumption of diplomatic relations between England and Mexico is something which should have been done long before. The war news from England often takes me back to the days of my pleasant stay in London—to the Mall, the park, Piccadilly, to evening lessons at my London school and endless visits to museums and monuments, to the quiet life of the English countryside. And then, suddenly, I realize how strange it is that two countries with so many common goals should have parted company for three years. For Mexico is now truly a democracy; gone are the old days of tyranny and revolution.

In the international field Mexico has always taken an independent, even daring course. Unlike Great Britain, Mexico never recognized the Italian conquest of Abyssinia. At the outbreak of the Spanish civil war it was the only country on the American continent to side openly with the Republican government—in striking contrast to the European democracies—and it has not yet recognized Franco's government. Mexico anticipated the dangers that England itself had to recognize later. No country, in fact, could more properly be considered a natural ally of Great Britain's. How is it, then, that until a few days ago Mexico and Great Britain were without diplomatic relations?

Early in 1938 Mexico expropriated certain properties of oil companies that were largely owned by British subjects. The British minister thereupon submitted to the Mexican government a note in which, besides urging it to undo an act of sovereignty, he commented on the domestic economic condition of Mexico and on its internal debt. No such blunder had been made by British diplomacy for a century; no better occasion could have been afforded for the ending of a discussion and the delivery of his passport to a British minister. For it was not Great Britain that broke off relations with Mexico, as most people seem to believe; it was Mexico that recalled its minister from London as a protest against the awkward meddling of the British minister in the internal affairs of Mexico. Naturally, Great Britain refused to acknowledge its minister's error at the time, although I have an idea that it would admit it today.

Many persons have doubtless wondered why Mexico has not yet paid for the expropriated property. The answer is that every effort to assess the value of this property has met with a definite refusal to discuss it on the part of the companies. The explanation can be found in a brief review of events.

Some time before the expropriation of the oil properties took place, the Shell Oil Company worked out a financial plan which in effect robbed its Mexican subsidiary—the Mexican Eagle Company—of its real worth. First, all Mexican Eagle's foreign assets were transferred to another company, the Canadian Eagle, a transaction which robbed the Mexican company of 60 per cent of its current assets. Shares of Canadian Eagle stock were distributed to shareholders of the Mexican company at the ratio of one share of Canadian for every share of Mexican Eagle. Second, the Mexican Eagle Company agreed to sign a contract with the Eagle Oil and Shipping Company, a subsidiary of Shell Oil, for the sale of practically all of Mexican Eagle's output on a discount basis. By this arrangement all of Mexican Eagle's current profits were transferred to the Shell Oil Company. Finally, the Mexican company agreed to put all its operations permanently under the control and management of the parent company.

With all profits transferred either to Canadian Eagle, by the exploitation of all properties outside of Mexico, or to the Eagle Oil and Shipping Company, by means of discounts on the output of the Mexican properties, Mexican Eagle stock lost most of its value. But the directors of Shell Oil were not concerned about the market value of Mexican Eagle. They do not care now whether or not the owners of Mexican Eagle get any payment from the Mexican government as compensation for the expropriated properties. The only thing the directors of Shell Oil care about is their ability permanently to exploit Mexican Eagle's properties by means of the sales contract with the Eagle Oil and Shipping Company. Even the restoration of its properties to Mexican Eagle would leave Shell Oil cold if the old exploitation contracts were not restored as well.

Besides, who are the present holders of Mexican Eagle stock? Is it still in the hands of the Canadian Eagle or

Shell stockholders? Knowing that the Mexican company had been drained of most of its assets, did they resist the temptation to dispose of their stock while it still had market value? The great drop in the value of these shares probably occurred when they were no longer in the hands of their former holders. It follows that any settlement between Mexican Eagle, which is a *Mexican* company, and the Mexican government could hardly set a higher price for the shares than their depreciated market value; and any hope of swelling the value of the assets by adding what was transferred to Canadian Eagle or the Eagle Oil and Shipping Company should be abandoned once and for all.

The poor British stockholder of Mexican Eagle, if any such exists, is not the former important person who found a ready listener in any British official; he cannot now make himself heard. Consequently, any information or opinion in British circles regarding a possible Mexican Eagle settlement is always the outcome of a chat between a British official and an official of the Shell—a pair of old school ties—not between a British official and any present holder of Mexican Eagle stock, already devalued by Shell financial manipulations.

In the case of the American companies, the Mexican government has accepted the good offices of the State Department to try to bring about an agreement, but it has never recognized the right of the American government to demand the reversal of a decision of the Mexican government, nor, indeed, has the American government ever made such a demand. How could such a demand be considered, then, from a foreign government, not on behalf of a foreign company, but on behalf of a Mexican one—the Mexican Eagle?

That the British government has been until lately adamant in defense of its ex-minister's blunder is very clear. It takes a long time for any Britisher to acknowledge his own mistakes. It took the British government two years to recognize that its appeasement policy, and especially its policy in Spain, had been a great mistake, but one sees now that all the obduracy and resolution of the British people have been put to work to make up for the old error. It was a mistake for the British minister to send a note which provoked Mexico to break off relations with Britain; it has been a mistake to look at the oil dispute from the point of view of the Shell Oil Company and not from that of the holders of devalued Mexican Eagle shares; it has been a very great mistake not to let the Mexican government bring from Italy the two oil tankers—paid for before the war—which Britain insisted on leaving in Italy for Mussolini to make good use of; it has been a mistake to consider that the way out of the British-Mexican dispute was to make Mexico come to its senses before British might and righteousness. But it is a matter of rejoicing that the first step toward clearing up these misunderstandings has at last been taken.

Mexico has been able to live without diplomatic relations with Britain, as it has lived at times without diplomatic relations with its great neighbor, the United States, or as it might live without any relations with Nazi Germany. Mexico could live until the end of the world without diplomatic relations with England. But it is absurd that the only country which did not commit Great Britain's mistake of compromising with the Fascists in Italy and Spain should not be on good terms with a country which is now fighting not only for its empire but for that goal which mankind has always praised above everything—liberty.

Let us hope for a still better understanding from now on, a lasting friendship, a clear sky, so that we may say—without regret—England, my England.

Night over Europe

BY CARL SANDBURG

There is night over Europe.

The sun goes down and the stars come out
and it is night—one kind of night—
the old eternal night.

Frameworks of fixed planets, familiar forms
of moving constellations—they come out
after sundown—saying sweet night—saying
good-night.

Or the disc of a full gold moon comes up over
Europe, a young moon giving lights and music
to singers and lovers.

Or a baby crescent moon sails with its slow silver
curve of promise to the young, assurance to the
old.

This is the night that was over Europe, with a North
Star never failing, with coordinations telling men
to fight and hope.

Now this night comes with smoke and shame, with fire
and tears between men and stars, between singers
and the moon, between those hunting the North Star
and hoping to find it again.

Night and the rats sing, the rats live fat, the rats
tell the stars nothing wrong, nobody home, every-
thing looks pretty.

And yet—once in a while—here and there—a rat weeps—
a rat sits alone in ashes and looks up at stars and
the moon rolling in smoke—over and over the rat
cries: "Yes, maybe there is something to laugh at—
for me it's crying time—and I'll be crying here
tomorrow and the day after. If you meet anybody
that used to know me, tell 'em you saw me here
crying and tomorrow it will be the same. I will be
alone here in my own peculiar and personal ashes—
crying till the stars and the moon come clean again."

The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

VI. The Scattered Flock (Part 2)

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS. *The rumor that Italy has entered the war spreads quickly through the Sicilian fishing village of San Filippo; with it runs the story of how the goatherd, Maniscalco, has been thrown out of a wine-shop the night before for declaring that neither King nor Duce shall have his son Carmelo for their wars. The arrival of a Fascist officer in a coast-guard cutter turns the rumor of war into fact and brings swift changes. The officer dismisses the old easy-going harbor master and orders the fleet to put out its lights and turn back. Maniscalco, standing with his two sons on the hill pasture above the village, sees the lights go out and swears again that "they" shall pay. A few nights later on the hill pasture, Maniscalco's two sons, Carmelo and Brasi, await the return of their father, who is being hunted by the Fascisti and has been roaming the countryside for several days. Lemon trees have been slashed, goats hamstringed, a well polluted. All these acts are attributed to Maniscalco, who has become for the peasants a legendary figure known as the Blackbeard. The boys discover that Nunzio Chiesa, a former agrarian agitator who has gone over to the Black-shirts, is watching at the edge of the pasture. Maniscalco appears, asks for food, then disappears again; but at midnight the boys discover that he has returned, wounded, and is killing his own goats. Carmelo finally brings him to his senses and swears solemnly to avenge him. Maniscalco tells Carmelo to take the goats to another pasture and runs away again. The boys hear Chiesa stumbling against the hurdles of the corral.*

CHIESA did not approach the Maniscalco lads until the following afternoon when they drove the herd over the skyline. He was waiting upon the other side. Rifle in hand, he waited until they had passed, then fell in behind them. Brasi faced about, hand upon knife. Chiesa lowered the carbine muzzle toward the boy.

"What has my father done to you, *sbirro*?" The offensive word, the most contemptuous of insults, did not move Chiesa.

"Go on, wherever you are going."

"You will be after the reward."

"Who told you there was a reward."

"There will be." It was in the ballads and bandit tales that rewards were always offered to *sbirri*.

"Get on with you."

"Go slow, Carmelo," Brasi muttered when they continued on their way. "Take all day, then at night I can get behind him and kill him."

"Good! but I shall do the killing."

"I shall do it."

"Child, thou'll't do as I command thee," Carmelo said sternly.

"*Porca carne . . .*" Brasi began.

"Blasphemer," Carmelo exclaimed hotly and struck the boy, heavily.

For more than an hour the dogs would not tolerate Chiesa's presence and loitered sniffing and growling beside him as he slouched gloomily along. Only once he spoke to the boys. That was at the top of the gullies beyond The Walnuts when a score of goats strayed away and descended a gully, going back to the small wheat fields on that estate.

"The goats are wandering," he called.

"Thou couldst not herd dead grasshoppers," Brasi sneered.

"Let him bide, Brasi," Carmelo muttered. "But fetch the goats. And take your time." As soon as the boy had leaped into the gully, anxiety made Carmelo sweat. The gully would lead his brother back behind Chiesa, who was standing upon the crest of the undulation of earth. He feared that the youngster would attempt to assault Chiesa. He retraced his steps and the goats scattered. The animals did not wander far, for they were puzzled by the disorderly march and had no heart for perversity. Chiesa did not speak, but pivoted on his heels as Carmelo passed him. He kept the rifle point lowered at Carmelo's legs. A few of the goats climbed out of the gully, though Brasi was not to be seen. For several minutes Carmelo watched. Then he began to call the goats. The dogs trotted toward him, heads up, tongues lolling, awaiting orders.

"Down," Carmelo signaled, and uncomprehendingly they lowered their bellies to the scorching stones.

Carmelo heard the stone whirring through the air. It struck Chiesa full in the mouth with terrific force. He staggered. Gasping through his torn lips and broken teeth, he swung his rifle butt at Carmelo and missed by a forearm's length. The force of his blow swung him off balance, and the second stone hit him on the crown of his head. He sank to his knees and aimed at Carmelo, finger upon trigger. The elder boy had drawn his knife and was poised to leap.

"Stand back," Chiesa gasped, but though a third stone toppled him over he did not fire. When Brasi came leaping over the stone heaps, knife in hand, he slowly dragged himself to his feet and tottered back a pace.

"Lay off, devil. Come near me and I'll kill your brother." The blood streamed from his mouth. The

upper lip had been cut through to the gums and was almost severed. Chiesa struggled to hold consciousness, but though his head drooped forward twice and he was on the point of collapsing, they saw him rally and achieve mastery over his body.

"Go on. Drive the goats," he mumbled, and motioned them onward with short jerks of the rifle butt. The muzzle he did not move, but kept it trained upon Carmelo.

"He had me covered, Brasi," Carmelo said as they were crossing the waterless and shadeless plain that lay behind the undulation.

"The stones weren't heavy enough and I couldn't stand up to sling the first one."

"You threw it from the ground?"

"Kneeling."

"Thou'rt a miracle with the sling, son."

"I shall kill him yet. Look, his head will be aching like blazing hell. He's still bleeding. Let us stop out there in the middle where the lime earth is. The heat will drive him crazy."

"Good. We'll go fast now to break his heart."

"Let us divide the herd. Give me the bitch, Carmelo, and I'll take a part of the herd this way. You go that way. We'll meet at the lime earth."

"Good. If he threatens you with the rifle don't be afraid, son. He won't shoot. He's afraid to take blood on his hands. You can say the beasts are tired."

When after three hours of wandering on the blistering plain Chiesa at last broke down and begged for water, the boys refused him. Carmelo gave the water bag to his brother.

"Drink the water, Brasi."

"I'm not thirsty," the boy sneered. There was also boastfulness in his voice.

"Then pour the water on the ground." Scoffing at Chiesa, Brasi obeyed.

"What good will that do you?" Chiesa mumbled. The dried blood on his chin and his swollen mouth gave Brasi point for jest.

"What good will it do you to catch my father, bloody mouth? One of us will kill you this side of purgatory. Maybe before the sun is down. Then the birds will eat your eyes and your lips and your forsworn tongue. And nobody will find you to give you Christian burial."

"Fools!"

"It's you who are the fool. We shall kill you. Because you have no sons you do not know what a man's good sons will do."

"I had sons," Chiesa muttered.

"They're dead," Carmelo sneered; and Brasi added triumphantly, "Our father has two sons in life to avenge him."

Chiesa slouched away and sat upon a heap of white calcined earth. They also withdrew. For another hour Chiesa sat with drooping head in the middle of the plain.



Drawings by John Groth

There was not a particle of pity in the boys' hearts when they saw him lie down, his hands over his head.

"Wait," Carmelo said as Brasi's body twitched.

But Chiesa foiled them. His eyes were bloodshot and his hands trembled when he came up to them. The rifle bolt clicked authoritatively as it thrust a shell into the barrel. This time, so desperately enraged he was, there was no disobeying him.

"Go slow, Carmelo."

"Yes. We'll get him on the hummocks at the top of the Grasshopper Slopes. It'll be dark by then."

"Go by the Raven Hill, Carmelo. There are heavy stones with sharp edges."

"Good."

Again Chiesa got the better of them. He came within two paces of them. "Enough of this nonsense. Take the goats to The Walnuts. We'll stay there the night." There, in the great rundown building, among Mori's farmhands, Chiesa would be safe.

"We're not going to The Walnuts. There is no pasture there at this time of the year."

"Then hurry, wherever you're going. But pass by The Walnuts and after that by Rocca Bianca farm. If you're going beyond that you'll go by St. Pasquale's chapel."

There would be harvesters lodged around the chapel the boys knew. Brooding over their defeat, they whistled to the dogs and set their course for the valley head.

"Ah, Mori's other place. The Four Carob Trees, eh?" Chiesa exulted. Yet there was something missing from his triumphant exclamation, as if his victory were only over them.

"Throw down your knives and your slings," Chiesa ordered, accustomed now to the gun's authority. In that he blundered. Carmelo kept his eyes upon Brasi as he turned out his sling, the old one, not the birthday present he himself had given the boy but a few days ago.

"So now you'll play the fool? You've given me a nice headache, if that pleases you."

"There are worse aches than that of the head," Carmelo said.

"Eh, what is the use to quarrel, boy?"

"The matter is beyond quarreling."

And when they were mounting the last ridge and the chuff and clack of the threshing machine could be heard and the heavy stone stuck Chiesa at the base of his skull and he rolled over a little escarpment of basalt, his life was saved only because the *fattore* and the manager of the threshing-machine company came riding up the hill into sight.

"Let him lie, Brasi. We'll come back when it is dark, in another half-hour."

"Good. It was a heavy stone. He shall die this evening, if he's not already dead."

No sooner had the *fattore* caught sight of them than he rode hard to the valleyward side of the ridge and



blew a whistle.

A few minutes later the boys were arrested and locked in a barn. The goats were placed in the care of the farm goatboy.

"What now, Carmelo? Do we burn the barn, like Red Head?"

"He had an ax and a gun and he first broke a hole."

"We'll . . ."

"We must not die."

"No. The Blackshirts are here. I saw them. This will be their business."

"Yes. Whatever father did, he must have done it against them. They would not hunt him if it were not so. They would leave it to the police."

The machine stopped. They heard the tools being laid away. The rattle of the weighing machine and the grunts of the men moving the sacks of wheat were the only noises of work. Soon they also stopped. The noise of dishes and pails resounded across the great yard. The door was unlocked and they were ordered out.

"Don't run," Carmelo whispered.

"No, better not run, *latitante*," Antonio Mori said. Around them in the darkness a dozen figures stood. In the faint moonlight the goatherds saw that they were Blackshirts.

"Take them away from the house," Mori ordered; "where we can be alone. Over among the sheafs."

At the very edge of the level area upon which Four

[Continued on page 521.]

In the Wind

AMERICA FIRST has devoted a good deal of its recent propaganda to spreading the story that the President plans to call off the 1942 Congressional elections. Last week America First leaders in Washington started to draw up lists of Congressmen they will oppose in the 1942 elections.

CARL SKOGLUND, an official of the Teamsters' Union and one of the defendants in the Minneapolis sedition trials, will face deportation proceedings even if he is acquitted in Minneapolis. Skoglund, a Swede, applied for citizenship in the period before the trial, when the government was building up its case against the defendants. He was approached at that time by Henry Harris, a member of the A. F. of L. faction in the union, and told that if he would join that group the FBI would put through his citizenship papers. Skoglund refused, and was soon notified of his impending deportation.

PRESSURE is being put on the Rapp-Coudert committee, which is supposed to study subversive influences in New York schools but has so far confined its investigation chiefly to communism, to subpoena Professor Edward I. Fenlon of Brooklyn College. Fenlon is a frequent speaker at Christian Front and Coughlinite meetings.

IN A DEBATE on the merits of the Civilian Defense program, of which he is a director, Major General John F. O'Ryan was asked by a member of the audience how he squared his work on civilian defense with his frequent statements that the United States could never be invaded. "The program," answered General O'Ryan, "gives civilians an opportunity to learn of the graft and corruption in their home communities."

PETER V. CACCHIONE, who was elected to the New York City Council on the Communist ticket, owes his victory largely to those who voted the "Italian ticket." Cacchione picked up over 4,000 second- and third-choice votes, half his majority, from persons who checked only Italian names.

IT IS BELIEVED in Washington that Senator Wheeler is getting a good deal of the information on government plans used in his speeches from an America First member working under cover in Colonel Donovan's office.

A COMMITTEE of prominent Americans who supported Finland during its war with Russia but who now believe that Finland should make peace with the Soviets is being formed in New York City. Its organizers believe that many Finnish leaders, notably Risto Ryti, are sympathetic to the Hull peace plan and actually want the United States to apply more pressure.

[The \$5 prize for the best item received in October goes to W. P. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for the story about the local Republican Party sharing offices with America First, published on October 25.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Brotherhood Except for Negroes

WHATEVER else he may have lost in America—and it sometimes looks like everything—the Negro has not lost his sense of the dramatic. A. Philip Randolph, who marches at the head of all the Pullman porters, has just proved that in a way which ought to make the embattled railroad brotherhoods squirm.

On November 5 the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engine Men decided with the other big railroad brotherhoods that the recommendations of the President's emergency fact-finding board on their demands for higher wages were not satisfactory. Indeed, they felt, as they formally announced two days later, that the time had come to give the thirty-day notice required by law of a strike to begin on December 5, "exactly thirty days to the minute from the time the board handed its report to the President." December 5 was also exactly thirty days after A. Philip Randolph, head of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, had written a letter to a good many Americans whom he considered friends of labor. In it he stated that by union contract Negro firemen in the South not only are not going to get more wages; they are going to be deprived of any wages at all—of any jobs.

Mr. Randolph may have chosen an embarrassing time to bring the question up; he also chose a dramatic time to suggest that the brotherhoods have a good deal to learn about brotherhood. Indeed, he made some of their present pleas for the masses of workers seem almost comic when he showed that the contract shutting the door in the face of Negro firemen went into effect on George Washington's birthday, February 22, 1941. The negotiations must have approached agreement on Abraham Lincoln's birthday ten days before. Just as the cause of white labor in this whole railroad-strike business may be, Mr. Randolph has made it look at least a little comic-greedy. The big brotherhoods are not only demanding a fairer share of the railroads' profits, but they have already prepared to take all the wages and hope of wages of Negro firemen.

This contract is the culmination of the long process of grabbing colored men's jobs in the engine cabs which has been going on for nearly two decades. In some lights it may be made to look like progress. Not many years ago down in Mississippi one way of getting rid of Negroes in these jobs was to shoot them off the engines. Now the result is attained without the necessity of a

rifleman waiting in ambush in the pine trees for the train to go by. Indeed, all the "orderly processes" of negotiation and contract are preserved, but there are bullet holes where Negroes used to be working just the same. A paragraph written by informed Negroes from a Southern state that appeared in 1940 in "The Negro in Virginia" tells the story:

Negroes are excluded from membership by constitutional provisions in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen (AFL), and the Switchmen's Union of North America (AFL), although as recently at 1930, 211 Negro firemen were employed on Virginia railroads, and Negroes constituted about a third of the total number of brakemen and switchmen in Virginia. A movement to eliminate Negro trainmen began in the 1920's with the ardent support of white railway labor unions in Virginia, and so far as is known, there is not a Negro fireman or brakeman now employed by any Virginia railroad. A Negro was employed as a locomotive engineer on the Newport News shipyard railway but was discharged after working twelve days because the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which would not admit him to membership, threatened to call out the white engineers on strike.

That is not a very pretty story, even if it is an old one. And now it seems to me the story has come to a climax in the question whether those who demand justice are ready to give it, whether those who operate as brotherhoods are ready to be brotherhoods. However inadequate their pay may seem to them now, organized American railroad men have come a long way out of oppression in the years behind us. But at least their older members must remember how utterly arrogant, how careless of the welfare of the men down below them, the old tough-time railroad operators were. Some of them undoubtedly are tough still. But white railroad workers today cannot escape the question: Must it not seem now to a Negro fireman—a Negro ex-fireman—that the brotherhoods exercise the same sort of power with the same sort of inhuman indifference? The result is the same whether a man is starved to death by a brotherhood or a corporation or both together. The result is the same whether the man is black or white. And grabbing from a littler man will never seem any prettier merely because the grabbers work under the label of brotherhood. This label certainly looks no fresher when those who wear it ask for more wages in the same year that they have made it certain that the Negro firemen will get none.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Winged Words

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS. With an Introduction by Carl Van Doren. Oxford University Press. \$5.

SOME of the older quotation books are bulkier than this new one and hold more, but the real test is utility, and the function of the "Oxford" is carefully defined. Its purpose is not to make a complete collection of "gems," to supply harried writers with appropriate adornments, or even to discover bits that ought to be familiar quotations but so far have not been. The intention is to include only what is actually quoted in recent writing or at least very likely to be, and to provide a ready means of identifying it. The fact that nearly six hundred double columns of text in addition to the more than three hundred of index are included would seem to indicate that more literature is at the tips of writers' pens than the frequency with which the "like Topsy's" turn up in respectable contexts sometimes leads one to believe; and the testing which I have been able to do has resulted in a good mark. Sydney Smith's helpful confession, "I never read a book before reviewing it; it prejudices a man so," is there, but Edward Young's "And some there are on scraps of learning dote/Who think they grow immortal when they quote"—which wouldn't be a bad monitory motto for the title-page—is not. "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love/But why—did you kick me downstairs" I genuinely wanted to know about and found; "Comedy is the kiss given to common sense behind the back of respectability," which I was equally anxious to identify, isn't there. Persons having information please communicate.

Though it is intended for reference and not for reading I was reminded by a few hours' delightful browsing that such a book, when really well made, is better than most anthologies and most omnibuses. A college "survey course" which used it instead of the customary thick volume of "selections" might give students a rather higher opinion of both the profundity and the liveliness of literary expression in the English language, and I am not sure that it would really be much scrappier. Of course the emphasis is on poetry and wit, but that is not a bad emphasis, for it would not be too difficult to argue that ecstasy has seldom been maintained for more than a few lines or wisdom for more than a few sentences. There are more epigrams that really hold water than there are treatises which do the same, and the human mind, which has brilliant flashes, has rarely if ever encompassed a system not painfully inadequate. A few of Samuel Johnson's remarks, like this about Gray, "He was dull in a new way, and that made many people think he was great," may be unfair to their subjects but suggest a critical implement as effective as any supplied by any treatise on aesthetics I ever read. Or take the following from Sydney Smith: "Bishop Berkeley destroyed this world in one volume octavo; and nothing remained, after his time, but mind; which experienced a similar fate from the hand of Mr. Hume in 1737."

Does that leave much of either idealism or the *tabula rasa*; and isn't it better than both together?

Carl Van Doren contributes a short but interesting introduction on the subject of the whys and wherefores of quotation. The text itself raises in my mind the question whether or not it is more humiliating for a writer to be left out entirely or to survive by a single phrase to which all his labors have been now reduced. Sir Henry Morton Stanley has engraved four words on eternal brass, "Dr. Livingston, I presume?" Henry J. Sayers, concerning whom the compilers apparently do not know whether he is dead or living, calls out from the depths one thing and one thing only: "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." I always thought there was another "de" between the second "ra" and "boom."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

That Man in the White House

ROOSEVELT: DICTATOR OR DEMOCRAT? By Gerald W. Johnson. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

THE difficulty about trying to show whether President Roosevelt is a dictator or a democrat is that there are not many neutrals who want to be convinced. To many Republicans it will seem absurd to suggest that Mr. Roosevelt is a small *d* democrat, and to most New Dealers it will seem equally absurd to suggest that he is a dictator. Thus those Republicans who pick up this book in the hope that That Man in the White House has at last been properly exposed are going to be deeply disappointed when they discover that Mr. Johnson regards him as a pretty thoroughgoing democrat, definitely in the American tradition in his faults as well as his virtues. As for Democrats and New Dealers, this book will strengthen them in the faith; and everybody will find it immensely readable.

Mr. Johnson makes a convincing argument. He disposes of two widely circulated accusations: first, that the New Deal was slipped over on the people, and, second, that it is alien to the American tradition. As for the first, he performs the useful service of examining the 1932 Democratic platform in detail. Mr. Johnson makes it clear that the 1932 platform, remarkably straightforward for a political document, was honored as to most of its promises, probably more than is the usual political platform. Thus a substantial part of the New Deal was in the 1932 platform, and if people didn't know it, they just had not been paying attention, which was no fault of Mr. Roosevelt's, for the part of the New Deal that was not in the platform was in his Commonwealth Club speech. Mr. Roosevelt said: "Our task now is not discovery or exploitation, or necessarily producing more goods. It is the soberer, less dramatic business . . . of adapting existing economic organizations to the service of the people. . . . This is the common task of statesman and business man."

This adequately disposes of the charge that the New Deal

was a hasty improvisation or a diabolical plot slipped over on an unsuspecting people. But was it alien to the American tradition? Mr. Johnson argues convincingly that it was not, that on the contrary it was an extension of governmental power in the same direction as previous extensions made by Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln, and to a lesser extent by Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson. These extensions of power were made necessary by the restrictive nature of the original Constitution. Mr. Johnson properly points out that the checks and balances of our system, far from being calculated, as generally supposed, to protect the liberty of the individual against the menace of government, were in truth devised to protect the government against the menace of individual liberty. It should be added that this strongly protected government was intended to operate in the interest of the rich and well-born. But the instinct of the people was sounder than the self-interest of the Founding Fathers. The people immediately began to whittle away at the restrictions laid upon them in the Constitution, a process that must inevitably have led, unless thwarted or reversed, to something very much like the New Deal. The first step under Jefferson was the establishment of the right of the people to elect their own President without the effective intervention of any such agency as the Electoral College, which had been established for the purpose of preventing the people from electing their own President. The second step, taken under Jackson, was the establishment of the people's right, not merely to elect a President, but also to nominate one, and to choose one without reference to his membership in any class, caste, oligarchy, or faction. The third step, under Lincoln, was the demonstration of the people's power to pursue what they believe to be their own welfare regardless of any inhibitions that earlier generations have sought to impose on them, even in the Constitution. In 1932 a fourth step was taken. The announced purpose of the New Deal is to abolish the theoretical neutrality of government as between man and man and to convert it into an instrument in the hands of the masses to be used by them to promote their welfare. This is the goal toward which the American people have been aiming for a century and a half. They have often been turned aside from it, but they have never forgotten it.

Mr. Johnson is fully aware that when any society sets out deliberately to use government for the benefit of the masses, the instruments of power therefor created can also be used to manipulate the masses, and even to enslave them. Moreover, the President himself is aware of the danger. In his Message to Congress on January 3, 1936, he said: "In thirty-four months we have built up new instruments of public power. In the hands of a popular government this power is wholesome and proper. But in the hands of political puppets of an economic autocracy such power would provide shackles for the liberties of the people." The final test will probably be delayed for several years. Right now, with the country embarked on an undeclared war, Mr. Roosevelt has promised that the social gains of the New Deal will not be lost, and the promise, let us hope, will be kept. But the main emphasis will now be on winning the war. When that is done, the New Deal no doubt will rise again, and then the new instruments of power, as well as the people themselves, will face their supreme test. The people have blundered before,

as, for example, when they elected Grant, and Harding. But they also elected Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and Franklin Roosevelt. All that anyone can say is that since the American people have shown fairly good judgment in the past, it is reasonable to expect them to show fairly good judgment in the future.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

Wordsworth in Illinois

THE MAYFIELD DEER. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

THE work of Mark Van Doren stems from that of two thoroughly indigenous American poets: Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson. Although Mr. Van Doren has developed his own way of writing, it is interesting to note traces, in his latest narrative poem, of his debt to these older confrères. One finds here at once the delight in the details of the American rural scene and the American folk speech that belongs to Frost and the preoccupation with moral issues, the vague religiosity, and even the involute style of Robinson. The combination results in something peculiarly Mr. Van Doren's own.

The fable that serves as a warp for his metaphysical woof is a native thing which he took from the pages of an Illinois county history; and, oddly enough, after the poem was completed, had recounted to him by his illustrator's grandfather, who claimed to have heard the story as a boy on the Wisconsin frontier. It is sufficiently simple, and dramatic withal, to satisfy the appetite of Hollywood, and though it offers the poet a number of occasions for discourse far too subtle for the studios, it is too slight for Mr. Van Doren's large purposes. It has to do with the vengeance of an old hunter whose pet deer was killed by a boy. The hunter kept a horn of turkey bone in his belt to summon her, and said she could be recognized by her red flannel neckband and brass bell. He vowed to put a bullet through whoever was found to have shot his pet, "if it was seven years afterwards." The boy's neighbors knew that he had brought home the carcass of a deer wearing a red neckband and a brass bell, and feared for his safety. The county history tells no more of the story than that. Mr. Van Doren has dramatized the tale by imagining that the boy, whom he calls Seth Golliday, had killed the deer to give the trinkets it wore to his sweetheart, Nancy; that Richman, the hunter, discovered Seth's deed and shot him; that Seth's death was avenged by his brother David, who killed Richman; that Richman's eldest son, Daniel, then sought to execute summary justice for the murder of his father but was prevented by the Gollidays' good neighbors, chiefly the elvish Norwegian storekeeper, Thorsten; and the story concludes with the hint that the feud will yet have a happy ending in the eventual betrothal of Nancy and Richman's son, Daniel.

The tragedies involved in this tale of vengeance are real enough, but in the face of contemporary horrors, the story seems a shallow one, and the killings almost decent. This is partly because they are done out of a sense of fairness, however mistaken, and partly because the stress upon the ethical implications of vengeance, no less than the concern for the murdered shown by at least one of the murderers,

and the facile happy ending make it all seem as remote as a fairy tale.

What adds to the element of unreality is the fact that the narrator, like Robinson or Henry James, has the habit of making his characters speak rather as he might than as they would. Aside from a few bits of dialogue as extravagant and authentically pungent as anything out of Paul Bunyan, the talk is entirely too poetic in a sophisticated way for the plain pioneers from whose mouths it issues. It strikes one as odd that a country doctor, in an effort to make his patient rest, should tell her:

Now, lady,
Lie; and let our clumsy sounds be such
As come to listless ears on a blue day
In summer when the sleeper on the grass,
Beyond the velvet birds, beyond the wool
Of clouds, can hear a thumping in the sky,
A lazy, distant rumble as of rolling
Thrones where heaven's room is disarranged.

The best passages are those in which Mr. Van Doren speaks eloquently in his own proper character of poet. What interests him, and what, in spite of the flaws in his performance, he manages to communicate to the reader, is his sense of the mystery that surrounds us, his Wordsworthian apprehension of the bond, of which only the religious can be fully sensible, between man and the universe, and his feeling for the significance, which even the skeptic will admit, of the humane values. He has much to say of what he calls "the near gods"—the *genius loci* and his fellows—who hover about men in moments of tension and deep awareness, and he has a good deal to say of the God whom he rarely names but whom he evokes clearly enough as the one for whom "men cannot speak; nor in his name Be silent." It is important, especially at this time, for poets of Mr. Van Doren's fine discernment and technical competence to occupy themselves with such fundamental matters as the nature of truth and justice, and it is wise for an American poet to deal with native themes. One could wish, however, that Mr. Van Doren had been more expert in combining the one with the other, and so had wrought a poem adequate to the considerations of which it was the vehicle.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

B. H. Haggin on Recorded Music

MUSIC ON RECORDS. By B. H. Haggin. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

THE first issue of "Music on Records" three years ago was so useful and so popular that the author soon had to issue a supplement and to follow it up with a monthly bulletin, concurrent with his weekly comment in *The Nation*. In the present volume the new material and experience yielded by these activities have been recast in a fresh and attractive form, upon the same principles which have made of Mr. Haggin one of the most respected music critics of our generation.

This is to say that no owner of the first guide and no reader of *The Nation's* Records page will want to miss Mr. Haggin's new work. It differs from the other handbooks on the market in a number of important ways. It is, for one

thing, brief and selective, not pseudo-encyclopedic; it consists, for another, not merely of facts and opinions but of critical judgments, that is to say, of facts and opinions that have been tested and organized by a mind aware of its own procedure in judging and of the aims of artists in creating. Lastly, and not lightly to be dismissed, is the fact that the text is written in a vigorous and personal idiom, free from the affectations of the pundit and the verbal lather of the blurb writer.

The arrangement of the book makes it suitable for a variety of uses. The first seventy-five pages discuss The Music. It is an admirable little introduction to the whole subject as it presents itself to the intending listener. The brief résumés of the qualities of some seventy composers will not please everyone, but they will please all those who are interested in the precise utterance of deeply felt and long-mediated opinions. After music comes performance. A short statement of the way to judge it is followed by a list of works and recordings alphabetically ordered under the names of the composers treated in the first section. A third part offers the reader the prolegomena of Jazz. The book is ingeniously indexed so that it need not be read but only consulted; and consulted so that the comments on the music can be neglected in favor of the crucial details of serial numbers, repressings, and hall resonance.

I mention this princely convenience, not because I did not enjoy reading Mr. Haggin in due order, but because some of his potential readers may have heard that he is sound on performance but "dogmatic" on the matter itself. Like most popular reputations, this one is based on a plausible misunderstanding. If by dogmatic is meant that Mr. Haggin tells us what he thinks, it is true and it is a merit. If, however, dogmatic means that one cannot escape from his assertions and one is thus blindly misled, it is false. No one is easier to disagree with than Mr. Haggin, because his reasons are always as clear as his judgments. When he says, for example, that Wolf's "Italienisches Liederbuch" is only well-contrived and effective recitative and declamation, there is no cause for the admirer to feel angry: he need only admit that among the things which he likes, and which Mr. Haggin does not, are effective recitative and declamation. Likewise with the devotee of Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl": it is charming, but whoever likes it must like repetition. In short, nothing is more needlessly destructive of pleasure than to suppose only a few chosen qualities admirable in art; and nothing more clearly reveals a true critic like Mr. Haggin than his ability to call things by the right name and let the consequences take care of themselves. But that is also why the true critic frightens the timid soul into an unaccountable sense of loss. Fearful of being wrong, the insecure music-lover is shocked at being told that Mozart composed vulgar tunes (for Leporello) and at hearing the St. Matthew Passion called a *long* work.

To Mr. Haggin's procedure, admirable as it is, I would nevertheless make two objections, one trivial, one more serious. The first is to his occasional lapse into personalities. It seems unnecessary to introduce into any critical treatment whatsoever the eccentric pronunciation that a certain conductor gives to certain words; nor does it strengthen a just aesthetic cause to describe another conductor as appearing

to conduct always the same passionate work. In these matters, *noblesse oblige*.

My deeper objection is to the opening statement that the book is intended, at least in part, to tell neophytes which recorded works are the greatest. I am not here complaining of the individualism of the judgment. The author makes it clear that he can only give *his* judgment, and it is his that we want to hear. What I question is the absolute greatness of any work for him or for anyone else. Is there no relation of work to mood or occasion that may shift values, and are we not, with absolute greatness, heading straight into the question of the Six Best Sides for the Desert Isle? The "greatest" Beethoven Symphony and the "greatest" Beethoven Quartet are incommensurable, and there are pieces—the several parts of an opera, for example—whose greatness consists in being *where* they are, even when *what* they are may be trivial or ugly. Mr. Haggin's qualified approval of the "Oberon" Overture for some of its "moments" brings into play this very objection to the intentional fixity of his standard. But this is not the place to argue the point, nor indeed to press it too hard against a nearly perfect piece of work.

JACQUES BARZUN

The Prussian Tradition

THE POTSDAM FUEHRER. By Robert Ergang. Columbia University Press. \$3.

GERMANIZING PRUSSIAN POLAND. By Richard W. Tims. Columbia University Press. \$4.25.

WAR AND THE GERMAN MIND. By William K. Pfeiler. Columbia University Press. \$3.25.

FOR the last two hundred years Prussia has exercised an increasing influence upon the German mind. It is a land with peculiar traditions: a frontier district conquered by the sword, held by a knightly order of monastic discipline; its disparate elements woven into a unit by the will power of the Hohenzollern princes, who, spending all their moral energies and economic resources upon the army, made it not only the lifeblood but the ethical and social standard of the nation. The Columbia University Press has just published three valuable historical monographs about the background and aspirations of the mightiest of all military machines, now sweeping across the steppes of Eurasia. Dr. Ergang's "The Potsdam Führer," the first biography in English of King Frederick William I, the father of Prussian militarism, is readable and destined for the general public. True, Prussianism today has changed from its form of two centuries ago and has undergone the influences of Frederick the Great, Baron vom Stein, and Bismarck; nevertheless, its outstanding traits and aspirations are clearly discernible in the life and work of the soldier king who combined a violent distrust of intellectuals with an unflinching devotion to his army and concentrated all the resources of the state upon this favorite child of his soul. Though his *Führertum* was confined to the still narrow frontiers of Prussia, and though Frederick William lacked entirely the artistic and romantic element which is so conspicuous in Hitler, nevertheless he was like Hitler in one fundamental attitude: "He expected blind and unconditional obedience from everyone. The slightest opposition

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would throw him into fits of frenzy in which he would commit acts of violence which set Europe aghast. During these outbursts he became a terror to his subjects." But Frederick William was a sober and a pious man. National Socialism has shaken off sobriety and piety in the willing acceptance of the tribal self-adulation of romanticism.

Since Hitler stems from the Austrian borderlands, he shares with most eastern Prussians a contempt for Slavs, the "inferior race." Prussia was established on Slavic soil; in the late eighteenth century a large part of its population was Polish. At the end of the nineteenth century Prussia inaugurated an active anti-Slav policy in its Eastern Marches. The efforts of the so-called H-K-T Society, which between 1894 and the first World War tried to Germanize the Polish parts

of Prussia, were not crowned with success. The Prussia of the nineteenth century was not ruthless enough to carry out the Hakatists' plans. As Dr. Tims remarks at the end of his well-documented and scholarly monograph, "to dispossess whole populations a statesman must either annihilate them or have a place to send them; the dissolution of international society is perhaps the prerequisite." This was achieved only by Hitler. But the Hakatist propaganda succeeded in making western Germany conscious of the German-Slav antagonism, thus preparing the generation growing up at the turn of the century for the coming sweep of Prussianism. "In its own way it summed up much that was typical, much that was symptomatic in the generation that approached 1914."

Dr. Pfeiler's volume analyzes the mind of this generation by considering the testimony about soldiers' experiences at the front presented in the many novels written during the long armistice. His impartial inquiry into the German literary reaction to the war experience covers Werfel, Zweig, and Remarque, as well as the nationalists who are much less well known outside Germany but who had an infinitely deeper influence on German youth. It reveals clearly that the seeds of National Socialism were not sown by the Treaty of Versailles but go back at least to the World War itself, and in fact of course far beyond. With German soldiers the *Front-erlebnis* remained a source of inspiration; their whole philosophy of life was founded on it. Their generation revived and intensified the Spartan ideal of Prussia; a people grew up not only, to use Hitler's words, "quick as greyhounds, tough as leather, and hard as Krupp steel," but also devoid of all humanitarian feeling, of any belief in a common humanity and the restraint of a universal ethical law, and filled with a burning faith in the unique rights of a master-race. Like the two other books, Dr. Pfeiler's extremely fair study will increase our understanding of the strange and threatening phenomena presented by modern Germany.

HANS KOHN



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Many of the new books which will make enduring gifts will be reviewed in *The Nation's* Christmas Book Number, dated December 6.

In addition, *The Nation* has elected to publish on December 6 its selective listing of noteworthy books which have appeared during the year, a listing which usually occupies two full pages.

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George III

AMERICA'S LAST KING: AN INTERPRETATION OF THE MADNESS OF GEORGE III. By Manfred S. Guttmacher. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

"STUBBORN" and "stupid" are the two adjectives most likely to occur to Americans in connection with the last king to reign over us. Stubborn he was, but he was far from stupid, and even his stubbornness was, as has been said of all his principal faults, an exaggerated virtue. Throughout one of the longest reigns in history he remained one of the best and most conscientious of British sovereigns, not excepting his granddaughter, Queen Victoria, whose virtues as well as shortcomings were singularly like his. But the neurotic tendencies which in Victoria never went farther than the neurotic stage led in her grandfather's case to recurrent attacks of manic-depressive insanity and finally resulted in complete mental collapse. The collapse of his personal government and of the First British Empire left a badly crippled Britain locked in the grim and seemingly interminable struggle with Bonaparte. His reign was thus a long political and personal tragedy.

The records—medical, political, and personal—are unusually full. Dr. Guttmacher, a distinguished Maryland psychiatrist, has had access to the archives of Windsor Castle and makes full use of contemporary letters, pamphlets, and memoirs. The result is an intimate picture of George III as ruler, man, and patient which makes him seem not only a very real person but a sorely tried friend.

It is all the more surprising—and certainly necessary to note of a book whose purpose is to inform and clarify—that literary talent, wide learning, and a sympathetic grasp of a character and a period should not exclude ignorance and inattention in matters of detail. Cliveden is called "Clinden"; Queensberry and the first name of the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire are misspelled; the Earls Temple, Waldegrave, and Ferrers appear as the Earls of the same, and the Earl of Orford (Walpole) as the Earl of Oxford; the Dukes of Grafton and Portland are called "Lord" Grafton and "Lord" Portland; Lord George Germain and Lord Germaine occur on the same page; George Grenville is called Lord Grenville, a title acquired later by his youngest son; most surprising of all, the word "prorogued" is employed throughout in a sense exactly the opposite of its meaning.

Let us repeat, however, that this is a first-class biography with really delightful contemporary illustrations.

JAMES ORRICK

Hero and Martyr

GOD IS MY FUEHRER. By Martin Niemöller. Alliance Book Corporation. \$2.75.

MARTIN NIEMOELLER, who sits in prison on Hitler's explicit orders after even a Nazi court has declared him innocent, will undoubtedly be known as one of the heroes and martyrs of this period. Twenty-eight sermons of his, preached just before his incarceration, are recorded in this book. They clearly reveal that he could not be "innocent" in the eyes of Hitler, for they breathe a religiously motivated and religiously exalted defiance of tyranny. For those who consider it impossible, they prove that a political position can be opposed by one who has no political vantage-point of his own. Niemöller's vantage-point is purely religious. Hitler's offense in Niemöller's eyes is that the Führer is involved in a pagan religion of self-deification and the deification of a race and nation.

There is a thrilling note of immediacy and urgency in these sermons. As Thomas Mann declares in his introduction, in them "the Gospel is no longer word and tradition and thoughtful exegesis. It is experience, life, and immediate happening." The theme is "the whole pathetic failure of a life that ends in utter abandonment at the Cross—an end which is no longer a tragedy" but which "ever more spells triumph, the victory over the world." In other words, the Christian drama of salvation is related to the contemporary scene by a living faith and serves as the basis of an interpretation of life which makes defiance of tyranny possible and necessary, and which anticipates the inevitable consequences of such defiance and glories in the expected "shame" of imprisonment. To read this book with understanding is to know why "the blood of the martyrs" has been "the seed of the church" in all generations.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

War and the German Mind

By WM. K. PFEILER

This book shows exactly what the Germans have thought about war for a generation or more, and proves conclusively that, despite the feelings of writers such as Remarque and Zweig, if Germany had won in 1918 she might well have climaxed her victory with the establishment of totalitarianism. Sensational evidence. \$3.25

Stars and Strikes

By MURRAY ROSS



The complete story of the unionization of the film industry, giving the facts not only about the things of which Pegler writes from time to time, but all the steps in one of the greatest conquests by organized labor. As usual, Hollywood does things in a big way. \$2.75

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IN BRIEF

ON TROUBLESOME CREEK. By James Still. Viking Press. \$2.50.

A salty volume of ten bang-up Kentucky-mountain stories, hill-billier than the Hatfields or the Coys. Without benefit of book-learning these people talk a language as fresh and earthy as folk-poetry, a lingo that will leave a flavor of piney woods and fresh-run corn liquor on your tongue for days to come.

THE LONG WINTER ENDS. By Newton G. Thomas. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

A warm-hearted novel about a Cornish miner in upper Michigan who scrabbles for copper ore underground and studies the ways of a new country while preparing a home for his young wife and the son he has not yet seen. With a story that has often been told before, though with an unexploited setting, it successfully skirts the quicksand of sentimentality and pays an unpretentious tribute to simple devotion and sterling courage.

THUNDER IN THE EARTH. By Edwin Lanham. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

The oil fields of Texas in the 1930's are the scene of this ample novel by the author of "The Stricklands." When Cobb Walters found oil on land he had won at a poker game, he never dreamed that his treasure would in many ways be a scourge to himself and the town of Lebanon, that the farmers would deny their faithful crops, that the thunderous oil of the earth would blast the decencies of folk he had loved, that the "front" he purchased would at last betray him. The story of Cobb's material success and his slump from it has all the brawling vigor of the boom town Lebanon became. This is real, and Cobb is a credible human being, a good guy. He has no more heroism or loyalty than your neighbor, but he holds you, nevertheless, for all his violence and lust and avarice, until, unregenerate, he begins all over again.

PAGEANT OF ENGLAND (1840-1940). By Arthur Bryant. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

Vivid, dramatic, swift, passionate, ironic, witty—these are the adjectives that come to mind in trying to describe this action picture of the rise and decline of English industrialism and laissez faire. Un-

fortunately, Mr. Bryant identifies liberalism and democracy with the abuses which accompanied them in the century under consideration, and wishes to return to a kind of feudal agrarianism. "Pageant" is too glittering a word for an intensely human book, sparing no sordid detail, missing no gleam of humor, seething with character. "Saga," which it was called in England, is better.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

A Dialectic of Morals: Toward the Foundations of Political Philosophy. By Mortimer Adler. Review of Politics. University of Notre Dame. \$1.80.

The Heart of Maryland and Other Plays. By David Belasco. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Glenn Hughes and George Savage. Princeton. \$5.

The Balance Sheet of the Future. By Ernest Bevin. McBride. \$2.75.

The Story of Modern Art. By Sheldon Cheney. Viking. \$5.

America's Own Refugees: Our 4,000,000 Homeless Migrants. By Henry Hill Collins, Jr. Princeton. \$3.

The Armies March. A Personal Report by John Cudahy. Scribner's. \$2.75.

The Kremlin and the People. By Walter Duranty. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.

Fountain Heads of Freedom. By Irwin Edman with the Collaboration of Herbert W. Schneider. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.50.

Language in Action: A Guide to Accurate Thinking. By S. I. Hayakawa. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

Pan-American Spanish Self-Taught. By Francisco Ibarra. Random House. \$2.50.

The Brandeis Guide to the Modern World. Edited by Alfred Lief. Little, Brown. \$2.75.

The Germans: Double History of a Nation. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown. \$4.

U. S. Camera 1942. Edited by T. J. Maloney. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$3.85.

Collected Sonnets. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper. \$3.

Boom or Bust. By Blair Moody. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.50.

The Theory of Consumers' Demand. By Ruby Turner Norris. Yale. \$3.

Plain Words About Venereal Disease. By Thomas Parran and R. A. Vonderlehr. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.

Balkan Correspondent. By Derek Patmore. Harper. \$3.

Total Espionage. By Curt Riess. Putnam's. \$2.75.

Iceland Past and Present. By Björn Thórdarson. Oxford. 50 cents.

The Story of Everyday Things. By Arthur Train, Jr. Harper. \$3.50.

Municipals. Edited by Edward A. Wayne. Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. \$1.

Success in Court. By Francis L. Wellman. Macmillan. \$3.50.

How to Understand Current Events: A Guide to an Appraisal of the News. By Leon Whipple. Harper. \$2.50.

CORRECTION: The price of *The Greek Political Experience: Studies in Honor of William Kelly Prentice*, listed as \$2 on November 8, should have been \$3.

DRAMA

SO FAR this week the only things to report are two very fine performers in two fair-to-middling plays, and it hardly seems probable that Miss Grace George will be able to keep "Spring Again" going at Henry Miller's Theater or that Miss Pauline Lord can prevent the heartless eviction of "The Walrus and the Carpenter" from the Cort. Neither play is worth prolonged regret if considered merely as a play, but it does seem too bad that there is no place—as there so obviously is not—in our bustling, high-pressure theater for pleasant, unassuming little pieces even when beautifully acted by performers whose charm and skill are generally recognized.

Of the two, "Spring Again" got the less unfavorable notices, but it is also considerably the less expert, even though the graciously commanding presence of Miss George is well calculated to make one overlook the fact. Having started with the idea of an aging couple whose whole lives have been dominated by the husband's tireless hero worship of his father, a hero of the Civil War, the authors seem very uncertain what to do with the idea—perhaps because so much had already been done with it in "The Truth About Blayds." They concoct a flimsy story about the wife's improbable success in turning her husband's endless anecdotes into a soap opera which appears to be a sort of "Life with Father" plus military trimmings, and they get one funny farcical scene in which Joseph Buloff appears as a Napoleon of the movies out to buy the script no matter whether anyone wants to sell it or not. But it is still Miss George's evening in so far as it could be called anybody's.

The author of "The Walrus and the Carpenter" seems a good deal surer what it is that he is trying to do, and Miss Lord, whose bewilderment can be as funny in a comedy as it is pathetic in another sort of play, does everything anyone could ask of her. The trouble here is merely that scatterbrained families have been a bit overworked of late, and that there is nothing in this comedy which one doesn't seem to remember from some other. But I was quite pleasantly amused nevertheless, and I would still rather see Pauline Lord in "The Walrus and the Carpenter" than some hits I could mention.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

ONE of the New Opera Company's purposes—that of supplementing the Metropolitan's repertory—it achieved admirably. After Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte" and Tchaikovsky's "Queen of Spades" it offered Verdi's "Macbeth," an early work with moments of the power of the later works, and with the music of the sleep-walking scene, astounding in its dramatic force and poignancy. And its final offering was Offenbach's delightful "Vie parisienne." The effect of "Macbeth" was mostly in the musical framework created by Fritz Busch, not in the stage production, nor in the singing and acting of the principles in roles that demanded emotional, vocal, and dramatic resources which these young Americans did not have to give—not, above all, in the tremolo-ridden shrieking of Florence Kirk, and the crouches, the clutches, the lunges, the whirls that were her imitation of the mannerisms of the Verdi villainesses she had seen on operatic stages. On the other hand, "La Vie parisienne" not only was superbly staged by Felix Bren-tano and conducted by Antal Dorati, but was superbly sung and acted by a cast thoroughly at ease with the work.

If, then, one of the New Opera Company's purposes was to provide opportunities and experience for young Americans, its productions of "The Queen of Spades" and "Macbeth" cause one to question whether the right way to achieve this purpose—right for the artists, for the public, for the works—is to give them roles they are not equipped and ready for in a company playing to one of the most sophisticated of audiences, as against the European way of having young artists start with small parts in provincial companies and move up to as important parts in as important companies as their equipment and experience permit. And the productions of "Cosi fan Tutte" and "La Vie parisienne" lead to the conclusion that these young Americans are better suited to comedy than to tragedy.

Again, the works which the New Opera Company presented were some of those which, according to Fritz Busch, need the intimacy of a small theater. But the productions of these works established the fact that a small theater demands a performance which can stand the close proximity; and I would say that the one thing which might give a performance like the New Opera Company's "Queen of Spades" some illusion is re-

moteness—and not only the remoteness in space of a large theater but the psychological remoteness of a foreign language, which would prevent absurdities (to American ears) like a sung "I did not sleep well last night."

And this leads me, finally, to observe that even in the small theater I could not follow the English words sufficiently to understand the story of "The Queen of Spades" or the lyrics of "La Vie parisienne"; and that librettos of these two works were sold in the lobby.

A reader writes to complain that Columbia "used to give a booklet with Mahler's 'Lied von der Erde,' containing a critical discussion of Mahler, a thematic analysis of the music, and the German poems with good English translations. Now they give a leaflet, with one page about Mahler, and one page devoted to vague remarks about the music—but no poems, no translations. I doubt if anyone can understand 'Das Lied' without knowing what the singing is all about." Everyone but Columbia seems to understand that when it issues a recording of music that is integrally related to words it should issue the words with the music. But I must add that Victor also has not understood this occasionally—for example, in the case of "The Beggar's Opera."

Another reader points out that Schnabel's recording of Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata was originally one of H. M. V.'s Beethoven Society subscription sets, but that now Victor issues it. "Has Camden the other Beethoven Society masters, and, if so, can the other sonatas be pressed up? If they can, why aren't they? Certainly Beethoven's piano music would be among the steadiest items in any catalog. If the H. M. V. Schnabel masters aren't available, why doesn't Victor record him again?" As it happens, Victor recently sent out a statement by its musical director, Charles O'Connell, explaining what goes into the decision to make a recording. "First, established public demand. Second, musical importance of the work in question. . . . Third, the particular ability of a given artist to perform the work in question." This covers the case of Schnabel's performances of Beethoven's last sonatas; and if you want them recorded, says Mr. O'Connell, all you have to do is to tell him so in sufficient numbers. And in the same way you can get recordings of Schnabel's performances of the Diabelli Variations, the late Bagatelles, and the Schubert sonatas that he is going to play for the New Friends of Music this year.

B. H. HAGGIN

The Undiscoverables

[Continued from page 512]

Carobs stood, the long, slightly inclined wheat fields began. The wheat sheaves that had not been threshed were stacked into dome-shaped heaps.

"Now," Mori the younger began, "tell us where your father is going to meet you."

"Nowhere," Carmelo said, despite Brasi's plucking of his trouser belt.

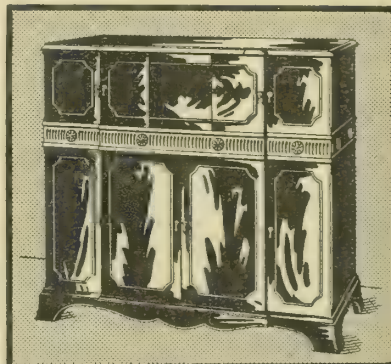
"So you left the summer pasturage just for a pleasant walk?"

At the end of twenty minutes neither boy had given any information. Mori had just ordered them to be taken to San Filippo for more persistent questioning when the sheaves were illuminated by a rapidly increasing glow.

"The Blackbeard!" one of the men shouted. The night breeze fanned the conflagration, and they saw that one of the wheat ricks had been fired. The banners of curling flame at once ignited a neighboring pile. By the time the alarm had been sounded three more ricks were aflame. The grasshoppers were leaping up, creaking and clicking.

"The field!"

"Blackbeard!" The two cries rang out at once. The boys saw their father's



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body momentarily silhouetted against the glare. They knew that loping gait. When Carmelo moved his elbow to nudge his brother, the boy was gone. Fierce imprecations broke out when one of the Blackshirts discovered this. Then, as Cesare Maniscalco dashed through the flaming wheat field hurling a great armful of burning straw that must have burned his hand and face into the standing crop, Mori the younger drew his pistol and raced toward Blackbeard. The Fascist leader fired once from the edge of the field, yelled in a paroxysm of rage, and dashed over the red border of already burned out wheat stalks into the sea of flames that rose some two or three feet above the exploding heads of the wheat. As he was aureoled around with flame, they all saw him stagger. And stumble onward. They saw, too, through the thin sheet of red-gold flame, the figure of Blackbeard as he leaped upon Mori. The two men went down, scattering red and yellow sparks, and Blackbeard alone got up and came out of the welter of flame toward them. The Fascisti scattered and fired wildly at his silhouette. He disappeared behind a blazing rick, and in great fear they shouted orders to one another, firing blindly into the rick. One of them was suddenly sent sprawling, the veins of his neck and throat torn out by Blackbeard's knife. Another Blackshirt fell to Blackbeard's pistol, and a third was wounded by a fellow-Fascist in his excitement.

Again Blackbeard disappeared into the flames that now were fifty yards away from the piles of wheat. The two Blackshirts gripping Carmelo felt his body start as the son recognized the maneuver. Red Head had fought that way. When Father came racing down upon his foes from behind, having crawled back through the flames in another place, the son yelled encouragement and was struck half senseless by a blow from a pistol butt. He struggled to his knees. Two Blackshirts were leaping upon Father. One of them collapsed before he reached Father. The other took a knife blow in the stomach.

Raging, Carmelo tried to stand up. His warders were firing rapidly at Father. One of them sank down, sighing. Then Father flung up his one good hand, staggered half a dozen paces and sank to his knees. He pitched forward, his head butting the red base of a blazing rick. Burning sheaves fell upon him, but the Blackshirts continued to fire their pistols at his body. Carmelo lay

still, the sighing Fascist across his body.

"Beloved Mother, O Mary, pray for him, pray for him. He killed seven of them. *Patre, patre,*" he wailed, "you killed seven of them! Have mercy upon him, Mary."

That was the mystery of it. Only five could have fallen to Cesare Maniscalco. One had been wounded by the bullet of a companion. But the Blackshirt who had fallen in the act of leaping upon Blackbeard had had his nose and eyes totally destroyed. It was hard to believe that Maniscalco's little pistol had inflicted such a wound or that a knife blow could have so disfigured a man's face. Not that the disfigurement mattered, the *fattore* said, as he dropped rope upon the body and ordered it to be slung across a mule. Mori's body he laid in the bottom of a cart wrapped in a blanket. The *fattore* himself drove it to San Filippo that night.

Maniscalco's body was slung over a mule. Twice it rolled to the ground as the cortege descended into the lemon groves. A few minutes before they reached the chapel of St. Agrippina the body fell again. The men now began to talk of Blackbeard's deed. They laid him against the base of a lemon tree, his burned head in the concealing shade.

"*Quello è masculu,*" one of them said in awed tones, using the present tense. They whispered assent, eyeing the body with profound respect. After awhile one of them said:

"He was with his sons all day. A man came in from another farm. He said he saw this man sitting with his sons, and the goats way out in the middle of the plain."

"Mother of God! This is something to remember, eh, my friends? What a man!"

"Blackbeard!"

"Blackbeard, Blackbeard!" Among the silent lemon trees, where none could overhear them, they whispered the name.

"There was a man named Calogero who lived in my village of Vizzini," one of them began. But they did not want to hear about Calogero of Vizzini who lived eighty years ago.

"They did well for themselves to arrest Blackbeard's son," another said as the mule jogged on with its stiffening burden.

"There is another. A boy. He slipped away before the fight began."

"A boy? Well, a boy from that man's seed . . . Where is he, I wonder?"

"Tst!"

An automobile was rocking through the soft earth of the lemon grove ahead of them, and they were silent. At that moment Brasi was being bound hand and foot at The Four Carobs.

When his stone struck Mori in the head and he saw his father close with the man and heard Mori's death cry among the flames, Brasi skirted the conflagration in a wide semicircle and ran, upon his toes, to the ridge where Chiesa had fallen. He was unable to find the place, and so with no other weapon than his sling he half-heartedly tried to kill goats. The shooting and firing had long since ceased. The goats ran away and he suddenly wanted to be with them. They would not answer his call. The dogs were cowering among the rocks and would not obey him. The goats wandered away, scattering about the hillside. Brasi was upon his knees, sobbing, his head lowered upon a stone when one of the farm hands grabbed him. At Four Carobs he bit the *fattore's* cheek and insulted his daughter. He was thereupon bound. The next morning he was pitched into Carmelo's cell. When the door closed, they kissed each other and wept. Brasi, proud in his grief, later said:

"He took six or seven with him, our Father. Whatever he did to make them hunt him, he fought w and God should forgive him."

"May he rest in peace." The boys, through their tears, gazed at one another.

"But it is not finished, Brasi."

"No, it is not." Brasi removed the cross from around his neck, kissed it, and held it out to Carmelo. Together they clutched it.

"We shall finish it."

"Praised be the Lord Christ in his high Heaven. Trodden down, bemired, and defiled be the Blessed Sacrament and my soul unconfessed in hell if I do not."

"If I do not," Brasi whispered. Again he wept and was drawn into his brother's arms. There he slept until food was placed upon the floor. Ravenously he ate his own and Carmelo's untouched share. And slept again, stretched on the stone flags.

[To be continued next week]

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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Letters to the Editors

London Breathing-Spell

[We print below part of a letter recently received from London.]

Dear —: Of course we are expecting more air raids, but we have had some time in which to breathe and to be more or less ordinary again. And when we are told that we mustn't slacken and mustn't count upon anybody but ourselves, I don't quite know what that means. You breathe when you can, and when you can't, you put up with it.

I have been exploring London as one means of breathing. People actually come here and say, "Oh, it wasn't nearly as bad as I thought." They don't know their London. In one quarter in the middle of Dockland the only way you can tell how many little houses there were is by what look like dog kennels at the bottom of the little yards. These were the shelters—which, by the way, stood up well to the blitz.

I couldn't yesterday count the churches that have been destroyed. The beautiful Allhallows, Barking; the Toc H church, roofless, with blue sky above the remains of its walls; the Temple church burned to the color of pink ash; the Round still standing, the Early English portion just walls. Of the four Early English churches left in London all, I believe, were destroyed—I am not quite sure about St. Etheldreda's in Ely Place. Innumerable Wren churches are gone—St. Bride's, St. Olave, and St. John's, Bermondsey (the latter only after Wren), St. Clement Danes—the Oranges and Lemons church. Curiously enough, many of the towers were left standing, as, for instance, that of the journalists' church, St. Bride's.

Curious living things happen. In Dockland the rose bay, a tall purplish flower, is busy covering the ruins. Wherever there are ruins, weeds, so-called, begin to grow—nightshade, sow thistle, persicaria, and many others. The Englishman is an inveterate gardener, and here and there he has set to work to make gardens in bombed ruins. In the very heart of London yesterday, near the warehouses by Tower Bridge, I saw in the ruins of a house behind a coffee stall a little garden with runner beans and Brussels sprouts complete, and not only that but a white hen cocking an eye at those who were impolitely watching her attempts at egg-laying.

There has been an immense patching up and clearing away of London during the lull. Our own house had to have all its chimneys taken down, and the parapet and the doors and ceilings are still very groggy, and plaster drips upon my bed. Of course the bother of it is that it may all happen again and all the patching may be in vain, but you have to go on as "usually" as you can.

MURIEL HARRIS

London, October 12

Saroyan Again and Again

Dear Sirs: There is a third play in my book "The Beautiful People." The title of this play is "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning." Your reviewer (not Joseph Wood Krutch) failed to mention this play, and since I am instructed in the art of writing by the reviews of my books which appear in *The Nation* (under the heading Saroyan Again), I feel a great loss. Have the man tell me about that one, too.

WILLIAM SAROYAN,

Old Subscriber (Kindly Renew)

San Francisco, November 10

Milk for Defense

Dear Sirs: From an international as well as from a national standpoint, farm production, particularly the production of milk, grows more important with each passing day. Adequate production of milk cannot be obtained unless the small farmer can meet his production costs, that is, unless the price of milk improves—more dairymen are going out of business this fall than have done so at this season in many years. But what the small farmer wants is to have the blend price raised, the price of milk used for dairy products, not the price of fluid milk. Raising the fluid price means higher retail prices for bottled milk, which means that low-income families can buy less, which means a restricted market and lower prices for farmers.

I wrote you last spring that what the farmers needed was organization. Now I want your readers to know that we have an organization and that it is called the Farmers' Union of the New York Milkshed. It is the only farm group now working for good milk prices for farmers. Our efforts are hampered by the

activity of so-called dairy groups seeking to increase the price of fluid milk. Many large farmers have substantial interests in milk-distributing companies. Perhaps these farmer-dealers want increased fluid prices to further their dealer interests and use their farmer status "to cover up." The extent of milk-trust or other milk-dealer control in "farmer" organizations seeking to raise the fluid price should be investigated. Department of Agriculture experts know what they are talking about when they say: "Often changes in surplus prices have as much or more influence on net prices received by farmers as a change in Class 1 (fluid) prices. Yet it is our experience that producers will spend much more time discussing the need for a higher Class 1 price than in discussing the need for better surplus prices."

The public needs to know the facts about the milk industry, and a good way to accomplish this would be for everyone to read the pamphlet "What Price Milk," based on the research work of the late Dr. Caroline Whitney and published by the Milk Consumers' Protective Committee, 35-30 36th Street, Long Island City, New York.

RUTH E. HILL

Jamesville, N. Y., November 12

The Audacity of the Right

Dear Sirs: On the evening of Sunday, November 1, the Mutual network carried a forum discussion of labor's responsibility in the defense program. The participants were two labor officials, who might be expected to uphold a liberal point of view, an official of the National Association of Manufacturers, and Senator O'Daniel of Texas. The labor spokesmen behaved in such a way as to substantiate an observation made by J. Alvarez del Vayo in the July 12 issue of *The Nation*, an observation that will stand a great deal of repetition: "The right has succeeded until now in manipulating the liberals at its pleasure, and the danger remains that it will succeed again and again. Everything has its explanation, and I suggest that the explanation in this case is the unpleasant one that everywhere the right has shown more courage and audacity than all the liberal forces put together."

In the face of the superior "courage and audacity" of their opponents, the

two labor officials permitted themselves to be depicted as representatives of a group of irresponsible wreckers taking advantage of the emergency to feather their nests at the expense of the \$21-a-month boys in the army. On two or three occasions the anti-labor gentlemen ward off questions concerning the shameful part management has played in obstructing the defense program by simply stating that the questions were irrelevant to the subject under discussion; and then they returned to the attack by accusing the labor spokesmen of using red-herring tactics.

Irrelevant, indeed! Right now, the most important demand on labor's responsibility is the call to thwart hitherto successful action by the right in covering its own slimy trail by using labor-management disputes as a red herring. Labor must meet that demand if it expects its own rights to be protected as well as those of the draftees, over whom so many crocodile tears have been shed by a management which, after demobilization, will show little concern for the ex-soldiers' right to work.

The very evasiveness of the reactionary spokesmen in that debate was good ground for their indictment as irresponsibles, in spite of their hypocritical assertions that their advocacy of anti-labor measures was solely for the purpose of removing obstacles to the national defense. Apparently the men selected to speak for labor did not have enough imagination to see the opportunity to press that indictment; and such opportunities are few these days when the bulk of newspaper space and radio time is devoted to the anti-labor point of view.

It is unfortunate that the writings of a del Vayo are not more widely circu-

lated, but it is worse that officials of such an ostensibly liberal group as organized labor are unable, in the light of history, to see the dangerous condition del Vayo pointed out.

ROBERT F. JONES

North Little Rock, Ark., November 10

Apportioning the Relief Bill

Dear Sirs: Carey McWilliams's *Americans Without a Country* in *The Nation* of November 1 reminds me of my mother's reminiscences of the oppressiveness of this same system in New England more than a hundred years ago, for though it never oppressed her own family, it used to be ordinary to know your neighbors' affairs and sympathize with them. It further reminds me that the stormy commonwealth of ancient Iceland devoted a full thirteenth of its lawbook to rules for determining the responsibility for the care of dependent persons. If somebody in the United States had power to make rules for that purpose, it would be both simple and reasonable to make a rule that if a man had lived twenty years in New Jersey, fifteen in Ohio, ten in Missouri, five in California, and then become a crippled dependent, New Jersey or its local authorities should pay 40 per cent of the cost of his relief, Ohio 30 per cent, Missouri 20 per cent, and California 10 per cent. But this would require an amendment to the Constitution, unless Mr. McWilliams is right in hoping that the pressure of federal grants-in-aid would be sufficient coercion.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Mass., November 10

A Modern Prison

Dear Sirs: In the September 27 issue of *The Nation* Jonathan Daniels wrote of Prison Horrors in America. While there was considerable truth in Mr. Daniels's remarks, much hope for a more humane penal system in America may be found in what is being done in some of the newer state and federal institutions. In California, for example, a new "minimum security" institution for first-time offenders, the California Institution for Men, located near Los Angeles, bids fair to initiate a new era in prison reform. Here, on a 2,500-acre farm, has been established an institution where there are no armed guards, no walls, no shaved heads, no dull uniform clothes worn by the men, no "dungeons" for solitary confinement. Stressing individual treatment and social rehabilitation, California Institution for Men chose its

staff of forty-three supervisors—not guards—on a competitive basis from among 2,500 applicants, and put them through a thorough six weeks' training program embodying all the latest practices known to modern penology.

Intended as a practically self-sufficient agricultural producing unit, California's newest penal institution aims to train men for useful occupations by means of daily job assignments in kitchen, bakery, garage, laundry, nursery, garden, business office, and on the farm, as well as by carefully planned courses in the three R's, typing, accounting, bookkeeping, journalism, music, auto mechanics, metal work, laundry, animal husbandry, and forestry. When not engaged in these various activities the inmates take part in a varied recreational program which includes participation in athletic contests with outside teams. On Saturdays and Sundays the inmates are allowed one-hour visits from friends and relatives, and on Saturday nights they are entertained by home-made skits and movies. Thus they find little of the idle time which has been the curse of most of our penal institutions.

To date the results of this new experiment, which began in June, 1941, have been most encouraging, and there is every reason to believe it will prove a success.

STANLEY FAUSTMAN

Chino, Cal., November 13

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

PHALANGIST ACTIVITIES IN LATIN AMERICA have at last become a matter of real concern to the State Department. An official memorandum finds that the Spanish, and to a certain extent the French, have taken over the burden of Nazi propaganda in the Latin republics. Franco is reported to be forming an official news agency to disseminate German propaganda south of the Rio Grande. Short-wave broadcasts are being organized in both Spanish and Portuguese. Since October 16 all Spanish propaganda, both internal and external, has been directed by the Secretary of the Phalanx, General José Luis de Arrese. The Nazi program is being actively fostered by the Phalangist organizations where they exist, especially in Mexico and Peru. All of this is scarcely news to readers of *The Nation*. As early as July, 1940, this magazine called attention editorially to the fact that Phalangist groups were acting as Axis agents in Latin America, and more than a year ago—November 23, 1940—carried a detailed account of Phalangist activities in the Caribbean. We trust that from now on the State Department will prevent Phalangist agents from passing through this country en route to their posts.

★

THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN MEXICO AND THE United States, described in some detail on another page by our Washington editor, should do much to cement the new friendship between the two countries. Although the oil question is still unsettled, a procedure has at last been set up for settling it. And as Mr. Stone points out, that procedure represents a definite setback for the American and British companies which have been endeavoring to regain control of the wells. The American companies are not at all happy about the arrangement, but they are left with little choice except to attempt to obtain the best terms possible under the new agreement. Critics stress the fact that the financing of the highway construction and the silver purchases will place a heavy additional burden on the American taxpayer. But the highways contribute to American as well as Mexican defense, and American mining companies rather than Mexico will profit most from the silver subsidy.

BY A VOTE OF 167 to 141 THE HOUSE HAS defeated the Hobbs "concentration camp" bill and shown a capacity to resist reactionary hysteria that others, notably Attorney General Francis Biddle, might well emulate. Although sections placed in the bill to sugarcoat it for Justice Jackson when he was Attorney General were struck out, the Department of Justice was still prepared to back the measure. These sections would have widened the power of the Attorney General to grant relief in certain so-called "hardship cases," where otherwise reputable aliens might be deported. Hobbs, at the end of the debate on the bill, gave the game away when he asked what the Department of Justice would do if Australia refused to take Harry Bridges back. The case against the bill was ably presented by Congressman Celler for the minority opposing it in the House Judiciary Committee. Celler said that under the Hobbs bill an alien might be seized upon good grounds or bad by an administrative officer and interned for life without a jury trial. "The bill," he declared, "smacks too much of the *lettres de cachet* of the Bourbon monarchs or the concentration camps of totalitarian governments." The majority against it in the House indicates that both Jackson and Biddle could have won credit by fighting a bill that ran counter to their basic philosophies instead of weakly giving in to what they wrongly considered an irresistible undertow.

★

A YEAR AGO IN A REPORT FROM DETROIT *The Nation's* Washington editor, I. F. Stone, called attention to the failure of defense authorities to utilize the machine-tool capacity of the automobile industry. Now a Senate committee headed by Senator Truman of Missouri reports that half our machine-tool facilities during the past year have been lost to the defense program as a result of this failure, which was "partly due to the unwillingness to use small concerns not previously engaged in machine-tool production, and partly due to the failure to force large manufacturers, such as the automobile manufacturers, to use their machine-tool departments for defense instead of for retooling for new models." The interim report of this best of all the Congressional committees dealing with defense is concerned with "Priorities and the Utilization of Existing Manufacturing Facilities." The committee criticizes army and navy procurement officials and the OPM for not utilizing existing facilities in the defense program and for following "the line of least resistance" in providing for new factories instead. The committee finds that this policy favors the larger manufacturers and, in combination with the scarcity of raw materials, is driving smaller businesses to the wall. It supports the Odlum plan for allocating enough materials to our smallest manufacturers—130,000 employing fewer than twenty persons each—to keep them alive until they can find a place in the defense program.

DR. GOEBBELS HAS ONCE AGAIN TAKEN UP his pen to warn the German people of the folly of expecting an early and victorious end to the war. On November 6 he told them in the magazine *Reich* that they must resign themselves to "hard and relentless" war and that failure to win would consign the nation to an "inferno beside which all past hardships will pale." Now, in another article written for the same magazine he declares: "We do not belong to those dreamers and illusionists who prophesy the collapse of the British Empire tomorrow or the day after tomorrow." This wintry mood of cautious realism is far removed from the dogmatic optimism which Goebbels was displaying last spring. The *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* in its issue of March 10, 1941, published a dispatch from its Berlin correspondent paraphrasing a statement by Goebbels as follows: "He was convinced that a total German victory was imminent. . . . So far no National Socialist leader had ever announced a deadline for the completion of a certain task. This had now occurred for the first time when Hitler said that Britain would be defeated in the course of this year. With this statement the leadership of the German nation had undertaken a moral responsibility which it was going to live up to." It is worth while to recapitulate some of the events which have proved Goebbels a bad prophet: Hitler's costly failure to win a rapid and decisive victory over Russia, the vast improvement of the British position in the Atlantic, the increasing American participation in the war, and the rising curve of American armament production. These are all good reasons for pessimism on Goebbels's part; they ought equally to prove an antidote to defeatism on our side of the fence.

★

THE MOST NOTABLE OF OUR DOMESTIC defeatists, Herbert Hoover, in his recent speech at Chicago quite ignored the causes of Goebbels's gloom. He expressed the conviction that the combined power and resources of the United States, the British Empire, and the U. S. S. R. were too feeble to overcome the might of eighty million Germans or to force Hitler to relax his hold on the twenty nations he now dominates. The war, Mr. Hoover said, has settled down into a military stalemate, and the best remaining chance for the destruction of Hitler is the resistance of the conquered peoples "now seething with unquenchable hatred." It follows, according to the ex-President's logic, that we should make it plain to these rebels who are to abolish Nazism for us that they will never get the help of American forces. A new American expeditionary force, Mr. Hoover argued, was a sheer physical impossibility. The necessary shipping and equipment could not be produced in less than five years, and even then we could never land an army in Europe. Therefore we must decide now not to contemplate such a physically impossible project lest "the

wholesale loss of the best of our race . . . main the progress of America for two generations." Although he believes the peril to Britain is past, Mr. Hoover now favors that aid to Britain which he strenuously opposed when that peril was at its height. He supports preparedness for defense but thinks that we "can dismiss at once the boggy that Hitler can invade the Western Hemisphere. . . ." These contradictions arise from Mr. Hoover's attempt to dodge the inescapable alternatives which face us. We must either smash Hitlerism, no matter what the cost, or be prepared, at best, to accept as a counterpoise to Nazi domination of the Old World the permanent militarization of the New.

★

WE ARE DELIGHTED TO HEAR THAT THE motion-picture censors of New York State have granted permission for the public showing in its entirety of "The Forgotten Village," a beautiful documentary film made in a Mexican village by Herbert Kline and John Steinbeck. The censors had demanded the deletion of scenes showing a woman nursing a baby and suffering the throes of childbirth on the ground that they were "indecent" and "inhuman." The producers of the film based their successful appeal on the contention that the picture deals with an important theme "in a truthful, restrained, and dignified manner." We are sure their view will be confirmed by the public.

★

ROSE M. STEIN, WHO DIED LAST SUNDAY, will be missed by many people in many walks of life, for her interest and her investigations covered not only labor, her primary concern, but the whole social structure of which it is a part. Her name will be spoken with a special kind of affection in the homes of workers in the steel towns around Pittsburgh. She was a familiar figure in the dingy streets and smoke-stained houses of Aliquippa and Homestead, of Weirton and McKeesport, and over a period of years she had established herself so firmly as a trusted friend that to be introduced by Rose Stein was to be welcomed without question in communities trained by company spies to be suspicious of all newcomers. Her faith in the courage and sense of working men and women was deep; it was neither humorless nor romantic, for it was based on an intimate knowledge of workers as human beings, and that knowledge saved her from the dehumanizing sentimentality about "the worker" which so many "friends of labor" indulge in. Her extensive first-hand observation, her understanding not only of labor's problems but of their relation to larger social issues, and the confidence and respect she commanded from trade unionists made her one of the best informed and most reliable of contemporary writers in the field. *The Nation* has lost a highly valued contributor; and working people, in and out of unions, have lost a courageous and truly disinterested defender.

The Battle of the Mediterranean

LAST week the Battle of the Mediterranean, which since the fall of Crete had been more or less suspended, again flared into the headlines. In Libya the British seized the initiative and drove westward in a powerful attack designed to surround and crush the Axis forces. But on the political front the Nazis took the offensive in an effort to secure all-out collaboration from Vichy and thus obtain the use of the French fleet and colonies as crutches for their limping Italian partner.

It would be a mistake to consider the British campaign in Libya as a hasty attempt to create a second front in response to political pressure. It does to some extent meet Russian requests for a diversion, although it cannot be expected to exert any rapid influence on the situation on the eastern front, but it is clearly a drive dictated by long-term strategy. For many months Britain has been preparing for this offensive, and it is now easy to see why Winston Churchill was not willing to undertake a simultaneous expedition against the Continent. Britain under any circumstances was bound to maintain strong forces in Egypt, for Suez and Gibraltar are among the most powerful anchors of British sea power, and both are endangered by the Axis bridgehead in North Africa. Therefore, the British General Staff must have argued last summer, it would be a wise policy to build up the garrison in Egypt until it was strong enough to act as a striking force and pass from the defensive to the offensive.

There are other good reasons for choosing the Mediterranean rather than Northwestern Europe as a battleground. The British navy has chased the Italian fleet into harbor and has constantly harassed the Axis supply lines. Steaming along the North African coasts it can cooperate with the army and in return receive the protection of shore-based aircraft. Politically also there is much to be said for hammering at Italy, which is suffering from war-weariness and totalitarian dry-rot. Perhaps the Nazi grip on that country is too strong for it to be knocked right out of the war, but Hitler might possibly be forced to send an army of occupation south of the Alps in order to sustain Mussolini's authority. And that would be a military as well as a political gain.

As we write, the battle in eastern Libya is still undecided. Outflanking the heavily fortified Axis positions along the Egyptian frontier, British armored columns have driven west and north, relieving Tobruk and capturing Bardia and other strategic positions. General Rommel's army seems to have been split up into several isolated groups, and although the Germans, at least, are putting up a desperate fight, there is good reason to hope it will shortly be forced to capitulate. It can be taken for granted that the British command will press home its

attack regardless of losses, for this is a battle which it cannot afford to lose. The stakes are much higher than the sandy wastes of Libya and Tripoli; they are the control of North Africa and the Mediterranean.

The Nazi diplomatic putsch in Vichy is a realistic reply to Britain's desert offensive, for it now begins to look as if the Axis cannot hold its own in the Mediterranean without a greater degree of collaboration from the French. By securing the dismissal of Weygand from his viceroyship in North Africa Hitler won an initial success, some of the results of which are discussed by Jay Allen in an article on page 535. Now Marshal Pétain, having been persuaded to throw away his one high card, is going to have his hand called at a meeting with Göring and, perhaps, Hitler. According to reports from Berne, he will be asked to accept a draft treaty guaranteeing French territories apart from Alsace-Lorraine, which will be ceded to Germany. Release of the French prisoners of war and further reductions in occupation costs will be offered in return for adhesion to the Axis and the use of the French fleet and North African bases against Britain. Although some qualified observers believe that the old Marshal will refuse these terms, the available evidence suggests that he has lost the power to resist.

But would his waning prestige with the French people survive such a betrayal? Would they make collaboration effective by accepting the deal? That is the problem which Hitler has to solve before he can use France in the Battle of the Mediterranean. We ought to make it tougher for him by throwing all our weight on the other side. The dismissal of Weygand was a heavy defeat for the State Department, which had been nursing him along in the belief that he would remain a bulwark against German penetration of North Africa. Similarly we have been attempting to stiffen Pétain by holding his hand and not criticizing. But these tactics have prevented us from encouraging De Gaulle and supporting the opposition to collaboration inside France. Our policy has been discredited by the new developments at Vichy, and late as it is, we should reverse it. The extension of Lease-Lend aid to the Free French colonies and the revocation of export licenses for Vichy Africa are a good beginning, but only a beginning. Let the United States government use every short-wave channel at its command to tell the French people that we are determined to bring about the downfall of Nazism. Let Admiral Leahy inform Pétain that any new move toward collaboration will mean his withdrawal from Vichy and recognition of De Gaulle, and let us see that this news is broadcast in France. By helping the French people to reject the role now being prepared for them we can make a real contribution to the winning of the Mediterranean and the safeguarding from German rule of Dakar and the French African colonies, in which we have a vital interest.

Oh, You Mean Arbitrate?

ON OCTOBER 24 President Roosevelt asked John L. Lewis to submit the captive-coal-mine dispute to arbitration. John L. Lewis refused. On November 18 the President again suggested arbitration, with an alternative proposal that the present situation with regard to the closed shop be frozen throughout the entire industry for the duration of the national emergency. John L. Lewis refused both alternatives.

On November 22 the President for the third time urged arbitration. This time, before the proposal could be made public, John L. Lewis joyfully accepted. The mine workers, he told the President, "are happy to make this contribution in the public interest."

Just one month had intervened between Lewis's first refusal to arbitrate and his sudden conviction that "this arrangement provides for an honest determination of the issue." In that month the country witnessed two walk-outs in the vital coal industry, involving some 90,000 men; it saw a rising tide of public resentment against strikes in defense industry; it watched reactionary elements in Congress, making political capital of that resentment, threaten to wipe out the gains labor has made since 1933 and even to stand the nation's foreign policy on its head if need be to realize their purpose; it saw the dissolution of the National Mediation Board, which had stultified itself in the face of that Congressional threat.

John L. Lewis may win the decision at the hands of the arbitration board; it is highly probable, in fact, that he will. But his victory will have been bought at the price of a month of dangerous turbulence, with consequences that are still to come, and by a method which could have been tried without any cost at all in the first place. That is something less than strategical genius, whatever the outcome.

Nobody has yet shown John L. Lewis to be a fool, however, and it is inconceivable that if a simple settlement of this dispute were all he had in mind he would have proceeded in this remarkably roundabout fashion. It is true that he may be particularly satisfied with the personnel of the present board, which besides himself includes Benjamin Fairless, president of the United States Steel Corporation, and Dr. John R. Steelman, director of the United States Conciliation Service. But the arbitration proposal that he previously spurned called for a board headed by himself and Myron C. Taylor, whom only last month he called "an industrial statesman of far-seeing vision," the man with whom he had so successfully worked out a settlement in the captive-mine controversy of 1934. Yet before a third man could be proposed, Lewis on that occasion rejected the whole idea of arbitration out of hand.

Lewis's sudden conversion to arbitration the day after the C. I. O. convention adjourned lends weight to the general suspicion that he had bigger fish to fry. The campaign was timed beautifully to coincide with the convention. Here was a unique opportunity to recapture his leadership on the unassailable issue of the union shop, and at the same time to embarrass the President and perhaps throw a wrench in his foreign policy. If these were in fact his objectives, he has failed in all of them. As Richard Rovere shows in his article elsewhere in this issue, the convention backed Lewis only so far as the issue of the union shop compelled its support; its real confidence and loyalty went to Philip Murray.

As for the President, he has emerged from the ordeal with dignity and increased stature. Blackmailed by Congressional primitives in the week of the neutrality debate, assailed on all sides by demands for troops and strong-arm methods, he persisted doggedly in his efforts to bring about a settlement that would not demoralize the country's productive fighting force. In this he succeeded, but he will probably not be able to avert legislative curbs on labor in some form or other. As we go to press, he is reported to have given his sanction to a bill calling for compulsory arbitration in defense industries. Labor legislation is always dynamite, and the best we can hope for is that responsible leaders like Murray will have a chance to aid in drafting a measure that will reduce friction during the emergency without sacrificing the gains labor has made these past eight years.

Japan's Terms

NEGOTIATIONS between the United States and Japan have reached a crucial stage. Events this week may determine whether Japan will be permanently checked in its aggression or be able to win a breathing-spell in which to recoup its resources for further advances. At the moment the situation is distinctly disturbing. Secretary Hull's midnight conference with Japan's two diplomatic representatives must be regarded with anxiety by those who wish to see this country maintain a strong policy. This anxiety is not lessened by Washington rumors that Japan might be offered relaxation of economic curbs in return for undertaking to refrain from new moves either south or north. We do not know precisely what terms Japan has offered, but we have an official statement by the head of the Japanese government, Premier Tojo, to the effect that any settlement would have to embrace three points: (1) abandonment by the United States of aid for China; (2) resumption of normal trade relations between the United States and Japan; and (3) guaranties that the war will not spread to the Far East. The Japanese press has placed such great emphasis on these demands that it is difficult to see how

the government could conclude an agreement which did not yield at least their substance.

Reports from Japanese sources in Shanghai describe the offer which is supposed to have been made to the United States in greater detail. Japan is said to be willing to withdraw from Indo-China and to promise not to invade Siberia in return for an American agreement to the foregoing conditions and assistance in negotiating peace between China and Japan. It might be possible to conceive of an agreement somewhat along these lines if neither China nor Adolf Hitler existed. But the United States dare not thus abandon China, and there is no indication that Japan intends to abandon Hitler by ceasing to be a threat to American interests in the Pacific.

The situation with regard to China is a particularly difficult one. While there is every reason to believe that Japan would be willing to evacuate the greater part of southern and central China as part of a general settlement, considerations of "face" almost certainly preclude the complete evacuation of China, including Manchuria. Yet China obviously cannot be satisfied with anything less than the restoration of its territories, probably including Formosa. Since the struggle in China involves basic questions of freedom of trade as against Japanese domination of all manufacture and commerce, it is to the interest of the United States, both politically and economically, to give full support to China. In this connection, some of the reports coming out of Washington have been disquieting. It is rumored that the United States is merely insisting that *most* of China be evacuated. We sincerely hope that this report did not emanate from official sources. For the part of China that Japan is most anxious to retain is Manchuria and the five northern provinces of China proper. These are the areas which are richest in natural resources, the least overpopulated, and the most vital to China's defenses against Japanese encroachment. And it is evident that the future peace of the Pacific depends on a strong, independent China, capable of holding its own against a militaristic Japan.

Equally important from the point of view of the United States is a definite repudiation by Japan of its Axis ties. This also will be difficult to achieve. While Japan is not so sure as it once was that Germany is destined to be victor in the European conflict, it wants to be in a position to cash in if Hitler wins. To do this it must continue to play Hitler's game, at least in part, in the Pacific. Moreover, the formal repudiation of the Axis pact would involve an intolerable loss of face for the present rulers of Japan. Yet this country must insist on at least tacit repudiation of the pact. There could be no greater folly than to resume shipments of crucial war materials to a nation which is pledged to aid Germany if the Nazis become involved in war with the United States and even now is reshipping American supplies to Hitler.

Good Neighbor at Last

BY I. F. STONE

WHEN Josephus Daniels several weeks ago submitted his resignation as ambassador to Mexico, the President asked him to make one more trip to Mexico City before leaving his post. On his return Ambassador Daniels brought with him a personal letter from President Camacho to President Roosevelt expressing the former's deep anxiety over the failure of the two countries to complete an accord on the oil-expropriation and other questions unsettled between them. Last Monday Ambassador Daniels conferred with Secretary Hull. On Tuesday he saw Mr. Roosevelt at the White House. The following afternoon Secretary Hull and Francisco Castillo Nájera, Mexican Ambassador to the United States, signed a six-point agreement between this country and Mexico. The President, Mr. Hull, and Ambassador Daniels, and the liberals in the Latin American Division of the State Department, notably Laurence Duggan, deserve the country's gratitude for this accord. In this settlement with Mexico our government has resisted the powerful influences of the American and Anglo-Dutch oil monopolies and taken its stand with the people of Mexico and their aspirations to control their own resources.

There is good reason to suspect that the final consummation of this accord was not easy. Public statements made by President Camacho at the time of his inauguration last January indicated that he expected an agreement to be signed within a few days. Ambassador Daniels felt that it could have been signed months ago. He wanted to see peace made between this country and Mexico over expropriations before he retired. No ambassador from this country had ever won the same affection from the Mexican people. His influence was steadily exerted against the oil companies and in favor of Mexico. Dwight Morrow talked the Mexicans out of their revolution, smoothly and suavely and effectively. Josephus Daniels helped them proceed with it. He is a veteran of the days when the Democratic Party under William Jennings Bryan made anti-imperialism one of its principal rallying-cries. If he was also, by one of those pranks that history and the possession of power play on men, the Secretary of the Navy under whom Vera Cruz was ordered bombed, his eight years in Mexico City and this agreement more than wipe the slate clean. They also atone for any part that might have been taken in that proceeding by his youthful Assistant Secretary, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

This agreement is important to the defense of the

United States. It will give Mexico funds to complete the inter-American system of highways from California to Mexico City and from Mexico City to the Guatemalan border; the day may come when we shall need these roads for armies going south. We have no navy bases between San Diego and the Panama Canal, and there are half a dozen harbors on the west coast of Mexico at which President Camacho has agreed to provide facilities our navy might some day use. Mexico has strategic materials, such as copper, zinc, lead, mercury, and fibers, essential to our defense program, and American capital is needed to expand their production. Above all else, we need the confidence of the Mexican people. We need to make them feel that we intend to make the Good Neighbor policy a reality and to withdraw the support of our government from "Yanqui imperialists." This the agreement does, and in so striking a fashion that I believe it will win us new friends and create new trust in us among all the peoples of Latin America.

The Standard Oil and Royal Dutch Shell interests had hoped to block a settlement of agrarian claims—some of them going back as far as 1868—and the resumption of silver buying and loans to Mexico until they could get their properties back. They hoped to use Mexico's financial need to force an agreement whereby they could go back into Mexico ostensibly as managers of their properties but under a lease so long and terms so onerous as to be the equivalent of ownership. In some respects they hoped for even more favorable terms than those they had before expropriation. They wanted a guaranty of no labor troubles and a promise that there would be no increase in taxes during the term of the lease. The term itself was to extend as much as fifty years, ample time in oil-company opinion to foment a counter-revolution that might further improve the position of the American and Anglo-Dutch trusts.

Important to the oil companies was the maintenance of an unofficial embargo on the sale of Mexican oil. The existence of such an embargo, first revealed by this correspondent in *The Nation* of November 30, 1940, is now tacitly admitted by the State Department. In November a year ago I stated that the Navy Department, on instructions from the State Department, chose to pay Standard Oil 89 cents a barrel for a half-million barrels of fuel oil rather than accept a low bid of 79 cents from Eastern States Petroleum, a small company refining Mexican crude. The Maloney committee hearings last month showed that this unofficial embargo was still in effect.

Point 17 of Secretary Hull's letter to Ambassador Nájera thus represents a major victory for Mexico. "The government of the United States," Secretary Hull wrote, "will facilitate negotiations between the government of Mexico and representatives of such oil companies as may be interested in an agreement for the marketing of exports of Mexican petroleum products." This may hurt the big oil companies, but it will help American industry, for Mexican wells produce an unusually good grade of industrial fuel oil, perhaps the one kind of oil in which some shortage is possible.

By settling the agrarian claims, providing American loans, and lifting the unofficial embargo on Mexican oil, our government has taken the screws off Mexico. The oil companies must now negotiate a separate settlement under circumstances no longer unfavorable to Mexico. The oil companies still have bargaining points, but they are legitimate ones. Perhaps the chief point in the favor of the companies is the inability of the Mexican government to run the oil properties efficiently. Mexico could

use the managerial and engineering ability of our big oil companies. On that basis it should be possible to arrange an agreement fair to both sides, but it is clear that the companies can no longer hope to get their properties back, and that they cannot hope to obtain payment for subsoil rights. Although it is well known by now that Mexican subsoil rights were always reserved to the state, our companies have insisted on laying claim to the oil in the ground and placing fantastic valuations upon it. It is this which explains the wide gap separating the \$400,000,000 figure of which the oil companies talk and the sums a tenth that size which the Mexicans are willing to pay. Nothing is said of subsoil rights in the agreement negotiated by the two governments, and the absence of any reference to them is itself an implicit acceptance of Mexican law on the point—law, it must again be emphasized, which goes back to the Spanish crown. This acquiescence by silence may turn out to be the most important of the bargaining weapons given Mexico against our oil companies by this Good Neighbor accord.

Philip Murray Takes Over

BY RICHARD H. ROVERE

Detroit, November 22

EXCEPT for the roundhouse punches swung by Denny Lewis and his mob in the lobby of the Detroit Statler, the fourth convention of the Congress of Industrial Organizations was a dull and perfunctory affair. Not a single speech was made nor a vote cast against any proposition that came to the floor. Every resolution was adopted unanimously, every one of last year's officers unanimously reelected. The intellectual level of floor debate, if such it could be called, was discouragingly low. The Communists raised the roof every time a speaker let it be known that he thought ill of Hitler, but even their enthusiasm was not contagious enough to hide the half-heartedness of the applause or the delegates' preoccupation with other matters, notably John L. Lewis and the captive miners. The thirty-three-minute demonstration for Philip Murray at the close of the sessions on Friday was not really part of the convention but a sigh of relief drawn by the delegates after laying down a story that seemed likely to end, but happily did not, with the hero and his chums being chewed to pieces by a large, bushy-browed lion.

Uninspired though it was, the convention did make important decisions. They were forced upon it by the hour in which it met and the internal crises which it faced. That they were for the most part wise and courageous decisions was due almost entirely to the personal

wisdom and courage of Philip Murray, who not only emerged from the shadow of John L. Lewis but, once in the light, showed himself a far greater protagonist of labor than Lewis ever was. The unanimity of the convention, in fact, was, as unanimity generally is, only a blind for bitter factionalism behind the scenes; had it not been for Murray's brilliant generalship of a reluctant army, the differences might have broken out into something far more serious than the fisticuffs in the Statler barracks. At any one of a dozen points Murray might have blundered or weakened, but he never did. If labor's position is still less enviable than it might be, the fault is not Philip Murray's.

Murray's command of the convention was signaled by his establishment of three points of C. I. O. policy, each of which met powerful opposition within the organization. He had, first of all, to get substantial backing for the captive-mine strike. He may not have approved Lewis's action in bringing the issue to a head in the first place; there is plenty of evidence that he did not. An official of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, to which Murray has devoted a great deal of his time in the last five years, told me that as a result of the coal strike the union shop in steel had already lost the pledged support of President Roosevelt. But Lewis had called the tune and the strike. For Murray the issue was no longer, if it ever had been, one between sane and irresponsible

unionism; from the moment the National Defense Mediation Board handed down its decision it was a fight between the steel trust and the United Mine Workers, and Murray's Scotch conscience left him no choice but to stand four-square with the union. When the convention opened, plenty of delegates were ready to scuttle the U. M. W., while the Communists and Hillmanites, who consummated a deal that made them the most powerful block of delegates, made it clear through their spokesmen, Mike Quill and Leo Krzycki, that they would have been delighted to give the coal diggers something less than all-out aid and get along to other business. But Murray believed in the miners' cause if not in their leader's timing, and he pulled hard against those who would have taken their revenge on Lewis at the expense of his union.

The situation was exactly reversed on foreign policy, the second point which Murray fought for and won. The delegations from the mine workers and the Construction Workers' Organizing Committee, both ruled by the Lewis dynasty, would gladly have struck back at President Roosevelt and Sidney Hillman by a fight to withhold support from the defense program. While there was never any question that most of the delegates stood behind the Administration's foreign policy, the Lewis forces, if Murray had handled them less skilfully or if their strike had been disapproved, could have made the convention that voted aid to Britain and Russia look like Saturday night in a coal-mining town. As it was, they sat glumly but noiselessly in their seats at the convention hall and confined their brawling to the recesses. The C. I. O. is committed to the war effort and will offer no hindrance to further measures against Hitler.

Everyone was interested in John L. Lewis and in Adolf Hitler, but when the future organizing plans of the C. I. O. were being presented, the convention was more than usually listless. In some quarters the C. I. O. has reached that state of satisfied inertia which, when it began to stifle the A. F. of L., brought about the split of 1936. Philip Murray, however, reached his most persuasive heights when he assured the delegates, the government, industry, and the public that "not even a grave national emergency will stop us from organizing." The clothing workers, in an almost completely organized industry, and the Stalinists, who have one-track minds, would sooner concentrate exclusively on pressing the war against Germany, but Murray really believes that a war for democracy must be a war prosecuted with vigor on two fronts. (No more convincing presentation of this point of view has been made than the one to be found in Murray's report to the convention, an impressive political and economic document.) In laying the groundwork for a huge organizing campaign he won the last of the three points that struck me as his fundamental victories over a group of delegates with far less courage and

imagination than he possessed. During the coming year the C. I. O. will attempt to wind up its organization of Big and Little Steel and will start to work on the oil industry. It will drive hard into the South with a two-pronged attack on the exploitation of Southern labor and on such malodorous institutions as the poll tax. It is a fact, though it was not brought out at the convention, that more energy, talent, and money will be expended to open up the South in the coming year than was spent to crack the Ford empire this year and last.

The arrogant and unreliable John L. Lewis has been replaced as the real leader of the C. I. O. by Philip Murray, and that in itself is satisfying. His control of 600,000 miners leaves Lewis considerable power to undermine Murray's leadership, but it is doubtful that he can succeed so long as the present mood of the country prevails and so long as Murray builds a new base for support of his policies by organizing the unorganized. But the health of a movement like the C. I. O. is not entirely dependent upon the character of its leadership or upon its constant expansion. It is, for one thing, dependent upon internal democracy, and of that there was very little in Detroit last week. It is certainly a fact that the decision of most conventions are made by the boys in the back room; but even in Nazi Germany there must be internal differences which have to be hammered out before the totalitarian front is presented to the world. The C. I. O. convention presented an appalling unanimity that was false to the view of any well-informed observer. I know of one group of fifteen or sixteen delegates who were honest non-interventionists but who simply did not dare to express their views on the foreign-policy resolution—which, incidentally, was drafted by Lee Pressman, who came up from Washington, D. C., as the delegate from Contra Costa County, California. This false show of unanimity was even tactically unnecessary, since the percentage of delegates that privately opposed the resolution was so small. The Fight for Freedom Committee polled half the delegates and learned from its sampling that 94 per cent of those present favored the resolution. A similar poll of union members at the gates of the Ford River Rouge plant showed that interventionist sentiment there ran about 20 per cent lower than among the delegates. It seems elementary that a vote on so important an issue as this should register the true facts, whatever they are. I happened to read the story filed by the correspondent of a large London daily immediately after the passage of the foreign-policy resolution. It was not his fault that any Englishman who read his story would believe that American workers would unanimously support the immediate dispatch of an expeditionary force.

Newspapers may have overplayed the "thuggery and knuckles" which President Murray condemned, but it was certainly there, and it was accepted with equanimity,

even joviality, by most delegates. Denny Lewis was not the only union president who did not think it wise to walk the streets without a bodyguard of several men. On the first day the story went around the press table that 200 gunmen in the employ of the United Mine Workers were in town. Having seen neither gun play nor guns, I am unable to report on the precise accuracy of this. A great many curious friends of the Mine Workers were on hand, however. They wore badges marked "Guest." They were well-heeled and seemed to have an unusual amount of time on their hands; only a few of them attended every session, but they occupied strategic points in the hotel lobbies throughout the week.

The influence of Communists in the C. I. O. has increased rather than diminished. They do not control it, and if their new position on world affairs did not correspond in large measure to that of the majority, their strength would be less. But the Hillman followers have taken them in as equal partners, and Joe Curran, head of the National Maritime Union, sat in on the Amalgamated

Clothing Workers' caucuses. The new executive board, which is not elected by the convention but is made up of representatives appointed by each union, has fifteen out of forty-one members from the left-wing unions.

No picture of the convention would be fair unless the dulness, the lack of internal democracy, and the thugs were set off against the achievements. The deadening hand of the Stalinists and the rough-house tactics of John L. Lewis are probably responsible for the shortcomings, while credit for the achievements must go, I believe, to Philip Murray. He fought every one of the destructive tendencies. For several years American liberals have been waiting for the American labor movement to produce a man to whom they could look for strong and candid leadership. Philip Murray may be that man. He will now have a year in office free from the overburdening influence of his mentor; he has a good program; and he can, if he is given some aid and encouragement from outside, clean out some of labor's Augean stables and then get down to real work.

The "Raw Materials" Hoax

BY GABRIEL JAVSICAS

PUBLICATION of peace aims in time of war has a twofold purpose: to set a goal beyond victory in the belief that a greater cause will inspire greater effort, the utmost sacrifice; and to undermine the enemy's morale, his will to victory and his faith in the righteousness of his cause. In view of these objectives Point 4 of the Atlantic Charter must be set down as curiously inept. England and the United States, it reads, "will endeavor with due respect for their existing obligations to further the enjoyment of all states, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access on equal terms to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity." This specific promise of access to raw materials to the vanquished has naturally enough been seized upon by the Nazis as an implied admission that hitherto Germany has had no such opportunity. Obviously this is grist to the Goebbels mill, since it appears to confirm a tenet of the Nazi creed that has proved most useful in justifying the war to the German people. Reinforcement of this hoary fallacy, however unintentional, comes with particularly bad effect at a moment when it is important that this whole concept of access to raw materials be clarified once and for all.

The German people have long been led to believe that the territory they occupy is too small for them and their creative ability. The Kaiser demanded a place in the sun for Germany; the Nazis developed this theme by

claiming more *Lebensraum* and access to raw materials. During the flourishing days of appeasement a sympathetic ear was lent to this claim abroad. Socialists and conservatives alike, endeavoring to understand the causes of recurrent German aggression, found the economic explanation offered by the Nazis a plausible one. Yet it is without basis in fact. Switzerland, more densely populated, with few natural resources, and without access to the sea, finds sufficient creative ability among its people to enable it to enjoy the highest per capita income in Europe next to Sweden. Sweden in turn has a higher per capita income than the United States with its virtually unlimited resources and thinly populated territories. Obviously the size of a country and the number of its inhabitants bear little relation to the wealth and well-being of its people. The economic structure of a country, the organization of production and distribution, is the important factor. Highly industrialized capitalist countries experience periodic unemployment and suffer from poverty amid plenty, but the people of a totalitarian state are forced to divert all their resources and energy to the production of armament and in consequence suffer chronic deprivation. The contrast between nations organized for peace and those dedicated to war is most pronounced in their treatment of the problem of raw materials.

In a liberal world economy, in time of peace, all

states, great and small, do in fact enjoy free access to the raw materials of the world, on equal terms. Such obstacles as interfere with the free play of supply and demand affect all nations alike. The commodity markets of the world know no racial, national, or religious distinctions. Export quotas may be adopted at the place of origin to halt a disastrous fall in prices, Great Britain may establish preferential duties within the empire: the price of the commodity is still the same to all buyers regardless of the sovereignty under which they carry on their trade. The British merchant pays the same price for a pound of British rubber as the German, Japanese, or Italian merchant.

Nor is this all. If the countries exporting raw materials offer a higher yield on invested capital, capital can flow to these countries; the individual investor is free to participate in the risks and profits of the companies exploiting the mines and plantations by buying their shares on the exchanges of the world. There is no discrimination based upon the nationality of the investor. For all practical purposes, in time of peace the only limitation to free access to raw materials is the buying power of the importing countries and of their individual merchants.

This was substantially the situation before the development of the totalitarian state. Nations which had no intention of conquering the world or even of robbing their neighbors of a bit of territory in the good old-fashioned way had little cause to complain about lack of access to raw materials. They could afford to pay for what they needed with the product of their labor. In time of peace even the totalitarian countries, despite the insatiable demands of their war industries, had no difficulty in obtaining more raw material than was good for the peace of the world. Until Japan invaded Indo-China, the United States was sending Japan sufficient supplies to enable it to conquer a great part of China and to build a fleet almost as large as that of the United States itself. Germany managed to accumulate enough raw materials to conquer twenty-three nations, keep a badly beaten Italy in the war, and still, after two years of blockade, to threaten two continents with conquest. Does this argue any lack of access to raw materials?

Before this world war access to raw materials was in fact so easy for the aggressor nations that puzzled and perturbed democratic countries began to suspect their own governments of connivance in the totalitarian schemes. But a more effective interference with the free flow of raw materials would have exacted a high price from the citizens of the democracies: they would have been obliged to submit in time of peace to government control of all imports and exports. The interdependence of all countries is clearly visible in this dilemma. Curtailment of economic liberty anywhere in the world threatens liberty everywhere in the world.

While the democratic nations shrank from the kind of

interference with private business that the use of raw materials as a political weapon would have entailed, the totalitarian governments had no such scruples. Of all collective human enterprise modern war is the least spontaneous. It requires the mustering of all resources of the nation, material and human, and their dedication to a single purpose. Years before a government bent on aggression goes to war, it must accumulate vast stocks for the mass production of armaments. In the process of changing over from peace production to war production, and after, the totalitarian government makes the life of the individual merchant, importer, and producer miserable with ever more stringent rules and regulations. The obstacles in the way of his free access to raw materials do not come, in time of peace, from abroad, but from within, from his own government. Through its absolute control of foreign currency and of all imports and exports, the totalitarian government starves the producers of consumers' goods of all raw materials while it furnishes ample supplies to the war industries. Furthermore, in order to render the country blockade-proof, the government places high import duties on various products—rubber, gasoline, etc.—in order to stimulate the production of *Ersatz* goods. Thus the totalitarian state cuts off its subjects from free and equal access to raw materials and then broadcasts to the world jeremiads about unfair treatment by the plutocratic democracies.

Complaints about lack of access to raw materials have not come from peaceful nations or even from individual German, Japanese, or Italian merchants, but only from the governments of the totalitarian countries. The reason is obvious. It is a political demand, not an economic one. The Nazis did not go to war in order to obtain raw materials; they needed raw materials in order to be able to wage war. When they clamor for access to raw materials they mean access in time of war, not in time of peace. In time of peace they *have* access, but in time of war the devil needs more than his due.

In time of war the totalitarian constellation is at a grave geographical disadvantage, for some of the most vital raw materials can be obtained only from overseas. Even if Germany and Italy were given all the colonies which produce these materials, Great Britain and the United States would still rule the seas, and could bar their enemies from access to these colonies in time of war. The German demand for *Lebensraum* is therefore tantamount to asking England and America to scuttle their fleets. Fantastic as that interpretation may sound, it is nevertheless typical of Nazi claims. Nor should it be forgotten how perilously near the German war machine came to achieving this Nazi wish. Alone at first, it soon gained the support of the Japanese and Italian navies in a common cause. The American neutrality law held out a promise, long kept, of non-intervention in European affairs. In 1940 the French fleet scuttled itself for all

practical purposes. There remained only the British fleet; and no one can doubt that, but for Britain, Germany would by now have access to all the raw materials in the world for a final campaign against the last obstacle in its path—the United States.

Every nation the Nazis have conquered to date they have stripped of its resources in order to obtain material for the next conquest. They boast that they have already obtained more than the cost of their entire war effort. But even literally free access to the raw materials and the accumulated wealth of twenty-three conquered nations has not solved their economic problem. The Germans are still—along with the Japanese and the Italians, who have fared even worse—among the have-nots. As long as the German merchant operated on a free home market he imported and produced goods which he could sell to

the consumer at a profit. Now the government is his only buyer, dictating what goods he shall produce and fixing the price. He has been deprived of that saving grace of capitalist society—the individual liberty of its members—without which it cannot function.

Lack of access to raw materials, imperative need for *Lebensraum*—these are myths which the Nazis have used to serve their ends. What Germany, Italy, and Japan really need is not access to raw materials but a priority program in favor of a consumers'-goods industry, severely restricting the supply of raw materials for the production of the implements of war. Germany has proved that it knows how to husband its resources for the business of war. As long as its people are unwilling or unable to husband those same resources for peace, the impulse will have to be provided from without.

Exit Weygand

BY JAY ALLEN

BY THE time this appears in print, Marshal Pétain may have had his meeting with the Germans and the worst may well have come to pass. By now he may have already dropped that other shoe.

The worst would of course be for him to take France into the war as a more or less active Axis partner, handing over the French fleet and French African bases to the German command. The best one has any right to hope for is that he will merely enrol France in the new enlarged anti-Comintern society, join with some fanfare in the unveiling of the new United Europe, and edge farther along the path of industrial collaboration.

What is very clear is that the dismissal of General Weygand from the post of proconsul for all of French Africa has lowered the last defense against German blackmail and that from now on the Germans will get what they want when they want it. Whether they want the fleet and the bases now, because of the British threat in Libya, or whether they are willing to wait for the rest now that they have taken precautions against a stab in the back from French North Africa, we shall see later.

Pétain without Weygand is no problem for the Germans. In Vichy last spring one of the Marshal's friends said to me, "He keeps Weygand like a *petit diable* in his coat pocket, and whenever the Germans get really rough he puts his hand in his pocket and gives them a glimpse. 'I have Weygand here,' he says. 'Shall I set him loose?'"

Last December, when Otto Abetz raged down from Paris to demand the reinstatement of Pierre Laval, he is supposed to have given the Marshal twenty minutes to make up his mind. And the Marshal is supposed to have

answered, "I don't need twenty minutes. I need only two minutes to telephone Toulon and order the fleet to Africa and to tell Weygand that from now on he is on his own." All over France one heard that story, and there is no denying that the Marshal's popularity, such as it is, lay in the people's belief that he and Weygand were playing a double game. Without Weygand he cannot play that game any longer. Now the Germans will hustle the old man along as they choose.

My guess is that they will do it by easy stages. The perils of too hasty or too brutal action are obvious. To take over the fleet might not be so easy. We have already seen that French naval officers have minds of their own. Some might scuttle, although in all these months the Germans must have prepared for such an eventuality on every ship. And then of course the British are quite capable of repeating Oran when and where it is necessary.

There are other hazards. The French people are not sold on "collaboration," and it is still important for the Germans to keep up Pétain's prestige in the country. When I read some weeks ago that the Marshal was going to give himself up to the Germans as a hostage I felt no alarm for his safety; he is worth far more to the Germans alive than dead.

The Nazis are hard bargainers, and they have most of the cards now. Pétain has thrown away his one face card, Weygand. They have the prisoners, more than a million and a half. Few persons in this country seem to understand what this means to the French people. The German-controlled press in Paris continually plays on the feelings of the families: "If only the men of Vichy



would 'collaborate' whole-heartedly, you would get your husbands, your sons, your brothers back." But until now Pétain has not been willing to make the concessions necessary to bring about their release. On his last visit to Vichy Abetz agreed to a reduction of "occupation costs" (the Germans don't use the word "reparations"; they don't like it) from 400 million francs to a little less than 300 million. And apparently the line of demarcation is to be loosened up, a matter of immense importance not only to the Vichy government, which is only a phantom to two-thirds of France, but to business. Of course, too, there is the question of raw materials, which are doled out only to those French industries that are willing to work for the Germans.

The removal of Weygand, we now see, was the Germans' answer to the British offensive in Libya. I cannot believe that the Nazis really feared Weygand, but they had to make sure that in the event of a collapse in Libya and Tripoli their troops could withdraw into Tunisia. And they wanted to prepare faster than Weygand would allow for the day when they will take everything over down to Dakar.

Portent of disaster though it may be, Weygand's disappearance from the scene should clarify our thinking on North Africa. For a year we have found comfort in his presence there. "What is Weygand going to do?" everybody asked. The implication was that he would one day rise up, and even if he didn't, he would keep the Nazis out of North Africa. He had his chance last February when the British were almost at the borders of Tripoli. I was in Tunis at the time, and the Italian officers in Tripoli were sending their families into Tunisia. But Weygand did nothing. He was, in fact, sick with anxiety, first, lest the Germans react by seizing Bizerta, which is twenty minutes by air from Sicily; and, second, lest his subordinates, in a moment of enthusiasm and pride at the exploits of De Gaulle, Catroux, and Larminat—particularly Larminat, who is immensely popular in North Africa—would go over to the Free French.

Like Pétain, Weygand is a prisoner of his mistakes, of that monstrous blunder of June, 1940, when he and Pétain and the others asked for an armistice and got it. They asked for it for three reasons: first, because they thought Great Britain was licked and they could safely betray it; second, because they wanted to keep the army intact to put down "social troubles"—in other words, they were more afraid of their own people than of the Nazis; and, third, because they *thought* that the triumph of Hitler's New Order in Europe meant the triumph of their own brand of clerical, reactionary fascism in France. The British weren't licked. The "social troubles," when they come, will be such that, even if there were an army, it could not hope to put them down. And the triumph of the New Order has meant the triumph in Occupied France of French Nazis like Déat. The men of Vichy

now see that a German victory would mean the destruction of *their* France, while a British victory—a "Judeo-Masonic-plutodemocratic" victory—would mean that they, if they survived, would be called to account. So they pray that the war will go on forever or end in a negotiated peace, which would find them still fresh and strong.

Washington has "played along" these many months with Weygand and Pétain. That was clearly the thing to do. But Washington has neglected to do what alone would have made its diplomacy effective: it has neglected to prove to Weygand and Vichy that we mean business, that what we do we will do in time, and that Hitler is *not going to win the war*. It has neglected to prove to them that our friendship means safety for them. We have never been able to tell Weygand when the troops and the planes and the battleships would arrive.

Perhaps the events of the next few days or weeks will bring a break with Vichy. Many clear-headed people in this country are of the opinion that we should have broken off relations long ago. But the maintenance of diplomatic relations with a country need not imply approval of that country. We still have relations with Japan, Germany, and Italy, maintained supposedly because it is to our interest to do so until the shooting actually begins. To have been effective, however, our missions in Vichy and North Africa should have been able to prove that time was really on our side because we were using time. One way of proving this to Vichy would have been to give De Gaulle aid and comfort, everything short of formal diplomatic recognition. Vichy would have understood, and 90 per cent of the residents of its hotels would have applauded. The others would have been impressed, albeit disagreeably. Another way would have been to silence the many powerful persons, some in our official service, who still talk appeasement, though they usually label it something else. If Weygand heard that powerful men in this country hoped like him for a negotiated peace and favored his kind of clerical fascism as a "bulwark" against Nazism and communism, he certainly was not impelled to believe that we were to be feared—or even counted on in a pinch.

Until now most of the demands for a break with Vichy have come from liberals and have been, to my mind, an expression of their own sense of impotence in dealing with the State Department. Maintenance of relations with Vichy need not have implied approval of Pétain and Company. But if there was approval and if it contained a hint of appeasement, then agitation for a break with Vichy was merely escapist. The real job to be done involved far more drastic action here at home—a thorough overhauling of the State Department. Some day we may have to occupy Dakar, that is, assuming that we get the chance. But we would not have that task before us if we had attained certain objectives closer home.

The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

VII. The Undiscoverables (Part 1)

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I TO VI. *The rumor that Italy has entered the war is turned into fact in the Sicilian fishing village of San Filippo by the arrival of a Fascist officer in a coast-guard cutter. He orders the fishing fleet to put out its lights and return to the harbor. From the hill pasture above the village, Cesare Maniscalco, the goatherd, watches the lights go out. The evening before he has been thrown out of a wineshop for saying that neither King nor Duce shall have his son Carmelo for their wars. Now, standing on the headland with Carmelo and his younger son Brasi, he swears again that "they" shall pay. A few nights later Carmelo and Brasi are waiting for their father, who is a fugitive from the Fascisti and has already become, for the peasants, a legendary figure called the Blackbeard. The two boys discover that Nunzio Chiesa, a former agrarian agitator who has gone over to the Blackshirts, is on the edge of the pasture. In the middle of the night their father returns. He tells his sons to drive the goats to another pasture. Meanwhile Carmelo finds that he has been wounded and swears to avenge him. Maniscalco disappears again. Not until the next day does Chiesa approach the two boys, who are carrying out their father's orders. Brasi strikes Chiesa with a stone from his sling. Chiesa threatens them with his rifle but does not shoot. At last, however, he commands them to drive the goats to the farm of Major Mori, the local Fascist official. There the two boys are arrested. As they are being questioned about their father by the Blackshirts, the piles of unthreshed wheat sheaves in the field burst into flame and there are cries of "the Blackbeard." Brasi breaks away from his captors. In the ensuing battle Maniscalco is killed, but seven Fascists, including Mori's son, Antonio, fall as well. Five are killed by Maniscalco, one is wounded by a colleague, the seventh has wounds that Maniscalco could not have inflicted. The next morning Brasi, who has been recaptured, is thrown into Carmelo's cell in prison.*

TO THE people of this ever loyal town of San Filippo. The last solemnities for Don Antonio Mori and the other beloved servants of our glorious Italy killed in combat with the forces of anarchy will be solemnly celebrated in the Church of Our Lady of Sorrow at four this afternoon, with solemn concurrence of the armed forces, civil functionaries, and the entire population of this ever loyal town of San Filippo."

STEFANI, Secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza*

The invitation, printed upon white paper with black edges, had already been distributed when Signor Stefani's attention was drawn to a misprint that was causing

ironic comment. Orazio Gnirri, one of the Civil Intelligence agents, rang up to inform Signor Stefani of the error and of the whispered sarcasm that was running through the town. The *r* in "armed" had been omitted so that the words read "*la forza amata*."

Signor Stefani was thrown into confusion; worse, he was sent into a fit of palpitating dread. To his son had fallen the task of commissioning a man in Catania to print the invitations. He himself had composed it. Major Mori, after the order for a thousand throwaways with black edges had been placed, had roused himself from his gloom to snarl at Signor Stefani.

"Solemnities! Solemnly! Solemn!" he sneered. "Couldn't you get the word in a few more times?"

"It is the usual word," the secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza* had replied. "It is the proper word," he had timidly added.

"And what's this 'secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza*'?" Mori had snapped. "And as to that, what is this *Comitate di Benificenza*, and what has it got to do with this—this matter? It should have been left unsigned." Signor Stefani had shifted uneasily in his chair while Mori had continued to mutter, "*Comitate di Benificenza*!"

"And why did you mention my son by name and not the others?" Mori had suddenly stormed, with tears in his eyes, springing to his feet and wringing his hands. The astonished Stefani hesitated before replying.

"I thought to honor Don Antonio."

"Idiot, numskull," Mori had bellowed, the tears streaming down his heavy face. He had known the townspeople would say Antonio had been singled out for honor, and he had been profoundly grieved that his son's memory should be besmirched by their sneering thought. He had violently overturned the younger Stefani's private writing desk, which for want of an authorization for an official one had been transported to the office. "Numskull," he had screamed, crashing his foot through the flimsy woodwork.

Now Signor Stefani replaced the receiver, cursing Orazio Gnirri for reporting the public gossip about the "*forza amata*." Within a few minutes he knew Gnirri



would be telephoning the news to Mori, who had not come down to the office this morning. As he dreaded, the telephone rang again. Mori mumbled an order to him to come to the Villa Bianca, or as the trivial wits of San Filippo called it, the "Whitewashed Villa." With dry mouth he walked there.

Major Mori, dressed in civilian black, did not storm at Stefani. "Who is it spreads these versions and rumors, Stefani?" he said peevishly. His face was pale and he



Drawings by John Groth

must have spent the night in weeping, Stefani nervously thought.

"Ah, Don Paulo," he faltered, "who knows? The *irreperibili*, the undiscoverables."

"The *irreperibili*?" Mori muttered. "Well, discover them, find out who they are, Signor Stefani." There was no sarcasm in Mori's use of the "Signor." He was appealing to Stefani, whose heart was at once filled with compassion.

"I shall do my best," he said fervently. "Will you not write out an order giving me authority, Don Paulo?"

"You don't need it. Do your best, my friend," Mori sighed. He crossed the room to the window and gazed over the town that lay spread out below the Villa Bianca. Timidly, despite his tenderness of heart, Stefani moved to his side and with mingled solemnity, bewilderment, and brotherly love stared at the roofs that lay silent below.

"The undiscoverables," he whispered to himself.

"Call all the men in, Stefani, and set them to work," Mori said, irritation breaking through the surface of his gloom.

Stefani, alarmed out of his compassion, thoughtlessly replied, "But I am only the secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza*."

"*Comitate di Benificenza!*" Mori snarled, "*Ben-ee-fee-cenza!* What in God's blessed name . . ." Again tears began to slide down his cheeks. He was thinking of the subsecretary of the Fascio, Stefani's son, still living.

"Dear colleague," Signor Stefani faltered, his white hand touching Mori's forearm like a minnow nosing a rock, "dear colleague, it is so hard to speak. I suffer for

you, indeed I do, believe me, but *la patria*, our beloved Italy . . ." Wringing his hands with utterly sincere emotion, Signor Stefani fell back upon the conventional thought: "We serve Italy."

Mori listened between sobs for a few moments. He even put out his hands toward the secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza*. Then, suddenly, he sprang to his feet, his face distorted in a most frightful rage and flung himself upon Signor Stefani and shook him so violently that the poor man could not utter a single word. His jaws rattled together like dice in a cup.

"*Comitate di Benificenza*," Mori bellowed, pushing the terrified Signor Stefani back against the wall. A plaster relief of the Bay of Naples fell to the ground and was broken. Kicking it aside, Mori nearly shattered the secretary's shinbone. A full-throated scream being impossible, Signor Stefani whimpered.

"*Comitate di Benificenza*, bah!" Mori repeated, thrusting his face into Stefani's. The Major's spittle splashed upon the forehead of the secretary, who shut his eyes and clutched the Major, holding on like one who strives to outlast a terrible pain. The uproar threw Signora Mori, upstairs in her "boudoir," into a fit of hysterics, and she struggled to escape from the room in which her husband had confined her.

"Oh, oh, ah," Stefani groaned in jerks. Mori's paroxysm of rage and despairing grief became even more violent; he flung his weight against Signor Stefani and beat the top of the fish curer's head with the palms of his hands. Then the futility of all things burst upon him, and groaning he turned aside and buried his face in his hands.

Signor Stefani slipped to the floor and grunted, "O-o-h," as he struck it. Collecting his wits, he scrambled out of the room on hands and knees and bolted down the corridor. He broke off a great frond of fern in passing through the narrow conservatory, infuriating the majordomo, Battistino Gnirri—brother of Orazio, the *sbirro*—already at his wit's end with Signora Mori's outburst.

"Fish peddler," Battistino shrieked and pranced out into the tiled garden. "Pouf, you stink of fish," he yelled after the hurriedly departing Signor Stefani, waving his arms violently as if dispelling a persistent odor. He was still waving his arms when he heard the shuffling tramp of men and the grating of wheels at the bottom of the little hill. The hearse was coming to carry Don Antonio to the church. Battistino shook his head and went in to Mori.

"Don Paulo," he began, but Mori rose in hysterical fury, his usually powerful voice changed to a yelp. An element of reason stirred within his anger, however, and he held out his hands as if pleading with Gnirri. Could he not be left alone for a little while?

"Pardon," Battistino mumbled and turned away. The shrug of his shoulder was merely a thoughtless ob-

servance of habit. It infuriated Mori, whose grief, overwhelming as it was, was nevertheless profoundly egotistical. On this day when loss had stricken him down people should pay deference because of his grief. It was his indignation at this affront to his moral right which, warring in cynical alliance with his grief, shattered his self-control and made hysteria his only relief. He bel-lowed at Battistino without framing words, and even as he did so it was sorrow that suddenly dominated him and cut short his roaring. He concluded with a yelp of despair. The tears coursed down his face as he stood confronting the gaping majordomo.

"Battistino," he stammered entreatingly, desolation in his voice.

"The guard of honor is coming, Don Paulo."

"Eh? Ah, *Dio, Dio*," Mori moaned. "They're not to take him, they mustn't take him away from me." Battistino spread his hands in a habitual gesture of resignation, and seeing the momentary gleam in his master's eyes, retreated and closed the door silently.

Dreading a climactic outburst from his employer, Battistino Gniirri superintended the carrying down of the corpse from the room upstairs. He even wrestled with the hysterical Signora Mori and threw her upon the bed and cuffed the maidservant who was supposed to attend to her. Afterward, profoundly relieved, he stood in the gateway watching the guard descend the hill. When once it had taken possession of him, Don Paulo's wrath was something black and terrible. Twice only he had seen his master in such a paroxysm. Virgin Mother! That was a close shave!

A sudden crash resounded from the house as the dining-room door was hurled back against the walnut-wood chair. Mori rushed out of the house, his clothes in disarray, his face white and twitching. His staring gaze did not fasten itself upon the cringing Gniirri, though his arm flung the majordomo aside with terrific force.

The Major strode down the hill toward the town, without his hat. As he stamped along, his heavy feet threatening to burst through his elegant shoes, the few loiterers disappeared before him. Doors were quickly closed without the discretion of silence. Mori was still weeping. His big hands were tightly clenched. His lips twitched with grief and with wild unspoken imprecations. As he strode across the piazza even the dogs fled before him. He had remembered that Carmelo and Brasi Maniscalco were in prison, at his disposition.

Several loiterers sidled away from beneath the arcade as Mori, brooding vengeance against Maniscalco's sons, approached the Town Hall. One of these men was Nunzio Chiesa. Nunzio had just reported that he had returned from his post of vigil on the headland on account of a bad fall he had suffered in clambering over the rocks.

"Well, Maniscalco's dead," he had been informed.

[Continued on page 549]

In the Wind

A NEW CHAPTER in the history of the FBI is being written with its sudden emergence as a champion of labor. A number of federal men have been sent to Harri-man, Tennessee, at the request of the Southern Workers' Defense League, to investigate the flogging of two C. I. O. organizers, Oscar Wiles and Homer Wilson. Six or seven other FBI investigations of labor and civil-liberties cases are being made elsewhere, and Attorney General Biddle has appointed a number of new members to the Justice Department's civil-liberties unit to work in conjunction with the FBI.

THE POPULARITY of Quisling's followers in Norway may be gathered from a lamentation printed in a recent issue of *Hirdmannon*, the weekly supplement of Quisling's newspaper *Fritt Folk*. Recounting the trials of a young man who joined the Hird, the article reports: "It did not take long before he was made to feel what he had done. He was met with cold glances. . . . A friend said to him, 'You must realize that things cannot be as before. You have failed us.' The Hirdman telephoned a girl he knew and asked her to go out with him, but she answered, 'I regard you as a traitor.'" The climax of this tale of woe is a letter received by the young Quislingist from his mother in which she remarks: "I am glad your father lies in his grave. He could never have survived a sorrow such as this."

HARRY BENNETT, head of the Ford service men, has no use for Harry Bridges, but he does not believe the charges that Bridges is a Communist. According to Bennett, the long-shoremen's chief is a British agent who for years has been trying to tie the United States to the empire.

SELECTEES IN a Southern training camp have been told to prepare for transfer to a base not on the mainland of the United States. The destination is thought to be Hawaii, and the shift is scheduled for December.

AN ATLANTA REPORTER recently asked E. D. Rivers, former governor of Georgia, why he thought an attempt had been made to kidnap him a few months ago. Rivers replied: "I believe that Bikle [who confessed to the attempt and later committed suicide] was in the employ of some nation or group who wished to cause strife by creating distrust by the public in their officials and ex-officials."

AN EXAMPLE of how correspondents sometimes get around the censors is provided by a fashion letter from Vichy which appeared in the *New York Times* on October 12: "Moly-neux likes the redingote movement and goes to great lengths to cut the coats so as to accentuate that slimness of waistline that is a sign of the times."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Scarce Goods, Abundant Money

WARNED by their experiences in the last war, most countries engaged in the present conflict have tried to avoid direct resort to the printing-press as a method of meeting their vast expenditures. Nevertheless, none of them have been able to check a steady expansion of currency circulation. As the pictorial chart below shows, there is a growing glut of money, which is the natural accompaniment of a growing scarcity of the goods which money can purchase. Except for the United States, all the countries figuring in the chart are diverting the whole of their productive energies, apart from what is necessary to provide their people with a bare subsistence, to the service of their war machines.

But the manufacture of war materials gives rise to the payment of wages, interest, and profits just as much as the manufacture of normal products, and with every available man and woman employed, total income payments rise to new heights even though means are taken to prevent the demand for labor from leading to higher wages. Thus money accumulates in pockets and banks while objects on which it can be spent disappear from the stores. Stringent price control and rationing can counteract to some extent the inflationary effects of this accumulating mass of unspendable cash, but its inflationary potential remains. In this country the controls are at present extremely weak, but up to date our sharply expanding production of war materials has been accompanied by an increased output of consumer goods which has been of some assistance in restraining prices. With supplies of many important materials becoming restricted, this favorable condition is not likely to continue.

In the case of Britain the chart tends to minimize the rise in circulation which has taken place since 1937 (taken as a base because it was the last period of normal prosperity). This is due to the fact that the exchange value of the pound was lowered on the outbreak of the war to \$4. But even in terms of sterling the rise has been comparatively moderate, from about £500 million to £700 million. Nevertheless, Britain's financial authorities are not easy about the situation or about the concomitant growth in bank deposits, and drastic new steps to mop up surplus purchasing power may be taken before long.

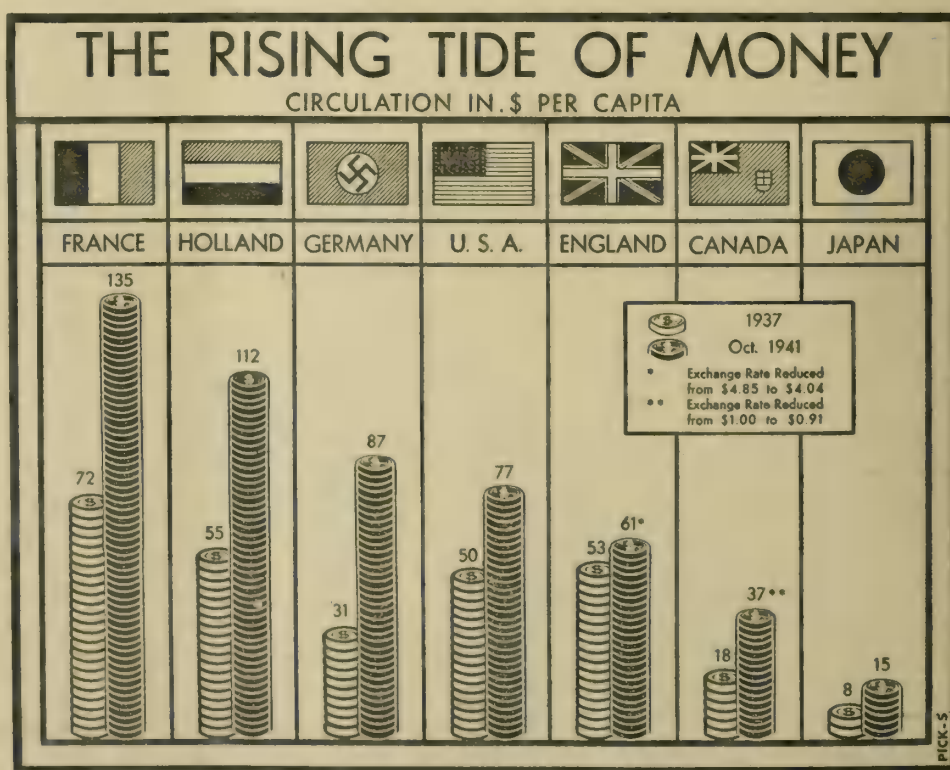
The threefold increase in German currency circulation shows that the Nazis are encounter-

ing difficulties in keeping their monetary kettle from boiling over. There are signs of an attempted flight from the mark despite stringent efforts to block every exit. Minister of Economics Walther Funk has recently complained of the prevalence of the psychological attitude represented by the phrase "money no longer counts." And the *Schwarze Korps*, organ of the S. S., has been growling at housewives whose lack of faith in the mark leads them to buy attic junk.

On a larger scale we find distrust of the mark expressed by recurrent booms on the Berlin bourse. After a month or two temporary reversals are usually produced by some kind of government action, but the trend continues upward, indicating the desire of investors to preserve their capital by buying equities. On September 13 the share index reached a new peak of 223.22. The announcement of drastic new curbs then caused a sharp break, and in mid-November the index stood at 194.79. But this compares with a low for the current year of 171.70 and a high for 1940 of only 180.56.

The most recent Nazi effort to extract the cash which is burning holes in German pockets is a plan for "iron savings accounts." Depositors who allow their funds to be blocked until twelve months after the end of the war are to be offered exemption from taxation. Similar inducements are being held out to encourage the freezing of corporate funds.

Seeking to strengthen faith in the mark and to encourage postponement of spending, Dr. Funk has recently promised that equilibrium between currency circulation and the quantity of available consumer goods will be restored after the war by a "flow of cheap goods from newly conquered territory." This is a plain hint of the fate in store for the conquered peoples, who even now are being bled white for the benefit of German consumers. The huge increases in French and Dutch circulation shown on the chart have been accompanied by a goods famine in those countries far more severe than that in Germany.



A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

The Guggenheim Gift of Freedom

THAT year, I remember, the *New Yorker* carried a cartoon: a dejected young man at a table under the chestnut trees before a sidewalk cafe in Paris was saying over his half-drunk beer, "Mr. Guggenheim is going to be pretty mad with me." Afterward I remember that almost every boat—and there were plenty of boats in those days—brought me copies of that joke. My friends scrawled comic comments about me and "Mr. Guggenheim" on their clippings. Sometimes they did not seem very funny as I worked on my novel and spent Senator Simon Guggenheim's money in Paris and Florence, Territet and Munich. I have a hunch, as a man who never knew his benefactor, that the Senator laughed at that cartoon. And now that he is dead and beyond laughing, it seems to me that, more than anybody I have known, this rich man who gave without asking for an accounting to people he thought might profit by his giving, had such a sense of the profitableness of freedom as deserves emphasis in the year in which he died.

That year of the cartoon was not a funny year. Mr. Hoover was still in the White House, and the American people, with their gift for laughing loudest when their luck is worst, were already mocking that corner around which prosperity was to be found. Europe, for all its soldiers marching, seemed more peaceful than America. I remember that Hitler's Munich was very pleasant. I can still taste the beer in that garden by the brewery at the end of the car line. All the other writers now remember the prophetic secret thoughts they had then, which they put on paper now. My impression of the importance of Hitler in 1930, seven years after his beer-hall putsch, was about what I have of Eugene Talmadge when I'm in Atlanta today. Obviously I couldn't have been very bright. I remember that I was by turns very certain of myself and very sad about my work. In Switzerland Elizabeth of Austria's monument was under my window, and above her I tried to write with some irony about a new and elegant rebellion of the Confederate States of America. The novel turned out to be almost as dead as the assassinated lady of the monument on the shore of Lake Geneva. I came back half fearful that Mr. Guggenheim would meet me at the dock with a formal request for reimbursement.

He did not. I was certainly not a big enough little fellow to break his faith in freedom. He understood that there would be losses. He knew that writers and scholars

may be as uncertain as any other people when you turn them loose with money before the job is done. He knew that in those days a man could buy a lot of Pernod in Paris with \$2,500. I doubt that there have been many WPA projects upon which work has moved so slowly as on some high American artistic projects around the Coupole and the Dôme. Raking leaves is an energetic process beside the work of one sculptor I knew, who only grew a beard. Undoubtedly Senator Guggenheim had heard the report that Paris was a place where young Americans were lured into a pleasant talkative vegetation. I suspect that more Americans discovered there their incapacity as a people for vegetation. They were not really capable of futility as a fine art.

That was not understood then. I remember I came home feeling—perhaps in self-defense—that something happened to me when I left America to write about it, that maybe Senator Guggenheim was wrong in helping young Americans cut loose from American places and set up their typewriters, their easels, or their pianos in Paris and Budapest, Madrid and Berlin. That was not only a freedom from poverty; it was also a sort of freedom from roots. It was a freedom with obvious dangers in it. But it was a freedom which worked, too—which will go on working until every man who possessed it dies. The special stars who emerged from the freedom Senator Guggenheim gave them have already been counted in his obituaries. They have won Nobel and Pulitzer prizes. If his money had brought only their work, it would have been well spent. The warmest, richest, most American writing in this hour comes from some of their pens. They have made music for America; enriched the quality of its research in the sciences. But they are not the only Guggenheim fellows. Indeed, in the terms of the full meaning of the fellowships they may not be the most important.

All over America today there are less well-known men and women to whom this rich man gave freedom, with all the rights and privileges freedom carries with it to be a fool. There are people closer to this America because this rich man gave them a chance to leave it and enjoy the reported superiorities of older lands. As well as other rich men Senator Guggenheim knew that he could not take his money with him. But better than most rich men he discovered how to leave a faith in freedom behind him. It is walking the streets of America, teaching its classes, writing its books. It is certainly worth the price the Senator paid for beer as well as books.

BOOKS and the ARTS

A Novel of Peru

BROAD AND ALIEN IS THE WORLD. By Ciro Alegría.
Translated from the Spanish by Harriet de Onís. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.75.

WHAT is involved in our attempts to induce the American public to read the literature of neighbors whose tongues are Spanish and Portuguese? Thus far, the Hispano-American novels translated into English in the past two decades have failed to attract. Why have we not taken to the very good novels of Azuela, Güiraldes, Rivera, Gallegos, Guzmán? Without propaganda we have learned a good deal from the mural painters of Mexico. It may be said with some justification that our own writers have a maturity that makes possible the works nourishing our needs. France taught us technique and style; Germany and Russia revealed to us regions of the human soul previously unexplored. Have South America and Mexico and the adjacent islands anything to teach us in literature or philosophy? A chasm separates them from us because our cultural tradition has excluded the dreams and depths of Spain and Portugal. Perhaps the only thing they can for the present show us is the nature of their problems and the surviving modes of native wisdom growing out of their attachment to the American earth.

Knowing what to expect, we can benefit from the promotion of a taste for the literature of our neighbors. If prizes can encourage young talent there, so much the better for them and for us. Their writers, besides getting some cash, can through our publicity free themselves of their regionalism. Farrar and Rinehart, with the cooperation of the Pan-American Union and the advice of such intellectuals as Archibald MacLeish and John Dos Passos, have already chosen from among the novels submitted to the first Latin American prize-novel contest four which will be translated into English and published here. Ciro Alegría, a Peruvian, won the first prize with his "Broad and Alien Is the World."

The novel has a praiseworthy theme—the defense of the Peruvian Indians against the unconscionable exploitation of the unscrupulous ranch owners, greedy for land and for low-priced workers in their mines and on their plantations. Alegría is not an Indian or of Indian descent. Actually he springs from the ranch owners' class of Peru. His betrayal, then, of selfish class loyalties is to his honor. The glorious tradition of Ibero-America concerning the problems of the Indians extends far back. In book and sermon Father Las Casas thunderously denounced the crimes committed against the autochthonous elements in the new lands. In the last few generations creative artists of South America and the Caribbean islands, in their paintings, poems, plays, and novels, have attempted to identify themselves with the pre-Columbian population, which has never been fully incorporated in the body politic of the republics. Rubén Darío, Chocano, Gabriela Mistral have sung the Indian, and the revolutionaries have proposed a social program. Peru has produced enlightened social critics like Manuel González Prada, José Carlos

Mariátegui, and Haya de la Torre. Alegría falls into this tradition. His novel renews the plea for the Indian.

Alegría tells of a village in northern Peru, Rumi, which is a nearly perfect community. It has for its mayor Rosendo Maqui, who embodies the wisdom of the old Incas. Though illiterate, he epitomizes the enduring qualities of that stratospheric race that ruled the world of Andean rock. Rumi is the ancient *ayllu*, democratic in its structure, with a communistic economy. It is located on the hills between the malaria-infested lands to the south and the forbidding uplands where men must live and behave like stone to survive. Through the pristine intuitions stored in the author's vivid and nostalgic memory, the reader joyfully establishes a deep contact with the strange landscape over which the condor hovers. The burden of the story is how Rumi is coveted by the rapacious ranch owner, Don Alvaro Amenabar y Roldán, who through bribery and the corruption of judges and lawyers, overseers and policemen, destroys the village and forces the bewildered community to move to the harsher lands higher up. The first attempt at annihilation causes the dispersal of some of the *comuneros*, who discover the alien character of the world in the jungle, in ranch work, and on the plantations. Failure to resist that impact is traceable to their illiteracy, superstition, and pacific nature. Relentlessly Don Alvaro pursues his prey, but in the end the second settlement near Yanañahui Lake is destroyed as the result of a revolt by enlightened new leaders who defy the court's ruling awarding the communal land to Don Alvaro.

Although the novel has been shortened by the omission of four chapters and the excision of much heavy description, it yet suffers from the defects of the naturalistic novel from which it descends. Story and thesis do not get in each other's way, but the overwhelming regional knowledge of the author considerably retards the flow. The abundance of songs, fables, fairy tales, and legends in the novel gives it a folksy tang which sustains it and makes it a memorable introduction to Peru and the Indians, who await a new Rosendo Maqui to liberate them from their superstitions and their economic oppression.

M. J. BENARDETE

Biography of Stafford Cripps

STAFFORD CRIPPS: PROPHETIC REBEL. By Erik Estorick. John Day Company. \$2.50.

THE world's attention has been caught by this unusual and attractive figure. He is today one of the most conspicuous men in Europe, having achieved at Moscow a brilliant success in a diplomatic mission which had the look of a forlorn hope. This may prove to be an event of decisive import, and hence a biography of the man who achieved it could not be better timed.

Stafford Cripps was born in 1889, a younger son of the future Lord Parmoor and one of the innumerable nephews of the unique Beatrice Webb. At Oxford he took a science

degree, and in the first World War he managed a government explosives factory. From scientific industry he turned to the law, and in the shortest time reached a place in the courts among the most eminent of king's counsel. A deeply devout Anglican, he gave himself during the 1920's to the cause of international amity through the churches. Not until 1929, at forty, did he join the Labor Party. He was made Solicitor General in the second Labor government, having only eight months in Parliament before the MacDonald coup of 1931. In the débâcle of that year he held his seat while older colleagues were falling on all sides, and then began the swift advance of Stafford Cripps to a position entirely his own.

The Cripps epoch in British politics begins properly with Ethiopia in 1935. He was the parliamentary leader of a minority which loathed the official Labor Party line on Ethiopia, the futile "sanctions" against Italy, and "non-intervention" in Spain; and then, in 1937, he entered upon the foredoomed effort to bring about a united political front. In 1935 he gave up his place in the national executive, and in 1939 was expelled from the party itself for a technical offense against discipline. The situation was ironic, grotesque. Here was a man of the highest ability and finest character, of faultless manner and unsurpassed personal standing, wholly absorbed in the Labor movement, being forced to suffer excommunication—as the rank and file saw it—because of his entire devotion to the ideal of working-class unity. There was, of course, much more in it than that. The affair was extremely complicated, and Cripps himself was a storm center. He was feared by the party chiefs, who came to regard him as a liability, and this not least because the conservative press kept him continually in the headlines.

We are indebted to Mr. Estorick for half a dozen chapters covering the events and turns of some five confusing years, and he gives the text of several essential documents of the Cripps group. These are most revealing; but their subject matter now seems altogether remote. Stafford Cripps, coming in late and from the conservative side, could not fully understand the working-class movement or measure the weight of the trade unions in the scale. The block vote of the unions was used to overwhelm him on every occasion, and in the end he had to admit that the party would not support his unity plan in either of its forms. The Cripps group were making two fatal miscalculations. They argued and acted, first, as though the left sections (Communists and the little remnant of the I. L. P. outside the party, and their own Socialist League inside, until its dissolution by headquarters decree) would, if joined with the main body for a militant policy, make a strong national force; and later they believed, or strove to believe, that the disaffected Liberals and Conservatives would combine with Labor to overthrow the Chamberlain government. The first plan, if anywise workable, would not have made any difference, for the left had almost no voting strength. The second idea was a complete illusion. Cripps was right in his view that the anti-Chamberlain sentiment went far beyond the bounds of the labor movement; but at any moment of the critical three-year period the National Government was assured of its majority, under Chamberlain or some other Prime Minister. Stafford

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Cripps is destined to high office or authority, but, clearly, not to the headship of a political party.

I end this necessarily inadequate review of a careful book by noting one singular fact. In the speeches of Stafford Cripps after 1936, and in the ably written memoranda of his group, there is only slight or indirect mention of Hitler and the deadly menace of Nazi Germany. It is repeatedly asserted that England should have made common cause with France and Russia in support of the democracies threatened by "war and fascism." But there is no policy of concrete action indicated; there is no mention of the one dire peril to the life of England, while the government is denounced for the policy of expanded armaments which it was actually carrying out only in half-hearted fashion.

Mr. Estorick has an introductory chapter dealing with the Cripps family and its social background. This could have been much improved if he had submitted it to a competent English critic, who incidentally would have pointed out that "lower upper middle class" is a merely nonsensical term. And here, finally, is an odd little circumstance. Stafford Cripps, except in a short pamphlet of 1936 reprinted at the end of the volume, seems never to speak of England or Britain. He is capable of referring to "this country" twice in one short sentence.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

North Carolina

TAR HEELS. By Jonathan Daniels. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.

BY INHERITANCE, and no doubt by choice, Jonathan Daniels gets around. Josephus Daniels, his father, had the sound idea that an editor's business was as much moving around among the people as it was writing for his newspaper. Jonathan Daniels began traveling with his father, and he has always kept it up. Thus his biography of North Carolina, the second volume in the Sovereign States series, is concerned mainly with living people as he found them somewhere between tidewater and the mountains. Once North Carolinians regarded their state as "the valley of humiliation between two mountains of conceit"—referring naturally to the First Families of Virginia and the aristocrats of South Carolina. Infant Tar Heels, even Mr. Daniels himself, started life with what he describes as "a belligerent sense of inferiority." In the last twenty-five years or so, however, they have pretty well overcome any lingering inferiority complexes. Mr. Daniels makes the modest claim that North Carolina is now the most advanced Southern state. That claim may cause some of us Southerners from less enlightened areas to feel a twinge of jealousy, but we shall have to confess that it is not unsupported. North Carolina has not had a poll tax for twenty years. Lynchings have almost disappeared. Another point is more dubious. Mr. Daniels says the state has not in modern times had a very big demagogue, nor a powerful one. Senator Reynolds, Mr. Daniels writes, fits the pattern, but he is clown, not master. But there Reynolds sits, at the head of the Military Affairs Committee, a place where a fascist-minded demagogue, even a clownish lightweight, has no right to be.

In all justice, however, if we give North Carolina a de-

merit for Reynolds, then we shall have to put down several credit marks for the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. A generation ago it was probably no worse and certainly no better than half a dozen other universities in surrounding Southern states. Then President Frank Graham rescued it from the old false pride of the South and brought the university down to the Southern earth. This was not accomplished without a struggle. First the preachers were afraid the university would make atheists, and then the reactionaries were afraid it would make radicals. But the university has become the freest in the South. Jonathan Daniels writes, "Sometimes it seems like a miracle."

One miracle to a state is probably enough. Cigarettes make a lot of money for the Dukes, and have blessed the world with Duke University and Doris Duke Cromwell, but after the manufacturer and the landlord and the credit manager get their shares, very little is left for the farmer. Nevertheless, tobacco did bring a great deal of money into the state, and part of it went into roads and schools. Everybody seems pleased with the roads, but about the schools there is some doubt. So far as white teachers are concerned, the school system is no longer getting the best brains—they are going into other professions and business. On the other hand, the schools are getting the best Negro brains. But that only illustrates how tightly other fields are closed against the Negro, and brings up the question whether the Negro is advancing along a highway or is really creeping up a blind alley. That question Mr. Daniels doesn't answer. He does note that in North Carolina the Negroes seem more willing to make sacrifices for education than do the whites. But at least some of the whites are still willing to make sacrifices for education. This evidence comes from one of Mr. Daniels's kin, Cousin Melvin Daniels, who said, "I thought about having plumbing put in, but I decided to send my daughter to the North Carolina College for Women instead." That seems conclusive; can there be any further doubt that North Carolina is on the right track?

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

Oliver Twist Among the Ruins

LONDON PRIDE. By Phyllis Bottome. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

IF DICKENS were alive today and writing about the bombing of his favorite city he might well have fashioned this exquisite little gem of a story about a cockney Oliver Twist and his family. Little Ben Barton, named for Big Ben of Westminster, which was just striking six when its tiny namesake came into the world, was busily learning the facts of poverty-stricken childhood while a shady crew of adults was cooking up noisome devil's brew in Munich and adjacent parts; and then, during his seventh year, smash, came the bombs. The first impact of the blitzkrieg, ironically, resulted in a welcome though gruesome liberation for Ben and his fellow-ragamuffins: their school had been blown sky-high in the moonlight, and air-raid-shelter life piquantly ripped apart the sordid pattern of dreary, often underfed days—to say nothing of the thrill of secret nocturnal forays in the company of Em'ly, a female Fagin of nine, who initiated him

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YALE

into the technique of salvaging tinned food and assorted loot from the ruins of blasted buildings. Caught red-handed, the two precocious culprits reformed for a while, until they ecstatically discovered a half-demolished building that would serve as a forbidden refuge for play during the long eventless daylight hours between the nightly raids. It was when they inadvertently stayed in their rickety paradise too late one evening, and a bomb collapsed the structure on top of them, that Ben became a full-fledged hero, and even Em'ly, tough-skinned and amoral little street gamin that she was, showed herself made of epic stuff. Later, when they were bombed out of a hospital, Ben once again proved his mettle by rescuing his baby sister, and learned, to his own surprise, a grudging respect for the severely starched directress of the hospital.

What might easily have been either a wanton tear-jerker or a swashbuckling "juvenile" becomes, through Miss Bottome's expert story-telling, one of the most heartening novels of the war so far. You will like her comradely handling of these worldly-wise slum children, her palpably Dickensian portrayal of the redoubtable Mrs. Barton and her widely assorted brood, her boisterous humor, and the pathos which she supplies in liberal measure but never spreads on too thick. The more you think of it the more you realize what a difficult, ticklish job she has undertaken in writing the story of the blitzkrieg babies, and she has turned it into a brave and lovable piece of fiction, as well as a tribute to fortitude where it is least likely to be looked for. If the story is as true to life as it sounds, some of the most glorious heroes of the empire are scampering through East End streets in knee-breeches, pudgy little thumbs poked up in a gesture as firm and defiant as those on the horniest fists aboard a battle cruiser of the British fleet.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

"A GALE OF LAUGHTER."—*Atkinson, Times.*

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Survey of English Literature

THE CONCISE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By George Sampson. The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

ALTHOUGH "The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature" follows chapter by chapter the big Cambridge History and draws on the scholarship and sometimes on the language of the original fourteen volumes, it is no mere redaction of the big work. Mr. Sampson's opinions are his own, and his work has its own life and virtues. It is not a great history, it has no shaping critical idea, but then neither has it any philosophical solemnity such as mars the well-known and useful work by Legouis and Cazamian. It is fresh, lively, frequently witty. It is aware of and tries to avoid the literary historian's tendency to substitute knowledge for experience. Its taste is as sound as taste so widely exercised can be. Now and again Mr. Sampson falls into the tiresome trick of making his judgments by means of attacks on a non-existent body of opinion which he labels "the perverse," but for the most part his estimates are straightforward, sensible, and sharp; sometimes they are even sharp-tongued, and for this we are inclined to trust them rather the more.

The rapidity with which Mr. Sampson must run over his great field, though it permits him to convey admirably the immediacy and charm of literature, often keeps him from conveying its weight and pressure. For example, no one would guess from his treatment of "Troilus and Criseyde" that Chaucer had written one of the greatest and most serious of novels; nor would one know from his remarks what a power of mind Burke had; and even the article on Wordsworth, in whom Mr. Sampson has a special interest, fails to suggest Wordsworth's momentousness.

This relative indifference to the value of meanings is especially apparent in the chapter on modern literature which Mr. Sampson adds to the original schedule of the big Cambridge History. For instance, although he sees the importance of Henry James as an artist he quite misses James's mighty ethical insight, just as he misses the lesser but similar insight of E. M. Forster, whom he presents in a brief paragraph as "a complete contrast to Somerset Maugham." Often in his search for the "normal" he is merely crotchety: there is a kind of petulance in his treatment of T. S. Eliot as a poet, a mere stubbornness in his finding Ulysses "unreadable," a perverseness in his saying that D. H. Lawrence had a "vulgar mind," and but an excess of high spirits in calling James "the Gentleman of Shalott." Yet despite many important lapses, the modern survey is knowledgeable and catholic. I remember with pleasure such things as the firm rejection of Galsworthy, a striking paragraph on the influence of music on Shaw's literary ethics, the treatment of Lytton Strachey, the comments on Eliot's critical manner and manners. But more important than any particular judgment is Mr. Sampson's shrewd and slightly bitter sense of modern culture as a whole—of the second- and third-rate that exist beside the first-rate, of book clubs and journalistic criticism and radio and cinema and of how they express and influence modern taste and intellect.

LIONEL TRILLING

IN BRIEF

PROPHECY FROM THE PAST: BENJAMIN CONSTANT, ON CONQUEST AND USURPATION.

Edited and Translated by Helen Byrne Lippman. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$1.25.

These selected passages from a tract published 128 years ago, when all Europe groaned under the "new order" of Napoleon and only England held on, might have been written this week, so penetrating is the analysis of the issues involved in this recurring situation. But Constant states the reasons why dictatorship and aggression can never win in the end, so long as men are firm in the hope they are prepared to implement.

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

By Edmund Cody Burnett. The Macmillan Company. \$6.

Based on years of research in connection with the author's eight-volume edition of "The Letters of Members of the Continental Congress," this scholarly and finished book, in which a clear line is kept through over 700 detailed pages, is undoubtedly a definitive history of its subject. The importance of the subject is obvious when one reflects that it was the Continental Congress alone which stood for national unity from the first stirrings of independence until the adoption of the Constitution.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

It's the Gypsy in Me. The Autobiography of Konrad Bercovici. Prentice-Hall. \$2.75.

Playing the Piano for Pleasure. By Charles Cooke. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

The Devil in France. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking. \$2.75.

They Were San Franciscans. By Miriam Allen deFord. Caxton Printers. \$3.50.

Sir Walter Raleigh. By Eric Ecclestone. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

George B. McClellan: The Man Who Saved the Union. By A. J. Eckenrode and Bryan Conrad. North Carolina. \$3.50.

The American Wine Cook Book. By Ted Hatch. Putnam's. \$2.50.

The Social Self. By Victor E. Helleberg. Published by the author. Lawrence, Kansas.

Four Years in Paradise. By Osa Johnson. Lippincott. \$3.50.

Welsh Short Stories. Selected by Gwyn Jones. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

Sensation Fair. By Egon Erwin Kisch. Modern Age. \$2.75.

The Penguin New Writing 7 and 8. Edited by John Lehmann. Penguin Books. 25 cents each.

Ideas for the Ice Age. By Max Lerner. Viking. \$3.

French Interests and Policies in the Far East. Part I: A Century of French Far Eastern

Affairs. By Roger Levy. Part II: *French Indo-China in Transition.* By Andrew Roth. Institute of Pacific Relations. \$2.

America for Me. By Mary Margaret McBride. Macmillan. \$1.

The War: Second Year. By Edgar McInnis. Oxford. \$2.

Robert Browning: Poetry and Prose. With an Introduction and Notes by Sir Humphrey Milford. Oxford. \$1.25.

The Young Churchill. A Biography by Stanley Nott. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

The Presidents and Civil Disorder. By Bennett Milton Rich. The Brookings Institution. \$2.

Hollywood: The Movie Colony, the Movie Makers. By Leo C. Rosten. Harcourt, Brace. \$4.

Field Book of Snakes of the United States and Canada. By Karl P. Schmidt and D. Dwight Davis. Putnam's. \$3.50.

Bridges and Their Builders. By David B. Steinman and Sara Ruth Watson. Putnam's. \$3.75.

The Soviets Expected It. By Anna Louise Strong. Dial. \$2.50.

Becoming a Kwoma: Teaching and Learning in a New Guinea Tribe. By John W. M. Whiting. Yale. \$2.75.

Our Bill of Rights: What It Means to Me. A National Symposium. Edited by James Waterman Wise. Bill of Rights Sesquicentennial Committee. \$1.50.

CORRECTION: In our issue of November 8 the price of *Organic Design in Home Furnishings*, by Eliot F. Noyes, was given as 75 cents. The price is \$1.

DRAMA

The Evans Macbeth

VARIOUS commentators have remarked that "Macbeth" had never had much success on the New York stage before the days of Mantell and Sothorn. Whether this is chiefly because it is the tragedy most commonly read in high schools and therefore labors under a heavy handicap I do not know. Perhaps the fact that Macbeth himself is in some sense the most vulgar of the great tragic heroes, that a mere lust for power is, of all tragic guilts, the one least likely to arouse compassion, has something to do with it. For "Macbeth" does have fewer overtones, does come nearer to being a mere murder story, than "Hamlet" or "Othello" or "King Lear," just as it completely lacks the romantic charm of "Romeo and Juliet" or the sultry lushness of "Antony and Cleopatra." Whatever virtues may be assumed to have been Macbeth's before the weird sisters and the weirder wife (this pun is no worse than that about gilding the faces of the grooms so that it will seem their guilt) led him astray, the memory of those virtues is never very vividly in the spectator's mind, and in consequence one does not feel

strongly the tragedy of the good man fallen, even though, as the young son of one of my colleagues objected when this point was raised, "well, at least he certainly does get a whole lot worse." Macbeth kills a king to seize his throne, and in the end Macbeth himself is killed. It is, if you like, a play about conscience, but the horror is largely pure blood-horror.

In any event, Maurice Evans seems destined to break a tradition and to make of the play a genuine popular success. In him the public seems to have found for the first time since the days of Sothorn and Marlowe an actor whom it is willing to accept not merely in one role, as it accepted John Barrymore and later John Gielgud, but as an interpreter of Shakespeare, and his "Macbeth," now current at the National Theater, is as sound and workmanlike as his previous productions. Margaret Webster is again the director, and Judith Anderson is a vigorous and powerful Lady Macbeth.

That Mr. Evans has been able to attract an enthusiastic following for a whole series of plays is no doubt due in part just to the fact that he avoids all freakishness, that unlike most recent Hamlets he makes the sensible assumption that the plays are worth acting for their own sake, not merely for the sake of some new "interpretation"—for which, in most instances, one should read "distortion." In his performance the big scenes are the obvious ones; he makes no attempt to oversubtilize the character of the hero; and what comes out most powerfully is the sheer gruesomeness and terror of the murder scene and the banquet scene. As for Miss Anderson, she is obviously better fitted for the role than any other contemporary actress, for she has a commanding presence, something sinisterly majestic in her carriage, and a voice capable of ranging from a deep ominousness to that sudden stridency which reveals in the character a streak of vulgarity, a touch of the mere hellion, which, I think, properly belongs there. Miss Webster's direction is theatrically effective as always, but I have one objection to raise to the settings, which vary in style from something pretty close to literalness, through the rather elaborate trickiness of the witch scenes, to a stylized prettiness in the scene before the king's palace in England. These variations in style were doubtless intended to correspond to differences in the tone of the scenes themselves, but I found them rather distracting. I doubt that settings make very much difference in the effectiveness of

MUSIC

a Shakespearean production, but they ought not to call as much attention to themselves as they inevitably do when the style varies.

"Junior Miss" (Lyceum Theater) is a thoroughly amusing if unabashedly hokey comedy probably destined to be one of the big hits of the season. Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, who put "My Sister Eileen" together out of a series of *New Yorker* sketches, saw no reason why they should not do the same thing for Sally Benson's delightful little pieces about the bewildered parents of a junior miss and a sub-junior miss, or plain brat. The Messrs. Chodorov and Fields were perfectly right; there was no reason why they shouldn't, and they have—though, as in the former case, the process involved the working up of a continuity in whose favor there is little to be said except that it is a continuity. The acting burden really rests upon the shoulders of Joan Newton as the Miss, Patricia Peardon as the brat, and Lenore Lonergan (formerly of "The Philadelphia Story") as her friend Fuffy. All are so charming and so exasperating that one is not troubled too much by a plot which has probably been the occasion of some anguish to the very sophisticated Miss Benson. And without retracting anything from the statement that "Junior Miss" furnishes a very delightful evening, I should like to register my regret that there seems to be a growing readiness to accept once more the old assumption that anything intended for the stage must necessarily be broadened and made more obvious. I thought that it was one of the great services of the "new theater" of the twentieth century to have got rid of that assumption.

"Theater" (Hudson Theater) is more or less remotely related to Somerset Maugham's recent novel of the same name. It begins as a half-Maughamish, half-Cowardish comedy about the home life of two philandering egoists who happen to be known to their public as the Darby and Joan of the theater. It then degenerates into a sentimental and stagey back-stage comedy in which the scene where the actress puts on an act which takes in even her husband and the scene where the show must go on both turn up just when expected. Perhaps the most important thing about it is the fact that Cornelia Otis Skinner demonstrates quite conclusively that she can fit into a normal theatrical production and become a comedienne of striking resource and charm.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE New Friends of Music had planned a brilliant opening for its chamber music series: a performance of Mozart's great Quartet K. 421 by the unique Budapest Quartet. As it turned out, however, the performance sagged in spirit and even in pitch—presumably under the weight of the fatigue of the group's Sunday morning broadcast in Washington and train-ride to New York for the New Friends concert. And the same conditions produced at the second concert a performance of Mozart's K. 387 that was only a little better. K. 464 at the third concert was done by the Primrose Quartet, which again revealed technical and ensemble brilliance and finish, but in small-scale playing that tended to linger over phrases and prettify them, and that showed a loss in beauty of tone through the replacement of Oscar Shumsky by Joseph Fuchs as first violin.

The New Friends program this year includes a few other works of Mozart besides the quartets: Jan Smeterlin and members of the Primrose group gave a polished performance of the charming Piano Quartet K. 493; and at the first concert the best known Piano Quartet K. 478 got a performance which sounded as though the dull playing of members of the Budapest group and the pianistically and musically insensitive playing of Hortense Monath (surprising to me, since I recalled her sensitive playing in K. 493 a few years before) had been thrown together a half-hour before the concert. This year's program also includes the chamber music of Dvorak—which is understandable even on musical grounds alone; but what is beyond my powers of comprehension is the exhaustive survey of the chamber music of Mendelssohn. Balancing this apparently inevitable New Friends aberration are Schubert's "Schöne Müllerin" cycle, to be sung in its entirety by Lotte Lehmann; and Schubert's piano sonatas, Moments Musicaux, and Impromptus, to be played by Artur Schnabel, who I hope will be in better form than he was in his performance of Mozart's Piano Concerto K. 482 with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony.

The choice between the recent Columbia set of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 made by Beecham with the London Philharmonic and the new Victor set (828, \$5.50) made by Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra is a choice first of all between a perform-

ance which, shaping the work as Tchaikovsky directs and with the most distinguished musical feeling and taste, reveals it as the fine work it is, and on the other hand a performance which distorts the shape and meaning of the work with the customary exaggerated changes of pace and lurid phrasing. And it is a similar choice between restraint and excess in recording—a restraint which, as an Englishman remarked to me recently, may be due merely to the stolid conservatism that is a fault in the English character, but which gives the Beecham performance a recorded sound that my ears accept gratefully after the huge and brash brilliance of the Ormandy recording. This is best played with treble reduced and bass considerably stepped up.

Brahms's Double Concerto for violin and 'cello is characteristic of his large-scale symphonic works in the straining pretentiousness of the first movement, the saccharine of the slow movement. Those who like it will, I think, like the performance by Heifetz and Feuermann with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, the recorded sound of which is richly sonorous but also requires the treble to be reduced and bass stepped up (Set 815, \$4.50). I have not been able to compare the new version with the old Thibaud-Casals one; but I recall thinking the old one very fine, and must regret that it has been cut out of the catalogue. A reader writes that some of the "great withdrawn sets . . . can occasionally still be had: I bought this summer some brilliant Schubert discontinued by the insensate companies, the Budapest set of the D minor Quartet and the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals set of the Trio Op. 99." Only the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals recording of Beethoven's Trio Op. 97 remains; and you would do well to get it while it is to be had. Also Casals's wonderful recording of Beethoven's Variations on a theme from "The Magic Flute."

Mozart's Concerto for horn K. 447, which is built on a small scale but out of unusually good musical substance for this type of work, is beautifully played by Brain and the B. B. C. Symphony under Boult and well recorded except for an occasional wiry fortissimo (Set 829, \$2.50). Enesco's two Rumanian Rhapsodies are excellently played and recorded—No. 1 by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, with more verve than by Stock in the recent Columbia set, No. 2 by Kindler and the National Symphony (Set 830, \$2.50). I find these pieces more enjoyable than Kodaly's treatment of similar material in his

Dances from Galanta, which are to be had in a good performance by Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra that is astonishingly well recorded—without the usual harshness of Boston "Pops" recording (Set 834, \$2.50). And the set of Kallinikov's melodious Symphony No. 1 made by Sevitzy and the Indianapolis Symphony (827, \$4.50) is good.

If you are curious about the famous singers of the past you can hear Titta Ruffo's powerful voice in his 1920 recording of the Drinking Song from Thomas's "Hamlet," in the set (816, \$5.50) "Voices of the Golden Age of Opera"; on the reverse side of this disc (18140) is Sembrich's 1908 recording of the first-act aria from "La Traviata," which gives us singing of no great sensuous beauty but of great steadiness and purity and superb style. Farrar's 1909 recording of "Un bel di vedremo" from "Mme Butterfly" (18141) reveals the lovely voice that was wrecked in so few years; on the reverse side Dalmorès's 1907 recording of the Flower Aria from "Carmen" reproduces a fine voice used with poor musical taste. Scotti's singing in his 1908 recording of the second-act aria from "Tosca" (dubbed on 18142) is wholly undistinguished; on the reverse side Gadski's 1907 recordings of "Dich, teure Halle" from "Tannhäuser" reveals a musicianship more impressive than her voice, which is good but without the astonishing beauty that it has in the recording with Caruso of the final duet from "Aida." You will hear an extraordinary flow of lovely sounds in Melba's 1910 recording of the Mad Scene from "Lucia" (18143); and on the reverse side Plançon's fine bass and distinguished musical style in a 1906 recording of an aria from "Le Caïd." Battistini's singing in his 1909 recording (18144) of a passage from "Don Carlos" is fine, but not as impressive as what I have heard in other recordings; on the reverse side what is labeled as Calvé's 1907 recording of the Habanera from "Carmen" will leave you wondering what all the excitement was about (but someone who knows both claims that this is not the 1907 but the 1916 recording). And this album impels me to ask for another that will include the following outstanding items: the Farrar-Scotti recording of "La ci darem la mano" and McCormack's of "Il mio tesoro," from "Don Giovanni"; Hempel's of "Deh vieni non tardar" from "Figaro" and "Der Hölle Rache" from "The Magic Flute."

B. H. HAGGIN

The Undiscoverables

[Continued from page 539]

One of the invitations to the funeral solemnities had been pushed into his hand.

Blinking at the handbill, Nunzio sidled round the corner and hid in the public convenience. Someone had scrawled "*A bassa la guerra*" over the new paint. He noted the words mechanically and set out for his own house. He loitered a moment at the rear of the Town Hall as he heard the shrieking of wild blasphemies in the prisoners' cell. Then, as heavy-shod feet clattered in the passage leading to the cell and his colleagues shouted "Don Paulo" in solicitous alarm, Chiesa walked away frowning. He heard Mori screaming orders that the Maniscalcos were to be shackled hand and foot, and, waiting, he heard the whip lash as it struck walls and floor and flesh. Wild screaming broke out, of rage, of pain, and of hatred, and in the three screaming voices there was despairing grief also.

"They have lost their father and he has lost his son," Chiesa murmured. "And I lost my son also."

He heard the guard officer's whistle blow. Narrowing his eyes, suddenly alert to his own position, Nunzio Chiesa walked on. On his own doorway the words "*A bassa il fascismo*" had been written in black pitch. The words had been partly scratched away. Beneath them in blue pencil, unobliterated, were other words—"Down with the Fascist Chiesa."

Emilia, Chiesa's half-blind wife, was not at home. He had wanted to open his heart to her, to the wife he had neglected and who of late had neglected and even reviled him. Nunzio set out by the back streets for Albanese's house. But seeing the scrawled phrase "Down with Albanese" on the wall, he did not knock upon the door, but wandered out to the lemon grove and lay down in the shade of St. Agrippina's shrine and slept. When the bugles and the throbbing, rhetorical voices resounded from the piazza beyond the houses, he got up, brushed the red dust from his breeches and shirt, and strode toward the valley head, away from the town. The lemon groves were silent except for the cicadas whirring among the leaves. The silence was sadder than the melancholy bugling that, robbed of its martial vigor by the distance, oppressed him with an overwhelming sense of futility. He listened for the sound of perhaps one man who might be working in the

groves. The sunlight glistening in the leaves, the dry air quivering over the stony tracks, the cloudless sky, and the one hawk wheeling above the valley became unbearable. There was no comfort here, and he was tempted to return to the tawdry ceremony of meaningless death. Again he set out in search of someone with whom he might speak and so drive off this solitude. No one was working in the groves except an old woman minding a solitary tethered goat. She was turning over a little heap of tomato paste on a wooden board.

"Too early to make paste," he said aloud as he passed her, barely noticing her identity.

"And *who* says it's too early to make tomato paste?" the woman said, with disproportionate hostility. Even so, a shock of relief darted through Chiesa's mind. The old woman would enter into a dispute about tomato paste, would she? Very well, let it be tomato paste, then.

"I say it's too early, Signora."

"And if the good Lord ripens my tomatoes, in spite of all there is to disgust even the little tomatoes, who are you to say I cannot make tomato paste?" She screwed up her face and put her head on one side. Before he could reply, she shouted, "And if I *am* making tomato paste who are you to say I shall not, Blackshirt?"

"Nobody says you shall not, woman." He answered patiently.

"Praised be God for his prodigious mercies," the old woman ejaculated contemptuously. "So I am making my tomato paste."

"Well, make it, then. But it won't be good paste." Irritation was breaking down Chiesa's forbearance and annulling his relief.

"Honest men shall tell me whether it's good or not."

"Why haven't you gone to the funeral, eh? Old woman?"

"The funeral, bah. I mind my own business as I beget my own children and bury my own dead. And I make my own tomato paste. And I like to choose my own company, Blackshirt."

"Damn your paste," he said angrily, and turned toward the silent groves.

Out of her bundle the woman took a copy of the throwaway. "See, Blackshirt." She pretended to blow her nose on the invitation and cast it from her. Chiesa shuffled on.

"And go and tell Mori Mother Spatu is making tomato paste while his squirt of a Don Antonio fries in blazing hell like a clove of garlic in a hot pan."

Then Chiesa remembered that the old woman, Maruzza Spatu, was a suspected character, that she had made two mysterious visits to Messina, the turbulent city. It was odd that Lucia Spatu, her daughter, should be a servant in Mori's house. Well, Lucia is good-looking, Chiesa thought, though there was nothing in that talk. The thought, coming to him out of the professional interests of past years, wearied him instantly, as if the tedium of years was concentrated in it. He swore sullenly.

Nunzio Chiesa walked on at a slower pace, going nowhere in particular. As dusk was falling, he found himself at the foot of the stony path that mounted to his abandoned farm. A bird sang in the ilex clump, as a bird had always sung at this hour.

"Eh, it's beautiful," Chiesa sighed, looking back over the lemon trees to the gilded town and iris-hued sea beyond. The bird flew out of the solemn grove as he climbed the path. Once, long ago, the birds would not have been startled even by his cries to the straining mules.

A hundred paces below the house Nunzio Chiesa turned aside to the well, about which he and Emilia had quarreled so much because it was so distant from the house. Its water, though the cord and bucket were gone, was still sweet. He sniffed at the cool air in the shaft and reached down and touched the plants that grew out of the stones of the shaft.

"Sweet and fresh as a sacrament," he said, and the short tubby echo prompted him to shout other words into the well. He wanted very much to drink a cup of its water and, less melancholy now, sat down upon the edge of the well-top. Around him were the medlar bushes, grown thick and untidy. The medlar bushes had cast an afternoon shadow. The nearness of water had been a comfortable thought; so that often he had taken his evening leisure here, sometimes with Emilia, but more often without her. Now he spied a battered can with a length of fence wire hidden in the medlar bushes.

"The shepherds or the laborers at Four Carobs put it here," he thought, "so that they can drink on the way to the town."

The water was cold and sweet. By the dear Lord and his kind Mother, there was no such water in all San Filippo. He held up the can and poured out a twisting thread of water. How clear, and how it shone! He drew more from the well and sipped it again. How much refreshment there was in the old place!

The laborers, going down to San Filippo . . . the thought stopped. Eh, but the well was too near Four Carobs for the laborers to stop here! Well, then, the *latitante*, the men hiding in the hills. He stood up and nodded in confirmation of his thought. The men hiding in the hills, of whom, rumor said, there were still many. And more than rumor. There were scores who had refused to be conscripted during the Abyssinian war. He thought of the dry wheat lands and the far-off unhappy Lentini lake and the lava wastes, and the dry heaths where only grasshoppers made lively even the cooler hours. Men, under cover of darkness, came here out of the brazen hills to drink at his well. And they ate the medlars. Perhaps a few of his other trees still bore fruit. What a life, cowering under rocks out of the sun! He remembered how he had been nearly stricken down by the sun that had sickened him more than the goat boy's stones. Thirst, the hunted man's enemy. Chiesa peered into the can at the clear water, shook it, and lifted it to his lips and drank deeply. How good was the water of his well! How much comfort the wretched *latitante* must find in it!

He rolled up the wire and carefully hid the can in the medlar trees and nodded his head as he turned away. Thinking of the few sources of water in the hills, he walked to the house. The padlock that he himself had placed on the back door had been broken, and he entered the dark kitchen. Men had been here, too. Little fires had been built on the stone floor. He went from room to room, standing in the bedroom where Nino, his eldest son, had been born and where Cosimo, his other son, had died.

Sadness overcame him, and for a few moments he was near to weeping. Nino, the fool, Nino, the stupid young man, had volunteered for the Black Flames and had been killed in Spain in his first battle. "Nino," he said aloud, and in his heart he cried, Why did you go, stupid Nino, you fool, you dear stupid Nino, little son.

The house became intolerable, and he went out into the fields, the small, impossible grasshopper paddocks as people had called his fields, where even in the good years it had been hard to make one's bread, if one paid the rent. And after the defeat of 1925, when the Fascisti had broken the Mafia and the peasants' organization, they all had had to pay their rent.

The marjoram and the wild herbs had invaded the fields; yet the furrows had not totally sunk into the earth. In the

darkness he felt for them with his feet, pressing the earth to discover its undulations. The walls that kept back the goats were falling down. The unpruned fruit trees beyond the stone pile were grown thick. He could not see the stars through their leaves. Even at their ripest the fruit would be small and sour, untended by the preserving hand of a farmer.

Beyond the trees lay the Long Fields, as he had called them, where once he had raised his thin crops of wheat. Well, malaria had not much plagued them on these dry heights even though the wheat fields had ill repaid him. Then the new taxes and the death of Cosimo and Emilia's failing courage and the hunger of the two bad years had at last broken his will, and he had gone to the town to arrange the sale of his few tools and the one remaining mule. No one had leased the land, and he had had to pay the next year's rent out of his crop yield. But Mori had offered him work, and in the following year he had made the best of it and joined the Fascio. It had not been merely the proffered wage. The Battle of Bread, as the newspapers and the orators called the Duce's campaign to raise wheat production, though wheat was a rich man's crop, had turned his head, or at least had comforted his conscience. And who cared in the world? Where, in any land, had the peasants ever got an extra mouthful of bread out of their broken heads and exiled sons? Well, the insurance rates had fallen when agitation had ceased, and Mori, who as head of the Mafia had taken his toll of the marchese in the old days, pocketed part of the difference. And he, Nunzio Chiesa, had drawn wages from that toll, for at first he had been Mori's private employee. They had eaten through these years. Had the peasants? The Chiesas had eaten meat, five times a week, and fish, even though in the death of Nino they had paid the extreme price. He shrank from the thought, striving to put it away from him, insisting, against his inner voice, that once he had been frantic to exchange his plow for a few strings of onions.

In the darkness he stumbled against the plow, which no one at the sale had been willing to buy even for the few strings of onions. He gripped the plow handles, and the tears came into his eyes. Lord Jesu, he groaned, and in his sudden desperation stamped his feet in the desiccated earth and thrust his belly forward, with all his strength driving at

[Continued on page 552]

Letters to the Editors

Who Deserted What?

Dear Sirs: I realize that it makes little difference to you, since you can undoubtedly snare some war-hawk into taking my place on your next year's subscription list, but the fact that I am not renewing my subscription to *The Nation* means a lot to me. It is always distressing to end a long and deeply cherished friendship.

In your present intransigent mood I presume it is useless to point out to you that to me, and to a great many former *Nation* supporters of my acquaintance, you seem to have deserted every fundamental principle for which *The Nation* once fought so gallantly. If at this time, before even the actual declaration of war, you can throw overboard in hysterical panic the old cargo of tolerance, integrity, and passion for freedom which the paper carried through the years in which I used to look for its appearance with genuine eagerness, I don't like to think about what's ahead. The days to come will be trying enough without paying to be a witness to the further disintegration of what was once a great liberal force in this country.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

Westport, Conn., November 19

[In the absence of a bill of particulars, it is impossible to take issue with Mr. Coleman except on one point: his parting with *The Nation* does make a difference, and no "war-hawk" can take his place. Some day, we believe, he will realize that it is he who has changed, having abandoned his internationalism for the view that we can save democracy here by throwing the workers of Europe and Asia to the wolves. Stalin once thought he could build socialism in one country, and Mac Coleman laughed at him.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

To George Viereck (Personal)

Dear Sirs: I have addressed the following open letter to George Sylvester Viereck:

George Sylvester Viereck: You have sent me a "Statement" marked "Personal." If this means that you wish me to read it personally, your purpose is accomplished. If you mean that you expect me to keep it confidential, you have shown less than your usual intelligence; for I

too am a propagandist, and my propaganda is in a death grapple with yours.

It must be close to forty years since I first made your acquaintance in New York. You were a young decadent poet extremely proud of your cleverness, and when I made fun of you in "The Metropolis" you counted it good advertising. We have taken each other in that sporting spirit over a long period of time. Like many other trusting Americans, I hoped to promote a reconciliation of the nations after the first World War; so I consented to tolerate you again and accepted with a polite smile your pretenses of pacifism and humanitarianism. But then I learned that you were taking the money of Hitler, and when you wrote me a letter I gave you a straight answer that no man who took Hitler's money could be a friend of mine. If, after that rebuff, you send me a "Statement," you have no claim to consideration from me.

I do not have to make any charges against you. You are a registered Hitler agent, and I have read "Mein Kampf." For a period of twenty years I have watched the operation of the Hitler formula, that the bigger the lie the easier to get it believed. Now, in the six paragraphs of your "Statement" I observe you piling Lie-Pelion upon Lie-Ossa, and I am so familiar with the process that it hardly even moves me to smile.

As a youth of seventeen you were flattered when I was shocked by your moral depravity. Now, as a cunning secret agent, at the age of fifty-seven, you will be equally flattered by my appreciation of your perfidy. You, serving on the pay roll of the greatest slaughterer in human history, tell us: "I have worked for peace." You, head slanderer of our President, tell us: "I have tried hard to help the President keep his pledge." Pocketing the gold of the prince of treachery, you appeal to "friends of fair play." The choicest of dilettante blasphemers, you dare to say: "I shall not escape crucifixion." Sitting at ease behind your poison-gas machine, shooting deadly fumes of hate over the whole continent, you say: "I love the England of Shakespeare and Swinburne."

I could go on like this for many more paragraphs, but you know it all. Somewhere in the depths of your perverted soul hides a shy and sensitive poet—for

you were a real poet, even though you chose to embrace "the roses and raptures of vice." That poet is sitting in contemplation of what you are and what you are doing, and shudders with horror at what you have become. That poet knows that if there is anybody in America who is doing Satan's work you are the man; that if there is a Benedict Arnold of this war, you are he. If you had been in Germany and had attempted such work against Germany, you would have been shot in the first few hours. As a good American, I will be merciful and wish for you a life sentence in Leavenworth or Atlanta.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, Cal., November 15

More About Eckhardt

Dear Sirs: Important documents that have recently come into my possession enable me to refute many of Paul Strasser's statements concerning Tibor de Eckhardt published in your correspondence columns on October 25.

Mr. Strasser seems to belong among those Hungarian Jews who dare not hope for a complete liberation but cling desperately to any apparition in which they perceive a "lesser evil" for their race. For them Tibor Eckhardt is such an apparition here in the United States. Although he formerly stood at the head of those who inaugurated the anti-Semitic government of Hungary, Eckhardt now promises to fight against Hitler and anti-Semitism. He asserts that though he accepted the first anti-Semitic laws, he did so out of consideration for the Jews themselves, and that in 1939 he fought against new anti-Jewish measures based on the Nürnberg laws.

A photostatic copy of the parliamentary report of March 1, 1939, now in my possession, proves, however, that Mr. de Eckhardt not only accepted these laws but demanded in a speech the deportation of all Jews who had entered Hungary since 1914. He also asked a reexamination of the activities of Jews who had settled in Hungary since 1867. For those Jews that could not be forcibly evacuated Mr. Eckhardt demanded a *numerus clausus* in all occupations, but chiefly in the field of the intellectuals. Thus it was not the Jewish capitalists who troubled him but the intellectuals.

Mr. Strasser's assertions about politi-

cal conditions in Hungary are as wrong as his opinion of Eckhardt. With reference to his insinuations about the murder of King Alexander of Yugoslavia, it is admitted that the murderers were Pavelich's henchmen, but these henchmen had been trained and instructed for the task for years in Hungary under the supervision of professional officers of the Hungarian army. This was proved by the evidence at the two murder trials in France, as well as by photostatic documents presented at the League of Nations when Mr. Eckhardt defended Hungary against the accusation. Eckhardt, who at that time represented the extremely pro-Hitler Gömbös government at the League of Nations, could not deny that the murderer of the King, Vlada Tchernosemsky, was in possession of a passport issued by the state police of Budapest in the name of Rudolf Suk. Eckhardt pleaded "negligence" on the part of the Hungarian government, and the League of Nations absolved the Hungarian government. Mussolini was at least as guilty as the Hungarians, and if the League of Nations called Mussolini to account, it was feared that a danger of war might be created. This, however, does not lessen the responsibility of Eckhardt, who was not chosen as the defender of these "revisionist" methods without reason.

IGNAC SCHULTZ,

Representative of the Hungarian Minority in the Czechoslovak Parliament
New York, November 10

Technique of Democracy

Dear Sirs: For some years I have found myself in general agreement with the policies of *The Nation*. However, I have often wondered how much influence *The Nation* and similar publications have upon the structure of America. It has often seemed to me that too little attention has been given to ways and means.

This lack comes largely from the fact that the magazine is more concerned with world-wide problems than with their local manifestations. For example, you have frequently carried articles dealing with the failures of Continental labor and socialist movements, but all of us know that the A. L. P. in New York is well on its way toward being a flop too. How can we apply lessons learned from European catastrophes in time to avert one here?

Since your offices are in New York, I emphasize the local case. My real point, however, is that similar investigations,

going beyond politics to sociology, economics, even cultural anthropology, should be made in many American communities. Your article on Mayor Jasper McLevy was a good one. Why not follow it with one about the U. A. W. and Detroit—the relationship of a great union to the city in which many of its members live? Or about Kenosha, Wisconsin, in which Socialists have brought a measure of A. F. of L.—C. I. O. unity? And what about the Democratic Party: does the actual picture suggest that it would be wise for liberals and laborites to work within it, or should they attempt to build state organizations like the A. L. P. leading to a national party?

I have said that in general I am in accord with the policies of *The Nation*. This statement must be made with one significant reservation: though obviously Hitler must be stopped I don't see his defeat as a solution to any problem save that of the German war machine. If we who believe in positive democracy are going to do any good in our world, we must master the techniques of social engineering. A little more space given to those techniques in magazines like *The Nation* would help. This would leave less space for relatively abstract discussions of the beauties of democracy. But what we need is tools, not exhortations.

WILLIAM C. GAUSMANN

Washington, November 15

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The Undiscoverables

[Continued from page 550]

the plow. Lord Jesu, Lord Jesu, he cried, and flung himself against the handles, seeking to drive the rusted share point into the earth. Nino, stupid young man, why did you go and be killed? Because you never told me the truth, Father Nunzio. Because you had lived down your shame, Father. Because I never knew I was to fight peasants hungry for a few strings of onions, Chiesa. *You killed me, Blackshirt!* Lord Jesu, my little Nino, you are dead in Spain. But I have blown the face off a Fascist with my rifle, Nino, through the flames that burned my old comrade Maniscalco. The one who gave you the little she-kid before you were old enough to play with it, Nino. The one, ah, Lord Jesu, who drank at our well even though we fought him about his cursed, marauding goats. All the men are gone from the world, Nino, all the men are gone except Chiesa, and there is none . . .

Chiesa drove at the plow, and the share point moved a few inches and grated against the stones. Sickness stirred up his stomach and the bile flooded his mouth. His body shook, and he leaned on the plow and closed his eyes. When the sickness had passed, he gazed around the starlit fields and muttered an oath. Then he held up his hand and repeated the oath calmly. He whispered it, though he was alone on the betrayed fields.

On his way down the path he turned aside and took the can from the medlar tree and drank from the well. Then he replaced the can. The moon rose as he raced through the lemon groves toward the town. As he neared St. Agrippina's chapel, a soft whistle rang out on his right, and he halted. The whistle, like a low bird call, was repeated. To his left another whistle responded. He moved into the shade of a lemon tree and waited, feeling the sharp pain of men's hostility. The bird call twice penetrated the night. Black forms moved in diverse directions from near the chapel. Then there was total silence. Chiesa breathed again and in the next instant clutched his shirt. His fingers dropped first to his pistol belt and then to his sides. He moved out of the shadow, resenting the bird call which at once was heard. He saw no one, and he did not look around as he passed the chapel and entered the town, but behind him the lemon trees seemed to breathe as they watched him vigilantly.

[To be concluded next week]

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The Shape of Things

THE RUSSIAN RECAPTURE OF ROSTOV IS THE best news from the eastern front for a long time. Its political significance is at least as great as its military importance, for at a very inopportune moment for Hitler it provides a crushing reply to his claims that the victory over Russia is already won. Moreover, it sounds a loud warning to Tokyo to proceed cautiously. From a military point of view the Soviet success indicates the ability of the Red Army to take the offensive even though much of its strength is absorbed in holding the furious German attacks in the Moscow region. Rostov is the first important Russian city captured by the invaders which they have been forced to evacuate. It is not "just another town"—the phrase used in Berlin explanations—but the strategic key to the whole of southeastern Russia. Without it the *Reichswehr* can neither start a drive toward the Caucasus oil fields nor develop an offensive toward Astrakan with a view to cutting communications between Moscow, Baku, and Iran. The Germans at first said their retreat was designed to facilitate the total destruction of Rostov as a punishment for civilian snipers; their second version ascribed it to Russian numerical superiority. This explanation is hard to reconcile with previous claims of multi-million Russian losses.

★

THE BATTLE OF THE LIBYAN DESERT IS STILL raging as we write, and details of the fighting are obscured by clouds of sand and censorship. The most recent reports from London and Cairo are not exactly encouraging, for they admit that the Axis forces have recaptured Sidi Rezegh and broken through the corridor which the British had established between that place and Tobruk. This may mean that some part of General Rommel's panzer divisions will be able to escape to the west from the pocket in which the British have been seeking to round them up and destroy them totally. As a result the Germans and Italians might succeed in establishing new lines where they could hold out until reinforced. The possibilities of a rapid British advance on Tripoli would then vanish, and the mobile columns which the British have sent out far to the west of the main fighting zone

would probably have to be recalled. However, in this desert positional warfare fortunes sway rapidly, and since General Cunningham still has fresh reserves to send into battle, he may yet succeed in pinning down the enemy. The British retain command of the air, and their communication lines are intact and comparatively short, while those of the Axis are extended and threatened at a dozen points.

✱

THE BASIC HANDICAP OF THE AXIS IN the North African campaign is British domination of communications with Italy. Some supply ships no doubt are getting through, but the percentage of losses must be high. Moreover, the terminal ports in both Italy and Africa are suffering from increasingly heavy air attacks. There is only one remedy for this situation, and that is the conscription of the French fleet and such bases as Bizerta. Official Vichy reports of the interview between Pétain and Göring say that "acts not words" will be the future keynote of collaboration. According to Swiss reports, the Nazis are insisting that such acts must include French naval convoys for Axis ships supplying Africa, transit facilities for Axis troops in French North African bases with French arms assuring their protection, and defense by French troops subject to German command of the Atlantic coast from Bordeaux to the Spanish frontier, releasing Nazi troops for service elsewhere. The *quid pro quo*, it is said, would be the immediate release of all French prisoners and reduced restrictions on movements of persons and goods between occupied and unoccupied France. The urgency of such an agreement from the German point of view is enhanced by the Far Eastern situation, for the addition of the French navy to the Axis forces would check the dispatch of British naval reinforcements to Singapore. With General Weygand liquidated and trusted collaborationists taking charge at key points in the colonies, hopes that Pétain will continue to stand firm on the armistice conditions are fading. Recent British and Russian successes may seem an argument for caution, but the men of Vichy have so much moral capital invested in a Nazi victory that increasing Axis troubles may make an increase in their stake appear imperative.

✱

VICHY FRANCE WAS NOT INCLUDED IN THE puppet show staged at Berlin last week, but it will no doubt be offered a supporting role in the next performance if it passes the preliminary collaboration tests. The drama produced by von Ribbentrop combined tragedy with farce, for if the spectacle of such states as Croatia, Slovakia, Hungary, and Rumania pretending to exercise sovereignty was richly comic, there was a tragic note in the presence of representatives of countries with such past records of democratic government as Denmark and

Finland. What were the Nazi purposes in presenting this show? Von Ribbentrop vehemently denied that it was the prologue to a peace offensive, and it may be that he was speaking the truth for once, though only because the essential basis for such an offensive—conclusive victory over Russia—is still lacking. The Nazi Foreign Secretary insisted that Russia was completely smashed and then attempted to reconcile this "fact" with the necessity for an extension of the anti-Comintern pact by suggesting once again that "bolshivism" and "pluto-democracy" were exactly the same thing. In other words, the puppets were being enlisted for a war against the West, a point which was made still clearer by the reservation of von Ribbentrop's choicest invective for President Roosevelt. We hope the State Department has noted that among those signing on the dotted line was Spain, and that Japan was present with a couple of its own puppets on leash.

✱

THE REAL REASON FOR THE CONFERENCE in Berlin was, we suspect, a hope that the construction of the New Order in Europe could be hastened by an exhibition of the blueprints. Although Hitler is getting a great deal of economic aid from the occupied territories, he is not getting enough to keep his war machine rolling at top speed. He has to contend with a growing shortage of man-power in both industry and the army. Even if we discount Russian claims, German losses in Russia must be very large, and the end is not in sight. Great numbers of men have been drafted from the various Axis allies for the eastern front and been allotted the most dangerous tasks. Their morale, never high, has further deteriorated. Rumanians and Hungarians are eyeing each other belligerently and cannot be trusted to cooperate, while the Slovakian regiments are said to have been sent home because so many of the men deserted. Another Nazi problem is to find technicians and workers to reap the rich harvest of Russian resources over which von Ribbentrop licked his lips. In these circumstances the Nazis must try to establish the belief that their New Europe is an unassailable *fait accompli* and so persuade millions of unwilling slaves that they had better renounce all hope of liberation and accept their fate.

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THAT OLD FONDNESS FOR FRANCO STILL seems to play a part in American and British policy toward Spain. Since last April figures on our exports abroad have been kept a secret to spare the State Department public protest against shipments of oil and other war materials to Japan, Spain, and other countries friendly to the Axis. *PM* in New York recently revealed the secret figures on oil shipments to Spain, which included some unusually large amounts of aviation lubricating oil. The Treasury, which has charge of export

figures through the customs, hastened to explain, under pressure from the State Department, that the figures for aviation lubricating oil represented an error on the part of its own officials. But the revelation of the figures resulted in the revocation of all licenses for the export of oil to Spain. Unfortunately, it is now learned that these exports will be resumed as soon as the State Department has negotiated a new agreement with Franco for stricter control of shipments to prevent leaks to the Axis. It is time our diplomats realized that supplies sent to Spain, whether transshipped or not, help the Axis by keeping Spain's economic machinery in running order for the supply of its own iron ore, manufactures, and foodstuffs to Hitler and Mussolini.

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IN OFFERING HIS SERVICES TO A COMMUNIST whose civil rights are in jeopardy, Wendell Willkie has shown a brand of courage and good faith that is rare even among the best of our statesmen. As counsel to William Schneiderman, a California Communist leader, Willkie will argue before the Supreme Court for the reversal of a shocking miscarriage of justice. The case is simple. In applying for citizenship seventeen years ago Schneiderman did not tell the authorities that he was a Communist. They did not ask him, and there was at that time no law preventing a Communist from becoming a citizen. Since 1939, however, two lower courts have ordered the revocation of Schneiderman's citizenship on the basis of a law passed a decade after his application was made. The danger in such a procedure is obvious, and a prompt reversal is in order. In his article in this issue Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., points to Willkie's ability to rise above partisan politics in defense of national interests; by coming to the aid of Schneiderman, Willkie has given timely confirmation to Mr. Schlesinger's view.

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THE DECISION AGAINST THE "ANTI-OKIE" law in California presents the interesting spectacle of a Supreme Court fervently unanimous in the result reached and bitterly divided on the method of reaching it. Three opinions were delivered—one by Justice Byrnes for the majority, another by Justice Douglas for himself and Justices Black and Murphy, and the third by Justice Jackson for himself. The hairs split between them are rather fine in the lay view, but between the caution of the majority and the moving eloquence of the minorities lie differences that may play a serious role in the future development of our constitutional law. On the one hand are justices who believe that the "self-restraint" recommended to the court in Stone's AAA dissent must be exercised by progressives as well as conservatives. The majority wanted to hold the law unconstitutional without going so far beyond the needs of the immediate case as to shut the door on possible Congressional action in the

future dealing with the problem of migrants. The minority with moving eloquence would make the right of a man to move from state to state an incident of national citizenship which could not be curtailed. We agree with the minority's views, but we cannot help seeing that they may be open to criticism as looking toward the very kind of "judicial legislation" we criticized so bitterly when it was exercised on the other side of the fence.

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THE TWO VETERANS' PENSION BILLS NOW before the Senate Finance Committee are undoubtedly bad, but the opposition to them has largely been based on the wrong reasons. There is nothing inherently vicious in the proposal to pay pensions to the dependent widows, children, and parents of deceased veterans. Nor is the request for increased pensions for disabled veterans, or for the extension of these pensions to veterans of sixty-five and over who are without adequate means of support wholly without justification. In each case a definite need exists which can only be met adequately by the government. The fact that the cost may reach five to ten billion dollars during the course of the next century is irrelevant in the face of an indubitable social responsibility. What is indefensible is the singling out of veterans for special privileges not accorded to other loyal Americans, and complete disregard of the machinery which has been set up for providing protection through the Social Security Act. Admittedly the act is inadequate as it now stands and should be revised, but even as it stands it provides the majority of veterans with protection in all of the categories mentioned above except disability. And veterans are already receiving substantial disability allowances. Instead of tampering further with pension legislation, Congress should take immediate steps to see that all Americans, including veterans, are given the basic protection that most of them already enjoy under the Social Security Act.

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ONE REAR ADMIRAL W. H. P. BLANDY MADE a speech to a group of workers in Georgia recently. He spoke in part as follows:

You are all aware of recent cases in which men stopped work on defense projects because a few misguided but determined local leaders induced them to place petty personal benefits above the security of their country. . . . I am confident that no such stoppage of work can happen here, but if it should come about that any of these disloyal citizens shall approach you with any such suggestions, I hope you will ride them out of town on a rail as if they were wearing swastikas on their sleeves.

The Workers' Defense League called the speech to the attention of the Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, and demanded that the exuberant Admiral be disciplined for his inflammatory remarks. The league pointed out

that such talk was particularly dangerous in a state famous for Eugene Talmadge and the Ku Klux Klan. Secretary Knox, in reply, stated that the league had misunderstood Admiral Blandy's remarks; he then went on to quote an "exact extract" from which we have taken the remarks given above; and he ended by saying, "With the sentiment thus expressed, I am in thoroughgoing accord."

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ALTHOUGH PUBLIC PRESSURE WAS STRONG enough to force him to refuse pardon to six convicted floggers, Governor Talmadge seems to think that the imprisoned members of the Ku Klux Klan merit comparison with Saul of Tarsus. In considering the parole of these men, whose only crime was the flogging to death of a local drunk and the lashing of a union organizer, Talmadge took to the Scriptures and pointed out that the great evangelist had once been a flogger of slaves. St. Paul may have been a pretty rough character, but he repented; the Governor of Georgia, on the other hand, is still proud of his own flogging exploits. "These men were trying to do the right thing," he said; "I was in a thing like this one time myself, but I got my man out in broad daylight," as if to say that persons who beat their victims at night should not be discriminated against. He is probably right, and it would not be a bad idea if Talmadge, the daytime flogger, were allowed to join his nightriding saints in Fulton County jail.

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CHILEAN NAZIS HAVE HAD A GOOD WEEK. The death of President Pedro Aguirre Cerda removed one of South America's foremost champions of the democratic idea and of the coordinated resistance of an entire hemisphere to Axis penetration. At the President's funeral Hitler's followers in Santiago were enabled to present the mourners with a neat contrast. "Crowds gathered," reported the *New York Times*, "opposite a German-owned florist shop where an enormous personal wreath from Adolf Hitler for President Aguirre's funeral was exhibited. At least five yards in diameter, the wreath has two swastikas in black and bears Herr Hitler's name in large gold letters." If the tribute was pure Berchtesgaden in taste, it was delicacy itself compared with the item that came from the Good Neighbor to the north via Henry R. Luce. This was a widely disseminated article in *Time*, written a week before, the burden of which was that President Aguirre's retirement on November 10 was the act of a man who was unable to carry on the duties of his office in the face of political turmoil and whose announced illness was merely a pretext to cast off his burden and spend "more and more time with the red wine he cultivates." Shocked at the extent to which this forced piece of irresponsibility played into the hands of the Nazis, President Roosevelt did what he

has always refused to do in the past: he apologized on behalf of the government and the country for the utterance of a private journal. We believe the *Time* story to be the "disgusting lie" the President said it was, but he is setting a dangerous precedent when he undertakes to account to foreign governments for the conduct of the American press. An apology from *Time* would be more in order and, coming from a free press, more effective.

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THE AGREEMENT UNDER WHICH ARGENTINA will sell its entire output of tungsten to the United States cuts off the Axis powers from almost the last source of raw materials in this hemisphere. Bolivia is already delivering all of its production of tin and tungsten to this country, and Brazil has pledged its entire export supply of manganese, bauxite, and commercial diamonds. The recent agreement with Mexico sets up arrangements for the absorption of Mexican oil and silver, and the stationing of American troops in Dutch Guiana will assure the continued flow of that colony's bauxite to this country. Although no exclusive arrangement has been concluded with regard to Chilean copper, recent American purchases have been so heavy as virtually to sew up the entire production. Argentine mica and beryllium are the only important strategic raw materials still outside the scope of United States purchasing agreements. Argentina is not one of the principal producers of tungsten, but the arrangement just concluded is significant because half of its output had been going to Japan. The loss of this source of supply will be particularly serious for the Japanese inasmuch as the "East Asia co-prosperity sphere" is almost completely lacking in the alloys which are indispensable for high-grade steel.

Calling Japan's Bluff

IT LOOKS as if the United States had called Japan's bluff. Within twenty-four hours after Foreign Minister Shigenori Togo had rejected American proposals for a Pacific settlement as fantastic, within forty-eight hours of bold talk from Tokyo about "purging" American influence in the Far East, the Japanese Cabinet suddenly and unexpectedly declared that it wanted to continue negotiations. This announcement by the official Japanese news agency, Domei, seems to have come as a complete surprise to our own State Department, which had expected a flat no from Japan. Tokyo's about-face bears out reports in Washington that the chief purpose of the Kurusu mission was to determine whether we really meant business or were just bluffing. Japan seems to have decided that we are prepared to fight rather than make any further efforts at appeasement.

There is good reason to believe that we owe the increased firmness of our own government in the Far East

to a courageous stand on the part of China. It was only after the visit to the White House by Ambassador Hu Shih and China's Finance Minister, T. V. Soong, that Secretary of State Hull called in Kurusu and Nomura and presented them with a final offer that was in the nature of an ultimatum. We believe that he was speaking for the great mass of the American people when he said that a Pacific settlement was possible only if Japan withdrew from the Axis and took its troops out of China and Indo-China. There is evidence that the State Department and the British embassy in Washington were prepared for at least one more venture in appeasement when Mr. Roosevelt, after the visit of the two Chinese, summoned Secretary Hull to the White House for the discussions which preceded the "final offer" to Japan.

Appeasement takes many guises. In this instance there had been talk of "buying time." Amateur Machiavellis—very amateur—in our State Department were prepared to "fool the Japanese" for three months, by selling them oil and other war supplies while we prepared for a final showdown. In some quarters it was said that the War Department had begged for three months more. The dangers of this "limited agreement" visualized by both Secretary Hull and Lord Halifax were four. The first, of course, was that we should be helping Japan prepare for war against us. The second was the risk that after the three months the situation would be less favorable for cracking down than it is at present. The third was that appeasement forces in both the American and British governments would seek to capitalize on this initial victory and try to obtain an extension of the "limited agreement." More serious than any of the foregoing was the harm that would be done the morale of the Chinese people by a move that would appear to them as a "sell-out." One could hardly explain to the great mass of Chinese that we were cleverly deceiving the Japanese. The cleverness might be unappreciated by a people whose children have been maimed and cities destroyed by bombs made of American materials and dropped from planes fueled by American oil. Chinese faith in us was shaken badly enough by the inept excuse for the sale of oil to Japan made by the President in his Hyde Park speech—that we had to give it to them to keep them from seizing the Dutch East Indies.

We believe that Japan's sudden about-face when Washington was reconciled to war again proves that the only way to avoid trouble in this contemporary world of fascist aggressors is to be fully prepared to encounter trouble. The Japanese, who have moved forward again and again since 1931 at every sign of British and American weakness, call a halt when we take a firm stand and prepare for war. War may indeed be unavoidable, but so long as we remain firm the Japanese will do their best to avoid it. They have maneuvered themselves into a position where they risk a domestic catastrophe if

they withdraw from China and defeat if they try to advance farther in East Asia. They, and not we, need to play for time, and we can afford to be hard-boiled about it.

Had a firm attitude been taken in 1931, had a firm attitude been taken in 1937, the Japanese advance might have been halted long ago. It is our disgrace that, despite all our noble-sounding pronouncements on the wickedness of aggression, we waited until the beginning of August, 1941, to shut off the sale of all war supplies to Japan. The embargo has hit Japan hard now; it would have hit it hard then. The only consequence of delay has been to give Japan a chance to build up stocks of valuable war material, to extend its control over China, and to shake the faith of the Chinese people in our sincerity.

We believe that no "limited agreements," no adventures in Machiavellianism, no "playing for time" ought to deter us from our main objective—checking Japanese aggression. Japan must withdraw from China—or else. The combined power of the British, the Dutch, the Chinese, the Russians, and ourselves is enough to make it do so, despite the European war. While maintaining a firm stand, we must increase our shipments of supplies to China. China has too long been the stepchild of lend-lease. And the first step in greater shipments must be the sending of a few hundred more planes to defend the Burma road, China's lifeline. The friendship of 400,000,000 people is at stake, and it is time we really began to suit our actions in the East to our words.

Inflation Wins

THE House's action in emasculating the price-control bill before adopting it shows clearly that Congress either does not want to prevent inflation or lacks any understanding of how to combat it. As it stands, the bill is not really an anti-inflation measure—as may be gleaned from the fact that commodity markets rose following its passage. Although a price administrator is to be appointed who would have authority to set a ceiling on commodity prices, he will have no power to enforce his decisions except through the time-consuming processes of the courts. The House eliminated a provision in the bill which would have given the administrator power to issue and revoke licenses to business concerns as a means of exercising control over their price policies. It also weakened a provision which would have enabled the government to buy and sell commodities directly in an effort to hold down prices. But the chief shortcoming of the bill is to be found in the fact that it does not provide a means for effectively controlling farm prices. The administrator is barred from establishing a ceiling on an agricultural product which is lower than the highest of the following three levels: (a) 110 per cent of parity; (b)

the market price on October 1, 1941; (c) the average price for 1919-29. Since it would be impossible to keep the prices which enter into the calculation of parity from rising in sympathy with farm prices, it is doubtful whether the price of most farm products would ever exceed 110 per cent of parity. In effect, agricultural prices are excluded from control; and the whole price-control mechanism seems doomed to failure.

The Administration should not be blamed too harshly for its failure to rally its forces behind the stronger version of the bill in the early days of the debate. The coalition of forces against the measure was too powerful even for such an astute politician as Mr. Roosevelt to handle. It included an overwhelming majority of the Republican opposition, the organized farm bloc, a group of Southern Democrats who were convinced that price-control meant "dictatorship," and representatives of various special interests which have a stake in rising commodity prices. Many of the groups thus represented, notably the farmers, stand to lose more than they can gain from inflation. But experience has shown that no political action is more difficult than to legislate against a rising price level.

In restricting the price-control bill most Congressmen doubtless thought they were merely giving their constituents the benefit of a mild rise in prices such as has already occurred. Few realized the tremendous explosive

possibilities of inflation. For inflation is not a mild homeopathic remedy which affects all classes of the population equally. It is a harsh stimulant which benefits a few but is highly dangerous to the majority. It inevitably brings about a drastic readjustment in social and economic relationships—a change by which the rich, for the most part, grow richer and the poor grow poorer. For while the farmers and certain groups of workers may achieve temporary gains in the early stages of an inflationary price rise such as we are experiencing now, they are bound to suffer later. The chief beneficiaries of inflation are the plungers—the speculator and the audacious business man who has considerable resources. The small man, whether he is a white-collar employee, wage worker, or farmer—without resources which enable him to hedge—is bound to be caught by the spiraling cost of living.

The basic question at the moment is whether the small man—the kind of man who turned out by the million in 1932, 1936, and 1940 to express his faith in Mr. Roosevelt—will awaken to his danger in time to force the Senate to adopt a price-control bill that will really control prices. So far there is no evidence of such an upsurge of popular opinion. But if the small man only knew it, this bill is more important to him and his interests than any other piece of domestic legislation that has been before Congress for many years.

Are Intellectuals People?

BY FRED A KIRCHWEY

Havana, November 26

IT MAY seem a little late in the day to discuss the role of the intellectual in the world crisis. Hitler, one might think, had settled the question, if it was still in doubt, and proved for all time that intellectuals are not beings inhabiting a world apart, separated by their learning from the responsibilities and penalties of ordinary men. So one might think. But the matter is not so easily disposed of. Intellectuals, apparently, are a bit slow at grasping certain questions, especially those that concern them. And so, for three and a half days, here in the clear sunlight of Havana, a group of scholars and writers have been discussing this subject, eloquently, variously, and learnedly, in four languages.

The gathering is called a *platica*, which, properly defined, is a conversation. And this one, held at the invitation of the Cuban Commission of Intellectual Cooperation, has provided a sort of informal aftermath to the sessions of the second conference of the Committees on Intellectual Cooperation of the Americas which met last week. The participants are a distinguished group representing many fields of learning, many points of view—

and most of the American republics. Among them, happily, are also several European scholars now in exile in the Americas.

The main idea behind the *platica* was, I suspect, to create an atmosphere of pan-American friendship and common interest; to demonstrate that the intellectual weather is generally fair when good scholars get together. But if this was its whole purpose, the hosts reckoned without their guests. Ends of friendship have undoubtedly been served, as is natural when intelligent and responsive people meet in surroundings so conducive to amiability. No one could sit in the charming ballroom of the Hotel Nacional, with the blue Atlantic just beyond the windows, and fail to find virtue in his fellows—even when they appear both wrong-headed and long-winded. But somehow, as the hours of speech-making have worn on, delegates have turned more and more from the set subject of America in the World Crisis to that of the Intellectual in the World Crisis, and on this theme they have divided with a vehemence human beings seldom display unless, directly or indirectly, they are talking about themselves.

Civilization may rock toward possible ruin, politicians break old treaties or make new ones, soldiers fight, women knit turtle-neck sweaters, mechanics turn castings and fit wings to airplanes; but intellectuals—what do they do? What ought they to do? What, in fact, can they do? Perhaps they have no function whatever and should look upon themselves as fragile luxuries, the ornaments of a stable society, doomed to be discarded while the issue of survival or destruction is bloodily joined. Perhaps they have the most important and creative function of all—the function of providing a reservoir of trained intelligence from which may be drawn the higher strategy and final objectives of the entire struggle. Or perhaps they have still a third role to play: perhaps it is their duty consciously to resist involvement in practical affairs, however pressing, to avoid passion and partisan commitments, pursuing with single-minded devotion the disciplines for which they are primarily equipped; pursuing them in the dogged hope that after the dust of political and military battle has settled, they may still be found at their desks with their books around them. These are the problems we have been discussing during the past three days in Havana, while Hitler's armies push toward Moscow and his police hunt civilized men off the face of Europe.

In his famous essay *The Irresponsibles*, published in *The Nation* on May 18, 1940, Archibald MacLeish insisted that it was not the practical interests of practical men that were chiefly menaced by the present world crisis; it was the interests of the scholar that were at stake, his goods that were being destroyed. The subjection of the mind and the forms of culture it has created to extermination or enslavement is the immediate, even the "practical," concern of the intellectual—of him above all others. But good scholars from many countries, especially the various Latin American countries, have risen in this meeting to deny this concept and have insisted that the intellectual life can only be lived in an atmosphere of detachment from temporal struggles. It is lucky that a few Europeans are here. The doctrine of intellectual isolationism takes on a rather ghoulish aspect when expounded in the presence of scholars who have been swept out of their countries. Some of the Europeans may also have clung to a philosophy of detachment before the crisis actually invaded their libraries and classrooms. One or two may even have tried to placate the forces of destruction by gestures of appeasement. But most of them resisted—to the point at which exile became the only alternative to surrender. The courageous speeches of Count Sforza and Henri Focillon, to name two of the most striking, make the lofty generalities of the "pure" scholars sound not merely hollow and unreal but uncomfortably close to intellectual collaboration with the common enemy.

The Europeans have not fought alone. The delegates from the United States stand as one man against the strategy of irresponsibility. It must be said that their approach is less lofty and theoretical than that of most of their fellows from the other Americas. But they have contributed something the *platica* needed—a dose of common-sense. Listening to their brief, rather caustic, rather homely remarks, I have been impressed with the fact that although the American scholar may, as MacLeish charges, have failed to realize his high responsibilities in the present crisis, he has at least refused to escape into the more inaccessible regions of the intellect. He seems inclined, on the contrary, to deprecate his role as intellectual and consider himself merely a human being plying a trade of which, in a time like the present, he feels somewhat critical if not ashamed. While this attitude may also be destructive of a sense of profound dedication, it has the virtue of bringing the individual within earshot of the demands of his day. At least he recognizes the duty of making his position clear rather than obscuring it in a cloud of eloquent generalities. When Joseph Wood Krutch introduced his remarks on the second day by the sardonic observation that "never had so many come so far to say so little," he expressed a feeling which was phrased more mildly by several of his compatriots.

But it is among the delegates from the South and Central American countries, from Mexico and the Caribbean, that the conflict has been most sharply engaged. The best arguments for and against intellectual intervention were made by the representatives of those countries. Among the notable ones were the speeches of German Arciniegas of Colombia, Fernando Ortiz of Cuba, Louis Dantes Bellegarde of Haiti, and Herminio Portell Vila of Cuba—all strongly supporting the activist position. Their most effective and outspoken opponent was Jorge Mañach, a colleague of Portell Vila's at the University of Havana. The "interventionists" launched a set of resolutions so harmless in their phrasing that to refuse to sign became a political act of considerable boldness. Professor Portell Vila, Cuban historian and vigorous anti-fascist, drew up the resolutions and thrust them into the debate. Some of the delegates who supported his general position deplored the move as a waste of energy or a source of possible ill-feeling. But some catalyst was needed to bring out of the fluid mass of oratory a few grains of realism and to force men to commit themselves for or against the doctrine of political responsibility. It was a fight worth making if only because it proved that in the end few of those present were willing to accept the full implications of intellectual neutrality.

Listening to the *platica*, I have thought, many times, of Lucien Benda. He was here in the spirit, though his body still lives in unoccupied France. I have thought of

Benda's definition of the treason of the intellectuals, and decided that it was wrong, or partly wrong. The treason of the intellectuals is not merely to break faith with the truth by becoming partisan, by putting their learning at the service of the politicians, the men of in-

terest and passion. Their greater treason is to break faith with the truth by becoming *nothing*. It is this—the sterile purity, the irresponsible aloofness—that gives the Hitlers and Mussolinis and Francos their chance to invade and master the minds of men.

The Mote in Labor's Eye

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 1

AT LAST Monday night's conference in the White House the President seems to have made a final effort to sidetrack demands from Congressional leaders for anti-strike legislation. Despite newspaper reports to the contrary, he did not favor compulsory arbitration, and Attorney General Francis Biddle was on hand to reinforce his views with the strongest kind of constitutional argument, though it did not prove strong enough for some of the Southern gentlemen present. In the hope of delaying action in Congress Mr. Roosevelt put forward a proposal for a meeting of labor and business leaders to work out a voluntary program for the peaceful settlement of labor disputes in defense industries. This suggestion originated with Sidney Hillman and Chairman William H. Davis of the Mediation Board and was broached publicly several days later by Philip Murray of the C. I. O. The letter sent out by Murray to all C. I. O. affiliates on Thursday contains substantially the idea advanced by the President.

"Our specific concrete recommendation in lieu of repressive anti-labor legislation," Murray wrote, "is that the President of the United States should immediately convene a national conference of representatives of labor, industry, and government looking toward the voluntary acceptance of a plan which will assure the peaceful solution of industrial disputes and guarantee a maximum production for our national defense program. Such procedure would protect the interests of America without the need of repressing labor. . . ." A plan that might work "without the need of repressing labor" was unlikely to meet favor with Smith or Cox, both of whom were at the White House gathering, and the President made little headway with it. "Mr. President," Ramspeck of Georgia is reported to have said, "I can't be reelected in my district next year unless we pass legislation restricting strikes." Next year's elections are still a long way off, and it may be doubted whether this is true, even in the poll-tax states. Ramspeck, nevertheless, voiced the feeling of a majority of members of the House. Mr. Roosevelt reluctantly agreed that some kind of legislation would have to be enacted.

What form that legislation takes remains to be seen, but it seems safe to assume that it will not go much beyond the President's own preference, which is for statutory establishment of the procedure followed by the Mediation Board until it ran aground in the captive-mine dispute. It is possible that no legislation at all will be passed. Many factors are operating in labor's favor against repressive anti-strike measures. The Smiths and Coxes are continually defeating their own purpose by proposing laws so drastic as to make the support of Congressional middle-of-the-roads improbable. Business interests, which helped defeat the Connally plant-seizure bill earlier this year, are as hostile as labor to compulsory methods which may operate against capital as well as labor. The testimony of Charles R. Hook of the National Association of Manufacturers was more successful than Attorney General Biddle's arguments in prevailing on Ramspeck and his colleagues to give up the idea of compulsory arbitration.

The strategy of the Republican block will be to criticize any measure supported by the Administration as inadequate, while carefully avoiding the risk of antagonizing labor by putting forward more drastic proposals of its own. Mediation, whether voluntary or compulsory, must play a part in any system set up to settle labor disputes, but both C. I. O. and A. F. of L. leaders can threaten to boycott any new mediation board which is required to enforce measures endangering labor's fundamental rights and hard-won recent gains. The fact that so many different proposals are before the House makes the defeat of any one of them, even most of them, easier. The expected settlement of both the rail and captive-mine disputes, and the fall in the number of strikes to very tiny proportions, will also make the passage of serious restrictions on labor more difficult.

From labor's point of view the best of the measures before Congress is the bill sponsored by Senator Ball of Minnesota and favored by the Senate Labor Committee. William H. Leiserson of the National Labor Relations Board seems to have had a hand in the framing of that measure, though there is good reason to believe that he did not father the one penalty provision. This would

fine any employer who changed over to a closed shop as a result of a strike. The rest of the bill provides for a cooling-off period and mediation. Perhaps the worst, from labor's point of view, is the Connally bill, which provides not only for seizure of a plant in the event of a strike but for return of the plant to the owner after settlement of any wage disputes by a special board. The bill would permit arbitration only of wage demands and provides that under temporary government operation there shall be no change in the terms or conditions of employment. This is a bill to encourage employer recalcitrance and bad working conditions.

Behind many of the measures before Congress is the idea of freezing the status quo in labor relations. This idea was foreshadowed in the Mediation Board's captive-mine decision. The majority said "recommendations . . . should be made in the light of the principle that the emergency should not be used either to tear down or to artificially stimulate the normal growth of unionism in defense industries." The defense program is artificially stimulating the growth of monopoly in industry, and from the standpoint of post-war reconstruction the only check on those enhanced monopoly influences is a strengthened labor movement. The principle which the Defense Mediation Board sought to lay down is socially

unwise, and labor should fight it on these broad grounds.

More serious than any threat of bad legislation in Congress is the continued unwillingness of labor leaders to deviate an inch from carrying on trade-union "business as usual." There is no indication as yet that C. I. O. or A. F. of L. or the warring factions within each of them are ready to make the sacrifices necessary to end fratricidal quarrels and provide the "all-out" effort to which they, like big business, pay lip service. What if Green and Murray, for example, were to come together and set up their own joint system for compulsory arbitration of all jurisdictional disputes? What if they were separately or together to set up a central bureau for the study of defense production problems, from which constructive suggestions might be made? What if the C. I. O. were to accept the offer of labor advisory committees, instead of pouting about industry councils? The obstacles are well known, but they all spring from the fact that labor leadership is as backward as business leadership in recognizing the need for sacrifice and compromise. In China and in Libya, before Moscow and Rostov, the future of free labor and of the world is at stake while our labor leaders say privately, "Of course, it would be a good thing to have labor unity, but what about the United Construction Workers' Organizing Committee . . . ?"

Can Willkie Save His Party?

BY ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

THE Republican Party has failed to measure up to the obligations of the crisis. Though individuals have rejected the official line, the party, as a political group, has steadfastly opposed almost every measure before Congress to carry out a vigorous foreign policy, and generally by decisive majorities. It has systematically harassed, sabotaged, and obstructed the attempts of the Administration to work for the destruction of Nazism. The time has passed to ignore this fact in the cause of non-partisanship and national unity. The fact itself is too plain and ominous: American conservatism, so far as it is organized politically, has been hostile to an aggressive policy against Hitler.

I

The position of the Republican Party is not out of line with the historical probabilities. Indeed, it is the characteristic position of conservatism confronted by the menace of Hitler; only the Republicans are assuming it some years after most conservative parties in other lands have either repudiated the position or become its victims. The position itself should have surprised no one, except the perpetually surprised Marxists, whose theology requires

—or at least required up to their Damascus vision of June 22—that big business conspire toward war. The experience of Britain and France has amply indicated the pattern of the impact of fascism on democratic society. The business community in general has tended to favor appeasing Hitler, while the liberal parties have tended to oppose him. In many respects the notions of the liberals as to how they should go about opposing Hitler were naive and confused; but at least the intention existed, while many members of the business community admired Hitler, and very few doubted their capacity to do business with him.

The British and French business men purchased this fleeting comfort at the cost of denying the crucial problem of the day. Their denial came from profound psychological necessities. With their power founded on finance and thus dependent on the preservation of a certain fabric of society, they dreaded change and were at the mercy of anyone promising protection. Their anxiety was so great that they rushed to accept any offer of security, no matter what the source. "Experience shows that the middle classes allow themselves to be plundered quite

easily, provided a little pressure is brought to bear, and that they are intimidated by the fear of revolution," wrote Georges Sorel some years before World War I; "that party will possess the future which can most skillfully manipulate the specter of revolution." The plutocratic governments of Britain and France developed a foreign policy, based on middle-class cowardice, rationalized in terms of high morality—"redressing the injustices of Versailles" or "peace in our time"—and always yielding to the threat of violence. The consequences of this policy were inescapable. There is no better means, Clemenceau once remarked, than the policy of perpetual concessions to make "the opposite party ask for more and more. Every man or every power whose action consists solely in surrender can only finish by self-annihilation. Everything that lives resists; that which does not resist allows itself to be cut up piecemeal."

The government of the plutocracy doomed France. It enfeebled its resolution, destroyed its unity, crippled its will to resist, and hamstrung its means of resistance. In Britain the plutocracy was arrested in time. The shift from Chamberlain to Churchill was in effect a shift from a plutocracy to an aristocracy as a governing group. Chamberlain expressed accurately the sentiments of the British business classes—their longing for quiet, their hatred of violence, and their terror of social upheaval. The Birmingham plutocracy was trained to think in terms of business dealings and not of war, in terms of security and not of honor, in terms of class and not of nation; and when bargaining failed, and security disappeared, and class no longer mattered, Chamberlain and his business government were impotent. Their own methods had proved bankrupt, and when they turned to resistance as a last resort, it was in the dubious and half-hearted spirit which produced the celebrated "phony" war.

Churchill, whom the business community had always mistrusted, was a tougher breed. The antithesis between plutocracy and aristocracy may be too dramatic, and a century of amalgamation has blurred the sharpness of the distinction; but Churchill's instincts were certainly those of an imperial aristocracy, bold, vigorous, somewhat contemptuous of "trade," with power founded not on finance but on land and tradition, and schooled to standards alien to a plutocracy. There was much more to the world of the dissident Conservatives than the negotiation of mercantile contracts. They were devoted to an island and an empire rather than to particular business interests, and they were not afraid to fight. Their prestige was much less dependent on maintaining the fragile conventions of economic society which gave value to pieces of paper called "stocks" and "bonds" and "banknotes." Sustained by status and tradition, they did not crumple up before threats from abroad in the ignominious manner of the Chamberlain plutocracy. They are now providing Britain with a leadership for crisis.

II

The experience of Britain—the failure of Chamberlain and the emergence of Churchill—puts in sharp outline the dilemma of American conservatism. The United States has no genuine aristocracy. Its conservatism is practically all plutocratic, with scattered local exceptions—like Boston and Virginia—which are politically negligible. Since the disappearance of the Federalist Party of Hamilton and Adams, our conservatives have been moved by personal and class, rarely by national, considerations. We lack a business community, in the words of Sorel, "of serious moral habits, imbued with the feeling of its own dignity, and having the energy necessary to govern the country." Whereas in England the nation has been able to depend in moments of crisis on the almost feudal sentiments of the aristocracy for truly national government, in America we have had regularly to apply for such disinterested leadership to the radical democracy. The sense of public responsibility, the ability to inspire national confidence, the capacity to face imperative issues have been in the United States largely the property of the great democratic leaders: the Jeffersons, Jacksons, Lincolns, and Roosevelts, not the Fisher Ames, the Daniel Websters, the Copperheads, or the Liberty Leaguers.

The Republican Party, then, is characteristically prey to the same anxieties and fears as the business groups in Britain and France; but there is no strong minority of dissident conservatives which might become an equivalent of the Churchill group—individuals, yes, but no organized political group. As Raoul de Roussy de Sales pointed out in his admirable article in the November *Atlantic*, citing a *Fortune* poll of business executives, "A large number of American business men are strongly inclined toward some form of appeasement, because they are quite convinced that they will survive and even benefit in a Nazi world." The problem of mobilizing conservatism against Hitler thus becomes more difficult in America than it was in England, for it is much easier to persuade a plutocracy to accept the leadership of an aristocracy than it is to persuade it to accept the leadership of a radical democracy. In other words, it is easier to induce the London City to accept Churchill than it is to induce the chambers of commerce to accept Roosevelt. The Republican Party still inclines not to believe in the crisis, just as it never, except for a few weeks in 1933, believed in the depression.

Now, in this moment of irresolution, Wendell Willkie comes on the stage in his gallant but lonely attempt to tell the Republican Party the facts of life. Willkie's self-appointed duty is to exorcise the fantasies of the Hoovers, Tafts, and Landons, and to cajole his party into taking an intelligent and effective position on the war. He is trying to point out to them that the future of liberty in America, not just the future of Franklin Roosevelt, is dependent on the defeat of Hitler; and he is

pointing out further that the destruction of liberty will mean the end of freedom for business men as well as for labor leaders and brain trusters. He is trying to combat the fallacy that fascism cherishes a special tenderness for business. This fallacy is diligently propagated by the Nazis, who are intelligent enough to understand the value of division and confusion, and with equal diligence by the Marxists, who are incapable of analyzing any contemporary situation to any useful effect; and it is widely believed by business men, who find in it a further excuse to postpone what they most fear—decisive action *now*. Willkie's job is to eradicate this neat formula and to sell the business community the idea that it is as much to their interest as to Mr. Roosevelt's that Nazism be wiped from the earth. He has been carrying on an admirable fighting campaign; but the vote on the Neutrality Act shows how little effect his recent manifesto to Republicans had on the party. He is confronted by a trying and difficult problem.

III

Can the American past furnish any enlightenment on Mr. Willkie's crusade? History does, in fact, supply a situation with some instructive parallels: a party like the Republican Party, paralyzed by urgent issues it dared not face, and a man like Wendell Willkie, urging the party to lift its head out of the sand.

The conservative party in the United States in the 1830's and '40's was the Whig Party. It had developed to oppose the radicalism of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren in the name of the business classes. It was equipped with a fairly definite domestic program tailored for the business groups, and it tended to oppose rather blindly most suggestions for change. It stood for the same interests within the nation that the Republican Party stands for now.

During the 1840's the slavery issue grew in intensity and threatened to supersede the old issues of domestic policy. Many Whigs—and many Democrats—resenting the irresistible rise of a new problem, at first tried to ignore it, repeating pathetically their old slogans and old war cries in the face of the new actuality. But the problem of slavery was not to be thus put down. It became, in the end, as urgent and peremptory a question as Nazism today. Everyone in the nation had to come to a decision on it. Neutrality was just as unreal in 1858 as it is in 1941, and then, as today, those who preached neutrality were practicing appeasement.

How did the business community behave? Many business men had investments in the South, or depended on Southern markets, or were engaged in profitable activities somehow connected with the cotton trade; and many more simply dreaded the notion of war as too rude a shock to the existing order. The Cotton Whigs of Massachusetts, with their steady support of concession and compromise, expressed a characteristic business attitude.

Such men professed to be "realistic" about the situation. They believed, in a favorite phrase of the day, in "calculating the value of the Union." They talked a great deal about the financial benefits of slavery and very little about its moral disadvantages. They were too much concerned with immediate social stability in terms of their special class status to understand what the forces were which provided the fundamental and enduring threat.

In the meantime, many of the people who had been deeply filled with Jacksonian convictions about equal rights in the 1830's followed Martin Van Buren into the Free Soil Party of 1848. They were influenced by two important considerations. Their slowly maturing conception of American democracy would not tolerate so infamous an outrage on human rights as slavery; and their understanding of political actualities told them that their own program of reform could not move ahead until the slave power was destroyed. They reached their decision to fight slavery for much the same reasons that the followers of Franklin Roosevelt reached their decision to fight Nazism: it was the prescription of moral duty and political necessity. At the same time many Whigs, while not steeped in a tradition so profoundly colored by devotion to human rights, could also see both the issue of morality and the issue of liberty. They too felt that slavery was wrong, and that its power would endanger the freedom which was as essential to business as to democracy. The business-men appeasers, however, the Cotton Whigs, denounced the talk of the Declaration of Independence as "empty and glittering generalities"—much as their spiritual descendants denounce the Atlantic Charter—and sneered at the members of their own party who accepted it as "Conscience Whigs."

The leader of the Conscience Whigs was William H. Seward of New York. He bore about the same relation to the Jacksonian New Deal as Willkie bears to the New Deal of Franklin Roosevelt: a steady and effective opponent, but a far less angry and embittered one than the Daniel Websters (or Herbert Hoovers). Seward had been quick to see the significance of the slavery issue. Like Willkie, he realized that the power of despotism had so grown that any compromise with it—moral or political—would be fatal to American democracy. And he labored with all his flaming eloquence and parliamentary shrewdness to lash the Whig Party into acknowledg-



Wendell Willkie

ing the problem of slavery and adopting an affirmative position on it. He was trying to save the Whig Party from itself, just as Willkie is trying today to save the Republican Party from itself.*

In the end Seward failed, and the Whig Party disappeared. The appeasement wing prevented the Searwards and Lincolns from making their party confront the urgent questions of the day. The Whig Party simply broke up because of its dissociation from the times. Seward proceeded to unite with his ancient foes, the Jacksonian Democrats, in forming a new party which would grapple with the crisis. In 1852 the Whig Party was one of the two great parties of the nation. In 1856 it was a memory.

IV

It is a rash man who would predict the disappearance of a political party. History has a way of rebuking premature obituaries, as those clairvoyants who promised the disappearance of the Democratic Party after 1928 or of the Republican Party after 1936 must know by now. But the past, if interpreted judiciously, may well illuminate the present; and it does not seem incautious to say that the Republican Party, now hesitating before the commanding figure of Mr. Willkie, is in much the same position that the Whig Party was before it rejected the advice of W. H. Seward. If the Republican Party does not follow the course recommended by Mr. Willkie, it is likely to follow the course taken by the Whigs of 1852.

History, if ever useful for guidance, can cover only tendencies, not details. But the splintering of old-fash-

ioned Whiggery has a strange relevance today. The Whigs of 1852, one recalls, divided into three groups. The Conscience Whigs followed Seward into the new Republican Party. One wing of the plutocratic Whigs joined Buchanan in a candid appeasement party. The other swarmed into the Know-Nothing Party, which was based on nativism and religious discrimination.

If the Republican Party persists in its indifference to the world, it too will most likely disappear. The Conscience Republicans will follow Willkie into a party prepared to meet the crisis of our time. But today appeasement and nativism are united, and the rest of the Republicans may well join a new and more sinister Knowing-Nothing Party under Charles A. Lindbergh. A recent speech of Philip La Follette's contained ominous reference to an "American" Party, and the so-called America First Committee, in large part the baby of the Chicago plutocracy, is laying its plans for the elections of 1942.

Once parties begin to break up, they go with startling rapidity. If history provides any guidance, and if Willkie, like Seward, is prepared for the sake of the greater crisis to forgo the obsolete economic positions of which he has made so much in the past—"campaign oratory," one hopes—we may look for a reorganization of the parties: Willkie leading the Conscience Republicans into a union with the New Deal Democrats behind some progressive candidate in 1944, in opposition to the Know-Nothing and appeasement elements of both parties united behind someone like Lindbergh.

But many things may happen before 1944.

The Literature of the French Defeat†

Somewhere in France

FRENCH literature since July, 1940—that which appears in Paris with the permission of the propaganda ministry of Dr. Goebbels and that which appears in Vichy with the *bon à tirer* of the collaborators—explains the defeat of France in the sense that it reveals the fundamental attitude of a good half of the French ruling class.

Before the war it was generally believed both abroad and in France that despite the struggle of classes and parties France had passed the stage of revolution and counter-revolution and had found in its parliamentary

republic a state of equilibrium. And indeed it is possible that this was the case from the time the Dreyfus Affair subsided until 1914. During that period the impression prevailed that all of France was republican, either by conviction or by interest.

During the business "boom" which marked the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth France had a period of relative peace in foreign affairs, at least in Europe, and internally an era of technical progress which brought with it a prodigious expansion of markets and of possibilities for profit-making. If it is true that these profits went almost

* It should be pointed out, as a kind of comic relief, that many of the more querulous radicals of the 1850's—like their counterparts today—were very much against resisting the slave power. Men like Fitzwilliam Byrdsall, historian of the Locofoco Party and leading land reformer, and John Commerford, prominent trade unionist, kept saying, in accents highly reminiscent of the Norman Thomases and Villards of today, that we should free the white slaves of the North before we tried to help the black slaves of the South (that is, "we must make democracy work at home before we can fight for it

abroad"). These are fine feelings, but they are based on a failure of political intelligence. In 1853 you could not do much toward helping the white slaves of the North, as a political fact, until the conservative slave power was eliminated, just as in 1941 we cannot do much toward making democracy work at home until, as a precondition, Nazism is destroyed. History repeats itself on the left as well as on the right.

† For obvious reasons this article must remain anonymous.

exclusively to the new business oligarchy, it is not less indisputable that the crumbs from the banquet table fell more or less everywhere; and the dominant note was one of moderation, even in the bosom of the socialist movement, which by then had been cornered by "revolutionaries of bourgeois temperament"—as Clemenceau called them—whose ambitions went no farther than a bureaucratic state socialism.

This state of affairs lasted as long as business was good, but when the period of economic and financial penitence set in, the two Frances of 1789, the two Frances of 1830, of 1848, of the Commune, and of Versailles, once again faced each other as enemies. Year by year during the period from 1919 to 1939 the cleavages became more pronounced. The victories of the left bloc in 1924 and later in 1932 and above all the triumph of the Popular Front in 1936 were indications on the electoral plane of the growing exasperation of the masses at the increasing provocation of the reactionary right. It was the misfortune of the democratic and parliamentary republic that the governments which followed these three elections did not know how to extirpate the fundamental causes of the social and political disease which ravaged France.

In 1938, one year before the war, the experiment of the Popular Front was practically finished, with the dangerous consequence that the ties of solidarity between the mass of the working people, the government, and social institutions were loosened. From then on France was plunged in civil war, the first manifestations of which were the managerial sabotage of the social and financial projects of the government—the undermining of the franc by the shipping abroad of private gold reserves* and the flight of money—and the appearance upon the scene of belligerent fascist organizations which by their provocations and their attempted riots threatened social discipline and democratic institutions. The war with Nazi Germany, far from delivering France from the specter of civil war, intensified the internal struggle, for the war itself is a civil war of world-wide dimensions. The imperialist character of the war was important to both sides—the aggressors desiring to impose their hegemony upon Europe while the others wished to maintain an advantageous status quo—but its ideological character was and is even more important.

A large part of the French ruling class wanted to avoid war at any cost, since it was greatly to be feared that the struggle against Hitler and Mussolini might become a war for liberty and democracy. A young writer of the right, M. Maulnier, expressed the sentiments of an important part of the French bourgeoisie, the sentiments particularly of higher military circles, when he said in September, 1938: "One of the reasons for the very evident repugnance for war displayed by the right-wing

parties, sensitive as they are on the question of national safety and honor, and hostile as they instinctively are toward Germany, is that these parties have the impression not only that the defeat and devastation of France are possible, but that the defeat of Germany would mean the overthrow of the authoritarian systems which constitute the main bulwark against Communist revolution and possibly against the immediate bolshevization of Europe." The sinister witticism of a right-wing deputy, "I would rather see, in the Place de la Concorde, the helmets of the Uhlans than the caps of the workers," took on its full meaning in 1938-39. A reactionary Parisian deputy, Pierre Taittinger, writes in a book on the causes of the defeat that the heart of France flinched before the force of German arms, but how could it have been otherwise when half of the French ruling class was morally in the camp of the enemy, while the other half, even after May 10, 1940, did not believe in the war and, as the former minister M. Frossard has said, awaited a compromise?

Post-capitulation French literature is a more or less open apology for the Hitler ideology and for German force; it expresses a moral capitulation which gives the key to the military and political capitulation. I do not refer only to books by men long known for their fascist sympathies nor do I refer only to such propaganda pamphlets as "How the Peace Was Assassinated" by the reactionary deputy from Bordeaux, M. Henriot, which might have come straight from the back rooms of Goebbels's office. I shall leave aside also the outpourings of Charles Maurras, pontiff of the Vichy *ordre moral*, whose every statement breathes his ancient and tenacious hate for the republican regime. I speak rather of those who formerly wrapped themselves in republican and even socialist banners but who today are unable to speak of the republic without an attack of hysteria.

What were the arguments of the French right, which, although kept from office by the electorate, yet retained formidable power by being master of the Banque and the Bourse, the Academy and the press, the army and the church? Raymond Recouly, who passes for being one of the best French analysts of our time, has attempted to develop these arguments in a book called "Les Causes de notre effondrement." M. Recouly has the presumption to reproach the French and British statesmen who were in power in 1939 for having injected into foreign affairs the opinions and feelings which inspired their internal policies. If M. Recouly had a minimum of intellectual honesty, he would recognize that the only fault of the heads of the French Popular Front, particularly Léon Blum, whom he holds to be the person most responsible for the collapse of France, was that in 1936 they were against war, that they obstinately clung to the illusion that a peaceful settlement with Hitler remained possible,

* This was allowed by the Popular Front government.

and that they thus allowed themselves to be surprised by a war for which they had not adequately prepared. M. Recouly, on the contrary, represents them as having desired war and as having used partisan passion to bring it on. But in the course of his exposition his own partisan passion makes him say three things the absurdity of which is apparent to anyone who gives the facts a cursory examination: (1) that it was impossible to rely on the Soviet Union, even to the smallest extent; (2) that America could not be counted on; (3) that Italy was the natural ally of France.

Since June, 1941, no Frenchman can fail to appreciate the value of the Russian alliance, which the right, and M. Bonnet in particular, deliberately sabotaged and destroyed. The heroism of the Soviet armies, the extraordinary morale of the Russian people, the strength of Russian industry, the magnitude of Russian preparations—all these have been established beyond dispute by the events of the past summer; and they make it possible to assert that France, England, and Soviet Russia, acting in concert, would have been perfectly capable of winning the war. As for the assertion that the United States could not be counted on, that also is contradicted by the facts of this war and of the last. At most, we can grant that M. Recouly was not alone in this view inasmuch as General Weygand made use of the same argument when he urged the Ministerial Council to ask for an armistice. Indeed, the generalissimo of the Allied armies believed that the United States could not be counted on and that no importance should be attached to President Roosevelt's reply to M. Reynaud's appeal. (The other cardinal argument of General Weygand was that Great Britain was incapable of holding out for more than two weeks longer.)

There remains the question of Italy. Coming from the pen of a right-wing writer, this argument is laughable, for it must not be forgotten that the rupture—more psychological than political—between France and Italy dates not from the Popular Front but from the National Front. The most violent anti-French manifestations in Italy took place not in 1936 but in 1920 and 1927. It was Clemenceau, Foch, and Poincaré who embroiled Franco-Italian relations and offered Mussolini the pretext for an anti-French policy, which did not take its inspiration from the incidents of Fiume or eastern disillusionments but from Fascist aspirations to the Mediterranean Sea and North Africa.

Among the causes of the French collapse M. Recouly could not avoid mention of military reverses, but here he treads very gingerly, as though the terrain were mined. In this he is unfaithful to Marshal Foch—of whom he is the biographer—who said that the key to military history is to be found in general staffs. M. Recouly has not the curiosity to seek the causes of the military defeat in the General Staff of the French army. Certainly what he says

of the inferiority of the forces in the field, of their lack of training and matériel ("*du vieux contre le neuf*"), of the passivity of the High Command is important. But he still does not explain the crumbling of the military power of France in a forty-five-day battle which did not see one single episode that could be compared to Verdun or to the resistance of the Russians before Odessa, Moscow, or Leningrad.

M. Taittinger, in the book already cited, goes farther than M. Recouly; he writes, "The short-sightedness and stupidity of our General Staff appalls us; one wonders how it was possible to assemble such a collection of numskulls." Jacques-Benoit Mechin goes still farther in a strange book called "*La Moisson de quarante*." In disgust for the things which he saw during the Battle of France, he proclaims himself anti-militarist and anti-bourgeois, a statement which he would have regretted after becoming Admiral Darlan's Under Secretary of State if anti-militarism with regard to Germany were not perfectly agreeable to Vichy so long as one remains ultra-militarist toward Stalin.

Henri Bidou's book, "*La Bataille de France*," is neither an indictment nor a defense; the author, for fear of wounding his masters, abstains from all personal judgment. Yet the picture he gives of the battle which began on May 10, 1940, to end forty-five days later with three-quarters of the country occupied by the enemy, is in itself an accusation. In the estimation of M. Bidou, the *Reichswehr* conducted the battle with disconcerting simplicity—one break through at a weak point along the immense front, followed immediately by a tremendous push at that point which obliged the entire line to fall back. These tactics, for all their simplicity, were met with no effective counter-tactics. The French allowed themselves to be surprised on the Meuse; they were weak in Flanders and on the Somme; they offered no resistance at all on the Seine and on the Loire.

If the scribblers who have the right to be heard in that great Prussianized prison which is France today are somewhat reserved when discussing the military conduct of the war, they observe no such restraint when they consider its political conduct. Accusation follows accusation—without weighing very heavily—in a group of books that includes Pierre Dignac's "*Les Malfaiteurs publics*," Roger Ferdinand's "*Ces messieurs de hier*," Jean Montigny's "*La Défaite*," and Paul Allard's "*Les Responsables du désastre*." An exception must, however, be made of the journal which Anatole de Monzie has published under the title "*Ci-devant*," a book which reveals the decadence of republican morals. A writer of considerable acuteness, M. de Monzie is a politician whose ambitions, though held in check, are inordinate. From 1938 to 1940, in the ministries of Edouard Deladier and of Paul Reynaud, he was a *mou intrépide* in the defense of the Nazi and especially of the fascist thesis.

In the name of a so-called "Franco-Italian vocation" he constituted himself, in the government, in Parliament, and in the press, the advocate of Mussolini, his confidential agent, his "eye." M. de Monzie's case is interesting in that it reveals the secret of governmental impotence. M. de Monzie's political conceptions had little in common with those of Daladier; they were exactly opposed to those of Reynaud. Yet he was in the Cabinets of both men; in fact, there were in these Cabinets several other De Monzies, with consequences that one can guess.

The Cabinet meetings at which the author of "Ci-devant" allows us to be present give the impression of a wretched motley gathering. The Premier was not a leader, barely a moderator. Each of the ministers had a policy which he endeavored, both within the Cabinet and outside, to make triumph. From September, 1938, on the government was split between the Bonnet clique and the sharply opposed Reynaud clique, while Premier Daladier's *esprit flottant* in its eternal incertitude vacillated between the two. As war approached, and also after it broke out, these divisions, far from disappearing, grew worse, and a deadly hate pitted the ministers

against one another. The inevitable result was a total absence of direction, total paralysis of action.

To sum up: the Parliament, as M. de Monzie says, was nothing but a complicated system of rites; the political leaders were constrained constantly to compromise between for and against; the military chiefs were defeatist. Under date of May 27 M. de Monzie reduces to these words a report made to the Cabinet by General Weygand: "It is defeat which he describes." Two days later he notes that Marshal Pétain "has no doubt about the outcome." There certainly, quite aside from pro-Nazi treason, are the reasons for the collapse of France.

The current literature of Paris and Vichy would lead one to believe that, little by little, France has become acclimated to defeat and now breathes easily in it. A falsehood! The violence of repression in both zones testifies to the contrary. It is from a peasant that I borrow the words with which I conclude this account. We were speaking of the execution of hostages in Paris, of Vichy's guillotine shedding the blood of patriots, and the peasant said to me, "My friend, I tell you that a gust of wind like that is a sign of such a tempest as in 1789."

The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

VII. The Undiscoverables (Part 2)

NO ONE among the crowd gathered in the piazza offered to close the church door. Not a voice suggested closing it, though the danger was in everyone's mind. The rectangle of dim light shone like a huge but feeble apparition beyond the trees.

"Who can have lit the candles?" each man asked his neighbor, to be answered with another question, "Why should anyone have lit them?"

The Church of Our Lady of Sorrows had been left open upon the order of the parish priest. For a while a few people had knelt in the unlighted church, before the unburdened trestles upon which first the ceremonial catafalque and then the coffin had rested. The only illumination had been the red brooding eyes of the sanctuary lamps and the blue light morosely winking in the side chapel of the Immaculate Conception. About ten o'clock the last suppliant had left the church.

In the piazza numerous groups had gathered, quietly discussing the day and its crop of rumors. The people in the square had heard someone moving in the empty church and had assumed from the nature of the sounds that Bencivenni was moving the catafalque trestles, the four great candlesticks, and the mock coffin back to the

dismantled chapel in which they were kept. No one had paid any attention until it was noticed, several minutes later, that a faint light was emerging from the church door. Within the church the four tall mourning candles had been lit. The catafalque had been replaced on the trestles and the shroud draped over it. The church was empty.

"Who can have lit the candles?" everyone murmured.

"And why, tell me that?" The only suggestions that had any element of reason in them were that a relative of one of the other dead Fascists had lit the candles in an unbalanced act of mourning, or that someone kin to Blackbeard had wished to honor the dead goatherd. No one thought of extinguishing the candles or of closing the church door. Eh, but why should a relative of one of the Fascists do such a curious thing? The parish priest had said a special mass for the souls of the dead men; there was nothing to hinder the traditional pieties. If anyone's grief or dignity needed greater expression, there was no obstacle. And who could be mourning Maniscalco? His sons were in the cell yonder, anchored down beneath a mountain of ironware, lashed into silence by Mori, who now brooded, sick in body and mind, in his whitened villa on the hill. Blackbeard's wife was dead these three years. And, again, this was not an act to

profit any man's soul in purgatory. The parish priest, they did not doubt, would have said a quiet mass for Maniscalco if anyone had asked him, and that without fee. Who, then, had appropriated part of this fanfaring day to his own grief? He must have known, too, that his act would dim all the speeches and the funeral music into insignificance. The church door, at which they all gazed, shone like a vague apparition.

Eh, but think a little minute, my sirs! The fellow who did this must be a tough and nonchalant sort of an uncle,



Drawing by John Groth

with a few quirks of his own, to say the least. "It looks like spite to me," Santangelo said, raising his voice as he turned away to join another group.

Bedda mati! Who had so coolly thumbed his nose, and right in front of the high altar, at the authorities? Look at it how you would, it was a defiance. A pretty thoroughgoing fellow had something on his mind that more than irked him. This wasn't like scribbling a *bassa il fascismo* on the bottom of an upturned boat. This wasn't a piece of nonsense like going to mass on the King's birthday.

Bencivenni, in his secular trousers and shirt, hurried through the growing crowd toward the huge, moonlit structure. He closed the church door, and everyone pictured him removing the catafalque and the four candles. Well, that wouldn't do any good, except to Bencivenni. The thing was done now, and it wouldn't be forgotten in a long while. Long after the sexton had returned to his house the loiterers discussed the event. It put out of mind even that afternoon's disturbing news that the cursed English were not going to surrender as the French had done. It took precedence over the unwelcome presence at the funeral of a German—dressed in neat gray uniform.

"There will be many dead men to mourn with candles before long," a voice said; "perhaps all Italy."

No one took much notice of the secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza* or of Lieutenant Varchi, who had taken over Don Cataldo's job, not even when Stefani

ordered Chiesa to disperse the crowd. Chiesa was **not** immediately obeyed when he wandered from group to group. The gossipers merely broke up and joined other groups in another corner of the square. When the lieutenant strolled back to the Town Hall, however, they began to drift away. Santangelo remained sprawled on his back on a broken bench in the piazza near the little bust of Mazzini.

"The lieutenant said to go home," Chiesa mumbled, fiddling with his belt. He did not come within six paces of the fisherman.

"Why should I go home? I'm not talking to anyone."

"Well, that wasn't . . ."

"I'm just thinking, Chiesa."

"Thinking?"

"That's right."

Chiesa half turned his body and shuffled his feet. "You've heard the order," he said.

"I can think better out here."

"Well . . ." The Fascist sat down on the bench opposite Santangelo. For a long time neither spoke. Santangelo yawned quietly several times.

"What are you thinking about, Santangelo?" Chiesa's hoarse whisper suddenly broke the silence.

"A Blackshirt asks me what I'm thinking! Holy Virgin!"

"Eh, what does it matter? Keep it to yourself. Perhaps you *weren't* thinking," Chiesa spoke irritably but quietly.

"Oh, yes, I was. I was thinking about Maniscalco."

"Ah, Blackbeard," the Fascist muttered.

"Not Blackbeard. Maniscalco. He only had a beard for a week."

"That's what he's called. One name's as good as another," Chiesa said in an indifferent tone.

"They sent you up there on the headland to watch out for him, Chiesa."

"Yes. He . . ." Chiesa stopped and fidgeted on the seat.

"Tell that to your grandmother," Santangelo murmured. Both men were silent again.

"Well, I'll be going home," Santangelo said without rising. "A man can *think* better lying on his back, as if he were on his boat looking up at the Three Kings."

"You can't see the Three Kings from this hole of a place," Chiesa said, glancing at the sky. "The church hides them."

"A Blackshirt and an ex-farmer who talks about the stars!"

"Why not? You think you sprat-catchers are the only wise ones. I used to squint at the Three Kings out of my bedroom window. When they got pale it was time to get up and go to the fields."

"I don't want to talk about such things. And who are you to talk of fields even? You should speak of graveyards." Santangelo got up and strolled away.

At his door Santangelo looked back before entering his house. He stood behind the door until he heard the quiet sound of careful steps and the brushing of a holster against the wall. As the steps drew level, he opened the door swiftly. In the darkness of the room the fisherman was the first to speak. His voice trembled a little.

"So you've come."

"Yes," Chiesa said hoarsely.

"There's no reason why a man shouldn't visit anyone he chooses. Even a Blackshirt may do that," Santangelo continued.

"No. There's no reason."

"No reason *at all* why he shouldn't."

"Nor any reason why he should, Santangelo," Chiesa fenced. "Nor why a man shouldn't entertain anyone he chooses." The two men might have been pushing a checker piece backward and forward upon a board. But the checker piece was one that might explode like a bomb. Santangelo walked softly across the room and opened the window shutter a few inches.

"Sit down, man," he whispered. Nunzio Chiesa remained standing. Presently the fisherman said, "I've been watching you, Blackshirt. You weren't at the funeral."

"I took a walk."

"Ah! Others would have liked to take a walk instead of listening to speeches long as man's woe."

"I suppose so. I went up to my farm."

"I thought that was where you had gone."

"Why shouldn't I go there?" The exaggerated intonation threatened to make difficulties in that it seemed to divert the conversation into a side channel. If Chiesa was playing cunning or wary he was overplaying in suggesting readiness to discuss his going to the farm.

"Don't be a fool, man," Santangelo sighed. "Why shouldn't you go to the farm, even though you came down here years ago with your tail between your legs."

"Of course. Why shouldn't I go? It was my place. A man remembers the old places," Chiesa said in an indifferent voice, as if bored.

That was better. Chiesa wouldn't be really bored, talking with Santangelo in the darkness, in a house he had not visited in so many years.

"Then, again, why should you go?"

"I didn't go to the funeral."

"I *had* to go. You had leave to go home and rest, because of your cut mouth?"

"Well, I could have got leave. I wanted to be alone."

"Sometimes a man wants to be alone. Other times he wants to talk with people."

"That's right."

"The right people. Some people ruffle a man, or weary him, or they're indifferent to him, no matter what they say or do."

"Of course."

[Continued on page 594]

In the Wind

THE EDITORS of *Time* spent several weeks preparing the article about Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, which appears in the December 1 issue. In anticipation of the story, McCormick recently struck back at *Time* by publishing a long account of the settlement of a libel suit brought against it by Curtis Dall, former son-in-law of President Roosevelt. *Time*, the *Tribune* story ran, "had to make a heavy settlement, it is said in the publishing trade, not only because the Dall story was untrue, but because its stock in trade was printing vicious falsehoods and untruths to appeal to the malicious minds of possible readers and thereby gain circulation."

GOVERNOR TALMADGE of Georgia, who has been persecuting educators that believe in racial equality, recently went to Cuba. Before boarding a plane in Miami he told Florida newspapermen that he hoped "he would be granted the privilege of a meeting with Colonel Batista." Batista is more than half Negro.

THE UNITED CONSTRUCTION WORKERS (C. I. O.), which recently conducted a strike of building employees at Yale, will make its next drive at Notre Dame.

SENATOR HUGH BUTLER, Nebraska isolationist, cost the American public over \$6,000 last week by franking 300,000 copies of a speech by Herbert Hoover. Butler put the speech in the *Congressional Record*, then got quantity printing at cost. The speech recommended shipping food to Europe.

AFTER FIFTEEN MINUTES of an interview in which he appeared to be taking an intelligent interest, Marshal Pétain suddenly nodded, came to with a start, and feebly inquired of the American correspondent who was questioning him, "*Qui êtes-vous?*"

THE C. I. O. convention in Detroit met in a hall into which the 494 delegates and their guests could barely fit. A member of the arrangements committee said that a small meeting place had been chosen intentionally; a larger building, it was felt, would have been an open invitation to the local automobile workers to attend the convention and, if the occasion offered, stage a pitched battle with the large group of non-delegate miners who attended.

BILLED FOR LECTURES as an "organizer of the American Eagle Squadron of the R. A. F.," Colonel Charles Sweeney has been making a speaking tour through the Middle West. His audiences have had a difficult time figuring out just where he stands. Among the statements he has made are: "I have for Colonel Lindbergh the deepest admiration, and nobody can deny he has rendered great service to his country"; "The bombardments of Berlin have improved the morale of the Germans"; De Gaulle is hated by the French because he has taken up arms against his own nation."

[The \$5 prize for the best item received in November goes to F. M. of Atlanta, Georgia, for his story about the FBI aiding labor, published on November 29.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Why Any Dollar-a-Year Men?

ON THE afternoon before John L. Lewis accepted the mediation which ended the coal strike Philip Murray cried out in the C. I. O. convention hall in Detroit against the dollar-a-year men. But what he said about gentlemen playing philanthropist to Uncle Sam got very little attention, being overshadowed by the bigger issue of the strike. The whole silly business of the dollar-a-year men seems steadily to have escaped the attention it deserves. It was ridiculous a year ago. I remember writing a piece in protest which went on this page. The system was six months old then. Perhaps, as Mr. Murray charges, dollar-a-year men have got privately fat on their public philanthropy since, but that does not make the dollar-a-year system any more fatuous than it was in the beginning. Dollar-a-yearing is not bad because there are contract snatchers in the tribe. If they were all selfless patriots, the system would still be absurd. At its best it is a cheap system for elevating plutocrats in a democracy making war.

I can understand how Mr. Murray suspects the whole breed. Obviously only the well-to-do can work for nothing. That, of course, does not mean that none of the well-to-do can work well. And every sensible person knows that not all the dollar-a-year men are in Washington as patriots because they are working on the inside to "get juicy contracts for the companies they are privileged to represent." Most of them, I think, are honestly anxious to help not merely themselves but America. But I don't think it helps America to let it seem that they are doing America a great favor while other equally useful men are being favored by a place on the government pay roll.

Actually the salaries they save the government amount to practically nothing. If there were a thousand of them in Washington worth at government pay levels \$10,000 a year apiece, the sum of their salaries would be a trivial detail in the spending for defense. The fact is, however, that when you get men for nothing, some of them are going to be worth exactly that. Some of them merely clutter office space in a Washington which is crying for space. And all of them form a group which has been made to seem somehow superior to equally hard-working people who need their pay to feed themselves while they work.

The fact that Mr. Murray dislikes some of them be-

cause they are unsympathetic to labor is beside the more important point. It is even irrelevant that some of them may be stealing, or at least pushing government contracts toward their pockets. If they were all the noblest citizens of this republic, their absence from the republic's legitimate pay roll for legitimate work would make a distinction in service in Washington which ought not to exist. The best dollar-a-year men in Washington are not too good or too rich to take Uncle Sam's pay. If the government's pay standards seem inadequate by their past earnings, that is also true of a good many young men who have recently been sweating in the maneuvers at \$21 a month. If they are intent upon philanthropy, there are a multitude of good causes which need the money. Secretary Morgenthau has no rule against government employees buying defense bonds. The U. S. O. has an open hand.

The question is not how bad some dollar-a-year men may be, but why in the name of democratic America there are any dollar-a-year men at all. The saving in salaries is negligible in a many-billion-dollar war, even if that saving is not offset, as gossip says it is, by expense allowances. There ought not to be anybody in America too high or too proud to be called to Washington to work for the government for the government's pay. The President takes his pay check. He deserves every dime of it; he is employed by the people, is one of the people's servants. Nobody else is too big to be brought to Washington in a similar employee-employer relationship to all the people of the United States at a time when the country has a right to call for the services of any man alive.

If Mr. Murray is right about the pushing of private privilege by dollar-a-year men, some investigations may be needed. There may even be a call for cells in the jails. But it is not necessary to be a dollar-a-year man to be a crook. If all the dollar-a-year men were dispensed with, selfishness would not be abolished. The important result of getting rid of the dollar-a-year system would be that we should get rid of an undemocratic, unfair, unnecessary, and unproductive distinction in the government service, the distinction between men who need their pay and men who don't, though both may be making an equal contribution to the security of democracy. This country needs its best brains, not its cheapest ones, and if it is going to save democracy in Washington as well as in the world it could make a good start by disgorging this one-dollar distinction.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Snow

BY W. R. RODGERS

Out of the gray air grew snow and more snow
Soundlessly in nonillions of flakes
Commingling and sinking negligently
To ground, soft as froth and easy as ashes
Alighting, closing the ring of sight. And,
Silting, it augmented everything
Furring the bare leaf, blurring the thorn,
Fluffing, too, the telephone-wire, padding
All the paths and boosting boots, and puffing
Big over rims, like boiling milk, meekly
Indulging the bulging hill, and boldly
Bolstering the retiring hole, until
It owned and integrated all. And then
Snow stopped, disclosing anonymity
Imposed, the blank and blotless sea in which
Both dotted tree and dashing bird were sunk,
And anchored ground and rocking grass engrossed.

And soon the knock and hiss of cistern ceased as
Gradually with inklings and wrinkling strings
Of ice the thickening cold anchored the skin
And slow core of water, gluing and glossing
All leaks, niggling or great, naked or guarded.
Long snaughters of ice at the tap's snout hung
Jagged and stiff like straw-ends this hard morning.
At every vent things hesitated, here,
In conforming holes and huts, the shy creatures
Shrank from issuing, and, rooted together,
Stood arrested and irresolute at doors,
Peppering with peepings the surprising fields—
Fox in knoll, fowl in house, heifer in hovel.

Only the bull, dubious and delicate, stalked
In his paddock, distrust spiking his blind steps.
His spinning eye, his spoked glances, glinted and
Tilted. His horn gored and scorned the ground, and
scored

The oak, and fans of vapor jetted and jumped
Stiffly from nostrils, incensing the loose snow
Like smoke, and powdering his knees. Noisily,
On the sleeked lake onlookers lingered in ring
Round the single and deferent skater lean-
ing over in flight, like grass slanted by wind,
Foot-engrossed, locked in his own looking-glass
Of conscious joy and evident finery
Of movement, forgetful of outer voices.
Forgetful of venom, of fame, of laughter,
Of flouting Evil and of touting Good that
Waited woodenly for him like tormentors

At the end and edge of his dream, to waken
And claim him. So he slid on, as we all do,
Forgetting the morrow, forgetting too
The marrow of water in the bone of ice
(Like the worm in the wood), the liquefaction
And friction in all fixed things, virtue in vice,
The bomb domanian in the dome of blue.

The Pier

BY W. R. RODGERS

Only a placid sea, and
A pier where no boat comes,
But people stand at the end
And spit into the water,
Dimpling it, and watch a dog
That chins and churns back to land.

I had come here to see
Humbug embark, deported,
Protected from the crowd.
But he has not come today.
And anyway there is no boat
To take him. And no one cares.
So Humbug still walks our land
On stilts, is still looked up to.

Our Lady Peace

BY MARK VAN DOREN

How far is it to peace, the piper sighed,
The solitary, sweating as he paused.
Asphalt the noon; the ravens, terrified,
Fled carrion thunder that percussion caused.

The envelope of earth was powder loud;
The taut wings shivered, driven at the sun.
The piper put his pipe away and bowed.
Not here, he said. I hunt the love-cool one,

The dancer with the clipped hair. Where is she?
We shook our heads, parting for him to pass.
Our lady was of no such trim degree,
And none of us had seen her face, alas.

She was the very ridges we must scale,
Securing the rough top. And how she smiled
Was how our strength would issue. Not to fail
Was having her, gigantic, undefiled,

For homely goddess, big as the world that burned,
Grandmother and taskmistress, field and town.
We let the stranger go; but when we turned
Our lady lived, fierce in each other's frown.

The Gothic South

A CURTAIN OF GREEN. By Eudora Welty. With an Introduction by Katherine Anne Porter. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

THE definite Gothic quality which characterizes so much of the work of writers from the American South has puzzled critics. Is it the atmosphere of the *roman noir*, so skilfully transferred to America by Poe? Or is it a true and indigenous atmosphere of decaying feudalism? Faulkner treats the horrifying and ambiguous situations thrown up by a background which has much in common with nineteenth-century Russia in a style darkened and convoluted by, it would seem, the very character of his material. Eudora Welty, who is a native and resident of Mississippi, in the stories of this volume has instinctively chosen another method which opens and widens the field and makes it more amenable to detached observation. She proceeds with the utmost simplicity and observes with the most delicate terseness. She does not try mystically to transform or anonymously to interpret. The parallel forced upon us, particularly by those of Miss Welty's stories which are based on an oblique humor, is her likeness to Gogol.

The tramp musicians, the inhabitants of a big house (either mad, drunk, or senile), the idiots and ageless peasant women, the eccentric families tyrannized over by an arch-eccentric, the pathetic and ridiculous lovers of double lives, even the Negro band leader with his sadism and delusion of grandeur—all these could come out of some broken-down medieval scene, and all could be treated completely successfully—with humorous detachment, combined with moments of tenderness and roaring farce—by the author of "The Inspector General" and "Dead Souls." Like Gogol, Miss Welty opens the doors and describes the setting, almost inch by inch. She adds small detail to small detail: the fillings in people's teeth, the bright mail-order shirts of little boys, the bottles of Ne-Hi, the pictures of Nelson Eddy hung up like icons. We see what happens to representatives of an alien commercial world—here, traveling salesmen: how they become entangled against their will in this scene, which goes on under its own obscure decomposing laws; or dissolve back into it, symbolically enough, in delirium and death. Even the women in the beauty parlor have a basic place in the composition; they are not so much modernly vulgar as timelessly female—calculating, shrewd, and sharp. Miss Welty's method can get everything in; nothing need be scamped, because of romantic exigencies, or passed over, because of rules of taste. Temperamentally and by training she has become mistress of her material by her choice of one exactly suitable kind of treatment, and—a final test of a writer's power—as we read her, we are made to believe that she has hit upon the only possible kind. But it is a method, in Miss Welty's hands, only suitable for her Southern characters on their own ground. The one story dealing with the North, *Flowers for Marjorie*, goes completely askew.

Katherine Anne Porter, in her preface, surveys with much insight the nature and scope of and the dangers attendant upon the specialized talent of the writer of short stories. She warns against "the novel," a form held up to the short-story writer as a baited trap. She does not warn against the other trap,

the commercial short story, and the other tempter, "the agent." It seems impossible that Miss Welty, equipped as she is, should fall into line and produce the bloated characters and smoothed-out situations demanded by "commercial" publications. But other finely equipped persons have given in. As for the novel, she needs only the slenderest unifying device, something analogous to "a smart *britchka*, a light spring-carriage of the sort affected by bachelors, retired lieutenant colonels, staff captains, landowners possessed of about a hundred souls," to produce one whenever she wishes.

LOUISE BOGAN

Literature of Democracy

FOUNTAINHEADS OF FREEDOM. By Irwin Edman in Collaboration with Herbert W. Schneider. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.75.

PROFESSOR EDMAN, with the assistance of his colleague, Professor Schneider, has performed an invaluable service in arranging this anthology of democratic literature. Beginning with the Hebrew prophets and the Greek philosophers, the anthology follows the development of democratic thought in its various facets, through the classical, the medieval, and the modern period. Judicious selections are given from Amos and Micah, from Plato and Aristotle, from John of Salisbury and Marsilio of Padua, from Calvin and Milton.

There are some grateful surprises in the collection; for material is used which has not always been fully appreciated in the history of democratic thought. The debate between Rainsborough and Ireton on whether the franchise should be limited to owners of property, for instance, is taken from the Putney debates, which record the clashing points of view of various types of democrats in Cromwell's army. Gerrard Winstanley, the left-wing leader of the Cromwellian period, is also included, and properly so. The relation between Cromwellian radicalism and contemporary equalitarianism has not been fully appreciated. It may be worth mentioning in passing that Professor George H. Sabine has recently brought out the complete works of Winstanley, a very important contribution to the history of radical thought.

America is represented by Jefferson, Emerson, Thoreau, Lincoln, Walt Whitman, Henry George, Edward Bellamy, and John Dewey. One wonders why Roger Williams and James Madison were omitted. It is of course very easy to quarrel with specific choices in such a collection, however much the collection as a whole commends itself. Does Thomas Hobbes deserve inclusion in an anthology of democratic thought? He may have believed that government is derived from the consent of the people, but he also believed that they lost their authority over government irrevocably with the contract which establishes government. That is a very minimal contribution, if any, to democratic theory. The later Scottish, Dutch, and French Calvinists—who are not included—would seem to deserve recognition rather than John Calvin, who, after all, allowed only the camel's nose of democracy into the tent of his system. Also the contributions of Thomistic constitutional theory are not recognized. But these are minor criticisms; on the whole the choice of material is excellent.

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IDEAS FOR THE ICE AGE



The author, or authors, provide the anthology with an excellent introduction in which the development of democratic theory in its relation to living history is illumined. The eternal tension between the principle of liberty and the principle of authority is traced in its various historical forms. It is clearly recognized that libertarian conceptions of liberty must give way to more collectivist conceptions as society moves from its agrarian past to the high intensity of social cohesion and the centralization of political and economic power of a technical and industrial age. The question is, on the one hand, how we are to "abridge liberty for liberty's sake," and, on the other, how we are to "save the individual from being oppressed by the very machinery which is instituted to render him secure."

In discussing these problems in detail the authors preserve a very good balance. It is the more surprising, therefore, that the basic logic of democracy is defined in one-sided terms. We are told: "The end of government remains liberty. It is an instrument of as rich and varied life, and as rich and varied lives, as may be possible where men willy-nilly and for better or worse live together. They live together willy-nilly because it is impossible to retreat into self-sufficiency, caught as all men are in the network of economic, mechanical, and social relations into which all men are born."

This would make it appear that society is a necessary evil and that community is required only for the satisfaction of men's outward necessities. Community is, as a matter of fact, as much a requirement of man's true nature as is liberty. The uniqueness of each man demands liberty, whereas his social character, his inability to fulfil himself except in his fellows, demands community. The end of government is therefore not liberty but liberty and community; and these two ends both support and contradict each other, and will always do so.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Thyssen Explains

I PAID HITLER. By Fritz Thyssen. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.75.

IT IS with a feeling of distrust and disgust that one puts down these memoirs of the once powerful German industrialist who financed Hitler for many years, became a Nazi in 1931, and then—after Hitler's succession to power with the help of his money and his intrigues—a member of the yes-men's Reichstag and Göring's lofty State Council, which likewise soon had no other function than to listen. Thyssen remained Hitler's partner in crime much longer than Hermann Rauschning—whose writings do not deserve the ill fate of being mentioned in the same breath with those of the steel magnate. At the outbreak of the present war Thyssen fled to Switzerland and France, and though he gives many reasons for his flight, one has the impression that the whole story is not told and that his anti-war attitude is only part of it. Here, as in many other personal confessions, the explanations obscure rather than clarify.

In Monte Carlo the prominent refugee, to use the word for once in an ironical sense, concocted, with the help of the Hungarian journalist Emery Reves, this hodge-podge account of why he financed Hitler, served him, and broke

with him. His answers to these questions are incomplete, and that is, to a degree, understandable. But they are often unbelievable, too, and sometimes obviously untrue. Yet the book, precisely because of its great shortcomings, gives an involuntary and therefore extremely interesting self-portrait of a great industrialist with a minimum of brains who played a decisive part in European history, and of a devout Catholic whose mouth was filled with religion while he dressed and armed the storm troopers and subsidized anti-Semitism for higher reasons. However, that he himself should today call himself a *Dummkopf* for what he did and believed in is hardly a satisfactory explanation of the politician who made far-reaching political decisions behind the scenes and still pretends—as steel magnates do everywhere—that he is only an industrialist. Nor does this hindsight make believable the statement that he really thought the Communists had burned the Reichstag, even in 1938 after extensive travels in North and South America; or that the true meaning of the concentration camps dawned upon him, or so it seems, only after the *Anschluss*, when a relative of his—whose castle Ribbentrop annexed for his private use—died in Dachau.

Herr Thyssen in the course of his confessions gives some revealing inside details of the Nazi regime, new proofs of corruption and personal degradation. He is convincing when he says that Hitler went farther than many of his capitalist angels wanted him to. Of course, these men, whether Catholic or Protestant—they were even Jewish in a few cases—were pretty well satisfied after the liquidation of the labor movement (the steel magnate still contends that labor organizers are always dirty foreigners, that "his" workers, even the Communists among them, loved him). They contemplated a more careful conquest of Europe and the overseas markets. Their great surprise when Hitler did not stop and moved more and more quickly on the road to war shows only their lack of imagination and their general ignorance. The *Reichswehr* generals knew better. They knew that terror and total regimentation were needed to take the German people into another world war. They went through thick and thin with the barker Hitler whether they liked his manners or not as long as he furnished these prerequisites for war through the total militarization of workers and industrialists alike. And Thyssen does not understand yet that the methods used to subjugate the German people and this subjugation itself—approved by him—led necessarily, even if they were invented for other goals, to what he now condemns. That he finds fault with the German people and makes them more responsible for Hitler than he was, at least by implication, adds merely the last stomach-turning touch to his performance. His proposal to organize Germany after the war into two separate monarchies, one Catholic and belonging to Western civilization, one Protestant and Prussian, may not be intended so but surely functions as comic relief at the end.

Historical notes have been added to Thyssen's text "in order to make clear problems and circumstances." These notes are not only sloppy and superficial but full of falsehoods and distortions. It is scandalous that the publishers did not refuse to print them. Nothing much better could be said of the appendix of biographical sketches.

FRANZ HOELLERNG

Language in Action

A GUIDE TO ACCURATE THINKING

by S. I. Hayakawa

This book might have been called — HOW TO TELL THE TRUTH — when you hear it, speak it, read it. Or HOW TO TELL A LIE — when you hear it, speak it, read it. "As penetrative a writer as I have read in months . . . He has patiently written his book to show that we are all prisoners of language and to help us break out of our verbal jail."—*Samuel Grafton, N. Y. Post.* 345 pages, \$2.00

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Ripeness Is All

SAVAGE LANDOR. By Malcolm Elwin. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife"; perhaps the least appropriate of all lines of poetry to set at the head of Landor's biography are those generally accepted as his own epitaph on his career. Fortunately, his title for that flawless quatrain was "Dying Speech of an Old Philosopher"; the master of the most serene utterance in nineteenth-century poetry claimed the customary privileges of an idealism that remained chimeric in the actual events of his life. But like almost every child of his age, he won them at the cost of living two lives—one lucid, blithe, impregnable in its poise and inviolability of spirit, and accordingly marred in its poetic fulfilment by the errors of innocence and unreality; the other so reckless, vexed, and miscalculated throughout the hazards of its ninety years that it justified Landor's claim to kinship with King Lear and so brought him to survive as a paradox among the poets of his century.

It is this paradox, epitomized in Dickens's character of Boythorn in "Bleak House," that Mr. Elwin undertakes to dispel. Forster's ill-balanced biography, based on an incomplete and broken friendship with its hero and written under the inhibition imposed by surviving relatives, has long demanded a modern successor (Colvin's graceful sketch, except for its sensitive appreciation of Landor's writings, was based directly on it); meanwhile interest in Landor has passed from curiosity about an eccentric personality to the exorbitant and uncritical reverence for an authentic classicist born out

of his time that has been fostered by Pater, Moore, Pound, and Yeats. George Moore ranked Landor with Shakespeare as "the last heir of a noble family. All that follows Landor is decadent"; but Yeats did something more valuable than canonize Landor as a model of perfect aesthetic integrity. In "A Vision" he placed Landor with Dante and Shelley in the seventeenth phase of Incarnation as the type of Daimonic Man whose true mask is "simplification," his false mask "dispersal," the true manifestation of his mind "creative imagination through antithetical emotion," the false manifestation "enforced self-realization," and his Body of Fate "loss." Yeats suggested here the real problems of character and genius that must tax the serious biographer of Landor. It is the initial misfortune of Mr. Elwin's book that they have taxed him little or not at all, and that his ineptitude in making full critical use of his admirable industry and luck in fact-finding has led him to miss a remarkable opportunity which the indifference of earlier students of nineteenth-century literature has placed in his hands.

He has the precedent of Byron in "Don Juan" for his title, but his title sets the tone of catchpenny pedestrianism and futile Stracheyan mimicry which extends to the general tastelessness of his interpretation and the formless alignment of his facts, and must torment the slumber of the author of "Pericles and Aspasia." He has done permanent service in laying open the facts of Landor's Spartan boyhood, his early love affairs, his skeptical and wholly unradical enthusiasm for social and political justice, and the fiasco of his experiments in managing his Welsh estate at Llanthoney. He traces his attachment for Ianthé (Sophia Jane Swifté, later Countess de Molandé), his bitterly ill-starred marriage to Julia Thuillier, his genius in friendship, his disastrous estrangement from his children, and the long list of his legal battles, ending in the atrocious Yescombe litigation at Bath which drove him into his final Italian exile at eighty-three to find the doors of the Fiesole villa closed to him and his old age dependent on the charity of friends in Florence. But Mr. Elwin's faint success in making use of these findings is seen in his failure to place them in any significant relation to Landor's writings and in the fact that his initial purpose is wholly defeated: we end by feeling that Dickens's Boythorn does its prototype no real injustice after all. The cast and scope of Landor's intelligence are never defined; the extreme variations of quality in his work are not examined; the reasons why Landor's *métier* as poet and prose writer is so rigid and inflexible, so disappointing in carrying the weight of its themes and ambitions, incapable of maintaining the level of its highest achievement and thus fated to survive only in short masterpieces and fragments, are left quite unexplored.

The closest Mr. Elwin comes to penetrating Landor's limitations is when he suggests that he was temperamentally unfitted for the sustained labor of writing novels for which his talent was basically suited, remaining content to work in the static forms of dialogue, dialectic, and scenic prose—epistles, conversations, and closely wrought but unresilient lyrics. This is an interesting speculation, worth following as a clue to Landor's uneven success in labors that extended continuously over seventy years but expressed only by flashes a vivacity and clarity of temperament which neither scandal nor personal misery could defeat. He wrote his long series of

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elegant but perversely unprofitable Latin lyrics at moments of distraction that would have unseated the reason of a more complex nature; he wrote "Pericles and Aspasia" in the depths of humiliation that followed his wife's ignorant tyrannies, his discovery that she was housing her lover in the Fiesole villa, the break-up of his marriage and his permanent rupture with his children. His vituperative pamphlets were issued in the intervals of some of his most chastely exquisite lyrics. Perhaps the hiatus of emotional temperament that permitted Landor to do these things is as accountable as anything for the stylistic purity of his memorable work and the bloodless verbalism of the greater part that has fallen into deserved neglect.

The last word on his case still remains with Yeats: "The most violent of men, he uses his intellect to disengage a visionary image of perfect sanity, seen always in the most serene and classic art imaginable. He had perhaps as much Unity of Being as his age permitted, and possessed, though not in any full measure, the Vision of Evil." This is just. Landor's image of perfect sanity was too often visionary and disengaged; it found usually only a fortuitous contact with genuine imaginative reality; its fusion of emotion with intellectual order comes only at rare moments of clairvoyance. The lapse between his savage sense of justice and honor and his serenity of vision was profound, nor was it wholly a lapse; it was a division of elements and of intelligence explicable only by a failure in humility and self-knowledge which the great poet never finally tolerates, whatever the conflicts and violences of his personal life. It remains the fundamental problem in Landor. If a biographer leaves it unexamined and undefined, he makes his book useful at best as a record of events; and we have seen too often how small is the use which events serve in the knowledge and honor of literature.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

A Hindu Looks at America

MY INDIA, MY AMERICA. By Krishnalal Shridharani. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$3.75.

CONSIDERING the temptations and the opportunities afforded young Indians in America, it is surprising that this should be the first book of its kind. Dr. Shridharani is a Gujarati from western India, a native of Gandhi's region and a member of his community. In his teens he evaded his family's efforts to get him married, attended Tagore's school, and then enlisted under Gandhi. Seven years ago he arrived in New York and is widely traveled in North America. He has an exceptional command of English, with an easy and at times flippant mode of expression. Actually his stout volume comprises two books—the impressions of a keen-eyed Hindu in the United States, and a discussion of the problems of present-day India. It is an extremely interesting book—vivacious, acute, and, as it seems to me, revealing the difficulties and contradictions of Indian neo-nationalism without reserve.

The comments of an Oriental upon our Western life and habits are always enlightening. (Dr. Shridharani uses repeatedly the outmoded word "intriguing.") Many Americans, he found, wanted a visitor from India to be a maharaja,

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or at least a fortune-teller. He asks us to believe that one hostess had a large coil of rope placed in a corner so that he might perform the fabled trick. Of two dissimilar peoples devoted to the ritual of the bath, he remarks that the American cares much more than the Indian about clean clothes. He might have stated the obvious reason. The American woman is ready to wash any garment, while a Hindu lady may not touch the dhobi's job. The American is or should be ready to tackle any work; the caste Hindu cannot do a hand's turn. Dr. Shridharani was outraged when he saw an American kissing his wife or sweetheart on the mouth, for his people have known nothing of such endearments. But India now is learning romance from the West and is insisting upon enjoying all of it. The movement created by Gandhi, that implacable medievalist, has aroused the women of India to an indescribable degree. They are now, we are assured, the very vanguard of feminism—an amazing irony. Dr. Shridharani does not seek to hide the fact that in respect of certain basic institutions of Hinduism he holds the full Western view. Caste, child marriage, and untouchability, he believes, stand all alike condemned. There is a shortage of 9,000,000 women, while some 26,000,000 widows exist, the vast majority barred from remarriage! He recognizes that India owes its awakening to Western influences. All the known leaders, including Gandhi and Nehru, were shaped or trained in Europe, although it is absurd to say, as he does, that Gandhi was educated in England.

Turning from the social contrasts of East and West, Dr. Shridharani reviews the nationalist movement since Gandhi's salt march to the sea, in which he himself took part, and the ensuing crusade of mass civil disobedience. He refers to the "victorious conclusion" of that uprising, after the prisons had been overfilled with tens of thousands of passive resisters. Here was, of course, an astounding demonstration of power over the multitude wielded by a single leader, a unique display of mass adhesion to a strange method and of readiness to suffer for a cause. But can "victorious" be the right word to apply? Gandhi has never carried his crusade to a final test; it did not even make an end of the salt tax.

Nine years later he ended this great enterprise after signing his famous pact with the present Lord Halifax; in 1940, when the National Congress formally abandoned his policy of complete non-violence, he sanctioned a trial of individual civil disobedience. For Gandhi himself that could be only a contradiction in terms, and it has had the most unhappy result of landing Nehru and many lesser leaders in jail. Dr. Shridharani, I suggest, provides an effective answer to his own argument when he sees as valuable and significant the achievements of the provincial governments, directed by National Congress ministers under the Act of 1935. That record is concrete evidence of an advance toward responsible self-government. It came about through the acceptance of governing responsibility in defiance of the Gandhi principle, and it was surrendered two years ago as the Congress Party's protest against the Viceroy's executive action in respect of India's war policy.

No section of Dr. Shridharani's book is more noteworthy than his gallery of portraits. It is of remarkable range, and all the leaders are treated with entire frankness, particularly as regards their disagreements over policy and belief. The

closing chapters are concerned with India and Russia and the Far East, with Gandhi's nationalism and Nehru's socialism and Young India's response to both. Further, Dr. Shridharani throws out some challenging ideas about the conflict between American pacifism and the Gandhist doctrine of non-violent resistance. Gandhism, he must surely realize, has almost no relevance in the United States; and in this hideous world of ours, how can independence be the aim of people whose method is non-resistance? Dr. Shridharani is not only vivacious and provocative; he is also thorough, in an unexpected direction—his index is first-rate. One surprise of the book to me is the introduction, in which Louis Bromfield repeats more than one of the assertions about India which, long the commonplaces of Anglo-India, have been fiercely denied by Indian nationalists.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

What Does Make Sammy Run?

HOLLYWOOD: THE MOVIE COLONY, THE MOVIE MAKERS. By Leo C. Rosten. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.

STARS AND STRIKES. By Murray Ross. Columbia University Press. \$2.75.

LEONARD Q. ROSS and Leo C. Rosten are happily one and the same person, for the combined talents of the author of "The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N" and "The Washington Correspondents" make him the ideal chronicler of the facts and foibles of Hollywood. Mr. Rosten has spent four years in Hollywood, under the auspices of the Carnegie and the Rockefeller Foundation, collecting the material for his book, and has produced a work of wit, perception, and sociological interest. Hollywood, Mr. Rosten claims, is by no means unique in its *mores*; the film world is merely a microcosm of the world at large. The film people are the new international royalty, and the "fierce light which beats upon a throne" has been directed, from every country in the world, upon the élite of the film capital.

It is so easy to remember the extravagances of behavior among these universal escape symbols that one is apt to forget, Mr. Rosten points out, that many comparisons may be made between Newport and Santa Monica, and between the *nouveaux riches* of any community and those of the film industry—the most spectacular of movie-colony parties pale before some of the entertainments of Marjorie Post Close Hutton Davies and Mrs. Pembroke Jones, and divorces are not much more common in film than in café society. Hollywood came into money rather late, that is all; it is more *nouveau* but no richer or more extravagant than any other comparable community—the Zanucks and Selznicks may in fifty years' time have obtained the prestige and polish of the Astors or the Vanderbilts.

Nowhere in this book, which he devotes mainly to the aristocracy of the industry and its activities, is Mr. Rosten anything but a just critic. He has no axes to grind or vitriol to throw, and the industry as a whole is bound to find a great deal of useful information in the pages of this penetrating analysis. For the non-professional reader there is a mass of fascinating information: how much stars earn and how they spend it, their social life and how they conduct



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it, the political maneuverings of the producers (their activities during Upton Sinclair's campaign for the governorship of the state are particularly interesting), and the influence of Hollywood on the community at large and vice versa.

To compare this book in any way to a gossip column is, on the surface, grossly unfair; yet the life of Hollywood, business as well as social, is so intricately tied up with the personalities and quirks of its élite that the book does resemble a gossip column, but is so witty, so accurate, and so full of detailed statistics as to be at the same time a social document of great significance.

Mr. Rosten has not dealt with the question of organized labor in the industry except with respect to the Talent Guilds—the writers, actors, and directors—for these groups, he considers, will shape the immediate destinies of the film companies. The story of the unionization of Hollywood has been left to Murray Ross, who in "Stars and Strikes" gives a rather boring account of this interesting topic. Not detailed enough to serve as a textbook or sensational enough to attract the casual reader, Mr. Ross's book is scrupulously unbiased to the point of inefficacy. Any history of the development of the unions in Hollywood which does not include an account of personal rivalries and ambitions, scandal, and even a degree of partisanship, is necessarily incomplete.

To attempt to steer a middle course may be laudable ethics, but in this case it makes for slightly dull reading. The producers fought one of the ablest rear-guard actions in the history of the labor movement in their attempt to preserve "the country's strongest citadel of anti-unionism." To try, in any way, to whitewash their motives, which were purely and simply to keep the unions out of the industry, means omitting a great many important data. For instance, Mr. Ross states that the Screen Writers' Guild was on the point of forcing the producers to sign a basic contract when certain members suddenly withdrew their support, and then fails to tell us why. Again we should like to know for what reason the NRA code administrator, Sol A. Rosenblatt, shilly-shallied in the negotiations he was conducting between the Screen Actors' Guild and the producers until NRA was put out of action by the Schechter decision. Actually a good deal of illumination on the labor situation may be gained from this book, mainly by reading between the lines, as well as along them. Mr. Ross has assembled some interesting material; one can only wish that he had at the same time acquired some prejudices.

ANTHONY BOWER

Labor and Defense in Britain

THE STRATEGY OF FREEDOM. By Harold J. Laski. Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

THE BALANCE SHEET OF THE FUTURE. By Ernest Bevin. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.75.

HAROLD LASKI is known here, and in England, as a brilliant theoretician. He is also a working member of the British labor movement, elected to the National Executive Committee of the Labor Party by popular vote. He is not just a theorist, but does his share of chores, and is an elected member of his local Borough Council—a lowly public

office, all work and no ha'pence. It is not unusual in the British labor movement to find well-known people doing lowly jobs in local branches. It is unusual, anywhere in England, to find a man who really knows the people of the United States.

After twenty-five years' close association with American universities Laski has written an "Open Letter to American Youth" in which he urges that the defeat of Hitler is as important to the people of Oregon, Missouri, and South Carolina as it is to anyone in England. It is not an appeal to the United States to declare war. Laski is confident that Hitler can be defeated without Americans sending "their youth to die on the European battlefield" provided that there is "continuance of that massive material aid" which Britain is now receiving. Laski claims that a British victory is imperative, not because present-day Britain is an earthly paradise—he admits all the past mistakes and present inequalities—but because fascism can only be destroyed by military defeat, and unless fascism is destroyed, there is not even the opportunity of improving social conditions.

Although Laski addresses his arguments to the "American student," they are really directed to any person young enough to be interested in contemporary events—roughly, anyone under eighty. He takes one by one the various reservations which spring to the American mind at the words "British victory," dismisses some, admits others, but pleads that the risks inherent in a British victory are risks involving hope and opportunity, whereas a Nazi victory would mean hopeless slavery. "The American student . . . has to choose in the realization that to refuse to choose is itself a significant choice."

Laski offers the British experience in proof that a nation need not discard democracy in order to fight a war. After two years of war civil liberties are intact, social services have been strengthened and improved, and "the status of trade unions is, by universal admission, higher than at any point in their history." Why this is so is in part explained in "The Balance Sheet of the Future." This book was not written by Ernest Bevin. It has been compiled from his speeches. They are of uneven interest but provide a partial answer to the often asked question: "How has Britain managed to avoid strikes and double production since May, 1940?"

Strikes cannot be avoided by simply declaring them illegal. Blueprints of negotiating machinery are worthless unless the spirit is there to implement them. The reason strikes have been practically eliminated for the duration in England is that the men in the factories feel themselves an essential, responsible part of the fight against fascism. Mere rhetoric will not give men that sense of self-confident dignity which is the hall-mark of a citizen of a democracy. It comes only when men are treated as trustworthy adults. The first step was to include their leaders in the government.

Labor entered the British government at the moment of greatest crisis. Holland had been invaded, Belgium was about to collapse, within a few days France was to fall. Britain was virtually without equipment. The coastline, for practical purposes, was completely undefended. "No nation in the world," says Bevin, "was so near to defeat as we were then." The miracle of Dunkirk had saved the men of the army, but the equipment was lost. Only the men in the defense industries

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could save Britain from total defeat. "There were a good many people in the country," says Bevin grimly, "who imagined that the thing to do to save ourselves was to conscript labor and carry out all kinds of compulsory arrangements."

Because he was Britain's trade-union "boss" Bevin was appointed Minister of Labor. He was given wide powers of compulsion. He is a workingman himself, and he knows that compulsion and enthusiasm cannot live together. His aim was voluntary cooperation. Two weeks after he had taken over the Ministry of Labor he addressed a specially convened trade-union conference in London. To delegates directly representing the men in the workshops he told of the chaos he found "in the organization of the state's man power" and of his detailed plans for increasing production. The speech is peppered with the word "I," an old habit of Bevin's, but the important thing is that he discussed with the men the problems of dilution of labor, training, welfare, the special difficulties of mining and agriculture, the necessity of moving workingmen from one part of the country to another, and how the Labor Supply Board would work. "I have had a great worry. I knew I had to come and ask you to break your rules and work overtime." The men, understanding the whole situation and therefore their place in it, went back to the factories and quite surely saved Britain.

The men know that "Mussolini began the game of destroying trade unions. . . . Hitler followed suit." They are not only fighting to defend their right to trade-union organization; they are also fighting for the hopes listed in this book in the chapter *The Britain I Want to See*. The two secrets of British production are that it is achieved through cooperation, not compulsion, and that it is founded on hope.

PATRICIA STRAUSS

Can Socialism Be Democratic?

IDEAS FOR THE ICE AGE. By Max Lerner. Viking Press. \$3.

A GOOD proportion of Max Lerner's "Ideas for the Ice Age" was originally written as casual or occasional journalism. Ordinarily the pieces that seem so vital in the pages of a political weekly or even of a law journal take on a faded quality when reprinted in a book, but in the case of Max Lerner, who always writes with long perspectives in mind, an exception can easily be made. The truth is that Mr. Lerner does not know how to write badly: he has an extremely dignified conception of his calling, and he does nothing in the haste that makes for sloppy construction. His command of ideas, his ability to marshal complex evidence, his sense of history, and his grave, half-ingratiating, half-critical prose all combine to make up a distinctive Lerner style, whether the occasion for its employment is the important one of resurrecting Randolph Bourne's "Fragment on the State" or the merely necessary one of reviewing the latest book by John Strachey. The style tends to jar a bit when Mr. Lerner uses the propitiatory "I must confess" for the fortieth time when you know damn well that he isn't "confessing" anything, but this echo of the alas-and-a-Laski school of prose doesn't matter very much, after all. (And by this I don't mean to imply that Laski hasn't his good points, too.)

Some of the essays and reviews in this new Lerner collection date back to the mid-thirties, when the New Deal was still a fighting faith on the domestic front. Some are as up-to-the-minute as the latest journalist's report on the condition of war-time Britain, or the latest brief for taking the Russians seriously as long-term allies. In all of the pieces the consistency of both tone and point of view is remarkable: Mr. Lerner is sure of his direction, sure of his values, and if he has changed his mind a bit on the subject of the need for more direct American participation in the war, he can plead the continually altering context of world and class power as an excuse.

At bottom, however, Mr. Lerner fails utterly to convince me that he has any compelling social or political truth by the tail. Our differences are perhaps too deep for argument, since they rest on completely opposed emotional predilections and intuitive assumptions. Mr. Lerner insists that he is a philosophical pluralist, but I don't believe him for a minute: his State theory is basically Hegelian, he has the religious urge to belong to a movement that promises to go somewhere in history, and his praise is usually reserved for the Laskis and the Lenins of this world, the philosophers who have a Hegelian sense of the teleological. Mr. Lerner's root assumption, so far as "Ideas for the Ice Age" is concerned, is that a "democratic socialism," or a "democratic collectivism," is both necessary and possible. He sees the "campaign of history" pushing in the collectivist direction everywhere, and he has a fondness for invoking a democratic "dynamic" that does mystical duty as a substitute for the God of the early Christians, the predestination of John Knox, or the dialectic of Marx.

I once saw things Mr. Lerner's way, or tried to. But the wrench to my conditioned reflexes and the evidence of my five senses was too much to stand. Today, for reasons which may be found in "The American Stakes" (Mr. Lerner both pleases and embarrasses me by reprinting his review of that book in "Ideas for the Ice Age"), I am convinced that "democratic socialism" is an utter contradiction in terms. Moreover, Mr. Lerner can't quite justify his own faith in the term when he takes a closer look at recent history. Socialism, I assume, implies state ownership of the means of production. (At least I would define it as such, if only to set it apart from Swedish social democracy, which has an individualist base in a small private ownership of productive property that I, in my incurable middle-class way, would defend to the death.) But Mr. Lerner himself says (see page 320) that the "democratic crisis state can be at once strong and constitutional . . . so long as jobs aren't dependent on state or party" (my italics). This *aperçu* is the keenest thing in Mr. Lerner's book, but it contradicts the whole drift of his so-called "democratic-socialist" dynamic, which is really an imperative that would drive us on to the slave state.

I haven't space to explore the full implications of my disagreement with Max Lerner. I admire his many abilities; I take off my hat to a man who can stick to his last with the pertinacity which Mr. Lerner discloses. But where Mr. Lerner tends to accept Thurman Arnold's campaign to eliminate toll gates and bottlenecks in the economy as secondary to the campaign to increase the power of the big labor unions, I would put the emphasis the other way round. (I suppose I'm

still a Populist, an Old Bob La Follette radical, at heart, in spite of a youthful effort to say farewell to bourgeois reform.) And on a more theoretical plane I differ with Mr. Lerner on the functions and directions of planning, on the desired aims of American foreign policy, on the nature of the American party system, and—very probably—on the closed shop in the labor movement. If Mr. Lerner wants to debate our differences by recourse to the printed word, I would suggest, at the risk of seeming to be a pouter-pigeon sort of guy, that he read over again the chapter on Blocked Roads to Freedom in "The American Stakes." Failing that, he might try to argue down Willi Schlamm's brilliant rejection of socialism as a possible democratic way out in a recent issue of the *New Leader*. If Mr. Lerner can dispose of Mr. Schlamm, I will shut my disputatious mouth. But my money would be on Mr. Schlamm in any debate.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Explosive duPonts

ALFRED I. DUPONT: THE FAMILY REBEL. By Marquis James. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$4.50.

WHEN Margaret Marshall dumped this hefty volume on my desk, my heart sank. Was this another dull life of a duller tycoon, another of those literary tombstones in which piety and eloquence strive to discover virtues unrevealed by nature? Reassured by the name of the author, however, I set to work and soon found myself so absorbed that I read every one of the book's 542 pages (excluding notes). Once again, Mr. James has given us a biography which is as scholarly as it is readable, and, incidentally, he has provided social historians with a wealth of material bearing on industrial organization and corporate finance.

Mr. James has been, perhaps, a trifle over-generous in his estimate of Alfred I. duPont's character, although by no means all the warts are painted out, but he proves in a very satisfactory manner that his hero was far from being a stuffed shirt. Nor was his life in any sense a dull one; on the contrary, it was filled with drama.

The core of this book is the story of how Alfred I., the young executive in the duPont powder yards and unconsulted minority stockholder, saved the business for the family when the tired old men at the top were ready to sell out to their biggest competitor; and of how he himself was pushed out by the cousins whom he brought in to help him put it on its feet. Thus we have told for the first time in a fairly complete form the tale of the great family row which rocked the duPont seigniorship of Delaware to its foundations and started a feud Mr. James pardonably likens to the Wars of the Roses. Money and marriage are the two potentially explosive elements which are essential for the stabilization of any dynasty. Both detonated almost simultaneously in the case of the duPonts. After many unhappy years Alfred I. divorced his first wife, thus violating one of the unwritten laws of the clan. But what was worse he contracted a second marriage with a cousin also a divorcée. The family was split between those who were outraged and those who took the view that even a duPont had a right to consider his own happiness.

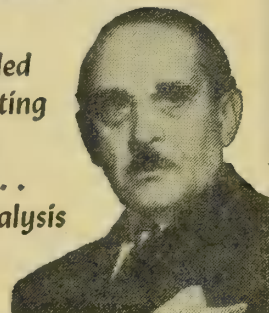
The force of this explosion did much to precipitate the quarrel between Alfred and his cousin Pierre over the finan-

cial management of the company. Pierre, who was the active head of the organization, made a deal with another cousin, Coleman—the largest stockholder—to take over his holdings for the benefit of an inside group on whose support he could depend. Alfred and some other members of the family were excluded, but, in any case, they took the view that the shares should have been bought for the company's treasury, since the deal could not have been swung without the support of the company's credit. With the aid of his henchmen on the board, who were all interested parties, Pierre secured confirmation of this transaction and Alfred was forced out as a director. He retaliated both in the courts and by entering Delaware politics, where he encouraged a progressive revolt against the duPont influence.

Although Alfred lost all connection with the duPont Company he was sufficiently confident of its future to hold on to his stock in it. Its mounting value in the twenties helped to

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pull him out of a bad hole dug by unwise speculation and enabled him, in the last years of his life, to launch a chain-banking system in Florida, together with very ambitious plans for rehabilitating the neglected timber lands along the Gulf coast. He left at death one of the 'argest of the many large estates which have grown out of duPont profits.

The portrait which emerges from this book is of a man who was irascible but generous, obstinate but understanding; of a man who maintained through many storms both his courage and his personal integrity. But I find it difficult to agree with the author's belief that his subject was also a man who made really good use of his wealth and opportunities, and I closed this book thinking it should have ended with the text: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle . . ."

KEITH HUTCHISON

George Herbert

THE WORKS OF GEORGE HERBERT. Edited with a Commentary by F. E. Hutchinson. Oxford University Press. \$8.50.

EVERY lover of the written word has imagined a rendezvous at the Mermaid with Will and Ben—and a flagon of canary; a listener's seat at the Club when Johnson and Goldsmith crossed bludgeon with rapier; or midnight tea from old China cups in the quarto-lined chambers of Elia. Few, however, very few, have wished to walk with George Herbert to hear music at Salisbury Cathedral. Few have yearned to hear his fading voice raised in tender fervor beneath the narrow vault of Bemerton Church. Yet Ford Madox Ford was supremely right, in his tortured tetralogy of the first World War, when he caused Tietjens, his hero, to remember England as Bemerton. Out of the dank misery of rain and mud, the grinning brightness of falling flares, the crashing madness of bomb and shell, the pain of shallow trenches which bowed the head in frustrating stoop, this Englishman looked toward the Bemerton of George Herbert, a place where a man could stand up, a place of pastoral quiet and undaunted peace.

More, however, than the cleanliness of grass and sunshine, more than the freedom to lift the spirit and the voice in the sheer joy of liberty, sanctifies that place which Herbert had made forever England. For there abides the spirit of a very great man, one of the few who have been able to make the great renunciation of the immediately desirable for the enduringly precious. Herbert was born to privilege, to honor and influence, to the exercise of power over the lives of his fellow-men. He heard ancestral voices calling to war and to the silken silence of courtly halls. Though they faded, the voices were never quite still. Other voices, less shrill, less imperious, called him, and to them he listened. Magdalen Herbert, Nicholas Ferrar, and, at last, that pale Man hanging on His cross brought him the collar, the proud yoke of loving-kindness, under which he attained that peace which is also rapture. Before his short day was over, Herbert became a great man in his capacity for self-discipline, his power to refuse with calm determination, his will to choose the highest integrity he knew. He found no need to wear a hair shirt under his cassock, for his turmoil of spirit was deeper

than the mere warfare of body and soul, and was not to be resolved by dramatic display. His conflict was at once the most profound and the most simple that has torn the hearts of men. It was the struggle to preserve a pattern of life, a brave pattern that alone could bring him fulfilment. Herbert understood as few men have that he who loseth his life shall find it, and he affirmed that understanding with the greatest humility and poetic beauty.

His poetry was the perfect expression of his thought and feeling. It has both the subtlety and the utter simplicity of that long and patient meditation which comes eventually to clear decision. It has the starkness of unfrightened thinking. In flashes it has the ineffable pity of complete understanding. It is not language for its own sake; it is the spirit made flesh. And if it essays no epic splendors, no massive piles of orient words, no arabesques of curling language, it speaks the moods of a man, and with inevitable fitness of word and substance it voices the often-denied but inescapable aspiration of humanity.

Of the present edition it need only be said that it is the work of an English scholar, learned, wise, and understanding; and that it bears the imprint of the Oxford University Press. It is, therefore, a book of poems with prefaces and commentary which are substantial but unobtrusive, a book that says the final word about works of literary art. Here, it says, are poems with some prose wrappings which, like holly paper and red ribbon, merely induce curiosity about what is within and will be forgotten when the contents are revealed.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

Lavoisier and His Times

TORCH AND CRUCIBLE: THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ANTOINE LAVOISIER. By Sidney J. French. Princeton University Press. \$3.50.

ANTOINE LAVOISIER'S was one of the truly great minds in the development of scientific thought. By wresting chemistry from the mysticism that had held it in thrall since the time of Aristotle he earned the title of the father of modern chemistry and profoundly altered our concept of the universe. He was also one of the remarkable group of Academicians whose liberal philosophy cleared the way for the French Revolution. Yet toward the revolution's end he was sacrificed on the guillotine to the frenzied belief that "the Republic has no need of scientists; let justice be done."

Before now all books about Lavoisier have dealt with him either as a scientist or as a historical figure. Professor French attempts, as he expresses it, "to fuse the two images, to unite in one person the elements that make Lavoisier such a striking figure." This intention, unfortunately, is not accomplished. "Torch and Crucible" is not a well-integrated biography but three loosely connected essays written from as many points of view: a lucid and graphic account of the experiments which built up the great theory of conservation of mass; a stilted and uninspired record of Lavoisier's academic and civic honors and social life; and a brief history of the Revolution, in which Lavoisier is all but lost in the rush of events.

GRACE ADAMS

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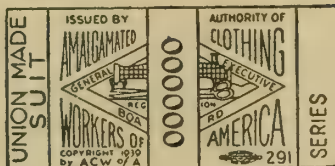
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The remaining set (831, \$3) offers Mozart's Duo K. 424 for violin and viola, a piece of hackwork that is pleasantly inconsequential and acceptably played by Heifetz and Primrose. As for single discs, some fine music from Gluck's "Alceste"—"Ah, malgré moi," and "Non, ce n'est point un sacrifice"—is sung by Rose Bampton with beauty of voice and style—only a few shrill high notes, betraying the fact that she is a contralto turned soprano (18218, \$1). Iturbi plays Debussy's two Arabesques very well in a miniature style suited to these early salon pieces (18237, \$1). And Feuermann and Rupp do an excellent job with an only moderately interesting Adagio and Allego arranged by Feuermann from Handel's Organ Concerto in G minor (18154, \$1).

The performance of Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" recorded for Columbia by Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra (Set 478, \$3.50) is modeled with less sensitiveness, restraint, and taste than Koussevitzky's on Victor. Its recorded sound is quite good, except that the first side is a little rattly and unclear.

The people who want the best in radio-phonograph reproduction, and who insist on having with this the con-

venience of an automatic record-changer, do not understand that the quality of the reproduced sound depends on what the needle transmits from the record to the pickup-head, the pickup-head to the amplifier, the amplifier to the speaker, the speaker to the room; and that the clean, even, sweet sound produced from a good orchestral recording by a combination of good amplifier and speaker and an Audax D-36 or Brush PL-25 pickup will not be produced by the same amplifier and speaker with the inferior pickup-head on a record-changer. In the past year or two I have been recommending something that will give a close approximation of this sound—the Garrard RC-30 changer equipped with the Audax pickup-head; and I say "close approximation" because the efficiency of the Audax head is reduced not only by the lessened sharpness of the chromium needle after each record but by the increasing acuteness of the angle which this needle makes with the record-surface as the records stack up on the turntable. But experience with this Garrard-Audax combination has revealed a more serious defect that leads me now to advise against it. Until now no way of attaching the head has been found that will prevent errors in the tracking of the needle in the record-groove—errors which, with pickups as light and sensitive as the Audax and the Brush, cause defects in the record to be magnified into disturbing rattles and even worse break-ups of the sound. And so until this can be prevented buyers of machines will have to choose between the beautiful sound produced by a good machine and a good single-record-playing pickup and the convenience of a record-changer with a pickup-head that produces inferior sound—or rather the convenience of such a changer when it works, for most of the changers that are available today are mechanically undependable and troublesome.

That is the information I get from those who assemble equipment; and record-changers, they tell me, are only one of their headaches. A single-record pickup requires a motor; but no American company has ever produced a good motor for a moderate price, and the imported Garrard is no longer available. Nor is anyone turning out good moderate-priced speakers. And so, I will add, with complete machines: for a high price there is still the Philharmonic, but at the moment I know of no machine built as conscientiously to sell for \$100 or \$150 or \$200—none like the excellent Lafayette B-102 of last year.

Even first-rate equipment has its headaches. I send my Audax pickup for a mere routine check and the way it sounds when it gets back indicates that it had been out of order: there is considerably more bass and middle, and some recordings sound better. The Strauss waltzes and overtures in Victor Set 805 no longer have the faults I mentioned recently and sound quite good; and the increased bass gives the sound of the Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony performances of Mozart's Symphonies K. 201 and 338 in Victor Set 795 more body, makes it less than thin and hard, though it is still harsh (the improvement in the sound of some of the Columbia recordings is not enough to make them good). Or I take the Columbia set of Mahler's First Symphony to the home of a friend to let him hear how fine it is; and what we hear, unexpectedly, at certain points is

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■ horrible break-up of the sound. We check with Beecham recordings, which sound excellent; and it takes hours to discover that a slight error in the position of the Brush pickup has produced an error in tracking which has caused the pickup to magnify slight defects in the Mahler recording. In other words, these pickups must be mounted with the utmost precision, and must be handled with the utmost care—which means for one thing, in the case of the Audax, pressing with one's finger against the side of the needle counter-clockwise as one tightens the needle-screw, and clockwise as one loosens the screw.

B. H. HAGGIN

The Undiscoverables

[Continued from page 569]

"Ah!" Santangelo sat down upon a bench by the window.

"Well . . ." Chiesa sat down upon an inverted net basket. The basket creaked beneath him.

"Be quiet!"

"I am sorry," Chiesa whispered.

"A man can talk about anything with the right people and get something out of it."

"Yes."

"About tomato paste, for instance?"

"That's right."

"So you've come back to us, Chiesa." Santangelo crossed the room and gripped Chiesa's shoulders. The Blackshirt trembled beneath the fisherman's touch, but he did not reply.

"Speak, man." Chiesa lifted his hands and grasped Santangelo's clothing. "Speak!"

"I can't," Chiesa gasped hoarsely.

"What do you think?" The fisherman raised his voice as he said this.

"You were right, Giovanni. He's come back, as you said he would," ■ male voice replied from the depth of the inner darkness. Chiesa was not startled.

"You are not surprised that we are not alone, Chiesa?" Santangelo asked, sharply.

"I knew he was here and the other also."

"You knew! How did you know?" Alarm rang faintly in the question.

"I was watching you. As you were watching me."

"Chiesa!" The quiet exclamation was more than a challenge.

"Yes?"

"Your shirt is burned in many places. There are little holes. They were made by sparks." Chiesa stood up quickly.

The listeners heard him breathing quickly.

"I have no other shirt," Chiesa at last said firmly.

"We shall buy you one," a voice ejaculated, and Santangelo hissed for silence, reprovingly.

"You mean that although it has been burned by sparks you couldn't change your shirt?"

"I've only got one."

"Good. We're going to leave the house. We'll go somewhere else. You follow later."

"Very well." At the end of five minutes Chiesa rose from the basket and tiptoed to the door.

"By the back way," a woman's voice sleepily called.

"Very good, Signora," Chiesa said apologetically. He blundered against the table in passing through the kitchen, and a child cried out in drowsy alarm. The mother comforted the child with soft reassuring words that awoke another child. Chiesa listened.

"That will be her 'Ntoni,'" the Blackshirt whispered. "The other was her little Fortunato." In his sudden contentment he blurted the last words loudly. In the bedroom there was a quiet gasp, followed by silence. He waited a while, loath to leave the house. He was among people again.

In the lane behind the street he glanced up and down before moving away. Piero Lisazzio's back door was ajar, and Chiesa stepped in.

"Francesco?" Santangelo whispered.

"No, it's me. Nunzio Chiesa."

Santangelo muttered an oath. While Chiesa was standing there, the door was quietly pushed inward against his back. The newcomer sidled past him and took ■ place against the wall.

"Now Chiesa! Speak up!" Lisazzio spoke insistently, in ill temper. The Blackshirt exclaimed as a hand firmly removed his pistol from its holster. He had not known he was standing near anyone. A stockinged foot trod upon the toe of his boot.

"Speak, Chiesa. Why have you come back?" It was Santangelo who spoke.

"Someone passed along the wall of La Grisafi's chapel," Chiesa exclaimed.

"We are waiting. Mother of God, man, haven't you got anything to say?"

"Damn your treacherous soul . . ." another voice burst out.

"Quiet," Santangelo ordered. "There'll be time enough for that, by God there will." There was contempt and rage in Santangelo's voice also, though he had acted as moderator.

"My shirt is burned, Giovanni," Chiesa faltered.

"Speak up, that's nothing to tell us. Blood of Christ, you're here, with us, and you piddle around like . . ."

Chiesa cleared his throat and wiped the sweat from his face. Vainly he tried to pronounce words. Suddenly he flung himself forward and held out his hands in the darkness, pleading with Santangelo.

"Speak." The door opened again and bare feet tripped over the Blackshirt's calves.

"Mother of God, ah, Blessed Mother," Chiesa cried harshly. Fiercely hissed commands for silence broke out around the walls. Chiesa spoke desperately, his voice breaking with anguish.

"I killed him. I shot his face away. Mother of God have pity."

"So it *was* you who killed Pizzuti," Lisazzio at last said. Chiesa lay weeping on the floor.

"Why did you do it?" Santangelo said. Through his sobs Chiesa replied protestingly.

"What does it matter? I killed him. He was going to murder my friend."

"Take it easy. You've spoken well, Chiesa."

During many minutes Chiesa wept. He beat his breast and forehead and cried out the name of his son Nino and of his wife, Emilia.

"There, there," a voice murmured, and a dry, shriveled hand caressed his face. The voice was familiar.

"That's right, calm him. He's spoken well."

"There, there, *figghiu*," the voice repeated. It was a woman's voice.

"Emilia. Thou!" Chiesa choked and grasped the hand fiercely.

"These six months," Coppola said and, cursing with emotion, burst into tears.

"Emilia!" Chiesa shrank from his wife and threw himself upon his back and beat the floor with his hands. Conversation broke out around him.

"That's enough," Santangelo said thickly. "God damn you all, be silent. The patrol will be round soon!" Ignoring his own warning, Santangelo poured out a flood of questions.

"The patrol!" Chiesa exclaimed while the fisherman was still speaking. Then the Blackshirt continued.

"I saw Cesare Maniscalco come to the pasture. The posse came too. I didn't tell them he had been there. He killed many of the goats. He was mad, against Mori, against us all."

"You followed his sons."

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"What could I do? Ah, Mother of God, what could I do? They struck me down with stones. I don't know why they didn't kill me. They swore oaths to kill me."

"Tst! Tst!" Coppola hissed.

They waited in silence while the patrol visited and returned from the threshing floor.

"When I came to my senses I was lying at the foot of a rock, and there was a light in the sky, and shouting. I ran to the farm. Cesare was coming through the flames. The flames were between me and the Blackshirt. Maniscalco saw me. He shook his fist at me and ran back into the flames, and I followed him. I saw the Fascist Pizzuti jump at him. I couldn't let him kill Cesare. It came to me like a revelation of God, ah, Jesu. I couldn't let Pizzuti kill him. I didn't know I'd lifted my rifle when I pulled the trigger. Before God that is the truth. Afterward I was glad. I swear it."

"And you weren't afraid afterward?"

"Not at first. No, not for some time. I don't know how it was. I was just glad I'd killed Pizzuti. Then I got frightened. I wanted to tell Emilia, but she was never in the house. We haven't been happy together a long time, brothers. The boys in the cell, it was the boys frightened me. They will say I followed them to Four Carobs."

"We've thought of that. We've done all that we can do. Someone has talked to them. They've been told to hold their tongues for a few days at least. We can talk to them again."

"Mother of God. They'll betray me."

"Natural if they did. If you can use the word."

"That will do, Pirtuso," Lisazzio scolded. "He's put himself in our hands. That's the right thing, isn't it?"

"I'm in your power," Chiesa protested.

"Much good that profits us," Nicolino Pirtuso sneered.

"You don't trust me now? Not after what I've told you? Mother of God, what more can I do?"

"Trust you! Not as long as I live. You think you can come back. I am against it and I always shall be, whatever Santangelo says," Pirtuso muttered fiercely.

"Listen who's talking. You're only a newcomer yourself, Pirtuso," a voice said. "And if Varchi hadn't ripped up your nets, you might not be here now."

"There's one thing we want to know, Chiesa," Santangelo hastened to say.

"I'll tell you everything, Giovanni.

I'll do anything you say. Can't I be forgiven? Ah, Son of God!"

"There's little we can do, at present. Perhaps our time will come. You lit the candles to spite Mori, for Maniscalco?"

"The candles? I never lit them."

"What! Mother of God, who lit them, then?"

"I swear by my son Nino, whose death lies on my soul as sin, I did not light them."

During the astonished silence the door opened again. Slipped feet scuffed lightly upon the floor.

"What is it? I told you not to come here!" Santangelo said roughly.

"Mori has telephoned to the Town Hall for Stefani and Chiesa to come to him," a young woman's voice replied. "He said the patrol was to stay on the streets all night." Again the voice was vaguely familiar to Chiesa. Whispered and desperate oaths broke the silence.

"Very well. Get back to the house at once. And thank you, girl."

When the girl had gone, Lisazzio said, "He's just heard about the candles." In the silence they all wondered who had erected the catafalque. "An undiscoverable," Lisazzio at last said in a matter-of-fact tone. "What do you think of that! There's someone against the Blackshirts we don't know!"

"Listen, Chiesa, you must go at once to the Town Hall. And you, Emilia, run home as fast as you can. When the messenger arrives, tell him Nunzio has gone to the Town Hall to report. I hope to God you get there first."

Man and wife collided at the door.

"Confound you, woman," Chiesa snapped and pushed her aside and slipped through the doorway. Emilia ran in the opposite direction. Within the room the *irreperibili* watched her scurry across the rubbish patch and disappear in the shadows.

"She'll have plenty of time," Lisazzio said easily. "Mother of God, who can have lit those blessed candles?"

On his way from the Town Hall to the White Villa, Chiesa stopped to wash his face at a fountain. Then he strode sharply to Mori's residence. As he entered he heard Signora Mori screaming hysterically on the second floor.

"Present, *Voscienza*," Chiesa said, standing in the doorway of the dining room. Stefani's car was to be heard climbing the hill.

"Don Paulo, what is the matter?" the secretary of the *Comitato di Beneficenza* exclaimed as he entered the room. He fanned himself with his hat and gazed from one to the other.

"Put out the light," Mori ordered gruffly. When it was done he threw open the windows. "I'm going to send Chiesa to Catania at once. I want your car. My man will drive it."

"Why, of course," the puzzled Stefani agreed obsequiously.

"You've heard about the candles and the catafalque?"

"Why, yes. I've just heard about the matter," Stefani said nervously.

"I'm going to ask for twelve more militia to be stationed here."

"But why, Don Paulo? And couldn't you telephone to Catania?"

Mori swore violently before replying. "I don't trust the telephone. I rang up Catania this afternoon asking for advice on another matter. About the fishing fleet. We can't keep them in harbor much longer. I don't know what . . ." Mori did not finish the sentence. "Somebody rang me up half an hour ago and said, 'So you're afraid of the fishermen, are you? Your friends up here are afraid of the field laborers.'"

"Holy Virgin!" Chiesa exclaimed.

"You might as well say that. I had the call traced. It came from Ragusa."

"Ragusa," Stefani whispered in undisguised alarm. That town was not even a seaport. It was more than fifty miles distant from San Filippo, upon the high wheat lands! A servant girl ran down the stairs in slipped feet and stood in the doorway.

"Don Paulo," the girl said, "The signora has fainted. I can't make her speak to me." Chiesa started slightly, hearing the girl's voice again.

When he had telephoned for the doctor, Mori crossed to the window and laid his hands upon the sill and gazed over the town. The two men came to his side. Together they looked out over the moonlit roofs. All was quiet. No sound was to be heard but the soft falling of the waves upon the distant beach.

"We've got to find them, the undiscoverables," Mori muttered savagely. Chiesa smiled in the darkness, very little perturbed even by the sudden realization that his holster was empty.

"Why, of course, Don Paulo," Stefani eagerly agreed, a tremor in his voice.

Chiesa rubbed his chin as he gazed at the silent houses. The Three Kings were shining brightly. The town appeared to sleep as a child sleeps. Under the roofs most of the people were sleeping their few hours of peace. But others were awake.

"The *irreperibili*," Chiesa murmured. "The undiscoverables."

[The End]

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The Shape of Things

THE WAR WITH JAPAN IS FORTY-EIGHT hours old as we go to press, and with operations ranging over a huge area it is not surprising that rumors should be more plentiful than confirmed news. Thanks to slavish and treacherous imitation of German blitz tactics, the Japanese have scored some important successes, though they are probably indulging in wishful thinking when they claim to have reduced the American Pacific fleet to parity with their own. One of their main objectives has been to cripple our air forces with a view to postponing as long as possible the aerial counter-offensive which is, perhaps, their greatest dread. They seem to have caused severe damage to airfields in Hawaii and have probably destroyed a good many planes there. A heavy onslaught is now being directed against our air forces in the Philippines from a number of Japanese air bases. The distance from Manila to Japan itself probably precludes American raids on Tokyo from that point, but air attacks on the important Japanese military centers in Formosa and Hainan would be practicable; hence the Japanese attempt to destroy our Philippine air power. Operations against the British have been mainly directed against Singapore and the Malayan Peninsula, where small numbers of troops have been landed and are being mopped up. The quick collapse of Thailand offers a new threat both to Malaya and Burma. The British are well prepared, however, and in general seem to have been rather more alert than we were. We have still to learn that in dealing with the Axis we must always expect the unexpected.

★

IF THE JAPANESE HAD SET OUT ON THEIR great adventure with the express purpose of making our isolationists look ludicrous, they could hardly have chosen a better plan of attack. How many times have the ears of the American people been assailed by the mocking tones of the Wheelers, the Lindberghs, and the Nyes, rhetorically asking how we could be attacked across 3,000 miles of ocean when the Nazis couldn't even cross 20 miles of Channel. Now that an Axis fleet has crossed 3,500 miles of ocean and attacked, not a defenseless city, but the most powerful naval base in the world, the isola-

tionist rush for the bandwagon is in full swing. Senator Wheeler is all for "licking hell out of them" with soldiers he didn't want trained and a morale he did his best to destroy. Hamilton Fish is sounding reveille so shrilly that no one can hear the small voice of the grand jury that has been begging him for weeks to testify concerning the use of his frank by the worst Axis agents in America. The Oracle of Royal Oak and his lesser imitators have wrapped themselves in the silence that befits prophets at work on a new revelation, and a similar reticence has seized upon the bitter-end pacifists. These individuals who never spared the vitriol in their exposures of the President's "warmongering" do not even intimate that they were wrong: that they dangerously misled their followers. It is the Japanese, they say, who are mad. Only Senator Nye moves along his appointed way without pausing to polish up his brass. Japan's attack in the Pacific, he explains, is "just what Britain had planned for us." Whatever course these gentry may eventually take, we hope the Administration will not, in the name of unity, give them posts of responsibility in the war effort. France tried that with some of its appeasers, and now, long after France has died, they are still riding high.

★

BRITAIN HAS DECLARED WAR ON FINLAND, Hungary, and Rumania following the rejection by the governments of these countries of demands that they cease from participation in Germany's war against Russia. Hungary and Rumania are so clearly and completely under Hitler's thumb and so isolated geographically from the West that their negative answers were foregone conclusions. But there had been a faint hope that Finland retained enough independence and democratic spirit to make possible its withdrawal from the unnatural Nazi alliance. With the abandonment by the Russians of the port of Hangoe, the Finns had rewon all their lost territories. But now their leaders declare that they must go on until they have captured the bases from which Russia attacked Finland in 1939. In other words, they are intent on pursuing that *fata morgana*, a strategic frontier. Regardless of excuses, the fact is that Finland is aiding Germany in waging aggressive war against Russia, and since war is indivisible Finland is also fighting against Britain and the United States. In particular, by its advance against the Murmansk railroad and toward the White Sea it is threatening one of the important lines of communication between Russia and the West. Britain's declaration of war against Finland and the two other Axis puppet states may not have much immediate effect since diplomatic ties were broken months ago. It will, however, strengthen the elements inside those countries which oppose their governments' policies. Among the Finns and Hungarians, especially, friendship for Britain has been traditional, and their

marked lack of enthusiasm for the Nazi alliance is not likely to be changed by the knowledge that when peace comes they will be forced to sit on the Axis side of the table.

★

THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT TURKEY HAS been receiving lend-lease supplies from the United States for the last six months was appropriately timed to coincide with reports of increased Nazi pressure on that country. Although the Germans must obviously stabilize their fronts in Libya and southern Russia before they can consider a move against Turkey, there are, from Hitler's point of view, big advantages to be gained from such a move. Turkey stands in the way of two of Hitler's most important objectives—oil and control of the Suez Canal. The defeat at Rostov probably precludes a drive on the Caucasus this winter, and Hitler may well reason that a drive on the oil fields of Baku, Iraq, or Iran by way of Turkey would in the long run be less costly than an attempt to reach these fields via Russia. Unquestionably, Hitler would prefer to attain these objectives by diplomatic rather than by military means. But pressure tactics against Ankara have so far proved fruitless, and there seems little reason to doubt that with the prospect of continued American and British support Turkey will fight rather than follow the example of Rumania and Bulgaria.

★

THE RELEASE OF JAWAHARLAL NEHRU AND 500 other members of the All-India Congress Party from prison may well be the first step toward a solution of the knotty Indian problem. Although Gandhi has declared that the government's action has not evoked "a single responsive, appreciative chord" in him, there is reason to believe that the Congress Party as a whole may be prepared to compromise on the question of the war if the British government sufficiently demonstrates its good faith. As long as Nehru and Abul Kalam Azad, president of the Congress, were in prison, no negotiations looking toward a settlement of the situation were possible. Resentment was especially widespread against the harsh sentence given to Nehru. Having obtained the release of their leaders, a considerable section of the Congress Party is believed to be ready to cooperate once again in the Indian government, even though cooperation means support of the war effort. To this the pacifist Gandhi is strongly opposed, and up to now the Congress Party has never taken an important action which did not have the sanction of Gandhi. Britain, however, could probably reach an agreement with the majority of Congress if it genuinely prepared to carry out its promise of dominion status for India. Only thus can the wholehearted support of the Indian people be secured for the democratic cause. And with Japan's entry into the arena that support becomes more essential than ever.

ITALY'S SECRET POLICE HAS DISCOVERED a plot to kill Mussolini in 1938 and overthrow the government in 1929. If the tenses are confused, so are the charges. Among the plotters are said to be Yugoslav irredentists, "demo-liberals" in government employ, Communists, and a young man whose girl had tuberculosis. This interesting group had a good-sized arsenal, several newspapers, and an efficient apparatus for espionage and sabotage. No one, of course, can believe the story as the Italian government has given it out; it resembles the Moscow trials a bit too closely, and as the *New York Times* says, the Ovra may well have been stupid all these years, but where on earth was the Italian office of the Gestapo? Behind the fantastic Trieste trial there is probably another story which the Italians are trying to conceal by prosecuting the "demo-liberals." Reports of genuine and current disaffection with the regime have been frequent during the past few months, and the latest issue of *Free World* produces some stirring evidence. The editors received from an Alpine village on the Italian border a manifesto of freedom written by representatives of several anti-fascist groups. It calls for an end of the alliance with Hitler, a separate peace with the allied powers, and the ousting from Italy of both Hitler and Mussolini. This document was widely circulated before the Trieste star chamber was open for business, and from all reports it was warmly received. It is more than possible that this manifesto and other evidences of discontent led Il Duce to contrive his small, self-frustrated plot to discourage future demonstrations against the regime and at the same time to make it seem that enmity to the regime ceased years ago. *

AT ANY OTHER TIME THE SETTLEMENT OF the captive-mines dispute in favor of the union would have been an event of considerable political significance. The arbitration board, however, did not announce its decision until five hours after Japanese planes bombed Hawaii, and the controversy that had been the biggest news in the country two weeks ago got little notice in the press. There could be no more suitable ending to the whole episode. The miners and their union got what they justly asked for, but John L. Lewis, who has been playing to the grandstands since the beginning, found himself overshadowed by a war in his few moments of triumph. It is unlikely that he will gain anything in terms of political prestige or personal publicity. As for the public, it can be assured of uninterrupted production, and it need no longer be distracted by anything so far off the main issue. We can only hope now that the war will sober Congress and force it to scrap the rash and bitter anti-labor legislation that was well on its way to passage last week. Is it too much to expect, in this hour of crisis, that neither pointless strikes nor vindictive legislation will be allowed to obstruct national unity?

CHICAGO NEWSPAPER READERS HAVE FOR so long had to content themselves with a drop of poison to each stick of type that the coming of Marshall Field's *Sun* is a matter of congratulation even in a week of catastrophe. The *Chicago Tribune*, most rabidly isolationist daily in the country, is already in there shouting for my-country-right-or-wrong, but that scarcely lessens the value of having a sane, honest paper, committed editorially to the position that "the best interests of Chicago, of the Midwest, and of America can best be served . . . by the complete defeat of Adolf Hitler and everything he stands for." The *Chicago Sun* has got off to a splendid start, and we, along with thousands of others, wish it a long life and a useful one.

Fruits of Appeasement

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

AND so at the last the fruits of appeasement have been harvested; the ripe fruits have fallen—and burst—in Pacific harbors bearing strange yet familiar names, on the decks of American ships, in the streets of tropical island towns filled with astonished people; black and filled with poisonous seed, the fruits of appeasement have burst, and the dead have not yet been counted and named.

The horror has made America one. Today we love each other and our country. We feel a happy sense of union swelling in our hearts; hatred and contempt for our enemy runs warmly in our blood. We are one—all of us. Senator Wheeler and Cordell Hull and you and I and our sons; we are all ready to fight the enemy that sneaked up under cover of a diplomatic flag of truce and dropped the bombs on our ships and in our streets. We feel our strength and our virtue. We know ourselves to be honorable, peaceable, unaggressive, generous, conciliatory. We pat ourselves on the back. We contrast our virtues with the hateful, sneaking brutality of our enemy. "While America was doing its best to preserve peace in the Pacific," we say, in fine sonorous editorials, "the cowardly enemy struck." "At the very moment when Mr. Hull was receiving the reply of the Japanese government," we say, over the air, in the Congress, to one another, "at that very moment bombs were being dropped into Pearl Harbor and on the airfields of the Philippines." How fine it sounds. Has forbearance ever met so fiendish a recompense? When? Where?

Only in Prague; only in Oslo and Narvik; only in Rotterdam; only in every country of the world where men have chosen the way of surrender to ruthless aggression rather than the way of courage and resistance. At the moment a nation decides that the dictator-aggressor can be bargained with, bought off with promises, at

the moment it decides to pay just a little blackmail—a few tons of oil, a few shiploads of wheat or tin or scrap—at that moment it hands the decision to the enemy. From then on the enemy holds the cards. He may overplay his hand as Hitler did; as Japan has done this week. He may ask for more than he can collect. But even if he has to fight in the end, he will fight on his own terms and at his own convenience. He will pick the hour and drop his bombs where he pleases. On the American warships in Pearl Harbor, for example.

This horror could have been avoided if we had refused from the hour of Japan's first invasion of Manchoukuo to feed it the oil and machines and metals and planes with which it extended its conquests year by year. It could have been avoided if we had lived up to our proclaimed principles after the invasion of China in 1937, or even if we had said our final, fatally delayed No at the time Japan signed the Axis pact. But since we failed at each moment of decision to do more than preach, since Japan was encouraged to believe its full ambitions could be achieved without fighting, since we began to implement our principles only when those ambitions ran head-on into the major strategic and economic interests of the British and ourselves, the horror came. And with it, in spite of the procrastination and cowardice that produced it, came a new opportunity for courage and clear-sighted action. The bombs that fell on Hawaii and the Philippines and all the suffering that now will follow can be counted worth their cost if the nation learns at last what this war means and how it must be fought.

Will it learn? The self-righteous mood with which we are meeting the challenge may well cause some misgivings. We are too pleased with ourselves, too happy in our new-found unity. But war is an ugly business, a long agony. It is well, perhaps, that we are going into it with high hearts; well, even, that our brains aren't working too efficiently. For the moment we may allow ourselves the full exuberant expression of our traditional and youthful belligerence. But soon, before this mood has hardened, we must learn what Britain has only slowly learned since the spring of 1940—that this war is not merely a brutal aggression, treacherous and unprovoked, but is the penalty for our old sins against the democratic faith. Our long appeasement of Japan brought on this war, but so did our sell-out of Spain, our futile bargaining with Franco and Pétain. Each is part of a whole—and the whole is the betrayal of the anti-fascist front against aggression and terrorism and tyranny. And the final cost of that betrayal is yet to be met. The war with Japan is only the beginning.

Whether we realize it fully or not, we are now in the World War—not in an isolationist Pacific war. We

are fighting Hitler's ally, whose imperialist aims are merely an item in the program of fascist world domination, whose treacherous attack on us is merely the start of a major new campaign in Hitler's total war.

How shall we face the destiny we have dodged so long? Shall we profit by the series of mistakes that brought us to this terrible decision, or are we going to fix our minds on Tokyo and Manila and our own Pacific coast—and wait? Wait till the enemy makes his next move at his own convenience: till he takes Dakar (does Dakar seem as far from South America this week as it did last?); till he takes the Canaries and the Balearics; till he moves through Spain and Portugal. Shall we go on hoping that when Hitler again strikes westward, Vichy will be neutral—Vichy which just the other day gave its cringing approval to Japan's new troop concentrations in Indo-China? Shall we go on hoping that Madrid will be neutral—though last week at the anti-Comintern meeting in Berlin Spain's Foreign Minister delivered a more vicious attack on the United States than even the Japanese war-makers had risked? Shall we go on with the policies that first precipitated Hitler's world war and then permitted it to be waged on his terms? Or can we bring into the struggle a new clarity of purpose, new understanding of the issues, new initiative and militancy? The fate of the United States and of Western civilization depends on our answer to those questions.

Our Grand Strategy

THIS war is indivisible, and our most urgent need is to develop a grand strategy, taking into account the fact that our battle with Japan is not separate from the conflict which has been raging across the world for two years but part and parcel of an all-out totalitarian bid for world domination. The Japanese would never have begun this war if Hitler had not won such signal successes in Europe; their only hope of averting a disastrous finish depends on the defeat by Germany of Britain and Russia. And contrariwise, if we lick the hell out of Japan but allow Britain to fall, we shall have merely exchanged a Japanese threat to our security for a much more serious German one.

Our plans must be based on these facts whether or not we become formally engaged in war with Germany and Italy. In allocating supplies, in deciding how to dispose to the best advantage our ships and men we must constantly keep in mind the situation in Europe as well as that in the Far East. Now that our Pacific gateway is endangered it is more necessary than ever to guard our Atlantic approaches, and that means the continued provisioning of the British island fortress.

It is inconceivable that Japan would have taken the plunge into war without encouragement and assurances

from Germany the nature of which we shall probably learn before long. Since September, 1939, and especially in the past year, Japan has rendered valuable services to Hitler because of its high nuisance value in keeping immobilized British and allied forces in the Far East. What has happened to make Japan seem still more valuable as a belligerent member of the Axis even though its emergence in that role involved the disadvantage of bringing the United States into the war? One thing, we suspect, is that the Battle of the Atlantic has been going badly for Hitler, making the diversion of American naval strength from the waters around Iceland a matter of urgency. Another, perhaps, is that British aggressiveness in the Mediterranean has all but immobilized the remains of the Italian fleet and placed Axis forces in North Africa in an inextricable position despite temporary success by General Rommel's panzers. A third reason is the failure of the German campaign in Russia, a failure acknowledged by the official German announcement that the onslaught on Moscow was being abandoned until spring. Even if Russia does not at once declare war on Japan, war in the Far East means that the Soviet garrisons in eastern Siberia will have to be maintained and possibly reinforced.

We have already suggested that Hitler must have given Japan concrete promises of aid. We would expect this to take the form of renewed aerial assaults on Britain's shores and home waters and on the British fleet and bases in the Mediterranean. It also seems likely that the negotiations between Berlin and Vichy for the use of the French navy and bases will be pushed to a rapid conclusion with a view to bringing total Axis sea power somewhat nearer to parity with that of America and Britain. Another possibility is the mobilization in this country of the German fifth column for active sabotage duties, especially now that it can no longer find a useful outlet for its energy in supporting isolationist movements.

We must be ready to counter such moves by Germany and be prepared too for a drive by the *Reichswehr* toward the Caucasus and India which would aim at providing a direct link with Japan. For one of the weaknesses of the Axis is the lack of any direct connection between its eastern and western wings. We should at all costs see to it that this weakness is not remedied, and that may mean sacrifices to keep Russia armed and fighting.

We have yet to learn the extent of our initial naval losses incurred through the treacherous Japanese attacks on Pearl Harbor and the Philippines. There is reason to fear that they may have been heavy, and some depletion of the Atlantic fleet for the benefit of Pacific defense may be essential. But compensation could be provided by fuller coordination between our Atlantic squadrons and those of Britain, with provision for unified command. We must remember that retention of Singapore will be a vital element in our conquest of Japan and that we cannot afford

to have Britain's Far Eastern forces weakened by demands for reinforcement of its home waters.

The defense of our Pacific shores against Japanese aggression—apart from hit-and-run raids—is a comparatively simple problem. The destruction of the Japanese fleet, which must be our primary aim, is quite a different matter. Between Pearl Harbor and Japan are thousands of miles of ocean studded with strongly fortified Japanese bases which must be neutralized before we can safely approach Asiatic shores. Neither we nor the British have air bases close enough to the heart of Japan to make raiding effective, while the Japanese can take off from half a dozen points to raid our Eastern strongholds. The one point from which Tokyo and other Japanese cities are really vulnerable is Vladivostok.

We need the assistance of Russian forces based on that city. But Russia has yet to declare itself in respect to the Far Eastern segment of the World War. We have the right to ask for Soviet aid, but Russia, hard-pressed as it is by Germany, may hesitate to commit itself to war with Japan unless assured that in return for alliance in the East we will become a full ally in the West. It is a step we should no longer hesitate to take. The combined manpower and economic capacity of the countries fighting the Axis are vastly superior to those of their enemies. But if those resources are to be coordinated for maximum effectiveness we must realize that this war is indivisible and decide our strategy accordingly.

Japan's Achilles Heel

THE strength of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor seems difficult to reconcile, at first thought, with the frequently repeated facts regarding Japan's basic economic weakness. But it must be remembered that the blow had obviously been planned for months and was merely a rash display of Japan's known naval power. Wars of the type now starting between the United States and Japan are not won by a dazzling show of strength in the first few hours but by military power developed over a period of months or possibly years. And on this basis Japan is not only weak but is markedly weaker today than it was a year ago.

Prior to its attack on China in 1937, Japan was at best a second-rate industrial power. In recent years it has left no stone unturned in the effort to develop its heavy industry as a basis for its program of military expansion. The equipment of the Japanese army has been completely overhauled in accordance with the requirements of motorized, two-dimensional warfare. But this has been achieved at a tremendous sacrifice of Japan's basic economic strength. Until the past few years, for example, Japan was approximately self-sufficient in basic foodstuffs. But Japanese agriculture was largely dependent on phosphate

fertilizer which had to be imported from the United States and North Africa. Inadequate imports of this fertilizer in the past two years, because of the necessity of laying in war supplies, are responsible for the fact that Japan's 1941 rice crop fell 20 per cent below the planned level and was lower than in any other recent year. The Japanese fish catch has been similarly reduced by lack of supplies normally imported from abroad.

Recent years have seen a chronic shortage of coal and steel even for the armament industries. Steel production early in 1941 averaged about 15 per cent below the 1940 level. Ship repairs have been held up in recent months by the lack of steel. Japan's output of brass has been halved. The industries producing civilian goods have, of course, been even more drastically curtailed.

A glance at Japan's budget figures will indicate how close that country is to its military capacity. The most recent Japanese budget calls for expenditures of approximately \$3,500,000,000, more than half of which is for war purposes. The war in China is costing a billion a year. Japan's national income is between \$6,000,000,000 and \$7,000,000,000. Experience in other, more prosperous, countries shows that the government can claim as much as two-thirds of the national income, but only for a limited time. So it is apparent that Japan is already expending close to the maximum on war production. A further increase of half a billion a year for a brief period is conceivable, but when it is recalled that American armament expenditures are already in excess of \$1,500,000,000 a month, it is apparent that the Japanese may soon have on their hands more of a war than they bargained for.

The Issues at Minneapolis

DECEMBER 15 is the 150th anniversary of the adoption of the Bill of Rights. We can think of no better way to celebrate it than by calling attention to the Minneapolis sedition trial. The prosecution of twenty-three Trotskyists for sedition and the conviction of eighteen of them on charges of conspiracy to create insubordination in the armed forces are challenges to every believer in civil liberties. They are an example of the very thing the Bill of Rights sought to make impossible—the imprisonment of men not for what they did but for what they thought and said.

Two aspects of the prosecution are of the greatest importance. The first is that the government contended that it did not need to wait for an "overt act" but could penalize the expression of opinions that might some day lead to overt acts. The second is that Assistant Attorney General Henry Schweinhaut, who is supposed to be a great champion of civil liberties, expressly disclaimed any intention on the part of the government to be bound by the Holmes-Brandeis theory of "clear and present

danger." This concept, developed in a series of dissents by the two great liberal jurists, holds that the expression of opinion may be prosecuted if there is a "clear and present danger" that it will lead to an overt act.

Though Holmes and Brandeis are often invoked by the Department of Justice and Attorney General Francis Biddle, their guiding principles, as often happens with the celebrated dead, are overlooked and evaded. Schweinhaut declared that the government was proceeding on the basis of conservative minority opinions of the Supreme Court which permit prosecution of opinion. Obviously the tiny Socialist Workers' Party is no threat either to established government or to the loyalty of the army. Any attempt to proceed against it on the basis of what it is doing today must fall flat. Schweinhaut argued that the Bolshevik Party in Russia was also a tiny minority before the revolution. His argument reduced itself to the proposition that the Socialist Workers' Party, though tiny too, might also make a revolution.

The assumptions implicit in this view should hardly need to be driven home again at this late date. The idea that revolutions are brought about by dangerous men and dangerous thoughts is a familiar one in Japan. We ought to be careful that it is not naturalized here. There was revolution in czarist Russia, not because of the tiny Bolshevik Party, but because long-standing oppression and the corruption and military defeat of czarism disgusted and alienated the great mass of the people. It is in the correction of abuses and not in the suppression of revolutionary opinions that the safety of any social order lies. Were it otherwise, czarism, with its Siberian prisons for revolutionaries, would still be a going concern. We are ashamed to have to repeat these truisms now.

We believe that the precedents established by this conviction are dangerous to freedom of thought and expression in America. We believe that they open the door to the possible prosecution of other trade-union leaders on the ground that they belong to a "revolutionary" party. We believe this case all the more dangerous because the Department of Justice has picked a tiny unpopular minority as its legal-laboratory specimen in the experiment of grafting foreign ideas on American law. We believe that all progressives of whatever political orientation must join in the defense of the Minneapolis defendants or permit the establishment of a precedent that may some day be used against any of them.

These fears may seem exaggerated. They are much less exaggerated than the fears which led the common people of one state after another at the time of the ratification of the Constitution to demand its amendment by a Bill of Rights. Learned and legally conclusive arguments were brought forward to prove that these fears were unfounded, but experience has shown the wisdom in that clamor. Liberty is most easily preserved when the threat to it is small. Then is the time to act, and that time is now.

War Comes to Washington

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 8

I FIRST heard the news from the elevator man in the National Press Building. The ticker at the Press Club, normally shut off on Sunday, carried the first flash telling of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. It was a beautiful late-autumn Sunday, the sky clear and the air crisp. At the entrance to the White House a small crowd had gathered to watch Cabinet members arrive. In the reporters' room inside, a group was clustered around the radio. I talked to Ambassador Hu Shih by telephone, and he said he felt "really sad" and sounded as though he meant it. The Navy Department seemed busy but calm; the War Department less so. Soldiers in helmets, carrying guns with fixed bayonets, guarded the entrance to the War Department's half of the huge old Munitions Building. They looked awkward and uncomfortable.

The public-relations office of the War Department refused a request for background material on the comparative military strength of the United States and Japan on the ground that since four o'clock that afternoon all information on the composition and movement of troops abroad had been declared a secret. The Navy Department, less strict, was still giving out information already "on the record," thus saving reporters a trip to the Library of Congress. In the Navy Department reference room women employees, hastily summoned from their homes, sent out for sandwiches and coffee and joked about Japanese bombers. There as elsewhere one encountered a sense of excitement, of adventure, and of relief that a long-expected storm had finally broken. No one showed much indignation. As for the newspapermen, myself included, we all acted a little like firemen at a three-alarm.

The first press release from the State Department spluttered. It said the Secretary of State had handed the Japanese representatives a document on November 26 stating American policy in the Far East and suggestions for a settlement. A reply had been handed the Secretary of State that afternoon. The release declared that Secretary Hull had read the reply and immediately turned to the Japanese Ambassador and with the greatest indignation said: "... I have never seen a document that was more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions—infamous falsehoods and distortions on a scale so huge that I never imagined until today that any government on this planet was capable of uttering them." I asked several other reporters at the State Department

just what the Japanese had told Secretary Hull to make him so angry. Nobody seemed to know, and the release did not explain. Hull's language was later described by one reporter as being "as biting if not as deadly as his fellow-mountaineer Sergeant York's bullets." It is a long time since Secretary Hull was a mountaineer.

The Japanese memorandum, released later, made it easier to understand the Secretary's stilted indignation. One has to go back to Will Irwin's "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy" to match this memorandum. "Ever since China Affair broke out owing to the failure on the part of China to comprehend Japan's true intentions," said one of the more humorous passages, "the Japanese government has striven for the restoration of peace, and it has consistently exerted its best efforts to prevent the extension of war-like disturbances. It was also to that end that in September last year Japan concluded the Tripartite Pact with Germany and Italy." The memorandum indicates only the vaguest shadow of any American intention to appease Japan. At one time the President seems to have offered to "introduce" peace between Japan and China and then—I suspect after the visit to the White House of Hu Shih and T. V. Soong—withdrawn it. But the kind of peace the President might have "introduced" could hardly have been to Japan's liking, though the idea may have made the Chinese uneasy. The Japanese memorandum accuses our own government of "holding fast to theories in disregard of realities," of trying to force "a utopian ideal" on the Japanese, and of "refusing to yield an inch on its impractical principles." I hope these compliments were fully deserved.

The proposals made by Secretary Hull in his letter of November 26 were so obviously unacceptable to a government like Japan's that one wonders why we negotiated at all. Japan was to withdraw all its troops from China and not to support any other government there except "the National Government . . . with capital temporarily at Chungking." Our War Department is said to have asked the White House for three more months in which to prepare, and it may be that the Japanese were also anxious to delay a crisis. It is suspected in some quarters here that the attack on Pearl Harbor was the work of a minority in Japan fearful of further "stalling." The attack came before the Emperor could reply to the President's personal appeal for peace. If it forced the hand of the Japanese government, it also succeeded in uniting our own country behind Mr. Roose-

vult. The reactions of the isolationist press and of Senators like Wheeler are indicative. If Mr. Roosevelt leaned too far in one direction to please the anti-appeasement and pro-war faction, his tactics served to prove to the other side that he had done all in his power to avoid war, that war was forced upon him. Lincoln in the same way hesitated and compromised and sought to "appease" before war came.

We are going into this war lightly, but I have a feeling that it will weigh heavily upon us all before we are through. The vast theater on which the struggle between this country and Japan opens makes the last war seem a parochial conflict confined to the Atlantic and the western cape of the Eurasian continent. This is really world war, and in my humble opinion it was unavoidable and is better fought now when we still have allies left. It is hoped here that the actual coming of war may serve to speed up the pace of production and shake both capital and labor out of a business-as-usual mood far too prevalent. There has been a general feeling that the produc-

tion problem could not be solved until war was declared. We shall see. It is possible that a whipped-up hysteria against labor and progressives will serve to stifle the very forces that could be used to bring about an "all-out" effort. It is also possible that the coming of war will open the way to greater cooperation in the defense program, to a broader role for labor in the mobilization of industry, to a lessening of attacks on labor in Congress, and to improved morale.

My own confidence springs from a deep confidence in the President. For all his mistakes—and perhaps some of them have only seemed mistakes—he can be counted on to turn up in the end on the democratic and progressive side. I hate to think of what we should do without him, and when I drive down to work early in the morning past the White House I cannot help thinking with sympathy of the burdens that weigh him down. On the threshold of war, and perhaps ultimately social earthquake, we may be grateful that our country has his leadership.

*British Unions and the Law**

IT IS a commonplace that war as now practiced is a highly capitalized industry. Modern battles are won or lost not only by the fighting forces but in mines, steel mills, and machine shops. The characteristic phenomenon of today is not the nation in arms; it is the nation making arms. No Englishman who lived through the months after Dunkirk when the cry was "give us weapons" is likely to forget that truth.

Military technique from the day of the longbow to that of the tank has always had social roots. Under present conditions the discipline and morale of the workshop, though different in character from the discipline and morale of the services, are equally decisive for victory or defeat. The relations of a government bent on the maximum utilization of productive resources to workers' professional associations is of vital importance to all countries which have not, like Nazi Germany, disposed of the problem by the simple expedient of abolishing trade unions and killing or imprisoning active trade unionists.

Are special restrictions on trade-union activity desirable in war time? If so, what forms should they take? Every nation must answer those questions for itself, as its own circumstances and genius dictate. In the debates on the subject now occurring in America, however, references are made periodically to the British experience.

It may be worth while, therefore, to describe the main features of the situation in Great Britain, not in order to provide an example for imitation, but with the humbler object of clearing the ground of needless misconceptions.

LEGALIZATION

British trade-union law is a jungle in which lawyers, as well as laymen, have more than once lost their way. It would be inhuman to attempt to lead the reader through every winding of the maze; but one preliminary fact may be recalled, since it offers a clue to much subsequent history. It is that whereas in a score or so of countries before the present war freedom of association was the subject of constitutional guaranties, British trade unions entered the nineteenth century as "unlawful combinations" and even after their statutory prohibition was repealed continued to be affected by a strong taint of illegality. Special legislation was required to legalize them; legislation was subject to judicial interpretation; judge-made law required the renewed intervention of Parliament, in order to correct it. Cases in point are the Trade Disputes Act of 1906, restoring to unions rights which they supposed had been secured them by the legislation of the seventies but which had been subsequently undermined by the courts, and the Trade Union Act of 1913. Both have since been qualified in certain important respects by the last major piece of legislation, the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act

* The author of this article is a British economist who prefers to have his name withheld.

of 1927. Of Section 4 of that act, which deals with the political activities of unions, something is said below. Section 5 prohibits civil servants from being members of an organization whose membership is not confined to persons employed by the Crown, which is affiliated to any such organization, or whose objectives include political objectives. Sections 1 to 3 declare that a strike or lockout is illegal if it "has any object other than or in addition to the furtherance of a trade dispute within the trade or industry in which the strikers [or employers] are engaged," and also is "designed or calculated to coerce the government either directly or by inflicting hardship upon the community." The purpose of these sections was to prevent—though the expressions do not occur in the act—what are commonly called "sympathetic strikes" and "general strikes"; and a good deal might be said about them. So far as the writer is aware, however, no cases arising from them have yet come before the courts. Until they have been the subject of judicial interpretation, their effect, as distinct from their intention, remains uncertain.

Apart from the Act of 1927, the repeal or amendment of which continues to be demanded, the present condition of British trade-union law is not too unsatisfactory. A trade union, whether registered or not, has an assured legal status and is free from the illegality which in the past might be held to attach to it at common law on the ground that it was a combination in restraint of trade. Though not a corporation but a voluntary unincorporated society, it enjoys some of the advantages of corporations and escapes some of their liabilities. It cannot be sued, or its property made liable, for tortious acts committed by it or in behalf of it in furtherance of a trade dispute; nor can agreements between it and its members, other unions, or employers be enforced at law or become the subject of actions for breach of contract.

VOLUNTARY REGISTRATION

In well-organized industries no employer thinks of opening his works during a strike, since he knows that there will be no black-legging, and in such industries, therefore, picketing is not important. It is necessary, however, in industries or sections of industries still struggling to be organized, and since 1906 the law as to picketing has allowed a reasonable latitude. With respect to internal affairs, the tendency of the law has been to leave unions free to conduct their own business in the way they think best, to handle without interference such matters as the election of officers, the balloting of members preparatory to a strike, and—with one important exception—the use of trade-union funds. Registration is optional; and though registered unions contain about four-fifths of the trade unionists in the country, some small societies do not trouble to register. The latter can, if they please, apply for certification, and the certifi-

cate, if granted, is evidence that they are trade unions within the meaning of the acts, but apart from that it confers no advantages. The formalities of registration include the making of an initial return to the Registrar of Friendly Societies giving the relevant facts as to the objects, constitution and rules, officers, assets and liabilities, receipts and expenditures in the last preceding year, provision for investment and a periodical audit, and similar matters, together with annual returns of a less elaborate kind in subsequent years. Registration gives some assurance to members of unions of the proper conduct of their societies, but its other advantages are mainly of a semi-technical character, and it makes no fundamental alteration in the legal status of a union. Unregistered and registered unions possess substantially the same rights, and the statement sometimes made that unions must be registered or certified in order to take advantage of the acts giving them protection is without foundation.

Finally—an important point—unions possess considerable freedom to develop on such lines, and to assume such new functions, as they may from time to time desire. An attempt to circumscribe that liberty to grow was made in 1910, when in a decision on a case relating to expenditures by a union for political purposes the House of Lords treated the definition of a trade union contained in the Acts of 1871 and 1876 as a limiting, not merely a descriptive, definition, with the result that the application of trade-union funds to the purposes in question was held to be *ultra vires*. Had that judgment stood, trade unions would have been restricted to the objects mentioned as most characteristic of them in the legislation of the seventies. They would have been precluded, for example, not only from paying their officials who happened to be members of Parliament and from contributing to a political party, but also presumably from expenditure on activities that have been carried on ever since trade unions existed, such as sending deputations to ministers and M. P.'s, not to mention such newer departures as subscriptions to the Workers' Educational Association or to Ruskin College. Two years later these effects of the decision were undone by Parliament, but it left, nevertheless, a legacy which is regarded by most trade unionists as a serious infringement of trade-union liberties.

The Act of 1913, the first expressly relating to political activities of unions, removed the absolute prohibition of the use of trade-union funds for political purposes, but it legalized such use only on condition that it should be approved on a union ballot by the majority of members voting, that a separate political fund should be established, that individual members giving notice of objection in the prescribed manner should be exempt from contributing, and that no member so exempted should be subject to any disadvantage. The Act of 1927 went farther. Not only did it, as explained above, forbid Civil Service unions to have political objects, but in the

case of all unions it substituted—to use popular language—"contracting in" for "contracting out." Instead, that is to say, of requiring the exemption from the political levy of any member not desiring to pay, it made it illegal to levy any member who does not give notice in writing that he desires to pay. Thus all members of a union are at liberty, if they please, to contribute to its political fund; but in view of the dislike of correspondence felt by normal human beings, it is improbable that all who are willing to contribute actually do so.

In spite of the tortuous development of trade-union law, British trade unionism, on the eve of the war, was a great and growing power. It had suffered a severe shock in 1926 and again, as a result of the depression, in the years following 1929, but it had weathered both storms and from 1935 on was more than regaining the ground lost. The membership of just over five millions represented at the Trades Union Congress held in September of the present year was the highest since 1922. The organization of some of the older unions leaves a good deal to be desired, but the tendency of the last two decades has been on the whole in the direction of unification and consolidation. Except in the case of isolated firms, mostly found in rural districts and small country towns, the question of recognition, which caused so much trouble in the past, is now almost a dead issue. The settlement of wages and working conditions by collective bargaining between the representatives of unions and employers is the rule in all the more important industries; nor does anyone seriously question its desirability. Of the more intangible matters of status and influence it is less easy to speak with confidence. It is sufficient to say that trade unionism is now generally accepted as a normal and beneficial feature of English life.

LABOR IN WAR TIME: ARBITRATION

What have been the effects of the war on the position of trade unionism? One might attempt to reply to that question by enumerating the changes in industry which have succeeded each other so rapidly in the last two years, and especially since May, 1940. One might answer it, again, by referring to the fact that the Minister of Labor and several of his colleagues in the government are trade unionists of high standing; that—a more important point—new departures in policy affecting industry and labor are normally made only after consultation with a body on which trade unionists sit not merely as individuals but as representatives of the trade-union movement; that in such matters as the temporary suspension of trade customs and rules and the application of the important Essential Work Orders, the advice of that body has been regularly sought, and care has been taken to safeguard trade-union rights. One could say, in short, that since May, 1940, organized labor has not stood, as in 1914-18, outside the machine planning the economic side of the

war but has been a responsible part of it; and that the treatment of labor not as a subordinate to be given orders but as a full partner in the war effort, far from impeding the mobilization of industry for victory, has greatly facilitated it.

The statement is sometimes heard that trade-union liberties have been abolished during the war as the result of the establishment of a system of compulsory arbitration. To what extent is this statement well founded? First, let us consider the facts. The provisions as to arbitration are contained in an Order of the Minister of Labor, known as The Conditions of Employment and National Arbitration Order, which came into force on July 25, 1940. It lays down that when a dispute occurs or is thought likely to occur, either party may report it to the Minister of Labor; that the Minister shall then refer it for settlement to the conciliation machinery normally used by unions and employers, when such machinery exists; that, if no such machinery is available, he may refer it to the National Arbitration Tribunal; and that he shall also refer it to the Tribunal if the ordinary procedure of conciliation fails to produce a settlement with reasonable promptness. A strike or lockout is illegal (1) if the dispute has not been reported to the Minister, (2) if, in the event of its not being otherwise settled, the Minister has referred it to the National Arbitration Tribunal within twenty-one days of its being reported to him, (3) if the strike or lockout is in contravention of any agreement, decision, or award made, as above, by a conciliation board or by the Tribunal. The penalties for a breach of the order are the same as for other offenses under the Defense of the Realm Regulations.

In considering the significance of this departure, two facts should be remembered. In the first place, the order was not imposed by the mere fiat of the Minister on a reluctant body of trade unionists and employers. On the contrary, before being issued, it was submitted to a Joint Consultative Committee, composed of an equal number of representatives of both, appointed "to advise the Minister of Labor on all matters arising out of legislation passed by Parliament." Thus the consent of the representatives of both parties was obtained in advance. In the second place, the order provides for compulsory arbitration in the last resort, and in the last resort only. The Joint Consultative Committee had emphasized that "the machinery of negotiation existing in any trade or industry for dealing with questions concerning wages and conditions of employment shall continue to operate." The Minister of Labor accepted their recommendation, and the order was based on that principle. Its first section expressly states that it is "for the purpose of settling trade disputes which cannot otherwise be determined." It confers on the Minister power to refer a dispute to the National Arbitration Tribunal only after the ordinary machinery of negotiation, when such exists, has been

used and has proved ineffective. It puts the power of the law not merely behind the awards of the Tribunal but behind agreements reached by voluntary negotiations. Indeed, it is at pains to fortify the latter. It lays down that, in industries governed by collective agreements between employers and trade unions representing substantial proportions of the employers and workers in an industry, all employers in the trade and district concerned shall observe conditions of employment not less favorable than those contained in such agreements.

It will be seen, therefore, that the order, so far from superseding trade unionism, relies throughout upon it and at some points strengthens it. If that was its intention, it has been realized in practice. No serious stoppages have occurred in Great Britain since the beginning of the war, though minor disputes are of course inevitable and continue to take place. The time lost through them is almost negligible; in the first six months of this year it was well under 0.5 per cent of the possible working

time. The majority of such disputes are settled, without coming before the Arbitration Tribunal, by the ordinary peace-time procedure of negotiations between the representatives of unions and employers.

The legal obligation which the order imposes to comply with an agreement or award has, no doubt, some significance. This war is a popular war, not in the sense that anyone likes it, but that the great mass of ordinary people in Great Britain believe that most of the things which they value in life are at stake and that they mean, therefore, to see the business through. The order represents the prevalent sentiment against stoppages at such a moment. Since, however, agreements and awards are generally observed, the question of the practicability of compelling the observance of them, which in other circumstances might be formidable, has hardly arisen. It is probably true to say that the majority of employers and workers remain unaware of any alteration in the customary procedure for settling their disputes.

Denmark Signs Up

BY GUNNAR LEISTIKOW

WHAT is the significance of Denmark's adherence to the Anti-Comintern Pact? None whatever, if we are to believe the Danish Foreign Office, which in an official apologia points out that the pact "demands no political obligations from the kingdom" and declares that Denmark's non-belligerent status is in no way affected. Perhaps this statement should be interpreted to mean: Denmark signs because it has been ordered to do so, but we wish the world to know that we are only paying lip-service to Nazi ideology.

According to reliable information from private Danish sources, however, the signing of the pact involves more than mere lip-service. A few weeks ago the Germans presented excessive demands to the Danish government, even asking it to join the war against Russia and to put into the field an army of, it is reported, 200,000 men—an almost incredible figure, since for Denmark's population it would be the equivalent of a United States force of 7,400,000 men. This demand was met with a definite No. The King declared he would rather abdicate than see his government sign the pact with such a commitment included. The Germans, eager to avoid a clash with their only well-behaved ward, dropped this demand for the time being, and a compromise agreement was reached permitting Denmark to retain its non-belligerence and exempting it from mobilization "except in an extreme emergency."

The pact was signed by Denmark's Foreign Minister,

Erik Scavenius. Scavenius is often called Denmark's Quisling, but it is nearer to the truth to consider him a Danish Hácha. A landed aristocrat, he despises the Nazis as criminals and barbarians, but he is a cynical admirer of the Machiavellian conception of power and is impressed by the efficiency of the Nazi war machine and the organizational gift of the Germans. His chief doctrine, as frequently expressed to this writer before the war, is that Denmark, geographically at the mercy of Germany, must never come into conflict with its neighbor to the south. This does not imply that Denmark must give in to every German whim. On the contrary, Scavenius used to believe it essential to convince the Germans that their own interests would be best served by non-interference in Denmark's internal affairs. During the first World War his clever maneuvering as Foreign Minister did much to preserve Denmark's neutrality, and the prestige he thus acquired has ever since given him a paramount influence on his country's foreign policy. Even when out of office he has been Denmark's *éminence grise*, and it has always been taken for granted that in an emergency he would again head the Foreign Office.

Such an emergency arose with the fall of France. Europe was stunned by the quickness of the knockout. In Scandinavia it was generally felt that everything was lost, and that Britain, insufficiently prepared, was headed for the same fate as France. The Danes thought that the

life or death of their small occupied country depended on their coming to terms quickly with victorious Germany. "Let Scavenius do it," was the feeling in influential circles. Scavenius did it, expressing in his inauguration speech his belief that a new era had begun for Europe under Germany's leadership.

A few weeks later, in September, the RAF beat off the *Luftwaffe's* offensive, and a wave of optimism and expectation of a swift British victory swept over Denmark. One of the few Danes who did not let his emotions affect his capacity for cool calculation was the Foreign Minister. Well acquainted with Germany's military might and skeptical about the democracies, of which he has no profound knowledge and which he despises for their reluctance to meet Hitler's challenges, he believed and still believes that Germany is going to win the war. The fact that many of Denmark's foremost politicians are of quite another opinion does not trouble him. Extravagantly self-assured, he considers himself one of Europe's ablest political chess players and is inclined to despise anybody who disagrees with him.

For the Germans, Denmark's adherence to the Anti-Comintern Pact means that Hitler's favored method of pre-war days still works with appeasers. When he occupied Denmark, Hitler promised not to interfere with their internal affairs as long as the Danes displayed loyalty toward their new masters. Berlin has kept that promise in that Denmark is still allowed to have its democratic institutions, and any interference is managed discreetly by the German minister instead of by a Nazi *Gauleiter*. Theoretically Danish sovereignty and integrity are still intact, and when Communists are rounded up and incautious writers are imprisoned, the dirty work is done not by the Gestapo but by Danish police, whose concentration camps are definitely less unpleasant.

In November, 1940, the tiny Danish Nazi Party tried to seize power, but when it became clear that it had hardly a shade of popular support, the Germans, tired of the Quisling mess in Norway, left it in the lurch and allowed the Danish police to take care of their fifth columnists. At Christmas time, however, they explained to the Danish government that they could not tolerate continued exclusion from the Danish Cabinet of representatives of the only party showing any understanding of Germany's mission. The Danish government, strongly backed by the King, held that this was a violation of the German promise of non-interference and left it to the Germans to abandon their demands or destroy their own legend. Berlin, therefore, dropped the Danish Nazis for the time being.

By granting preferential treatment as a reward for non-resistance the Germans have allowed Denmark's economic situation to deteriorate much more slowly than that of the rest of occupied Europe. With conditions far more tolerable than elsewhere, the opposition of the

people has of course been less determined than, for instance, in terrorized Norway or Holland. But this by no means implies that the Danes acquiesce. Their resistance merely takes a different form.

Denmark is the land of the Middle Way. By cultivating the soil the Danes have built up a civilization without great class distinctions; they are proud to inhabit a country "where few have too much and fewer have too little." They are known to their neighbors as good-humored and easygoing. Such a nation naturally seeks compromise in preference to conflict. So when an occupation which the Danes felt unable to prevent cut off trade with Britain, it was a matter of course for them to continue collaboration with their other big customer, Germany. But after some time it became clear that this collaboration was not reciprocal. The Germans bought whatever the Danes were still able to produce, but they did not pay. The farmers got their money, but not from the Germans. It was the Danish Exchequer which advanced the money, giving credit to the Germans—amounting now nearly to two billion kroner!—thus forcing the country into a ruinous inflation. This inflation is aggravated by the worst unemployment ever experienced, for industries are being shut down for lack of imported raw materials. Even the standard of living of those still employed is being drastically reduced because wages are not allowed to follow the ever-rising cost of living. Thus class antagonisms are intensified. The farmers are unable to spend their inflation kroner; the bourgeoisie is being ruined by the blockade; and the workers here as elsewhere bear the brunt of the economic collapse.

In all classes feeling is running high against the Germans, who have brought ruin to a once prosperous little nation. Sabotage is flourishing everywhere—a peculiar sort of sabotage, much less spectacular than in other countries but perhaps not less effective. Violence is rare among these mild people. The Middle Way man has his own Middle Way form of sabotage. Wherever production is to German order, slowdowns are the rule. Nobody is organizing this—there is no underground movement of importance—but it is as general as it is spontaneous.

When Ribbentrop's speech at the signing of the Anti-Comintern Pact exposed the humbug and showed that the pact was directed much more at Britain and the United States than at Russia, the Danes could no longer contain themselves and thousands crowded the streets of Copenhagen in spontaneous demonstrations against the pact—a very unusual act for this calm and level-headed people. They sang "Tipperary" in front of the German headquarters, hailed the King, and shouted, "Down with the traitor Scavenius." How much more violent these demonstrators would have been had they known of the secret clause committing Denmark to mobilization whenever the Germans may choose to declare an "extreme emergency"!

The Future of the Republican Party

[Last week The Nation printed an article by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., concerning the future of the Republican Party. Mr. Schlesinger's thesis, briefly, was that the issue of isolationism had brought about a division in the party comparable to the division on the slavery issue which resulted in the dissolution of the Whig Party shortly before the Civil War. Mr. Schlesinger contended that unless the Republican Party gave full support to the foreign policy advocated by Wendell Willkie it would meet the same fate, "Willkie leading the 'Conscience Republicans' into a union with the New Deal Democrats behind some progressive candidate in 1944, in opposition to the Know Nothing and appeasement elements of both parties united behind someone like Lindbergh." The Nation is pleased to print the following comments on Mr. Schlesinger's article by Republican leaders. These statements, it should be pointed out, were written before the outbreak of Japanese-American hostilities, and both Senator Taft and Senator Vandenberg, representing the isolationist point of view in the discussion, have since announced their complete support of the country's war effort.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Wendell Willkie

I HAVE read Mr. Schlesinger's thoughtful article with great interest, dismissing of course any coupling of myself with historical figures. I was particularly struck by his analysis of the significance of the Chamberlain and Churchill regimes. The suggestion that England in times of crisis has a conservative aristocracy upon which to depend for leadership while we in this country, having no such continuously privileged class, must turn to a radical democracy is novel and thought-provoking. To Mr. Schlesinger's great praise of the Churchill leadership, I subscribe heartily, though frankly I had thought of it in terms of the characteristics and abilities of an individual, not in terms of an aristocratic tradition. (Incidentally, could I have been right in detecting an implication on the part of such a good New Dealer as Mr. Schlesinger that England's conservative aristocracy offers better leadership in times of crisis than our own radical democracy?)

The well-developed and scholarly comparison of the role of the Whig Party before the Civil War with the role of the Republican Party today is a thesis on which I have written and spoken again and again in an effort to illustrate for the Republican Party the danger of the present course of its Congressional leaders. As Mr.

Schlesinger says, it is hard to convince those whose minds are closed to the seriousness of this crisis. But when he says that "the vote on the Neutrality Act shows how little effect his [my] recent manifesto to Republicans had on the party," I should like to point out a sequence of events which was most encouraging to me.

If he will remember, the Administration was content to attack the Neutrality Act piecemeal, apparently feeling that it had not the strength to do otherwise. It not only did not ask for repeal; it did not even ask that American ships be permitted to go into belligerent waters to carry the goods we were producing for the nations that were resisting Hitler. It only asked that we arm our merchant ships in order that they might protect themselves. This characteristic indirection and irresolution seemed to me tragic in view of the national effort and the national need. In the Administration's timidity there was a great chance for the Republican Party to offer genuine leadership. On the evening of October 6 I pointed out this opportunity and begged Republicans to seize it if they hoped to be a force in their country's future. A week later three Republican Senators came out for a clean repeal of the Neutrality Act. This action took the ball away from the Administration leaders and set them scrambling to catch up, forcing on them a more comprehensive program than they had planned. In the meantime more than a hundred leading Republicans in forty-two states joined me in a manifesto to the effect that the Neutrality Act should be repealed.

The result was no mere authorization to arm merchant vessels but an acknowledgment as well of our right to enter any port we might find it necessary to enter for the delivery of our goods. In other words, though we did not win the moral victory and self-respect which clear-cut repeal of the Neutrality Act would have given us, we did gain all the practical advantages we needed. The Republican roll call on that vote does not tell the story. For it was Republican leadership and pressure on the Administration that brought about that result. There are more ways than one to skin a cat.

The "Conscience Republicans," as Mr. Schlesinger so aptly names them by historical analogy, perhaps will not have to leave their party in order to make their views effective. Their number within the party has been growing at an amazing rate. It is true that as yet their international position has not been translated into many votes on the floor of Congress. But close observers have noted strongly blown straws indicating the methods by which politicians shift. For example, take Senator Robert

Taft, the ablest of the Republican isolationists. A few months ago Senator Taft publicly said that those of us in the Republican Party, including myself, who had always advocated an international viewpoint should be eliminated from leadership of the party because on the most important issue of our times we were misleading the party. Of late Senator Taft has been saying that the international issue is not a party issue or a political issue; it is an American issue (whatever that means), which only happens to cut across party lines. Today he feels that, despite the Japanese crisis in the Pacific and the sinking of American ships in the Atlantic, domestic matters are the important issues of our times. Our foreign policy has been adopted and we all must support it. In other words, Bob has read the handwriting; he has been hearing from home.

Perhaps the efforts of those who feel as I do have not been as ineffectual as the vote on the Neutrality Act might indicate. And perhaps the "Conscience Republicans" will not have to leave their party, but will merely take it over after its momentary (historically speaking) control by a few Congressmen who momentarily (historically speaking) were isolationists.

I thoroughly agree with Mr. Schlesinger, however, that unless the Republican Party does become aware of the totalitarian threat and adopts an even more definite and effective attitude toward the totalitarian powers than the present inadequate attitude of the Administration, unless it recognizes that America must assume world leadership not only now but after the war, it will suffer the fate of the Whigs, and suffer it quickly. As a matter of fact, the Republican Party would already be in the process of demise if the majority of its Congressional representation were truly representative. And it will die unless its growing membership of "Conscience Republicans" sees that its Congressional representatives truly reflect the overwhelming Republican sentiment about America's position in world affairs.

Unfortunately, the Republicans now in Congress are encouraged in their unwise position by the inadequacies of the Administration's leadership. Its halting, at times obscure and conflicting, foreign policy, its long period of appeasement of Japan, its lack of candor and vigor with reference to American participation in the European conflict muddy the issue and give encouragement and life to the negative and isolationist position taken by many Congressmen, both Republican and Democratic.

Before I close, I should like to comment briefly on one other point in Mr. Schlesinger's article. He speaks of "the obsolete economic positions" of which I "have made so much in the past." My economic position is based on a belief that the system of free enterprise, functioning in a democracy, offers a greater chance for individual and collective freedom, development, and happiness and for genuine civil liberty than any other system the world

has ever tried. I know that this system has been abused—and abused most by those who have gained most from it; that under it the good things of life have been concentrated in the hands of too few people; and that its benefits must be shared by all men or it will not survive. But I believe that by wise legislation and humane social controls the system can be made to function for the greater, not the lesser, good. In our own time we have had the opportunity to see three fundamentally different economic systems. And it has been my observation that under our free-enterprise system, even now, with all its abuses, men have been better off and have had a greater measure of freedom than they have had under communism as practiced in Russia or under fascism as practiced in Germany.

My quarrel with the New Deal has not been that it sought to correct the abuses of the free-enterprise system or to cause a wider distribution of its benefits, but that fanatical theorists under the guise of reform were gleefully and irresponsibly trying to destroy the system itself. Furthermore, I have resented the New Deal's recent efforts to play politics with labor and to bring the labor movement under government control just as much as I did its corresponding earlier efforts to hamper and destroy the other economic forces of our life. I have advocated appropriate regulation of both for the common good.

These are my basic economic beliefs. They may be "obsolete" in Mr. Schlesinger's economic lexicon. But to my mind they represent the freedom of the present and the hope of the future.

I thank *The Nation* for the opportunity to comment on Mr. Schlesinger's article. Both Republicans and Democrats would do well to read it as an arresting analysis which has in telling fashion projected the present against the background of our past.

Arthur H. Vandenberg

United States Senator from Michigan

UNFORTUNATELY, under the pressure of the moment I do not have the time to analyze Mr. Schlesinger's article closely. But I have seen enough to know that the author—although undoubtedly earnest and sincere in his prejudicial conclusions—entirely ignores the realities which a majority of Republicans in Congress believe they have sustained, and that he is equally blind to what I believe is a clear majority desire of the American people that the Republican political promises of the last campaign shall be faithfully kept. Fidelity to pledges does not ordinarily precipitate a political fatality.

The voters will decide this argument next fall. I suggest at that time that you check the returns in comparison with Mr. Schlesinger's present melancholia. I remember poignantly how often in the twenties I used to bury the Democratic Party and preach its funeral oration.

Harold E. Stassen

Governor of Minnesota

AS ONE of the Republicans who have been early, consistent, and outspoken in opposition to isolationism and in support of the foreign policy of the present federal Administration, I nevertheless take direct issue with the conclusion of Mr. Schlesinger that the continuing differences of opinion upon this question will spell the doom of the Republican Party.

We have developed a two-party system of government. The two parties are the Republican and Democratic, and because of the growth of local election laws and local office-holders throughout the land, these two parties, in my judgment, will continue to be the vehicle by which alternatives will be presented to the people.

It is only natural and right under a two-party system that the minority party should have room within it for a wide diversity of opinion among those who do not approve of the total policies of the majority party. As election time approaches, the minority party through primaries and conventions makes its decisions on the program, principles, and candidates to be presented to the people. The voters then choose between the alternatives, usually finding some things they approve of and some they disapprove of in each party.

I contend that the history of the Whig Party does not present a parallel. The Whig Party fell apart while in office as the majority party, not while in the minority. In 1848 it elected General Zachary Taylor President. He died in office shortly afterward, and Vice-President Fillmore, who had very different views and favored appeasement, succeeded him. A violent controversy broke out with Seward, who was in Taylor's Cabinet. The Missouri Compromise was passed. Internal strife increased. At the next convention, on the fifty-eighth ballot, an exhausted Whig convention nominated General Winfield Scott, who then specifically repudiated the party's appeasement platform. He was defeated overwhelmingly, and the Whig Party died. The Democratic Party won the election on the very appeasement and compromise program which the Whigs, under Fillmore, had been following; and as we know, this Democratic Party is still very much alive. The rise of the Republican Party followed, made possible by the fact that party government was in a formative stage; many parties were in the field, with none of them facing squarely the overshadowing issue of the day.

My definite disagreement with the author's argument is further based on our experience in Minnesota. From 1930 to 1938 the Republican Party in Minnesota was relatively weaker than the party is nationally today. It held very few offices. It was sharply divided within itself. In 1938, through the primaries and subsequent convention, the party adopted a definite, constructive, soundly liberal program and was decisively placed in

power by the people of the state. The 1940 election brought a similar result, and today the Republican Party is the majority party.

In my view, the present split in the Democratic Party on foreign policy is much more serious to the country than the differences in the Republican Party. In a number of crucial votes in Congress the program of the Democratic Administration would have been rejected, with tragic consequences, because of this split within its own party if a vital number of Republicans had not placed their country above their party and prevented defeat of the proposals. Increased frankness by the President and further efforts to heal these breaks in the Democratic Party would be a good thing for the country.

It is my view that the present party labels will continue to change in their meaning to the people, but that they will not go out of existence.

I observe many signs of growing vigor and vitality in the Republican Party. It is my hope that through this internal process the Republican Party will come to stand for a realistic, constructive, forward-looking program dealing with both domestic and world problems.

Robert A. Taft

United States Senator from Ohio

I AM afraid that Mr. Schlesinger's picture of the lineup in America today is distorted by his prejudice against conservatism of any kind and in favor of an all-out war against Hitler. On questions of party policy Republicans may well hesitate to take the advice of one who seems to be opposed to every principle for which the Republican Party has ever stood. It is simply untrue that the Republican Party or members of the party have "harassed, sabotaged, and obstructed the attempts of the Administration to work for the destruction of Nazism." They have joined in voting countless billions and granting almost unlimited powers necessary to carry out the program, advocated by both parties and both candidates a year ago, of national defense and aid to Britain—short of war. They have only opposed those measures of which the logical conclusion is an American expeditionary force of ten million men, representing the effort necessary to impose a military defeat on Hitler in Europe. They do not believe that Hitler presents such a threat to the trade or safety of the United States as requires the sacrifice of several million American boys on the battlefields of the world.

Nor is Mr. Schlesinger correct in attributing the position of the majority of Republicans to their conservatism. The more conservative members of the party—the Wall Street bankers, the society group, nine-tenths of the plutocratic newspapers, and most of the party's financial contributors—are the ones who favor intervention in Europe. Mr. Schlesinger's statement that the business

community in general has tended to favor appeasing Hitler is simply untrue. I have received thousands of letters on both sides of the question, and I should say without question that it is the average man and woman—the farmer, the workman, except for a few pro-British labor leaders, and the small business man—who are opposed to war. The war party is made up of the business community of the cities, the newspaper and magazine writers, the radio and movie commentators, the Communists, and the university intelligentsia.

Mr. Schlesinger's parallel to the Whig Party is interesting, but upside down. In 1854 the Democrats, except for a few, were for slavery, just as today the Democrats, except for a few, are for war. As Mr. Schlesinger so well points out, the Whigs tried to dodge the fundamental issue of slavery when the only salvation for the party was to take a definite stand against slavery, and make that the issue in the battle against the Democrats. They were held back by the big business interests, who wanted no interference with Southern trade and no connection with the unpopular Lindberghs of that day, preaching the abolition of slavery. The Whig Party would not appeal to the anti-slavery group; the Democrats had the support of those defending slavery; and there were no followers left for the Whig Party.

So today the Republican Party as a party, and because of differences within the party, has dodged the fundamental issue of war. It has been held back principally by the big business interests of the East, fearful among other fears of Hitler's destruction of our foreign trade. Whoever may be right on the question of foreign policy, it is obvious that a party kills itself and removes any excuse for its existence when it adopts the principles of its opponents. If any credit for this war ever goes to anyone, which I doubt, it will go to Franklin D. Roosevelt, and not to Wendell L. Willkie. Mr. Schlesinger's claim that the Republican Party has failed to measure up to the obligations of the crisis may be just, but the logical conclusion to his argument is that the party should come out definitely against war, as the Whig Party should have come out definitely against slavery. If the Republicans are going to adopt all the political principles of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Schlesinger, they might as well close up shop.

There is, however, this distinction between the two situations. Slavery was a continuing and unavoidable domestic issue. Questions of foreign policy, on the other hand, have not ordinarily been vital factors in American politics because they have lasted only for brief periods. Those Republican leaders who have insisted that the party take no position on foreign policy have felt that within a short time the country would be united either in war or in peace, and that differences between the parties would be based again on domestic policy. Of course if the difference on foreign policy continues to

exist, the Republican Party will have to take a position. Obviously it should not follow the Whig policy of appeasement. It should be opposed to risking the lives of five million American boys in an imperialistic war for the domination of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and the supposed "manifest destiny" of America.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Those Wall Street Blues

NO OFFICE boy anxious to keep his job would dare whistle anywhere near a broker's board room, for Wall Street's motto for the emergency is "Keep 'em sighing." For many months stock prices have been trending downward in the face of a huge rise in production, handsome increases in profits for most industries, and numerous additional dividends. At the end of November the Dow-Jones average of industrial stocks was little better than in the slump that followed the fall of France and was almost 13 per cent lower than the best level reached last summer. In view of the fact that the long-term war outlook has improved tremendously during the past six months it is hardly possible to blame the war news for the current bearishness.*

What, then, is the reason for the persistent liquidation of stocks? During 1940 and the early part of this year British selling in order to obtain dollars exerted a depressing influence on the market, but since the RFC made a loan permitting the remaining British assets to be frozen, this factor can no longer be held responsible. Nor do the investment trusts appear to be liquidating their portfolios, for according to the market commentator of the *Wall Street Journal* they already hold as much cash as they can safely afford. A clue to the identity of the bears is provided by the monthly SEC reports of "insider" transactions, which show that on balance big stockholders and corporation directors are selling far more than they are buying. In a number of cases the motive appears to be a desire to spread risks by reducing massive holdings in one-time family businesses. Thus Marshall Field, who recently sold a large block of shares in the great Chicago store founded by his grandfather, stated specifically that he did so with a view to diversifying his investments, although he considered that the prospects of the Marshall Field Company were very favorable.

But while many wealthy men are selling for this reason, it does not follow that all of them are reinvesting their money by buying smaller amounts of stock in a variety of industries. Many of them seem to be using the proceeds of sales to add to their bank deposits or to buy government bonds, preferably of the tax-free variety. The usual explanation is that when one's income is in the really high tax brackets even a 10 per cent yield on an equity is not worth the risk in-

* This article was in type before the Japanese launched their attack on the United States and Britain. The market reacted to that news by a general lowering of prices. But the break was not unduly severe in the circumstances, perhaps because the existing level of prices already discounted almost every eventuality.

volved, because so large a share of the income received is seized by the Treasury.

Toward the end of the year "tax selling" is usually a feature of Stock Exchange business. Quite a lot of experts now make a good living guiding the well-to-do in the art of making the most of their losses. This year the rise in tax rates has encouraged more people than usual to throw out bad investments so that they can use the resultant loss to scale down their taxable incomes. Some transactions of this nature appear a trifle esoteric to those of us whose lives are not complicated by the burdens of high finance. For example, H. J. Nelson, market reporter of *Barron's*, mentioned recently a firm which sold 60,000 shares of New York Central common acquired last May at 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ and on which it must have taken a loss of about three points. "So large was this particular tax saving" he wrote, "that it is figured the stock can be reacquired as high as 17 and still make the transaction worth while." There's financial magic for you!

Undoubtedly taxation is the biggest short-term cause of Wall Street's fretfulness, and it is so appalled by the size of the Treasury's take that it gives very little consideration to what is left over. Many corporations, it is true, are paying out in taxes more than half their gross incomes this year; yet in spite of this the majority are able to report substantial increases in net incomes compared with 1940, which was by no means a lean year. As Roger Babson comments in the *Christian Science Monitor*, after pointing to cases where gross profits have increased 100 per cent but net after taxes only 10 per cent, "If these companies had had an increase of only 10 per cent in net profits and no increase in taxes, investors would be very happy."

There is a lot of talk in Wall Street about inflation, but fear of inflation appears so far to have exerted very little influence on the market. Yet if a measure of inflation is coming—and the alleged anti-inflation bill just passed by the House has certainly brought it nearer—it is obvious that real property provides a safer haven for capital than either cash or bonds, the purchasing power of which falls automatically as prices rise. Some of the commodity speculation which has been going on recently has been based on fears—or hopes—of inflation, and there have also been reports of nervous capitalists buying farms, jewels, and paintings. But although equities, and particularly those of the raw-material industries, have usually been considered the safest and most liquid hedge against inflation, the steady rise in commodity prices has failed to stir the Stock Exchange from its lethargy.

Commenting on this situation, the most portentous of our financial Jeremiahs, the *Wall Street Journal*, suggested editorially on November 8 that investors were being moved by a terror even greater than the fear of inflation. Mentioning the war merely as a contributing factor to the investor's psychosis, this authority declares:

It is hard to avoid the conclusion that eight years of the New Deal have aroused among capital owners a profound sense of apprehension concerning the stability of the so-called capitalistic structure as a whole, which has caused them to seek shelter for their money at almost any cost in places which seem to be least subject to seismic disturbances. Top-flight bonds come as near to filling that requirement as do anything.

That diagnosis, if correct, indicates that our supposedly

hard-headed capitalists have allowed their fears and prejudices to submerge their reasoning faculties. For if the capitalist system is about to collapse, high-grade bonds are unlikely to prove a better shelter than any other form of property. Personally, I would agree that the capitalist system is threatened, but by internal decay rather than by the aggressiveness of the New Deal. The danger will grow so long as the capitalists skulk in their tents and blame everyone but themselves for their plight.

In the Wind

FROM A WASHINGTON LETTER to the *Wall Street Journal*, December 1: "The OPM recently attacked violations of agreements with zinc producers regarding sales practices. Hegeler Zinc Company of Danville, Illinois, and the Tyroler Metals, Inc., of Cleveland were involved. E. C. Hegeler, president of the first company, is a member of the OPM copper and zinc defense industrial committee, and Joseph H. Tyroler of the second company is on the OPM waste-materials dealers' defense industry advisory committee."

AN ORGANIZATION called the Citizens' Committee for Industrial Americanism has been started in St. Louis. No dues are collected, but every member must sign a pledge to vote against strikes if he is a union member or, if he is not, to remain "an independent wage-earner."

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM COMMITTEE, which took a poll of war sentiment at the C. I. O. convention, asked for permission to conduct a similar investigation at the convention of the National Association of Manufacturers. The N. A. M. refused the request.

THE TROTSKYITES convicted of trying to undermine the armed forces have asked that Wendell Willkie, who will defend the Stalinist leader, William Schneiderman, handle their appeal in the Supreme Court if a hearing is granted.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has not yet lifted the ban on the London *Daily Worker*, but the editors of the paper have started a new publishing venture called *Workers' News*, which is smaller than the *Daily Worker* in format but similar in content.

FROM A REPORT of army maneuvers in the London *Daily Telegraph*: "The greatest army maneuvers ever held in Britain have just ended with the Battle of Bedfordshire. Fighting for nearly a week led to the complete defeat of an enormous force which was supposed to have invaded England from the sea. Realism reached such a pitch during the operations that no fewer than nineteen officers and men were killed in accidents. The total number of deaths may prove to be even higher."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Security Is Indivisible

FRIENDS of labor had another chance to cuss the South the day Dixie's Democratic Congressmen marched up, practically in a body, and voted for the drastic anti-strike legislation shaped by Representative Smith of Virginia, whose opposition to labor did not begin with defense. Opposed not only by labor but also by the President, the bill would not have had a chance in the House without such Southern voting. It is easy to understand, therefore, that labor's friends in the North may feel that once again human freedom has been lynched by a South devoted still to the attitudes of slavery. It might be more profitable, however, for both the nation and the South if this Southern voting were recognized as another indication that standards of security in labor organization or anything else must be national if they are to be safe anywhere in the nation.

It could be—and probably will be—said that here is another case in which the political bosses of the South are acting in tough disregard of the South's poll-tax-shackled slaves. But the Southern Congressmen voted as solidly for the bill in the states which have no poll tax as in the states which have one. Everywhere, I think, they voted close to the sentiments of their constituents.

There may be individual Southern Congressmen who are philosophic reactionaries. A great many more of them have their ears to the earth of the red hills and the sandy bottoms. They voted as the South felt, and their voting is the best and saddest indication of the weakness of labor organization in the South. Undoubtedly it is weak because Southern employers have opposed unionization and have used everything from holiness preachers to red-necked deputy sheriffs, from the Bible to the bull whip, to keep unionization down. But Southern employers have no monopoly of opposition to unions or of these methods for combating them.

There are other reasons for the weakness of labor in the South. Secure persons at a distance might put down ignorance. Some would say stupidity. The ignorance is undoubtedly real, though Southern states spend more in proportion to their wealth on schools than almost any other states in America. But the real problem lies in the tragic fact that the masses of the South—the region of the biggest families and the most young people—are crowding around the too few jobs for too many people. The same pressure which filled Harlem with Negroes, California with Okies, is on every job in the South. The

Negroes have suffered most and been pushed most easily out of their town jobs. Since tractors have come in, there are fewer places now even for tenants on farms. The poverty down below any labor movement in the South must be dealt with before that labor movement can hope to be secure. The South has done some desperate things, sometimes silly things, in its desire to get plants and jobs. It has sometimes scrapped liberties in a hunger for bread. It has sometimes sought bread and got gold brick and sweatshop. Exploiters have ridden the desire. But the pressure at the bottom has continued.

What the Okies got in California was probably still not worse than what they left behind. New York is disturbed now by conditions in Harlem. There is still something in Harlem which keeps the stream coming from the South. It does not have to be perfection. Word comes back by the grapevine that it is not. Still the migrants move. For all the talk of prosperity now, for all the angry talk about labor selfishness in a time of crisis, labor standards in America are not high. The Bureau of Employment Security reports that four-fifths of the defense workers in the United States make less than \$30 a week. That certainly is not opulence. But as defense began in America, a careful student of conditions in the South estimated that 11,000,000 people there—a third of all the people—were members of families with annual cash incomes of \$250 a year or less. It is more than a joke that a Negro who got his first pay check on a defense project cried, "Thank God for Hitler."

A good many Southerners have been thankful even for sweatshop jobs. They have built up in themselves, perhaps out of ignorance, a fear of anything that might shut the shirt factory, even if the threat carried also a promise of improvement and a hope for decency.

Economic Problem No. 1 has been forgotten in the more pressing problems of defense. But it is still there. It was in this vote in Congress. It will be involved in every voting to advance America or pull it back. No union can long maintain decent wages in Mississippi high above the indecent incomes of thousands of people in Mississippi. Jobs cannot be protected until there are more jobs. As Southerner I know that this anti-labor voting in Congress does not mean that most Southern Congressmen or their constituents want to keep so many people poor and unprotected. It does mean that a better chance for labor in the South is the only sound basis for the security of labor in the nation—or for any other security anywhere.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

An Invitation to Minerva

OPINIONS OF OLIVER ALLSTON. By Van Wyck Brooks.
E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

IN MR. BROOKS'S new volume no effort seems to be made to maintain any significant distinction between the opinions of the author and those of the fictitious critic, "Oliver Allston," upon whose supposed writings he comments. The book appears to have been written over a considerable period of time since, despite its somewhat miscellaneous content, it falls into three clearly marked sections which seem to represent the author's reaction to three intellectual climates to which he found himself exposed in rapid succession. In the first he is concerned with defining his attitude toward—it is also almost proclaiming his identity with—the New England tradition of the classic period. In the second he discusses, in terms which seem for the most part definitely pre-war, his liberal-socialist political creed. In the third he undertakes to defend a conception of greatness in literature in chapters obviously intended as his contribution to a discussion which began when the new World War suggested to writers, as to everyone else, a revaluation of their aims and ideals.

This last section is undoubtedly the most timely and the most challenging as well as the freshest. In it Mr. Brooks makes a plea for what he calls "primary literature" as opposed to "coterie literature"; and under the latter head he includes for rejection not only Eliot, Joyce, and Proust but nearly all the writing which intellectuals have accepted as the modern contribution. This writing is, he says, merely "coterie writing" because it neither expresses nor wishes to express the ideals, opinions, or aspirations of the normal man, being instead merely the process by which the writers are engaged in taking in one another's washing. It is not "primary" because it never treats adequately the "great themes," which are "honor, justice, mercy, love," because it has no "large hope," and because, having none, it has ceased to demand that a great writer be a great man writing and asks instead only that he exhibit technical dexterity and technical complexity. It is, he adds, a reaction against something but not a reaction in favor of anything important enough to justify its continuing existence.

Probably most critics of literature have felt at times as Mr. Brooks feels, and probably more of them are willing now than at any other recent period to grant the force of the arguments he uses. Certainly there have been few epochs in the world's history when the most admired books exhibited so little love of life or so little faith in either God or man, when it was so nearly taken for granted that despair or contempt or scorn was the inevitable tone of any serious work. But one wonders if the writers, considered as a special class, can be held so completely accountable as Mr. Brooks wishes to make them. Without going into the question of the extent to which the writer should or can be the creator rather than the mere articulator of his age's world view, it can at least

be assumed that our writers have not, by and for themselves alone, created the attitudes which they define, and that the choice for them has often been a choice between a despair which they as well as their readers felt and a fictitious optimism which neither they nor their readers could sincerely accept. That most of our best writers have lacked large hope may not mean that they have perversely chosen despair. It may mean simply that only by sharing to some considerable extent their age's lack of that large hope could they become great writers. To say this is not to deny that large hope is a desirable thing or that our great writers are less than the greatest of their predecessors. But it is to doubt that it is wholly their fault rather than, in part at least, their misfortune.

Mr. Brooks does not deny that he himself at one time held a less favorable view of our remoter past than he does now or that he has to some degree changed his opinions. He does not, however, seem to realize the extent to which his attitude is even now occasionally inconsistent. Condemning those who, like Santayana, despise our own age when they compare it with a particular past, he seems to forget that he himself is busily despising it by comparison with another past; praising failure by worldly standards and distrusting the outward signs of success, he nevertheless makes it one of his chief criticisms of our present social system that it bestows these outward signs of success upon the "wrong" people; and in his enthusiasm for the great writers of the past he sometimes seems to forget that some at least of them were criticized by their contemporaries for exactly the same defects which he finds in his own. Thus it is, for example, positively startling to find Allston urging the example of Ibsen upon American writers quite as though Allston had forgotten that Ibsen, far from seeming to the nineteenth century a creator of a primary literature breathing large hope, was regarded as one of the fountainheads of that decadence which Mr. Brooks so hates and fears. It requires a Bernard Shaw, startling his hearers by proclaiming, "I am, like Shelley, a vegetarian, an atheist, and a revolutionary," to remind us how thoroughly time regularizes heroes and how much of what is sometimes spoken of as the great consistent tradition is really the creation of traditionalists who manage somehow to fit the surviving dead into it while leaving to traditionalists of the future the task of doing the same thing for those present-day writers whom they themselves are unable to stomach.

What I find most disturbing is not, however, the main thesis concerning the nature of primary literature or what seem to me the occasional inconsistencies but the implied suggestion that a new and better literature may be created by the mere determination to create it, that the writer should now make up his mind to write with large hope about the great themes. There is an old and I believe sound conviction that Minerva does not always accept even the warmest invitations. The thinker may some day think his way through despair; the writer may some day discover a larger hope. But until that day comes his safety lies in saying what he thinks

and feels rather than in attempting to think or feel what even the best-intentioned critic tells him he should. I have no plea to make for the literature of the coteries as such. When it does not reach out beyond the coterie which created it, it can have little significance. But I would rather not flee from even coterie literature if that means running straight into the arms of something worse. When one attempts to follow a tradition which one has not been able to assimilate and to make genuinely one's own, one is very likely to produce that something worse. I should call it "stuffed-shirt literature."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Latin American Scene

INSIDE LATIN AMERICA. By John Gunther. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

THE material for "Inside Latin America" was gathered on a plane trip through twenty countries south of the Rio Grande, and the quality of its writing conveys the rhythm and the kaleidoscopic changes of history and scene which a plane, speeding through time and space, alone can achieve. History, anecdotes, personalities, political trends, and scenic descriptions are juxtaposed in vivid, telling patterns that reveal underlying trends. This readable and informative book was compiled quickly and published quickly, just four months after Gunther completed the last lap of his journey. As the author himself states, it is a report of what he saw and heard, and what he saw and heard is of urgent importance to the American people. Without presenting recipes for hemisphere defense, the book indicates the method for the solution of this vital problem and casts light on regions hitherto largely unknown. It brings Latin America to the people of the United States, makes these remote countries both interesting and familiar. "Inside Latin America" is thus a book that fills an immediate and long-felt need. There will be time, later, for more precise, exact, and scholarly works. At this moment this is the book that will open the eyes of the United States to the fact that Latin America constitutes its exposed southern border, and that a knowledge of social conditions and political events there is essential to the preservation of this country.

In colorful, exciting chapters which capture and hold the reader's interest to the final page Gunther introduces North Americans to that other America of Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking peoples whose destiny is indissolubly linked with their own. By presenting and analyzing the dangerous, often subterranean activities of the aggressor nations operating there he reveals the ominous shadow of Hitler looming over every country in America.

Mr. Gunther has no ax to grind; he is interested only in telling the truth about what is happening in Latin America. The numerous errors and the obvious deficiencies of the book are due to the unreliability of certain of his sources and to a too hurried and limited acquaintance with the material treated. This reviewer disagrees with many of his judgments—for instance, with his evaluation of the present political regimes in Brazil and Bolivia. Gunther's treatment of Getulio Vargas of Brazil is highly uncritical. While Brazil's foreign policy has given official support to hemispheric unity,

the government's internal organization constitutes the first fascist pattern in the Western Hemisphere. And as regards Bolivia Mr. Gunther's data are not always strictly accurate. But all this does not negate the fact that in intention and in essence "Inside Latin America" grasps the realities of the contemporary political scene in that vast region south of the Rio Grande.

The chief value of the book is that Gunther shows, graphically and inescapably, the extent and power of fascist infiltration in America's southern neighbors. In doing so, and in presenting to a wide lay public valuable information about an almost unknown field, Gunther has achieved a memorable book. The excellent bibliography will lead the reader on to a more precise study of documentary sources.

HUGO FERNANDEZ ARTUCIO

Two Poets

WHAT ARE YEARS. By Marianne Moore. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

SELECTED POEMS. By George Barker. The Macmillan Company. \$1.90.

OF THESE two poets one has an excess of energy, the other a deficiency of it. It is not altogether because the one is young and on his way and the other arrived and settled. Two quite different national tendencies in contemporary English poetry cross here. George Barker's energy stems not only from his youth but from a tradition, while Miss Moore starts almost from scratch. She is one of that first generation of American modernist poets who in the teens and twenties went into the wilderness and with the aid only of a few volumes of French poetry built their Tower of Babel from the ground up. There is a certain thinness, a certain frailty, which Miss Moore's poetry has in common with that of W. C. Williams, E. E. Cummings, H. D., and even Ezra Pound and Wallace Stevens. It is small-scale poetry, lacking resonance, lacking really culture, belonging to an outlook that has to break things into small pieces in order to see them, that has to destroy the organic unity of everything it treats. Its makers have neither inherited nor acquired enough cultural capital to expand beyond the confines of their immediate experience and of a narrowly professional conception of poetry.

In spite of her fondness for deducing the most serious morals from her material, the unity of Miss Moore's work is too exclusively a unity of sensibility, without intellectual consistency, without large opinions, without a felt center of convictions. Miss Moore makes only aesthetic discriminations; otherwise everything seems to exist on the same single plane. It is a kind of aesthetic pantheism. Instead of finding all heaven she finds all that's nice in a wild flower—or preferably in some more curious object. The firm yet very intricate verse forms she invents are a means of controlling this omnivorous and wonderful sensibility; and express a liking for the rococo, the detailed and involved. But sometimes they express this liking too well, and so lose their efficacy as controls; Miss Moore's predilections, being guided ultimately by nothing outside themselves, can indulge themselves to the point where the formal features of her verse

no less than its matter seem pure captiousness, pure kittenishness. This all goes back to the central defect of her poetry—the fact that its unity and its direction are determined by a sensibility that is too private and that has no means of transcending itself.

So much for what is wrong with Miss Moore's poetry. Its faults are not so much those of execution as of conception. They spring largely from a failure to discriminate between the important and the unimportant, the pertinent and the not pertinent. As with all eccentric writers, either one grants such limitations or one refuses to read the poetry. Perhaps Miss Moore yields to her limitations too easily, but within them her poetry is perfect. Literally that. It delights even when it irritates:

... Odd Pamunkey
princess, birdclaw-eared; with a pet raccoon
from the Mattapo-
ni (what a bear!) Feminine
odd Indian young lady! ...

Feminine odd American young poetess! It would be difficult, I think, to find anything in the past or present analogous to Miss Moore's particular combination of verbal precision and wit. Its exact quality is that of felicity in the purest and most difficult sense. And felicity in all other English poetry is more casual and more abstract. Miss Moore's belongs to the immediate detail; it is the result of concentration upon the minutest and most idiosyncratic features of experience, and of a hypersensitivity to language only possible in the idiosyncratic writer. The typical Moore poem is a process that explores something, preferably curious or unlikely—the pangolin, marriage, a definition of poetry, quartz clocks—shreds it into many small items of perception and association, and from these draws a succession of general observations expressed with deliberate prosiness. With what careful timing, with what verbal tact does Miss Moore shift her prose into poetry. The usual shortness of her lines and their varied indentation serve to slow up the voice and the eye, thus exposing the subtler accents of sense and grammar and revealing the "excavated" rhymes: contrivances necessary in a verse so lacking an esoteric, obvious accentual rhythm. For this poetry has a metrical system of its own, for the most part unconscious, which depends upon the repetition of certain extended metrical phrases rather than upon a fixed pattern.

For those who already have a notion of Miss Moore's work there is little in this latest collection of her poems to change it markedly. But on the whole I think it an advance. Some of these poems I like better than anything she has written before: *Nautilus*, *Rigorists*, *Half Deity*, and *He "Digesteth Harde Yron."* In the title poem, *What Are Years*, Miss Moore announces that what is praised is no longer just beautiful, but noble and good too. The apothegms and moralizations which she introduces like large images to flavor and give point are no longer quite so arch or so cute. History has overtaken the poetess as it overtakes all of us.

What prejudices one—perhaps too much—in favor of George Barker's poetry is its evocations of the past of English poetry. It is not a question of imitation and influence in any conventional way. Barker owns this past congenitally, has it in his bones as well as his lamp, and proves it by putting the

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historical conventions and manners of English poetry successfully into the thick of the most recent contexts. Among the traditions he taps is first of all that pre-Elizabethan, populist, underground, almost folkish tradition, most of whose poets were plebeians, which runs from late Anglo-Saxon verse through ballads, morality plays, *Piers Plowman*, through comparatively little of Chaucer but more of Lydgate, through Skelton and many anonymous poets to Blake and Ebenezer Jones. Even the particular way in which Barker lacks humor agrees with this tradition. Like Langland and Blake, he invents visions, stages allegories, sees wildly, and denounces apocalyptically. He draws also on early Elizabethan dramatic verse with its closed, ringing, metallic line, and on the kind of declamatory verse found in eighteenth-century poetry such as Young's. Barker writes genuine pseudo-Pindaric odes and is an *enthusiastick* poet, stagey and full of violence and rant. His verse is loose-jointed, gallops like the old fourteener, and his eyeball is always rolling. As a modern poet he can be located halfway between Auden and Dylan Thomas, without being tributary to either. He is fond of the same poetic past as Auden, capitalizes on similar conventions and devices, allegorizes abstractions in the same somewhat Rilkean way, versifies loosely, and is moved to write by the state of the world. But the actual complexion of his verse resembles more that of Thomas's: passionate, irrational, full of quasi-surrealist images, the lines heavy with stresses, alliterations, internal rhymes, and long vowels. It is not, however, so closely textured, and its syntax and sense are more obvious. Barker is more extroverted, more conscious of himself in relation to the external.

A fault Barker shares perhaps with Thomas and a good many other of the new English poets is an inability to modulate, to distribute the emphasis so that a poem will move dramatically and take on shape. In Barker's case there is an impression of an unwearying stridency, unrelieved and unshaded. He is capable of other states of feeling than the impassioned, he can be pathetic and elegiac; read closely, his work has sufficient variety from one poem to the other—in quality, alas, as well as tone. But it is within the single poem that he has a tendency to be monotonous; once having set his pitch he has difficulty in changing it. This makes Barker hard to read, and it also prevents him from delivering himself as honestly as he might like to. Having begun a poem on the level of the sublime, to descend is perilous; hence the posturing, the padding and the bombast. The themes Barker is attracted to are an added liability. He has as little intellectual energy as Miss Moore—his greater resonance is owed to the tradition that backs him up and guides his voice—but his poetry's main argument, namely, the plight of the times, will not allow him to avoid that limitation so well. More than violence of feeling is needed to make poetry here. The fustian is to cover up intellectual impotence: "Spain and Abyssinia lift bloodshot eyes as I go by"; "I sip at suicide in bedrooms or dare pessimistic stars"; "Stood did my bull in the pool of his passion." Nor is Barker above Audenesque patter: the whale hides its head from war "Among the myths and the ideas/Of Atlantis"; there is a "sexual sky." His public poems can be much, much better than this, but generally his poetry is more substantially satisfactory when the self-dramatization takes place on a smaller stage, where the

emotions rise from a more personal argument. An authenticity is missing from the odes and elegies which recommends Barker's earlier poems, strained as they are. Fortunately, it returns in the last poems of the book, the Supplementary Personal Sonnets—in my opinion the most perfect things Barker has yet done.

However, one could wish that instead of modifying his ambition Barker would try the more difficult task of developing his powers to equal it. I am tired of small poetry. Poetry is an art equipped to treat everything and to transform everything into itself. The perfection of Miss Moore's poetry is too narrow; it abandons too much. Barker's pretensions—and the fact that he does not fall short of them too ridiculously—are at least a reminder of what poetry once could do, of what vast thirsts it once could satisfy.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

The Making of a Nazi

EDUCATION FOR DEATH. By Gregor Ziemer. Oxford University Press. \$2.

MORALE," says Mr. Wookey in the play, "is a dirty French word I never use." Perhaps it would be just as well if the English-speaking peoples found a word of their own, instead of taking—and misspelling—a French one, to indicate those psychological forces within men which the Nazis have studied so thoroughly and applied so competently to their evil purpose. How competently they are doing it is revealed in this book by Dr. Gregor Ziemer, who spent many years in Germany as director of the American Colony School in Berlin.

To understand the gravity of his revelations—one must consider quite seriously—and this is very seldom done—the basic proposition of Nazism, which is that effective *voluntary* cooperation on a basis of equality between distinct and differing human groups has been proved by long and bitter experience to be a psychological impossibility for men; that in order to overcome the futile and everlasting recriminations, bickerings, rival theorizings which the whole history of free and voluntary association reveals, one dominant and powerful group must assert its authority and impose order from above.

It is merely silly to disregard the large element of truth in the fundamental premises of that proposition. The ultimate source of Germany's power is not its own preponderance of physical resources; it is the disunity, the lack of all defensive cohesion, in the far larger mass it now dominates. Again and again Hitler has pointed out that if only Germany could reach complete internal unity, the democracies, the whole world indeed, would be at its mercy, for the one thing the democracies could quite safely be depended upon to do was to quarrel within and among themselves. So long as that was the case, he argued, whatever their bravery, whatever their resources, they were powerless to resist the sweep of German conquest, for to them could be applied the ancient device of "divide and conquer." To Germany would fall the high task of ruling these inferior folk, if not for their own good at least for Germany's.

No Nazi has disguised the fact that the disciplines which

the ruling order would have to impose upon itself, especially in the earlier phases, would have to be exceedingly severe. How severe, Dr. Ziemer's book makes abundantly clear. Five years ago, if taken seriously—it might very well have been rejected as fiction—it would have created an immense sensation. Today, though they know it to be the truth, it is likely to leave people cold because they have become inured to the appalling things it relates. Our moral nerves are atrophied, a fact of immense danger to us since it causes us to remain relatively inert in the face of immensely threatening psychological forces.

When Dr. Ziemer asked a high German official at what point the Nazi organization became interested in the German child, he received the instant answer, "Before it is conceived." The breeding of Germans for the purpose of producing a warlike and dominant race is being undertaken with the same scientific care that a stockbreeder would employ in breeding prize cattle. For the elimination of undesirables sterilization and euthanasia are freely employed, on both sexes; for the breeding of "state children" and for fertility of the desired kind births out of wedlock are encouraged and organized. In the state-controlled nurseries the moral and psychological conditioning begins. "Nature study," is employed to teach that only the strong survive: "the fly is eaten by the spider, the spider by the sparrow, the sparrow by the hawk, the hawk by the fox, the fox by the dog, the dog by the wolf, the wolf by the hunter; and none show mercy. Good Germans must show no mercy to inferior peoples." There are new nursery rhymes to drive such lessons home:

"Please," begged the victim, "let me go
For I am such a little foe."
"No," said the victor, "not at all,
For I am big and you are small."

Later boys are encouraged to torture each other, to witness torture "so that they may get accustomed to seeing other human beings suffer." After this preliminary conditioning in childhood and boyhood come the political lessons: Non-German nations are all inferior, most of them sheer vermin whose merciless extinction is both the right and duty of the German *Herrenvolk*.

The method the book describes is succeeding. Millions of youngsters are acquiring a "passion for death" if it be death for the cause of Nazidom, a passion like that of the Moslem fanatic in a holy war; but the Nazi fanatic is a terribly efficient, disciplined fanatic.

What moral forces of equal fervor, within the Christian ethic, are the democracies evolving? In what way, for instance, are the peoples of the democracies so modifying their old nationalist animosities as to make possible the sustained defensive unity of all free men? To what extent is it being brought home to the democracies that "morale" does not consist merely in physical bravery but in such informed political judgment that freedom of criticism and discussion does not become incompatible with the sustained and prolonged cooperation of different, and differing, groups, parties, classes, nations?

To ask the question is to answer it.

NORMAN ANGELL

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ENGLAND

The New Negro

12,000,000 *BLACK VOICES*. By Richard Wright. Photo-direction by Edwin Rosskam. The Viking Press. \$3.

IF A book is to be judged by what it claims to be, this book is disappointing. It is described in the subtitle as a folk history of the Negro of the United States, but beyond a little doggerel verse from a few Negro folk songs and an occasional sharp interpretation of the Negro's mind at work, it is not a folk history at all. Little or nothing will be found here that is not already known to the moderately-keen observer, and certainly this book does not contain half as much information about the Negro as other writers already have presented. What history the book does contain is only a cursory survey of the better-known facts about the Negro: how he was brutally snatched from Africa and pounded down into slavery; how the question of his continued bondage helped to provoke the Civil War; how after that war the Negro discovered his new freedom was essentially empty; how he migrated from the cotton fields of the South to the cities of the North, and found his freedom there rather empty, too. Even this cursory survey is not always sound. For example, Mr. Wright sees the Civil War as mainly a struggle between two groups of leaders, "the Bosses of the Buildings and the Lords of the Land." This is an extreme simplification of what was actually a complicated struggle.

No, there is not much here in the way of history, either folk or political. This book is really something quite different. It is sometimes an appeal, sometimes a defense, and

again a defiance, a demand, and a promise—and possibly even a threat—and as all of these it often rings with a bitter and stinging eloquence. It might, in still another sense, be taken as a manifesto that Uncle Tom is finally dead and buried, and that the New Negro, or the Embattled Negro, has arrived, and stands now at his Lexington Green or at his Concord Bridge. What Mr. Wright has to say here is the defiant promise that the Negro, despite all the burdens and humiliations that have been laid upon him, is determined to take what he regards as his proper place in the American scene. Mr. Wright declares: "We are with the new tide. . . . Voices are speaking. Men are moving! And we shall be with them! . . . We are crossing the line you dared us to cross, though we pay in the coin of death!" Some people may object that the promise is too defiant, too much like a threat, the tone too clamorous, to be effective. But it will doubtless be useful for the Negro to acquire a reputation for being clamorous, and even noisy; he has been humble and docile too long; to be noisy is quite probably the only way to be heard.

The numerous photographs, with the exception of half a dozen from other sources, were selected by Mr. Rosskam from the already famous collection of the Farm Security Administration, which of course is the same thing as saying that they are excellent.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

AMUSEMENTS



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Workers' Education in the United States. Edited by Theodore Brameld. Harper. \$2.50.

The Doctors' Mayo. By Helen Clapesattle. Minnesota. \$3.75.

Argentina and the United States. By Clarence H. Haring. World Peace Foundation. 50 cents.

Bali. By Philip Hanson Hiss. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$4.50.

Viscount Halifax. By Alan Campbell Johnson. Ives Washburn. \$3.75.

Poetic Drama. An Anthology of Plays in Verse from the Ancient Greek to the Modern American. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg. Modern Age. \$5.

The Wisdom of the Heart. By Henry Miller. New Directions. \$2.50.

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Shakespeare and Democracy. By Alwin Thaler. Tennessee. \$2.50.

Hotel Splendide. By Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking. \$2.50.

Yankee Stargazer. *The Life of Nathaniel Bowditch*. By Robert Elton Perry. Whittlesey House. \$2.50.

The Destiny of Sea Power and Its Influence on Land Power and Air Power. By John Philips Cranwell. Norton. \$2.75.

More Poems from the Palatine Anthology in English Paraphrase. By Dudley Fitts. New Directions. \$1.

Our Beautiful Americas: Argentina. Edited by Laszlo Fodor. Hastings. \$1.75.

The Battle of Waterloo Road. By Diana Forbes-Robertson and Robert Capa. Random House. \$2.

The Myth of the Negro Past. By Melville J. Herskovits. Harper. \$4.

Songs of Yesterday: A Song Anthology of American Life. Compiled by Philip D. Jordan and Lillian Kessler. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.

The Haitian People. By James G. Leyburn. Yale. \$4.

Poems. By F. T. Prince. New Directions. \$1.

Ozark Country. By Otto Ernest Rayburn. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$3.

The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt. 4 vols. Macmillan. \$30.

Signposts of Experience. By Major General William J. Snow, U. S. A. Retired. U. S. Field Artillery Association. \$2.75.

The Early Chirico. By James Thrall Soby. Dodd, Mead. \$3.

Sea of Cortez. By John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts. Viking. \$5.

DANCE

Ballet Theater

THE Ballet Theater, now appearing at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, provides entertainment that is particularly appealing these days, for it negates the outside world by gracefully ignoring its existence and has nothing whatever to do with issues of vital concern to any of us. The repertoire, which contains some classic and some modern works, is interesting and varied. I particularly liked Fokine's "Bluebeard" despite the initial prejudice caused by the program note. After wasting the entire intermission in the attempt to unravel its perplexing confusions, I found, when the curtain went up, that the ballet was beautifully clear. The dancing, like the Offenbach music, has abundant unpretentious gaiety. Markova is extraordinarily good in a role not particularly suited to her talents, and Anton Dolin gives the only performance I liked of the four programs on which I saw him. "The Wayward Daughter" and "Beloved," both by Nijinska, who in "Les Noces" created one of the few great ballets of modern times, were disappointing, for they lacked the characteristic originality and economy of her style. There were, however, compensatory high spots—the dancing of Ian Gibson as Alain, a sort of idiot butterfly catcher who weaves a surrealist pattern through a sturdy, rustic ballet, and that of Baronova and Markova in the title parts. Agnes de Mille's "Three Virgins and a Devil" is a bright, brisk little number, distinguished by the De Mille wit, economy, and pointed line. One of the most promising of the younger choreographers, she uses the medium with refreshing freedom from stereotypes. The performances of "Les Sylphides" and "Swan Lake" were beautiful, affording brilliant opportunities to see Baronova and Markova at their best.

Markova is the only ballerina I have seen who actually is what the ballet technique ideally aims to achieve. Her timing, elevation, and legato are unique. It is as though the air were her natural element, as though no effort were involved in the most difficult of technical feats. Baronova, too, is extraordinary, but for different reasons. Her range is tremendous, her spinning pirouettes on the points are breath-taking, and her whole technique has an incisiveness that cuts through space like a sharply pointed blade. The excellence of these two bal-

lerinas, unfortunately, is not matched by a single male dancer in the company.

If the Ballet Theater and the other two companies which composed the original Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo should merge again into a single unit next season, the Ballet Theater would have much to contribute to the enterprise.

VIRGINIA MISHNUN

DRAMA

Gas Station and Juke Box

PLAYS by Sophie Treadwell have been reaching Broadway from time to time since at least as far back as the early twenties. They have generally been serious in intention, and they have generally been received by commentators with a certain seriousness. But not one, I think, ever aroused much genuine enthusiasm, and I doubt if any ever achieved a financial success. Now the Theater Guild has produced another, called "Hope for a Harvest," at the Guild Theater, and I am afraid that the verdict will have to be the familiar one. The theme is "important" without being too hackneyed; the treatment is intelligent and perceptive; the dialogue is adequately pointed. Yet the interest is too scattered and the impact never heavy enough to make the whole memorable.

The story is concerned with a young widow who comes back from long residence in Paris to a Western farming community and the people with whom she had grown up. But the simple and sturdy way of life to which she had hoped to return has disappeared. Bankrupt farmers who complain that it is impossible to make a living, nevertheless buy automobiles and refrigerators on credit. The gas station before which passes a continuous procession of Okies and the cheap road house in which the sons and daughters of pioneers now gather to dance to the music of the juke box have become the central institutions in a community which has lost faith in productive labor and is concerned only with acquiring imitation luxuries on credit. The heroine sets herself the task of discovering the cause and cure of the disease and undertakes the experiment of attempting to re-establish as a self-sustaining unit an abandoned farm which she had known in her childhood. The play ends with the experiment well begun and with one convert made to her theory that those who are willing to work hard for small returns can still lead a real life on the land.

Perhaps this brief outline will itself suggest one of the chief weaknesses of the play—namely, its attempt to solve a very large and real problem in terms of a very slight and theatrical fable. The background described is so palpably genuine and the story so palpably fictitious that the two never seem to exist on the same plane, and one cannot accord to the romance the kind of belief which one must accord to the whole if the problem is to seem important.

There are, unfortunately, other defects as well. Miss Treadwell has introduced a sub-plot involving a love affair between the son of a hard-working Italian farmer and the daughter of the gas-station proprietor. The intention is obviously to supply more dramatic action, and the excuse is obviously that the two stories are related through the fact that the young girl's road-house past, which nearly wrecks the romance, was itself possible only because her parents had lost their place in the society to which they had been born. But there is a sound rule about sub-plots, which is that they are likely to throw the whole play out of balance if they are based upon materials more easily, simply, and primarily dramatic than those of the main action. And that is exactly what happens here. Seduction, illegitimate pregnancy, and premarital confessions are more hackneyed as well as possibly less important than farm economics and the dignity of labor. But they are also more immediately and more sensationally interesting, and they must be handled with caution if they are to be kept subordinate. Miss Treadwell throws caution to the winds, with the result that most of the audience no doubt found the scene in which the young Italian is forced to decide whether or not he will marry a girl carrying another man's child the most interesting in the play. But that means also that this same audience found it all the more difficult to concern itself deeply with the main theme. Florence Eldridge and Fredric March play with obvious sincerity, but they hardly succeed in holding the play together. It radiates from a center and an interesting one at that; but it does not converge toward any very impressive point.

I found myself having a better time at "Sons o' Fun" (Winter Garden) than I did at its predecessor, "Hellzapoppin." Since enjoyment of the particular mixture of noise, insanity, and practical joking invented by the Messrs. Olsen and Johnson can hardly be the result of a cultivated taste, I can only conclude

that the new show is better than the old one. The producers have added a star in the person of Carmen Miranda and appropriately raised the level of scenery, costuming, and dancing in the revue portions of the performance far above the strictly provincial level upon which all such proceedings were conducted in "Hellzapoppin," but the backbone of the entertainment is of precisely the same kind. If you go early you will be forced to proceed to your seat via the stage and to entertain even earlier comers by making your way through a series of embarrassing devices borrowed from the Coney Island "Fun House." If you do not arrive until 8:30 you will still be in time for a riot which begins with a one-man welcoming committee ready to recite statistics about your home town and which lasts until about 11:30. An entranced spectator just behind me exclaimed audibly, "I don't see how they think of all these things," but I suspect that the secret of the proprietors' success lies less in brain work than in an infinite capacity for taking pains—which is to say in a willingness to work out simple practical jokes with a mechanical elaborateness never previously attempted in the history of the world. I can only add that the show will be liked by those who like that sort of thing. Neither Aristotle, Diderot, nor the "Hamburgische Dramaturgie" will help you to decide whether you ought to like it or not, and I don't think Brunetière's "Law of the Theater" would throw much light on the subject either.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

Outstanding Releases of 1941

[V stands for Victor; C for Columbia; D for Decca; B for Bluebird; O for Okeh; CM for Commodore.]

Bach: Chorale-Prelude "Das alte Jahr vergangen ist," with "Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier" and the Benedictus from Lasso's Mass "Douce Memoire"; Gustave Bret, Dijon Cathedral Choir; V 13498, \$1. Italian Concerto; Artur Schnabel; V Set 806, \$2.50. Suite No. 3; Weingartner and Paris Conservatory Orchestra; C Set 428, \$3.50. Suites Nos. 1 and 6 for solo 'cello—not for the music but for Casals's phrasing; V Set 742, \$7.50.

Beethoven: Quartet Op. 131; Budapest Quartet; C Set 429, \$5.50. Quartet Op. 18 No. 1; Budapest Quartet; C Set 444, \$4.50. Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica"); Toscanini and N. B. C. Symphony (badly recorded); V Set 765, \$7. Missa Solemnis—the work, not the performance of Koussevitzky with

Boston Symphony, chorus and soloists (not well recorded); V Sets 758/9, \$13.

Brahms: Songs; Kipnis; V Set 751, \$6.50. Songs; Lehmann (recording rattly and gritty on wide-range machine); C Set 453, \$4.

Chabrier: Scherzo-Valse; Casadesus; C 71061-D, \$1. "España"; Beecham and London Philharmonic; C 71250-D, \$1.

Chopin: Barcarolle; Gieseking; C 71026-D, \$1.

Copland: Music for the Theater; Hanson and Eastman-Rochester Symphony; V Set 744, \$3.50.

Dvorak: "Carneval" Overture; Talich and Czech Philharmonic; V 13710, \$1.

Corelli: "La Folia"; Szegedi; C Set X-202, \$2.50.

Enesco: Rumanian Rhapsodies Nos. 1 and 2; Ormandy and Philadelphia Orchestra, Kindler and National Symphony; V Set 830, \$2.50.

Gay-Pepusch: "The Beggar's Opera"; English artists under Mudie; V Set 772, \$6.50.

Gluck: "Ah, malgré moi" and "Non, ce n'est point un sacrifice" from "Alceste"; Bampton; V 18218, \$1.

Handel: Concerti Grossi Op. 6 Nos. 1 and 5; Diener and Collegium Musicum; V Set 808, \$4.50. Suite from "The Faithful Shepherd" (arranged by Beecham); Beecham and London Philharmonic; C Set 458, \$3.50.

Italian Songs of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries; Pinza; V Set 766, \$3.50.

Mahler: Symphony No. 9; Walter and Vienna Philharmonic; V Set 726, \$10.50. Symphony No. 1; Mitropoulos and Minneapolis Symphony; C Set 469, \$6.50.

Mozart: "Così fan Tutte"; Glyndebourne Festival Company; V Sets 812/3/4, \$21.50. Symphony 543; Beecham and London Philharmonic; C Set 456, \$3.50. Symphonies K. 201 and 338; Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony (harshly recorded); V Set 795, \$5. Quartet K. 421; Budapest Quartet (recording afflicted with rattles and grit); C Set 462, \$3.50. Quartet K. 458; Budapest Quartet (recording slightly sharp); V Set 763, \$3.50. "Eine kleine Nachtmusik"; Weingartner and London Symphony; C Set X-187, \$2.50. Piano Sonatas K. 332 and 576—the works rather than the performances by Casadesus (recording occasionally unclear and rattly); C Set 443, \$3.50.

Scarlatti: Sonatas Longo Nos. 8 and 487, with Couperin's "La tendre Nanette" and Daquin's "L'Hirondelle"; Novaes; C 17229-D, \$7.50.

Schubert: Seven more songs from "Die Winterreise": Nos. 1, 2, 6, 7, 10, 11, 16; Lehmann (recording occasionally gritty and crackling); C Set 466, \$3.50.

Schumann: Piano Quintet; Sanroma and Primrose Quartet; V Set 736, \$4.

Strauss: "Don Quixote"; Ormandy with Philadelphia Orchestra and Feuermann; V Set 720, \$5.50.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5; Beecham and London Philharmonic; C Set 470, \$5.50. Symphony No. 6 ("Pathétique"); Furt-

wängler and Berlin Philharmonic; V Set 553, \$6.50.

Tinayre Recital of Sacred and Secular Music of the Twelfth to the Seventeenth Centuries; C Set 431, \$4.50.

Verdi: Requiem; Serafin and Rome Opera orchestra, chorus and soloists; V Set 734, \$10.50. "Ingemisco" from Requiem; Bjorling; V 13588, \$1. Preludes to Acts 1 and 3 of "La Traviata"; Toscanini and N. B. C. Symphony (harshly recorded); V 18080, \$1.

Wagner: Prelude and Finale of "Tristan und Isolde"; Furtwängler and Berlin Philharmonic; V Set 653, \$2.50. Prelude and Good Friday Spell of "Parsifal"; Furtwängler and Berlin Philharmonic; V Set 514, \$3.50. Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"; Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra (performance overemphatic); V Set 731, \$2.50.

Williams: Fantasia on a theme of Tallis; Boult and B. B. C. Symphony; V Set 769, \$2.50.

Wolf: Mignon's song "Kennst du das Land?"; Thorborg; V 18079, \$1.

JAZZ: REISSUES

Benny Goodman Orchestra (1933-4): "Moon-glow"; C 35839.

Duke Ellington Orchestra (1932): "Lazy Rhapsody"; C 35834.

Louis Armstrong (1929): "Mahogany Hall Stomp"; C 35879.

Bix Beiderbecke: "Jazz Me Blues"; C 36156.

Red Norvo Swing Octet (1935): "Blues in E flat"; C 36158.

Teddy Wilson (1935): "What a Little Moonlight Can Do"; C 36206.

Frank Teschmaker: "Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble"; C 35953.

Mildred Bailey-Teddy Wilson: "Willow Tree"; D 18108.

Gene Krupa Chicagoans: "Blues of Israel"; D 18114.

New Orleans Rhythm Kings (1925): "Everybody Loves Somebody Blues"; B 10956.

JAZZ: NEW ISSUES

Duke Ellington Orchestra: "Jump for Joy"; V 27517.

Count Basie Orchestra: "Goin' to Chicago Blues"; O 6244.

Sidney Bechet Orchestra: "When It's Sleepy Time Down South" and "I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of This Jelly Roll"; V 27447.

Ellington-Blanton: "Mr. J. B. Blues"; V 27406.

Rex Stewart Orchestra: "Without a Song" and "My Sunday Gal"; B 10946.

Benny Goodman Sextet: "As Long As I Live"; C 35901.

Bud Freeman Chicagoans: "At the Jazz Band Ball," "Jack Hits the Road," "That Da-Da Strain," "Forty-Seventh and State," "Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble"; C C-40.

Eddie Condon Chicagoans: "Pretty Doll" and "Oh, Sister Ain't That Hot"; CM 535. "Georgia Grind" and "Dancing Fool"; CM 536.

Letters to the Editors

In Defense of Finland

Dear Sirs: I. F. Stone, usually so reliable, has "fumbled" badly in his recent article "Fumbles for Finland" (*Nation*, November 15, 1941). He wrote at length about the failure of the Finnish government to answer the demands of Welles and Hull but failed completely to point out that Finnish Minister Procopé also asked some questions: First, in view of Finland's experience with the Soviet Union in 1939, what guaranties would Great Britain or the United States offer Finland that any peace treaty which the Soviet Union might now be disposed to negotiate would be maintained? Second, what assurance would Finland be given that in the event Germany was defeated and the Soviet Union became the predominant military power Russia would respect any promise which Great Britain or the United States might have made and would not again undertake to deprive the Finnish people of their independence?

The answer of Under Secretary Welles to these vital questions was neither adequate nor reassuring: "These questions . . . I was not prepared to discuss." Secretary of State Hull, in his talks with Procopé on October 3, preferred to deal only with a potential Nazi threat to Finnish independence and clearly disliked discussion of past, present, and future Russian designs on Finland. The Finns can scarcely be blamed for considering that a separate peace with Russia would not in any way safeguard the security of Finland, especially since neither England nor the United States was willing to guarantee that Russian attacks would not be renewed.

Mr. Stone, like the Russians, Churchill, and the American State Department, speaks only of the "territorial compensations" offered by Russia. Does the term cover the naval base of Hangö, the outer islands in the Gulf of Finland, or the Fisher Peninsula, all of which are still under Russian control? The very ambiguity of the proposals smacks of insincerity.

Finland's foreign policy, in Mr. Stone's opinion, should be determined by the interests of London and Washington rather than Helsinki. I do not subscribe to that view. Finnish foreign policy should serve and is serving the interests of Finland. These interests de-

mand a favorable military situation vis-a-vis Russia until the return of peace and collective security; they demand, further, the military occupation of eastern Karelia, whence time and time again the Russians have launched attacks upon Finland.

It is preposterous for Americans to try to persuade the Finns that Hitler rather than Stalin is their chief enemy. The lesson of history from the ninth century to 1941 is crystal-clear: the threat to Finnish freedom has always been Russia, czarist or communist. It may be that Hitler is contemplating the reduction of Finland to the status of vassal, but the realistic Finns prefer to deal today with a known and immediate enemy and cross the Nazi bridge when they get to it. Mr. Stone would do well to read a little in Finnish history; it might have a steadying effect upon his evaluation of Russo-Finnish relations.

Finally, Mr. Stone suggests an appeal to the democratic and Social Democratic elements in Finland, insinuating that these groups are suspicious of and lukewarm to the government's present foreign policy. I defy Mr. Stone to produce evidence of disaffection in Finland. Has he read the recent utterances of the leader of the Social Democratic Party? Has he been reading the party's official journal, *Sosialidemokraati*? My contacts with Finnish public opinion convey a totally different impression from Mr. Stone's.

I sincerely admired Mr. Stone's work on Alcoa. Perhaps that is his field.

JOHN I. KOLEHMAINEN
Tiffin, Ohio, December 4

A Tribute to "Nevvy"

Dear Sirs: A true gentleman, Henry Woodd Nevvinson, has passed on. He always asked me, "And how is *The Nation* and its fine staff?"

It was during the Washington conference of 1921 and *grâce à* H. G. Wells that I first met Mr. Nevvinson, or "Nevvy" as all literary London lovingly called him. I was in Washington with the late James Eads How, asking Senators to serve on a committee which we had organized to hold a "Conference of the Unemployed Themselves." It was an attempt to solve the problem of the six million people that were workless at that time.

No one was too important or unobtainable for us to approach. Mr. Wells was then in Washington for the conference. "Try him," said one of our adherents. So we asked Mr. Wells to come with us to Detroit to "speak to the American workers." He said that he wouldn't know what to say, but, he added, "Go and see Nevvinson. He's your boy." We went, and from that day to the day of his death Nevvy and I had a beautiful and rare friendship. The last time I saw him was in London in 1936. I dined with him and his clever wife, Evelyn Sharp, in his pretty Hampstead home outside London. He asked about America and particularly about his favorite weekly, *The Nation*.

His last letter came some months ago. The pretty home in Hampstead had been bombed. This is what he wrote:

I am sure that I have written to you since we were blasted out of our house last October—all windows gone, little roof left, walls standing but very shaky. We stuck it for some weeks, but then the noise and cold became intolerable, and since then we have lived as wandering exiles. It is horrible to live cut off from all our interests, our home, and few surviving friends. But there was no alternative, now that I am incredibly old and cannot walk or ride. Age has ended my life as war correspondent, and I must just live out my few remaining days, uprooted and unknown. In this very beautiful ancient village [Chipping Campden Gloucestershire, where he died] the exile is comfortable but intolerable. I still write a good deal and address an occasional village audience, but "where is the life that late I led" as your Pistol said? I am president of one big society, ex-president of another, and on the council of a third. All must now be given up, for the journey from here to London is difficult and expensive. I suppose I shall be buried here soon, and nothing to mark my existence except a few almost forgotten wars. Still, I have had a fine long life, and I've seen a good deal of the world. My chief regret is that I shall never see Greece again. How astonishingly well the Greeks have been doing! How different from their ways when I went out to fight for them with the British Legion forty-four years ago, and they taught me the art of daily retreat! And today comes the great news that Yugoslavia is standing for freedom. . . . Oh, that I were twenty years younger again! I should not be sitting in a hotel. . . .

Nevvy was so wise. He knew men and events. He knew that self-interest moves most of us, but he would pass

that over, heave a little sigh, and go right on loving humanity. He was a curiously modest man and shy. Any honor that was paid him always astonished him. Thank heaven, that he lived for so long to give so much contentment to all who knew him.

PEGGY TUCKER

New York, November 25

It All Depends

Dear Sirs: A correspondent in *The Nation* for October 25 suggests that if the Roman Catholic church really stands for religious freedom it should not insist on a monopoly of religion in Franco's Spain. It is safe to say, however, that it will not renounce that privilege, for did not the great St. Augustine say, "When error prevails, it is right to invoke liberty of conscience; but when on the contrary truth predominates, it is proper to use coercion"?

This was paraphrased by Macaulay in his essay on Sir James Mackintosh: "I am in the right, you are in the wrong. When you are stronger, you ought to tolerate me, for it is your duty to tolerate truth. But when I am stronger, I shall persecute you, for it is my duty to persecute error."

How can it be logically expected that an institution, religious or secular, which feels it has the key to all final, absolute truth will practice religious or intellectual freedom? The rule of such an institution will always be: "Error is intolerable and must be stamped out."

H. C. DEKKER

Portland, Ore., November 24

Federation Is Necessary

Dear Sirs: After reading the article by Norman Angell in *The Nation* of November 15 I arrived at the opposite conclusion from that suggested by his title, Federation Is Not Enough. If I understood his article correctly, he suggested that the world's post-war problems will not be solved primarily by some league, federation, or pact but rather by an attitude of mind which will make nations willing to go to the aid of any and every victim of aggression.

I wish to point out that in 1815 and 1919 there existed an attitude of mind favoring collective action against aggressors. In 1814 diplomatic congresses were instituted to implement that attitude; and in 1919 the League of Nations was created for the same reason. Both were found inadequate although the attitude

of mind existed. I will, however, agree that because of the weakness of the instruments the anti-aggressor attitude gradually disappeared later.

These observations lead to the conclusion that we shall need more than an attitude of mind. What we shall need is a stronger world organization to implement that attitude. We have tried congresses and leagues and found them insufficient. We have likewise tried federation in the United States, Switzerland, Germany, Canada, and Australia and found it successful. I think it is clear that we must have federation after this war.

Only by abolishing national armies and creating a world police force can you prolong the attitude of mind beyond the memory of the horrors of the preceding war. And you cannot abolish national armies and create the police force without federation. Once the nation has lost its own armed forces, it will always be eager to utilize instantaneous collective action against an aggressor.

LYNN M. CASE

University, La., November 29

Propaganda

Doctor Goebbels
Prescribes labels
To make trouble
Via cable
Rousing rabbles
By his libels
On the tribal
Folk whose Bible
Makes rebuttal
Which would scuttle
All such fables
As mere bubbles
Of that addle-
Pated Goebbels

JAMES WATERMAN WISE

New York, November 14

This War Comes to You Through the Courtesy of . . .

Dear Sirs: Our economic endeavors are swiftly being shifted from the good old peace-time goals to a concentration on To-hell-with-Hitler; yet it seems that radio rabble-rousing is still proceeding on the ballyhoo-as-usual basis: namely, no distinction is made between the program plugging a scented soap and one designed to "make me glad I'm an American."

For more than three centuries our nation has developed by virtue of numerous heroic men and women, and in

their deeds are to be found inspiration. But the life of George Jessel, which I heard dramatized recently on a program sponsored by a department of the federal government, does not make me glad I'm an American. Our history could be portrayed through NBC-CBS-MBS mikes, but the present pattern is merely to take a star-studded program, throw in patriotic songs of dubious quality, have the saccharine-voiced announcer croon "Liberty is lovely folks so be sure to buy three packages tomorrow," and mention that some Hollywooder, who so graciously gave his or her time, is soon to be shown in a new flicker, which, you must know, is even better than the previous one.

If Hollywood is going to run the war, then have it send back all those battle-ships and airplanes it has been using in patriotic films. That would be a constructive contribution.

MARTIN M. CLINTON

Indianapolis, Ind., November 29

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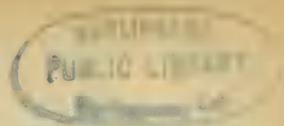
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625 *The Shape of Things*

CASUALLY, ALMOST INCIDENTALLY, THE United States went to war with Germany and Italy last week Thursday. It all happened before lunch: Hitler's and Mussolini's speeches, the President's message read to Congress by the clerk, the unanimous vote of both houses. It was as if war against Hitler and Mussolini were merely a minor by-product of war with Japan. For so many months we had waded along the edges of the terrible flood that when we finally plunged in completely the mood of the country was almost one of nonchalance. "Well, now we're in it," people said smilingly.

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BUT THEN CAME THE INEVITABLE MOMENT of astonished realization. New York and several other cities went through a silly attack of air-raid panic before they settled down to the sober business of preparing for what might, however improbably, come. Refugees from Hitler's terror suddenly discovered that they were still his compatriots—and America's enemies. Nothing happened to them. The two or three thousand enemy aliens rounded up by the FBI were persons charged with illegal acts against the United States. Attorney General Biddle published a statement explaining the restrictions affecting all Axis citizens, and refugees gave their fine German cameras to friends, disposed of their short-wave radio-receiving sets, and canceled plans to move from one place to another. Some modification of these restrictions is likely to be announced within a few days, for the Department of Justice has said that it will tolerate no harsh or indiscriminate interference with the rights of law-abiding Germans and Italians; and citizens' tribunals are about to be created to pass on the cases of enemy aliens suspected of subversive behavior. Indications point to an interval of decent tolerance in the handling of this question, but it may be shattered at any moment by a flagrant act of Axis sabotage or the discovery of a single enemy agent among the refugee population. It will take very little to touch off hysteria during a period of emotional mobilization like the present.

RECRUITING STATIONS ARE NOW FLOODED with applicants, and older citizens and women are besieging the civilian-defense office with offers of service. A bill has been introduced to register male citizens between eighteen and sixty-five for various sorts of war work. The registration of women is under consideration. Enormous new taxes, outdoing the most reckless prophecies of our Wall Street Cassandras, are in preparation in Washington. We know today, after a week of war, that war will be no picnic. But it is not too pessimistic to say that as yet we have no more than the faintest inkling of the pains that lie ahead. The country has finally accepted its due share of the job of saving those values that alone make life tolerable on this planet. Before the job is finished, our comforts, our established ways of doing things, our accepted theories, and many, many lives will have been lost in the common struggle. We do not yet know, nor have we the daring to imagine, how great these losses will be, but at least we have learned that to hold back would be to lose everything. That knowledge is enough to go to war on; full realization will come later.

★

BOTH AMERICAN AND BRITISH OUTPOSTS in the western Pacific are under siege, and for some time they will have to depend on their own resources. The smallest and most exposed fortress is that of Hongkong, where the garrison has already had to withdraw from the mainland to defend the island itself. With practically no air force to ward off bombing attacks on its crowded streets, and under bombardment at close range from heavy guns, it will do well to hold out for more than a few weeks. Its only prospect of relief lies in the development of a Chinese offensive in the Japanese rear. At present, however, the Chinese forces available appear only sufficient for guerrilla warfare. The situation on the Malay Peninsula is also serious. Although Dutch submarines have been doing a very effective job against enemy transports, a very considerable Japanese force has been landed and appears to be making headway. The complicity of Thailand has given the Japanese a big advantage, since they are able to use prepared air bases close to the Malay frontier and thus give fighter protection to their bombers. In the Philippines, on the other hand, they are forced to depend on bases in Formosa, which is beyond fighter range, and as a result bombing operations are becoming increasingly costly for them. This is one reason why they are struggling to establish a secure beachhead. They have made several landings, all of which appear to have been taken care of by the defending forces except that at Aparri in northern Luzon, where the situation remains obscure. Meanwhile the American bombers, free from fighter opposition, have wrought havoc among the Japanese transports.

THE FULL STORY OF PEARL HARBOR MUST, perhaps, remain untold until the end of the war, but Secretary of the Navy Knox's forthright report gives a fairly extensive and unvarnished account of what actually happened on Sunday, December 7. It kills some of the wilder rumors that have circulated and makes it clear that the Japanese did not achieve their objective by crippling the Pacific fleet. On the other hand, Mr. Knox's revelation of the casualties suffered will give the public a new shock: 2729 officers and men of the navy were killed and 656 wounded. In addition 168 army men were lost and a yet unknown number of civilians. The Japanese did not escape unscathed, suffering known losses of 41 planes and 3 submarines. Quickly recovering from their surprise, our sailors fought back skilfully and heroically. It is reassuring to know that despite ships sunk and damaged, about which few details are given in the Secretary's report, a fully balanced fleet was rapidly able to put to sea in search of the enemy. The gravest part of Mr. Knox's report is his statement that "the United States services were not on the alert against the surprise air attack on Hawaii." We are glad to know that the President is appointing an investigating board, and we hope it will not pull its punches no matter how high the heads that are hit.

★

IF VICHY DOES DECIDE TO HAND OVER THE French fleet to the Axis, we shall only know after it goes into action, for fear both of popular disapproval and of British counter-measures would preclude any formal announcement. There is some reason to think, however, that Marshal Pétain is still hesitating to take this final step in "collaboration," although he may have made the base of Bizerta available to the Italians, following Admiral Darlan's conference with Count Ciano last week. The entry of the United States into the war and the recent new British success against the Italian fleet make additional naval support an urgent necessity for the Axis. On the other hand, America's declaration of war is a body blow to the Darlans and Laval. It must make them wonder whether they have put their shirts on the wrong horse, and it has certainly cheered the vast majority of Frenchmen who have retained their faith in a final defeat of the Axis. But are we doing all we could to exploit the vast propaganda value of our entry into the war? We ought immediately to inform Vichy that we shall regard any form of naval aid to Germany as a hostile act, and we should make this known publicly through every available radio channel. At the same time we should encourage our French friends with hope for the future, and in this connection we welcome Secretary Hull's statement that the United States government contemplates the restoration of a fully free and independent France.

LABOR, LIKE MOST OTHER GROUPS, HAS found a way to unity in the crisis, and there are signs that it may be more lasting than first appearances indicate. The A. F. of L. and C. I. O. are still not one, but in several places unions from the two federations have issued joint statements in support of the war and of a no-strike bargaining policy. The President's War Labor Board differs little in personnel from the mediation boards that went before it, but there is little chance now that it can be hamstrung by intractable Lewisites or piqued Communists. If the labor movement has not always seen opportunities for leadership in the world crisis, at least those leaders who did have foresight command more power and respect today. Because it has no great vested interests in outmoded social controls, labor can help make the war effort more efficient. It could not do this so long as large sections of the movement remained aloof from or tried to hinder the defense program; but the position into which the country was thrust by the Japanese attack has brought the most rigid labor isolationists into line. Labor is in a position to help forge its future. It can justly demand of business, government, and public a voice in the solution of all our problems of production and distribution, in war and peace.

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JUST HOW IMPORTANT A CONTRIBUTION labor can make in solving the problems of war production is made startlingly clear in the plan advanced by Walter P. Reuther for speeding the building of thirty-ton tanks by a pooling arrangement in the automobile industry. Speaking appropriately enough under the auspices of the Union for Democratic Action, Mr. Reuther, who is director of the General Motors Division of the United Automobile Workers, last week described the blank wall of bureaucratic resistance encountered by the famous Reuther plan for building planes in automobile factories, a plan that not only would have added incalculably to the country's military strength but would have prevented layoffs in the industry that are likely to affect 300,000 men by February 1, 1942. The plans for producing more tanks and more planes worked out by Mr. Reuther and his C. I. O. colleagues are plans which a competitive-minded management is not likely to advance and which government agencies cannot be expected to originate simply because of unfamiliarity with the technical problems involved. They are peculiarly labor's gifts to national defense, the kind of contribution which is both the sign of labor maturity and the guaranty of labor morale.

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IF ALL THE FORMER ISOLATIONISTS WHO ARE now decked out in Old Glory had been isolationists and nothing worse, it would be unkind and unprofitable to dwell any longer on their change of heart. Everyone is entitled to be wrong—and to change his tack once the

falseness of his position is beyond dispute. Only the simple-minded, however, imagine that the isolationist movement was the exclusive preserve of political innocents shying away from violence. The plain fact is that the anti-war crowd of the past three years has numbered in its ranks the most ruthless and violent elements in the population, ranging from the cutthroats of the Bund and their American counterparts—"Christian Mobilizers," Silver Shirts, etc.—to the sly, richer, and suaver champions of a fascist America. These people were poison before, and they are even more lethal now that the country is in danger. It is one thing for Alfred M. Landon to wire his support to the White House, for Senator Johnson to vote for a declaration of war, or even for John T. Flynn, mean and intemperate as he has been, to pledge his "loyal support" to the war effort; but it is something else again for the editors of *Scribner's Commentator* to offer their "whole-hearted support to our Commander-in-Chief," and for the publishers of *Social Justice* to "submit to the will of the government," agreeing not to countenance "intellectual or physical sabotage." Nor can the people of this country be expected to look with anything but a jaundiced eye on the support of the Nyes, the Wheelers, and the Lindberghs, whose fierce animosity toward "our Commander-in-Chief" was in strange contrast to their gentle tolerance of the country's obvious enemies. Laval, remember, "supported" France's war effort.

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A FORETASTE OF THE STRINGENT CONSUMER restrictions that will have to be imposed if the Axis is to be defeated came last week. On the order of Donald Nelson, Director of Priorities of the OPM, sales of new automobile tires for civilian use have been suspended and production limited to such tires as are necessary for new cars. The January quota for automobile production has been set at less than 25 per cent of the 1941 level. New slashes have been made in the production quotas for automatic phonographs, refrigerators, washing machines, and other durable consumers' goods. While few consumers will suffer more than temporary inconveniences from these restrictions, the resignation of Miss Harriet Elliott as Director of the Consumer Division carries a warning that the legitimate interests of consumers in quality and fair standards may be jeopardized. It is no secret that Miss Elliott's division has been given scant recognition in the formulation of policies in recent months. Meanwhile, prices appear to be moving upward at an accelerated pace. Leon Henderson, director of the Office of Price Administration, estimates that the cost of living is now rising at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent a month. Unlike the earlier advances, the rise of the past few months has not been confined largely to agricultural products. The prices of other commodities are also advancing, although not so rapidly as those of farm products. It is frankly admitted in Washington that Mr.

Henderson's efforts to enforce ceilings on prices by voluntary cooperation cannot be effective much longer. Nor is there any prospect of checking the inflationary price rise unless the Senate reverses the action of the House and passes, within a comparatively short time, a price-control bill with teeth in it.

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SOME AID IN OFFSETTING INFLATION MAY be provided by a new and more drastic tax bill. The outbreak of war appears to have overcome at least part of the normal Congressional reluctance to the passage of a tax bill in an election year. Representative Doughton, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and Senator George, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, conferred with Secretary Morgenthau last week regarding a new tax bill. That some new taxes will be levied in 1942 seems certain. First reports indicate that an additional four or five billions will be sought. This would necessitate a drastic increase as judged by pre-war standards. But it would not go far enough to flatten the inflationary spiral appreciably. The 1941 tax bill will only offset about a third of the year's increase in government expenditures. But if inflation is to be checked, it will be necessary not only to offset the increased purchasing power created by war expenditures but to reduce individual incomes—by one means or another—to compensate for the decline in the production of consumers' goods. For if purchasing power is not curtailed by taxation or government borrowing, it is bound to be cut to a corresponding extent by increased prices. There is evidence that Administration leaders like Morgenthau, Eccles, and Henderson understand this fact perfectly, but they appear to have encountered difficulty in getting it across to Congress.

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IT IS WORTH RECORDING AS A FOOTNOTE TO history, that the anti-Axis nations are now allied against fascism as the proponents of collective security believed they should have been four years ago. The alliance of Britain, Russia, China, and America has come into being by a more tortuous process than had been envisaged; one great nation, France, and many smaller ones were overwhelmed before the principle of collective security was vindicated; history also had to overcome the appeasement of Chamberlain, the treason of the Nazi-Soviet pact, and the immense reluctance of America to assume responsibility in the community of nations. But the lesson has at least been learned. The difference between what was proposed and what has been consummated is, of course, tremendous. Moreover, an earlier alliance could have prevented the Nazi tyranny from drowning the world in blood; now that alliance must wade through this blood to accomplish its purpose. Thus history takes its revenge upon those who evade their obvious responsibilities. Since

each of the great nations, with the exception of China, was equally guilty of seeking to evade duties now thrust upon them, it is well to be done with recriminations, to be grateful for the fact that our several acts and moods of treason were not synchronous. We are now allied not only by common responsibilities but by the common guilt of having increased our burdens by seeking to escape them.

The United War Fronts

THE urgent need of an Allied war council to plan the total strategy of the war is illustrated by the current controversy over whether Russia should or should not open a second front in the Far East. Forced upon the defensive in the Pacific by Japan's surprise tactics, we should naturally like to secure Russia's cooperation and the use of Vladivostok as an offensive base against Tokyo. Yet it is difficult to dispute the logic of Moscow's argument that, for the time being, it must concentrate its energies on combating the Nazis. In the long run the Russians may help us more by pinning down the bulk of Germany's army than by relieving us of pressure in the Far East. The recovery by the Red Army of Kiev and Odessa might well outweigh in the grand balance of war even so grievous a blow as the loss of the Philippines.

Neither we nor any of the powers associated with us can successfully fight this war in isolation. The fortunes of each of the many fronts must inevitably react on those of all the others. That is why there ought to be a close coordination of policies. We must find ways and means of distributing the forces and supplies available to the anti-Axis cause to the best possible advantage. We must secure the synchronization of our blows against the common enemy. And if these ends are to be achieved, desultory staff consultations are insufficient: there must be a permanent body in a position to view the war as a whole and authorized to work out concerted plans for victory.

Attempting to see the war in proper perspective at the present time, we must set against the losses which we and the British have suffered at the hands of Japan the fact that for the first time the Axis is in full retreat both in Russia and Africa. The comparatively small scale of the second of these campaigns may make it appear a side-show, but we suspect it has a greater potential importance than Ambassador Litvinov allowed in his statement to the Washington correspondents. If Hitler is to implement his war declaration against the United States offensively, he must secure control of North and West Africa, and that he cannot do as long as Britain dominates the Mediterranean.

In any case there is no need to minimize the importance of the African front in order to magnify the tremendous achievement of the Red Army, which has administered to the *Reichswehr* its first major defeat in

this war. After battering for weeks at the gates of Moscow and sacrificing huge numbers of men and quantities of material, Hitler has been forced to abandon his objective by the stubborn resistance of the Russians, who held his army back until weather and the increasing difficulties of supply compelled a retreat. The Berlin spokesmen are talking of a "purely tactical" withdrawal, but this phrase would appear to describe their hopes rather than the actual situation. Perhaps the German High Command, when giving the order to retreat, expected that the Red Army, which it had so often reported "annihilated," would be too exhausted to interfere. If so, the Germans must already be bitterly disillusioned, for the Russians are counter-attacking all along the line. German pressure on Leningrad and Sevastopol has been relieved, and on the central front the Nazi rear guard is in danger of encirclement. There is to be no easy withdrawal to comfortable winter quarters.

The Russian achievement is of the utmost service to the whole Allied cause. It is essential that the *Reichswehr* be kept on the run, that it should not be allowed a period for rest and reorganization, a period during which it could hold its winter lines with a skeleton force, releasing men and equipment for new offensives elsewhere. There have been rumors of a German attack on Turkey or occupation of the Iberian Peninsula and Morocco, and it is quite possible that Hitler was planning to use his army in some such direction until spring opened a new campaigning season in Russia. But all his plans will have to be modified if the Soviets can keep the initiative, which they have at last managed to achieve. With the Russian bear so profitably engaged in hugging Hitler, it would be absurd to ask it to turn around and devote one paw to slapping down the Japanese. Russia has old scores to settle with Japan and will, no doubt, join us in the Pacific when the time seems propitious, unless Tokyo settles the matter by getting in the first blow. For we must not overlook the possibility that Hitler, hard pressed in Russia, will prod his Oriental partners into trying a "Pearl Harbor" at Vladivostok.

The Ex-Isolationists

WHEN Winston Churchill became Prime Minister he decided that a man's pre-war opinions on foreign policy should not debar him from useful service to the state in time of war. Similarly in America we have agreed to forget past differences and let our national watchword be "Unity for Victory." There are, we are told, no longer "isolationists" or "interventionists," but only Americans.

This is all to the good, provided that in applying the general principle of forgetting past differences we do not disregard certain patent and vital facts that are bound to

affect the conduct of the war. Britain found that the appeaser mind which, before the war, produced a disastrous foreign policy produced an equally disastrous war policy; that eminent statesmen who had consistently misread the Nazi mind in peace time could also be depended upon to misread it in time of war.

If Roosevelt were a dictator and therefore in a position to disregard Congress, if he were sure of a mass subservience as complete as that which enabled Hitler to talk of Russia as his "faithful comrade" in May and as the deadly enemy of mankind in June, the existence of convictions incompatible with an effective war policy in large sectors of public opinion would not be important. But since this is a democracy in which the grand strategy of the war will be widely discussed and in which day-to-day decisions will be affected by considerations of the state of public opinion, the whole problem of the ex-appeaser or isolationist ought to be faced at the beginning. The government will have to decide what our attitude will be toward Franco's Spain and Pétain's France, whether we shall seize Dakar, the Cape Verde Islands, and the Canaries and occupy the Irish bases, whether we shall sign a pact of alliance with Russia or Britain or China, or all three; and everyone knows that sections of the public have very deep convictions concerning these things.

Two days before the attack on Pearl Harbor an American archbishop, primate of the Catholic dioceses of Baltimore and Washington, declared that America was being asked to aid and abet the greatest murderer the world had ever known, a man who was quite capable of double-crossing the United States by once more making a bargain with Hitler. The archbishop went on to imply that association with a person and a system thus "guilty before God and man" was a sin which in the end would condemn America to terrible punishment. Three days later, after Japan's attack, a United States Senator informed the public that that event had been planned by Britain and that the United States had once more become the victim of British imperialism.

These two themes—Russian communism and British imperialism—had been for months the standing texts of editorials and cartoons in the New York newspaper which has the largest circulation in the city, in the Hearst press from one end of the country to the other, and in the Chicago *Tribune*. Suddenly, with our entry into the war, this stream of comment stopped, turned off like water from a tap. The tap marked unity was turned on, and the Senator who twelve hours before had proclaimed that "the British imperialists had planned it all" stood up meekly, with eighty-one other Senators, and gave his vote for "Britain's war."

Whatever the motives of the men who wrote the anti-war editorials and made the anti-war speeches, the people who read them and were convinced by them were sincere

and honest. On the other hand, there is no question that the great majority of these people are equally sincere in their support of the government now that war has come. But it would be a grave mistake to assume that their former doubts have vanished, and we may be sure the Nazis will make no such assumption. It is quite certain that German propaganda will assure the Russians that the opinions of the above-mentioned archbishop and of Hearst are the real though unexpressed opinions of a considerable section of the American people. It is quite certain also that the Germans will do their utmost to keep alive the belief that America is fighting Britain's war—just as they have already, in their radio propaganda directed at Britain, switched to the theme that the conflict has now become "America's war" and that an Allied victory can mean only the victory of American economic imperialism.

We cannot afford to ignore these undercurrents of unexpressed opinion. Instead, we must make a genuine effort to combat and neutralize them; and we can do that only by promoting a wider understanding of the real nature, by clarifying the fundamental moral issue, of this war. We need, quite evidently, to make more widely understood the truth that we can guarantee Russia's right to existence without accepting Russia's economic or political system, just as we need to make it clear that it was not the British imperialists but the British people who insisted upon resistance to Nazi aggression. Only by this means can we cement our unity.

Is Latin America Safe?

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

THE State Department seems to be pleased with the way things are going below the Rio Grande. Today Latin America is supposed to be solidly united behind the United States and hemispheric defense and against our Axis enemies, east and west. The failure of Nazi attempts at division and subversion is proved by the resounding protestations of solidarity from every southern neighbor; the agreements of Lima, Panama, and Havana have been unanimously indorsed and will be duly implemented when the conference of foreign ministers assembles next month at Rio. Such is the official picture painted in Washington and spread across the pages of the press. It would be nice if it only bore a closer resemblance to the facts. Unfortunately, a good likeness would look different. It would be blurred, confused, and painted in darker tones.

We should have that likeness before us even at the risk of temporary discouragement. For our national fate and the outcome of this global war may easily depend on the true position of the Latin American countries. Those countries are not merely possible objects of Axis

conquest; they are also, and chiefly, coveted as bases of attack against the United States.

Here are a few of the facts that hide behind the smooth appearance presented in the State Department handouts.

The Latin American countries obviously cannot be lumped into a single, simple, anti-Axis whole; roughly they should be divided into four groups. First is the group which has declared war on the Axis or broken off relations with it, and so has fulfilled, both in letter and spirit, the agreements reached in the last three pan-American conferences. It is inevitable that in this group we should find Mexico and the republics of the Caribbean and Central America. These countries lie within the orbit of the United States, and their choice has been made for them, whether they like it or not. Some like it. No one could doubt, for example, the democratic impulse behind Costa Rica's hasty declaration of war. Mexico, the most important member of the group, is anti-Axis out of principle as well as self-interest, and the appointment of ex-President Cárdenas as commander of the army insures democratic unity inside the country as well as substantial backing for the war and inter-American cooperation.

The second group seems to be limited to one country, Uruguay, which has lived up to the spirit of the Lima-Panama-Havana agreements but has not yet fully applied the letter. Uruguay's democratic government is solidly pro-Ally, as is its people, and President Baldomir has declared that his country considers itself morally at war with the Axis powers. Materially it is also at war since it has authorized the building of bases—air and naval—for the use of Britain and the United States. But juridically Uruguay is still neutral, and its failure to declare war is largely explained by its desire to make its material help effective. A declaration of war would have opened the old question of Uruguay's jurisdiction over its territorial waters in the River Plate and precipitated a dispute with the pro-Nazi government of its powerful neighbor, Argentina. Uruguay is biding its time, waiting for events, and perhaps the coming conference at Rio, to force the issue.

Chile would find itself in a position similar to Uruguay's had it not been plunged into a presidential election by the sudden death of President Aguirre Cerda. Morally Chile, like Uruguay, stands with the United States. But any strong action must wait until the election is past and a new administration has taken hold. Meanwhile the Chilean fleet is serving the anti-Axis cause by conveying merchant ships down the long and unprotected coast and through the Straits of Magellan.

The third group comprises those countries which have fulfilled the letter of the pan-American agreements, at least as far as Uruguay and Chile have, but are busy sabotaging its spirit. Chief among them is Brazil. No

government has been louder in its vocal support of inter-American solidarity than Brazil's; none is less to be trusted. Brazil has the first and only consciously totalitarian government in the Western Hemisphere; the regime of Getulio Vargas is spiked with Nazi sympathizers; Vargas himself expects Hitler to win. As long as doubt remains, Brazil will put up a solemn show of loyalty to its old friendship with the United States, which is, after all, its chief financial backer and best customer. But it will hedge every commitment and try to play its hand in such a way as to win with the winner, whoever he may be.

In Group three is also to be found the other great South American power. Like Brazil—and also Chile and Uruguay—Argentina adopted the curious fiction of designating the United States as a "non-belligerent" at the very moment we declared our belligerency. By this device the Argentine is enabled to permit our warships the use of its port facilities without compromising its own neutrality. But the inner facts belie this show of support, as they do in Brazil. Acting-President Castillo has carried out a consistently pro-Axis policy against the expressed will of the legislature and the overwhelming sentiment of the people. Argentina is balanced on the edge of a political upheaval which may easily put into power a federal regime definitely fascist in character. Even today it is a little hard to credit the story of Argentina's unqualified support of inter-American unity when one reads of crowds dispersed by the police for shouting "Long live the United States! Long live President Roosevelt!" and of students arrested, on order of Castillo, for distributing pro-Ally leaflets. The government's belated announcement that Axis propaganda is also to be stopped is hardly enough to dissipate democratic suspicion. Argentina must

obviously present at least an appearance of neutrality.

Group four includes those countries which have fulfilled neither the letter nor the spirit of the pan-American agreements; chief among them is Peru. No press agent's art can make this country look like a willing American ally. A lesser member of the group is Venezuela.



Getulio Vargas

For years the United States has followed the curious practice in Latin America of slighting its friends and subsidizing its enemies. This policy is explicable only according to the logic of appeasement so brilliantly applied in Rome, Vichy, Tokyo, and Madrid. Its effect has been exactly the same in Rio and

Lima. The Latin American dictators have taken our dollars—and bet them on Hitler. Meanwhile the democratic countries and the democratic groups in each country have cooled their heels or faced open rebuffs. Not all the goodwill missionaries dispatched here and there by the State Department and the Coordinator's office can offset our catastrophic failure to support the anti-fascist elements in the Latin American countries—the only elements that can be counted upon to resist the Axis and put up a fight for democracy. Unfortunately for us Hitler knows better; he uses his friends in those countries and does his best to place and keep them in power.

Rumors for Russia

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 14

IT IS too early to feel sure that there may not yet be surprises for us on the Russian front. Several weeks ago there were reports here that *Pravda* had published news dispatches of the Nazi D. N. B. on the unimportance of the Libyan front and on Britain's failure to give adequate aid to the Soviets. Alarmed officials did not know whether to regard the publication of these dispatches as attempts to prepare the Russians for a new Nazi-Soviet agreement or as efforts to frighten England and America into speeding up the shipment of war materials. Avoidance of a war on two fronts has been one of the Führer's basic axioms. The weather is not favorable to war either in European Russia or in Siberia. The

probability is that Hitler would have liked to patch up a Russian truce while he matched the Japanese attack in the Pacific with a new thrust to the west. The European end of the Axis can best help Japan's war by moves which would tie up as much as possible of the American and British fleets in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. Conversely, the Japanese attack on the United States may be expected to cut down lease-lend aid to England, providing a favorable opportunity for action in the west. For this purpose a pause on the eastern front is of course desirable.

Judging from Hitler's speech to the Reichstag Thursday, it would seem that no agreement with the Russians is in the offing. Otherwise he would hardly have placed

as much stress as he did on the Reich's role as Europe's bulwark against Bolshevism. Litvinov at his first press conference yesterday said the Soviets had no intention of falling in with any Nazi plans for a halt in activities on the eastern front or "of allowing Hitler to hibernate." It is to Russia's advantage to press the offensive, and there is every indication that the Soviet armies are doing so. But to remain bogged down in the Soviet Union for the winter is, from Hitler's point of view, to miss what may be his last favorable opportunity in the west. By next winter we should be in a position both to carry on war and to send increased supplies to our allies. From the Japanese point of view, a Nazi failure to stage an offensive in the west would seem a breach of faith, weakening Tokyo's chances at Singapore, key to the iron, tin, rubber, and oil of Burma and the Netherlands Indies through which alone Japan can hope to survive an Anglo-American blockade.

Axis strategy in Europe calls for the occupation of Spain, an attempt to seize the Spanish-Portuguese islands in the Atlantic, and a new attack on England. There would have been great advantages of surprise and terror had such an attack been launched the same Sunday that the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor. To have been able to synchronize the two attacks would have been worth a big price at Moscow. But the failure of the Germans to obtain a truce, written or tacit, does not exclude the possibility that they may find other ways to extricate themselves temporarily from the unsuccessful Russian campaign.

Some sources think a Nazi retreat from Moscow not impossible. The question is whether the badly battered Russians would have the strength to strike beyond their borders while the Führer turned his attention to England. A retreat of this kind, far more daring than any advance, would fit in with Hitler's grandiose conceptions, his genius for surprise, and the need of a country with Germany's limited resources to keep its armies mobile and its campaigns short. New victories in the west might counteract the shock at home, and some success could be claimed for the Russian campaign in terms of the damage done to Soviet industry. In any case, this winter may be Hitler's last opportunity for a successful invasion of England, and action in the west at least offers the prospect of gain commensurate with the risk.

It may be that an increased appreciation of these possibilities explains London's growing acceptance of Soviet reluctance to enter the war in the Far East. Though more unpleasant surprises cannot be entirely excluded, it is reasonable to suppose that the Russians lack sufficient material to court war in the Far East. In a global war Pearl Harbor, Penang, and Petrozavodsk are all part of one great front, a fact not widely enough recognized here. The capital ran a high fever all week on the question of what the Russians would do in the Far East,

and domestic politics inevitably played their part in the discussion.

In some quarters fears were the reflection of hope. At Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean's last Sunday-night party Martin Dies said the coming surprise would be an alliance of Germany, Japan, and the Soviet Union. A pact of this kind would further Dies's own career and make possible resumption of his attack on the left. The European division of the State Department, a division notoriously afflicted with anti-Sovietitis, nurtured the same nightmare. To this source is traced the gargoylish dispatch from Washington published in last Thursday's *New York Times*. "Responsible quarters" and "students of history" were quoted as saying that the Soviets would not aid the United States against Japan because "the bulk of the Russians, like the Chinese and Japanese, are essentially united as Orientals." No doubt this explains why the Chinese and Japanese have been getting along so swimmingly since 1931.

These same "responsible quarters" picked a poor moment to assure the *Times* correspondent that Moscow had "not treated the British as actual allies during several months of common warfare." The British waited until three months of this common warfare had passed before warning the Finns to stop fighting and did not declare war on the Finns until another two and a half months had passed. This delay, our continued diplomatic relations with Finland, and the three months which passed before we sent a mission to Moscow should make it possible for us to reflect more coolly on the whole week which has passed without a Russian declaration of war upon Japan.

Litvinov, under a battery of movie cameras and floodlights, made a good impression upon the press. He was simple in manner, as straightforward as a diplomat can be, and sincerely anxious to make correspondents feel the difficulties of his government's position without saying too much. "Too much" is whether or not we shall be allowed to use Soviet bases in Siberia against Japan. For me, the most interesting revelation of the press conference came when he was asked whether Moscow had been invited to sit in on the ABCD parleys for mutual defense in the Pacific. "So far as I know," Litvinov said, "the answer must be in the negative." One State Department source later told one reporter that Moscow had asked not to be invited. Another State Department source, equally good, told another reporter that no invitation had been extended to the Soviets because our War and Navy departments did not ask the State Department to do so. "We did not think we should act independently," was the lame alibi. A State Department of this kind helps explain why America's enemy, Japan, is well stocked with our scrap iron and oil, while our uneasy ally, the Soviet Union, is liberally supplied with sus-
picion.

What the Navy Can Do

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE earliest engagements in the War of the Pacific have been fought with all honors for alertness and lack of scruple going to Japan. Not the war itself but the manner of its opening brought surprise to those persons who did not remember the crippling attack on the Russian Far Eastern fleet with which Japan started the Russo-Japanese War. Bombing attacks on Guam, Wake, and the Philippines were foreseen by all students of naval war. So was the presence in the eastern Pacific of long-range Japanese submarines attacking American merchant vessels. Added to this knowledge of what to expect was the known presence of Japanese submarines in Hawaiian waters and of surface warships in the vicinity of our island bases. Nevertheless, all observers were startled by the suddenness and audacity of the attack on Pearl Harbor, the strongest American base in the Pacific. Apparently neither cruising submarines nor planes maintained on islands west of Hawaii for scouting purposes reported the presence of the carriers, of which, to judge by the number of planes, there must have been at least three or four. Nor did the air-raid-warning system of the army assist here, though in Canal Zone maneuvers it had reported hostile aircraft an hour before they came in view. Either the Japanese air fleet possesses a degree of efficiency unknown elsewhere or, in the succinct words of one Congressman, "both army and navy were caught asleep in the same bed." The result was the greatest naval disaster in American history.

Wild rumors about the details of the Japanese attack are apt to receive more attention in the United States than the strategy revealed by the attack itself. The presence of powerful American naval and air forces in the Far East interfered with Japanese naval expansion to the south. In a desperate attempt to immobilize our fleet by damaging it and so permit the success of their expeditionary forces, the Japanese risked the probable annihilation of half their ship-based naval air force. It is a fair criticism of the American navy that this result did not ensue. The attacks on Midway and Wake islands were probably designed to secure advanced stations from which to report American movements while denying such information to the United States. The successful holding of those islands assumed earlier success at Pearl Harbor. The feints at the American coast and submarine sinkings in the eastern Pacific indicate that the Japanese High Command is familiar with the history of our Spanish-American War, when such a panic was produced

along the Atlantic Coast by the bogy of Cervera's fleet that communities up and down the seaboard demanded naval protection and seriously embarrassed the Navy Department by their clamor. These gestures were probably expected to produce a panicky American public which would demand of the government the very worst strategic course—retention of the American navy in the eastern Pacific, where it would be quite unable to interfere with the execution of Japanese plans.

It is our gain that these attacks have unified the American people as nothing else could possibly have done and have put an end to the essentially dishonest practice of taking part in war without declaring it. But they also revealed serious shortcomings either in high army and navy circles or in the military-intelligence service.

From the Japanese angle the attack on Hawaii was unquestionably so brilliant a success as to invite repetition. Ships were sunk and others were heavily damaged; the latter will need docking and extensive repairs which will take months. Also, because of these losses reinforcements must be sent from the Atlantic, for President Roosevelt, against the advice, it is reported, of his high naval officers, last summer transferred numerous important units to the Atlantic to assist in the campaign against German submarines. The operation was a success so far as the Battle of the Atlantic was concerned but proves to have been a time-consuming mistake as regards the Battle of the Pacific.

Until our fleet has the strength to take a vigorous offensive we are certain to know further reverses. Japan is brilliantly repeating the strategy of surprise attack and defeat of a more powerful foe in detail which brought it victory over Russia. The sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse was a revelation of Japanese air and submarine efficiency which the Germans must have envied. The Far East is now denuded of naval protection that has anything more than nuisance value against an attacker. The plan for a union of superior British and American forces at Singapore appears to have been completely defeated. And neither Great Britain nor the United States can provide immediate reinforcement. The comparatively numerous cruisers, destroyers, and submarines of American, Dutch, and British nationality in the western Pacific should be capable of doing considerable damage, and the Allied troops already in position may prolong resistance. But an enemy in command of the sea and air and operating on interior lines of communication possesses an important advantage. The clos-

ing of the Burma road, the fall of Singapore, the seizure of British Malaya and the Netherlands Indies, the loss of Guam, the shutting off of American sources of tin, rubber, and tungsten, Japan's access to resources which will help to overcome the deprivations of British and American embargoes—all these disasters are possible if not probable in the near future.

What of the Philippines? A year ago there would have been little doubt of their fall to an attacker, but in the last twelve months the naval, air, and military forces have been considerably strengthened. Probably 150,000 troops of varying degrees of training, equipment, and efficiency are available there at the present time. Cavite and Manila are well fortified, but other parts of the islands are extremely vulnerable and offer many possible landing places. The twenty-four big patrol bombers stationed in the Philippines lack the radius to bomb Japan and return without the use of the Russian base at Vladivostok as a refueling point. The local defensive air force is inferior to that of Japan. In other words, the Philippine Islands offer a first-rate obstacle to Japan which, because it flanks the line of communications to the south, must be taken, but if the Japanese are given a little time and are willing to risk large losses in a major effort, both justified assumptions, the Philippines are very likely to fall into their hands.

It does not appear probable that the United States will send a fleet to the Far East at the present time. Such a force would have to leave behind it its cripples and its needed reinforcements from the Atlantic. A review of the Russian defeat in 1904-05, when a more powerful navy was completely destroyed a fleet at a time, will check any tendency to send the fleet in detachments, each one weaker than a Japanese force it might encounter. The Battle of the Atlantic, in which Britain was being defeated before American aid was given, must also be a factor in our strategic calculations. Dreadnoughts, to be sure, are not the most important factor in this struggle and can be transferred to the Pacific, but the destroyer complement essential to shield them from attack is indispensable to the defeat of the submarine.

If the United States is forced to leave the initiative to the enemy for the next few months, it has still many possibilities for action while awaiting the repair of crippled vessels and the early completion of four new 35,000-ton battleships, sisters of the North Carolina. The best defense is a vigorous offensive, and Japanese raids will be less effective if Japan is kept busy repelling American attacks. The most direct route through the central Pacific to the Far East is through the islands of the Marshall, Caroline, Ladrone, and Bonin groups. The larger of these have been made into bases for Japanese submarines and bombers and refueling points for larger warships. Until they are captured, our ships farther east will be in constant danger of harassment from Japa-

nese light forces. We should immediately set about the elimination of these hornets' nests. With a full-fledged campaign in the south on its hands, it is doubtful that Japan can spare much force for use in the central Pacific, and by taking these islets one by one we shall bring ever closer the day when navigation of our fleet through the western Pacific will be comparatively safe and bombing of Japanese cities from island bases entirely feasible.

The elimination of Japanese fishing boats from the northern Pacific is another desideratum and hardly a minor one in view of the dependence of the Japanese upon fish as a major article of diet. Coast-guard cutters and destroyers, possibly with seaplane support, are indicated for the job.

American submarines can get busy at once. We have at least eighteen stationed in the Far East, and the British and Dutch have at least as many. Those in Hawaiian waters can be quickly reinforced from San Diego and the Canal Zone and, if necessary, from the North Atlantic. All our newer submersibles are amply able to cruise deep into Japanese waters from their Hawaiian base. These boats enjoy an immense advantage over Japanese submarines in being based closer to their targets. At best only about one-seventh of the radius of Japanese submarines can be expended along the Pacific Coast; the rest must be used coming and going. Every submarine in our force of more than 100 may be employed in Japanese waters more effectively than any of Japan's 40 largest boats along our Pacific Coast.

For the disastrous raiding activities carried on from Japanese plane carriers we have a more than adequate answer. Our own carriers are larger, faster, better protected, and more commodious. The biggest Japanese carrier, the 27,000-ton Kaga, carries only sixty planes, while our own Ranger, half the size, carries seventy-two, plus spares. Ships designed as carriers take time to build, but merchantmen of the requisite type may be altered for the purpose in a few months. At least seven merchantmen are being converted at the present time. These vessels, like our submarines, can be based much closer to the objects of attack than can the Japanese carriers.

And what a difference in the objects themselves! The four American cities of industrial importance on the Pacific Coast—Los Angeles and San Diego with their airplane plants and San Francisco and Seattle with their shipyards—are 5,000 miles from Japan and are partially safeguarded by a chain of distant island bases which force every approaching ship to run the risk of detection and destruction. Japan has no such screen against enemies approaching from the north or east, and virtually every Japanese city of industrial importance is open to heavy attack. Tokyo, with its seven million human beings living in close-packed paper and matchwood houses; Osaka, an industrial center comparable to Chicago; Nagoya, Kyoto, and Kobe, larger than Boston or St. Louis,

to say nothing of a score of other industrial towns, are either on the coast or close to it. Observers report that these cities are lacking in air-raid protection and equipment for handling large fires. Raids by our big bombers operating from carriers, or better yet a combination of carriers and heavy cruisers, should be able to do tremendous military and industrial damage.

The virtual isolation of Japan in the Far East all but does away with any trade to be preyed on by American cruisers. But by sending expeditionary forces to the south the Japanese have greatly lengthened their lines of communication. Pressure by cruisers should force them to use dreadnought or plane-carrier escorts for their convoys and so keep these units from offensives elsewhere.

The American people have been so long accustomed to regarding a war with Japan as suicidal for their

opponent that the reality of swift defeat came as a great shock. Too much weight has been given to Japan's economic weakness; too little to its military potentialities and the difficulty for us of carrying on a war over an immense area of ocean. But our early defeats should not lead us to regard the Japanese as invincible. The results of a mere raid, though an enormously large and successful one, should not cause any let-up in American activities in the Far East, where Japan must be beaten. By the raids and the war of attrition to which we may at first be confined, later by the major fleet movements which should bring a decision, we shall force the Pacific War farther and farther from our shores and toward Japan's. Our naval and air forces will most truly be defending the United States when they are putting the Japanese on the defensive.

Japan on the Eve

BY JOHN SCOTT

FIVE months ago I stayed for several weeks at a little hotel in Kamakura near Tokyo. More than half the guests were German. Some were on their way from America to Germany via the Far East and had been cut off by the Soviet-German war. Others had been evacuated from the Dutch East Indies. But most of them were just Germans in Japan. They had no jobs, yet were always busy. They grumbled continually about the bad quality and insufficient quantity of the food they received.

"The Japanese are a little dumb, but they are not bad people," said the tall, authoritative, middle-aged German who had told me he was "just a tourist" in Japan, but mentioned that he saw the German Ambassador, Eugen Ott, almost daily and "got around" in Japanese financial and governmental circles. We had a drink of horrible Japanese whiskey together in the lobby of the Imperial Hotel. The German "tourist" was very much interested in hearing what I had to say about Russia.

After answering numerous questions on conditions in the Soviet Union, I asked my German acquaintance whether it seemed to him to be to the interest of the *Vaterland* that Japan should go to war with either the Soviet Union or the United States. His answer was an unequivocal negative. "We are dealing with the Russians quite satisfactorily without Japanese aid," he said; "besides, if our little yellow friends take Vladivostok they will not want to give it to us as a naval base. As for a Japanese war with the United States, that would get us nowhere either. The Japanese navy would be destroyed or seriously damaged within a few months, and we should have lost our most important Far Eastern ally and

our only friend equipped with a reasonably large navy."

We tried to get a second whiskey, but it was already 10:15, and after ten o'clock no drinks are served anywhere in Japan. This and many other restrictions were imposed on the Japanese people by governmental decree in order to economize their energies and resources. By eleven o'clock at night Tokyo was dead, and if one happened to take a walk after midnight one invariably saw minor troop movements or anti-aircraft guns rolling through the streets bound for some strategic square or building. Police squads patrolled the streets, and any civilians still abroad had to give an account of themselves.

The remarks of my acquaintance, the authoritative and responsible German "tourist," represented, I think, the official attitude of the German embassy and the German government toward Japan during the past summer.

In subsequent months, however, fundamental changes occurred in Germany's position. Far from collapsing, the Red Army continued to engage almost all of Hitler's armed forces, and those gains which the Germans achieved cost them fantastically dear in men and materials. By the end of November the Soviet-German front seemed to be stabilizing. The Russian armies were very much in the field and showed no signs of weakness or exhaustion, while the German armies were engaged up to the hilt and had gained nothing of decisive military or political importance. At the same time American aid in increasing quantities was arriving in Britain and Russia. This would not do. A year or two of this and

Germany would collapse as it did in 1918, perhaps with its armies still undefeated on foreign territory.

A negotiated peace with Stalin was one possibility. I have been told on good authority that during November official hints to this effect were dropped by the Germans, but that the Russians refused to have anything to do with the idea. The Russians are fighting-mad, and it seems certain that neither Stalin nor any other Russian leader would negotiate with Germany while the Red Army was still in being.

The second possibility was the enlistment of Japan's aid in attaining two ends: first, to crush the Soviet Union in a pincers movement with the aid of a Japanese attack in the Far East; second, to occupy the American navy and the American military-production machine completely for several months, during which time, with luck, Hitler hoped he would be able to take the Caucasus and Moscow and get his New Order in Europe functioning as an economic unit, while oiling up his own squeaking industrial and military machine with Baku petroleum. Such a policy would obviously lead to the destruction of Japan within a few months, but Hitler had no choice. He had to break the Russian deadlock.

It seems clear that Hitler succeeded in persuading the Japanese to do that which seemed to be advantageous not necessarily to them but to the senior Axis partner. German pressure was applied in Tokyo and elsewhere to bring Japan into the war in the interests of Nazi Germany. Thousands of well-trained and competent German "tourists" in Japan went about their job systematically and efficiently. Their task was not too difficult, for they utilized the fanatical younger elements in the army and navy, whose exaggerated patriotism and national egocentricity made them blind to the possibilities of failure in any enterprise they might undertake.

Even during the summer, when I was in Japan, conservative business circles had serious misgivings about the military and naval extremists. A member of the House of Peers invited me out to dinner one evening. We squatted on the woven grass floor, ate artistically prepared herring, and quaffed warm saki while I tried to answer numerous pointed questions about the Soviet-German war and conditions in Russia. Finally we got around to Japan. The three gray-haired, sober Japanese business men present shook their heads and wrinkled their brows. Of course the United States was the greatest obstacle to the realization of Japanese plans. On the other hand, it seemed doubtful whether the pursuance of a stubborn anti-American foreign policy would get Nippon very far.

"We could settle the Chinese affair by retiring our armies. We could put our man-power and our industrial apparatus to work manufacturing textiles, machinery, and other commodities in large quantities. Under present circumstances everything we made could be sold at

high prices all over eastern Asia and even in America. We could come out of this war period the most important manufacturing and export nation in the world, with the possible exception of the United States," said one.

"And we could make millions," remarked another.

Such a program would have involved, however, considerable loss of face by the Japanese military and naval authorities. These fanatics, my hosts assured me, believed so strongly in Japan's ability to defeat any enemy in any possible encounter that they were confident of the successful termination of a war on Britain, the United States, and Russia, as well as China. Furthermore, these admirals and generals were interested in war for the simple reason that it was their profession. If Japan adopted a policy of peaceful trading and international cooperation, then the military and naval groups would lose political authority, perhaps even suffer demotion as the army and navy shrank.

My hosts complained bitterly about the dinner as we ate. There were only six courses; there should have been at least sixteen, they said. But the law stated that no one, not even a member of the House of Peers, could pay more than five yen (\$1.25) for dinner.

After dinner two geisha girls did a dance celebrating Townsend Harris, the first American Minister to Japan. I was not able to understand the symbolism of the dance, but gathered from my hosts that it held up Townsend Harris as a great friend of the Japanese and as a man who should be respected and emulated by the people. My hosts proceeded to tell me of Harris's achievements, and I realized for the first time that among many persons of the educated classes in Japan the United States is a friend rather than a competitor or an enemy. Many Japanese are grateful to those who brought them the achievements of modern science, who taught them to build railroads, hospitals, power stations, modern cities. I am sure that, even granted the intense patriotism of all Japanese, the military authorities will have increasing difficulty in persuading the people that war with the United States is necessary and justified.

In August of this year rice was rationed all over Japan, as were most other food products. It was impossible to obtain a good woolen suit, almost any object made of steel or iron, machinery of any kind, including typewriters. Japan was suffering from a serious shortage not only of imported manufactured products but of commodities habitually manufactured in Japan from imported raw materials. The situation will now become much worse rapidly. Whereas in August a few automobiles still circulated on the streets of Tokyo and other Japanese cities, the country will now experience a catastrophic shortage of gasoline almost immediately. Unless Japanese forces can seize the oil fields of Thailand and the Dutch East Indies and maintain communications with these places, they will run out of oil completely within a few

months. Not only will this mean that their planes and destroyers will be unable to function freely, but shortages of lubricants will slow down the entire Japanese plant.

In Moscow the Domei correspondent lived in the same house with me. He was a well-educated, friendly fellow who had been a war correspondent with the Japanese army in China for several years. He told me many times that if Japan became involved in a serious war, unexpected things would take place in Tokyo, Osaka, Yokohama, and other large Japanese cities, and also in the Japanese countryside. "The Communist Party of Japan is a great deal stronger than most people realize," he told me. "A war against the Soviet Union particularly would bring about serious trouble in Japan."

I have no concrete information about the Communist Party or other minority groups in Japan. I do know, however, that the people are underfed, badly clothed, and overworked. It seems probable that as the pinch is felt more severely, as American and perhaps Russian bombs fall on Japanese cities, large elements of the population will refuse to obey the orders of the military and naval authorities and will precipitate serious political difficulties within the country. This will almost certainly happen if the Japanese armed forces suffer resounding defeats in one or more places. It is therefore necessary for us to take the initiative as soon as possible and prevent the Japanese from winning any victories which they can hold up to their people as justification for the war and encouragement for its continuation.

Reveille in the Northwest

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, Ore., December 10

AS THESE words are written, the Pacific Northwest is experiencing its first invasion scare since Fifty-four Forty or Fight. The region is blacked out from Puget Sound to the Siskiyou Mountains. There are no lights even in Boise, where William E. Borah lived. Radio stations have been off the air for sixteen hours. Extra guards have been placed at Bonneville Dam, far back in the high Cascades. Enemy aircraft carriers are feared off the mouth of the Columbia River. Japanese bombers, according to British Columbia officials, may be menacing the new United States bases at Dutch Harbor and Kodiak in Alaska's Aleutian Islands. Unidentified planes have been sighted beyond the Golden Gate.

It is still not known whether the reports are founded on rumors or truth. The important fact is that men and women whose Congressional representatives less than a month ago voted overwhelmingly against repeal of the Neutrality Act are now prepared to believe such reports implicitly. Since Honolulu was bombed and a freighter loaded with lumber was sunk 1,300 miles off the West Coast, there has been no scoffing here at any report, regardless of its origin or likelihood. Test blackouts in the Northwest on Halloween were treated pretty cavalierly, but last night store windows in Seattle which did not dim were smashed by irate citizens.

Thousands of people in this region—and in all candor the present writer must number himself among them—had felt that military attack on the Columbia River Basin was out of the question. Newspapers questioned the wisdom of investing large sums in coast defenses. So staunch a New Dealer and personal friend of the President as

Representative John Coffee of Tacoma opposed repeal of the Neutrality Act. Of the Northwest's twenty-one Congressmen, fourteen took a similar stand. Included among them were such Administration adherents on domestic policy as Representative Knute Hill of Washington, sponsor of Secretary Ickes's Bonneville Dam bill, and Representative Compton I. White of Idaho, New Deal spokesman on reclamation matters. In fact, during the summer the delegation from the Northwest decided sixteen to five against extending the draft.

This morning a prominent and somewhat shaken Republican politician said to me, "If ever a man has been vindicated in a region, it is the President in the Pacific Northwest. Some of his strongest backers here were skeptical of his warnings about danger from abroad. Men like Coffee and Senator McNary, who admire the President intensely, believed he was exaggerating. And I think most people here were inclined to feel that way. Germany is 6,000 miles off, and everyone imagined Japan would never dare assault America. Well, the President was right and most of us were wrong. That's about all we can say now, isn't it?"

A friend of mine was fishing in the mountains over the last week-end when the Japanese struck. He said it was like returning to a different world. People who had pooh-poohed any hint of peril on Saturday kept their children home from school on Monday. The Northwest cherishes the memory of Senator Harry Lane, who with George W. Norris voted against war in 1917, but resentment against Jeannette Rankin will never allow her to go back to Congress from Butte. This time there is no doubt. Had we declared war because Thailand was in-

vaded, the Northwest might very conceivably have been divided. Now it is taken for granted here that by her vote Miss Rankin signified her intention not to run for reelection.

It is one of the ironies of a grim situation that Miss Rankin had been backed by many supporters of the President's foreign policy. She was entered in the Republican primaries in Montana last year to eliminate Congressman Jacob Thorkelson, who had been clogging the *Congressional Record* with anti-Semitic, pro-Nazi speeches. Dignified and pleasant, Miss Rankin proved a desirable contrast to Thorkelson's growling. Her backers were aware of her almost congenital opposition to war, but they did not believe she would behave as unrealistically as she did when the House voted on Monday. There are few groups she could represent less well than Butte's brawny copper miners. And the Japanese have never been popular in the Northwest. Indeed, long before the "dastardly attack" housewives and ministers and labor-union members in Portland and Seattle were picketing cargoes of scrap iron consigned to our present assailants.

Despite this unquestionable sentiment, no demonstrations against Japanese residents have occurred. Governor Culbert L. Olson of California asked for tolerance in the state with the largest Japanese population. John Boettiger, the President's son-in-law, wrote in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, "Many of the Japanese in America are as loyal as any white Americans, and it would serve only evil purposes to cause them to suffer. Those few Japanese who will side with the mother-country must be ferreted out so they will do no harm, and it is our thought that the loyal Japanese-Americans themselves will be the first to help in this connection."

From the Continental Divide to the mouth of the Columbia River, people in the Northwest are looking toward Alaska. Next to alarm over damage sustained by the fleet at Hawaii, people in the region are worried about our outposts in the Arctic. The Aleutians extend nearly to the international date line, and our naval base at Dutch Harbor is only 1,400 miles from Japan. Most persons wish fervently that the highway connecting Alaska with Puget Sound had been completed. Today the road dwindles into a rutted path at Hazelton in the British Columbia fastnesses. Thus the only links with our northern ramparts are by sea and air, one too slow and now subject to torpedo attack, the other incapable of transferring heavy equipment. Congressman Warren G. Magnuson of Seattle emphasizes that the highway could be completed for \$23,000,000.

The Governor of Alaska at this critical moment in the territory's history is an old acquaintance of readers of *The Nation*. He is Ernest H. Gruening, managing editor of the *The Nation* from 1920 to 1923 and one of its board of editors in 1933 and 1934. In a way the ugly developments of the last few days have vindicated

him, too. Twelve months ago he asked the territorial legislature to do its part in a "fateful hour" by appropriating funds for armories to house the National Guard companies in Alaska. A minority of members blocked this proposal with tricky parliamentary maneuvers. Governor Gruening went before the people after the session had adjourned and maintained that the measure had been "savagely fought by the gold and cannery lobby, whose policy, frankly declared, was 'not a cent of expenditure by the territory for the territory that we can prevent.'" Now Alaska needs all the armories and other defense bastions that it can get, and the Governor has the solid backing of the territory's inhabitants.

All the way from Alaska to San Diego the labor situation appears vastly improved. The day before the Japanese blow a reassuring incident occurred. In a referendum by secret ballot the C. I. O. International Woodworkers of America, the biggest labor union west of the Rockies, ousted from positions of leadership O. M. (Mickey) Orton and all his confederates. It was Orton who fomented the wildcat strike that tied up lumber production along Puget Sound in the spring. The new president of the union that cuts the bulk of the nation's timber is thirty-five-year-old Worth Lowery, who has always been for President Roosevelt. Neither he nor the other incoming officials are shackled, as was the Orton crowd, to the prevailing ideology of the Communist Party. Three separate by-laws to bar Communists, Fascists, and Nazis from membership in the Woodworkers' Union were adopted by these votes: to ban Communists—yes, 13,231, no, 6,243; to ban Fascists—yes, 14,994, no, 4,167; to ban Nazis—yes, 15,078, no, 4,143.

There is nothing grudging about the support which labor on the Pacific seaboard is giving to the war effort. Before Congress made the existence of hostilities official, A. F. of L. sawmill workers voted spontaneously to forgo new wage demands. At the same time this wholehearted cooperation imposes an obligation on the Administration to grant labor a full voice in future plans. Frequently in the past the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. have been given one man each on defense councils that were loaded with industrialists, and then it has been claimed that labor was represented. "That kind of representation," observed an A. F. of L. organizer, "reminds me of the old story about horse-and-rabbit stew—one horse and one rabbit. The President is going to get 100 per cent cooperation from labor, and we hope labor will have a real share in plans for increasing production."

One of the genuine jobs confronting the government is to put liberals and New Dealers in positions of responsibility in local defense programs. The President says the war will be long and hard, and it will do no harm for labor, pension, and farm groups to know that advocates of their cause are playing a conspicuous part in the great undertaking. Oregon has led many defense-

savings-bonds sales, and one reason is that labor and agriculture have been given full representation on virtually all county committees. But there is a tendency in certain other activities to select only prominent citizens for duties of importance. Very often the prominence has been achieved by denouncing the President and members of his Cabinet.

In 1939 the Oregon legislature killed a resolution asking for an embargo on shipments of war material to Japan. I have just looked over the vote. The resolution was supported by the New Dealers and spokesmen for labor. It was beaten by the reactionaries. Yet all over the Northwest I know faithful supporters of the President, veteran Democrats as well as New Dealers, who have not been intrusted with any kind of leadership in the defense effort. The Northwest Public Power League, at a Tacoma meeting addressed by Secretary Ickes, adopted a resolution asserting that OPM offices in the region were staffed by officials of private utility companies. The league charged that the foremost OPM executives in Seattle were associated with the Puget Sound Power and Light Company.

Rural-electrification cooperatives as far apart as Illinois, Kansas, and Oregon have protested that the OPM

is allowing private utilities to build transmission lines while denying copper to cooperative units. For example, Congressman Frank Carlson, a Kansas farm Republican, has put in the *Record* a complaint from a cooperative in his district alleging that the OPM "is granting preference ratings to private utilities while such ratings are seemingly not available for farm cooperatives." These accusations may or may not be true, but they are certain to crop up unless all groups are given adequate voice in an enterprise as comprehensive and important as the defense program. In the laudable effort of bringing his political enemies into the all-out endeavor to beat the Axis Mr. Roosevelt must not totally overlook his friends.

The Pacific Northwest, the section of continental United States which juts closest to the Orient, is enlisted for the duration. A lot of us may have been asleep for a long time, but the bombs that crashed in Pearl Harbor were a loud alarm clock. I listened last night to the President's talk with a group of college students in a little hinterland town in the Willamette valley. Afterward a girl from an Oregon ranch remarked, "Maybe it was for the best the way the Japanese began it. We are all together now, and that ought to be worth a couple of battleships."



REHEARSAL FOR CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY

Continued Story

BY IDA TREAT

IT SEEMED utterly mad that this should be Paris. I was back again in the marble house on the Tiergarten—Freda whispering on the stairs, "Sh-h, Mutti's heart," and from the room above the invalid's voice: "Are the children home? Are they safe?" The darkened living-room where talk swirled on in undertones—"taken at his house this morning"—"disappeared"—"no one knows"—and Freda's father listening, with twitching, blue-veined hands. "Go? This is our home. Go where?" I was back in Potsdam, with weeping, applauding crowds saluting the resurrection of the old uniforms; in Wedding and Neuköln—Brown-shirts hunting in packs through the streets.

In Berlin, 1933, all the hush had been behind closed doors. In Paris, 1940, it was outside—in the still December cold of the blacked-out streets. Now and then we heard the roar of a German army truck thudding down the boulevard. Paris, still intact, was in ruins. We sat among the ruins, quietly discussing, after dinner, whether M. Lévy de Tours should commit suicide.

M. Lévy de Tours was scarcely a friend. Our orbits lay too far apart. He spun at the top, glittering with the prestige of position, family, and wealth. M. Lévy de Tours was a Jew—*mais si peu*, people said. His family had been in France for five centuries. Lévy de Tours women had married great names of France. He was a Frenchman. He took his patriotism so seriously that he had never exported his capital, not even during the days when others—"authentic" Frenchmen—were shipping theirs to Basel, London, and Buenos Aires. All his holdings were concentrated in France, in Paris. That had brought him where he was.

I had met M. Lévy de Tours half a dozen times. He had the subdued elegance of his circle. Faultlessly groomed, middle-aged and slight but with the wiry fitness of a man who goes in for sport, he might easily have passed for an Englishman. But for his name I should probably never have taken him for a Jew. Knowing, I looked for traces and fancied I found them—an intonation, a gesture, a concealed sparkle, a warmer dynamism. Women liked him; I could understand why. He had a Frenchman's flattering concentration on any woman he spoke with. His taste in women, rumor said, was like his taste for Chinese porcelain. He did not look a day over fifty. It came to me with a shock that he must be older. I caught myself looking at his hands. They were infinitely older than his face. They were like the hands of Freda's father.

M. Lévy de Tours, like his circle, was a conservative in politics and finance. He belonged to the old-school banking group that had always been scornful of post-war speculators, the parvenus of finance. His bank was reputed as solid—and as cautious—as the Banque de France. But men with ideas for developing home resources, in France or in the colonies, always knew where to find capital on easy terms. M. Lévy de Tours welcomed ideas that dealt with France and its future. More than once he had advanced large sums on no more security than a man's word. On such occasions he would say bluntly: "*Bon*, if it's a loss, it's a loss. *Mettons une croix*." Of course he could afford the loss. But other men who could have afforded it were less generous. He was no speculator but a builder, his friends said. And M. Lévy de Tours had many friends.

What had become of them, I wondered that December night as we sat in the icy living-room, crowding about the electric heater which gave a pale warmth to our toes. Philippe was there—Philippe owed a lot of things to M. Lévy de Tours. When Philippe announced he was bringing M. Lévy de Tours to dinner, Philippe's wife said he might have consulted her beforehand. No linen, no silver—the flat was stripped; everything had been sent south months before the Germans came. M. Lévy de Tours's house was stripped also, Philippe said grimly. The Germans had smashed his Chinese "blues" and slit up the family portraits, just to make a thorough job of it.

"Whatever can we give him to eat? A man who has one of the best cooks in Paris."

Philippe caught her up. "As if he could still pay a cook. My God, Germaine, the man's ruined. They've cleaned him out, taken over his bank, his *titres* and *actions*, everything. Every company he's been connected with has thrown him out. Who wants to be listed as a Jewish concern?"

"Even your company?" Germaine inquired sharply.

Philippe shrugged. "It's *sauf qui peut* for all of us. We cannot save his fortune, but we might save the man—smuggle him out to the south, perhaps to America. If he'll go." He tugged savagely at his mustache. "I've been at him all afternoon. He's turned obstinate. Says it would be running away. In a week it may be too late. He won't realize he's lost. Sits there alone in his gutted house—"

"Like Job," said Germaine. "We are to be the comforters. Bring him. We have the tin of salmon."

M. Lévy de Tours came by the *Métro* and was half an hour late; he had taken the wrong transfer at the

Etoile. He had not traveled by the *Métro* in years. He brought with him a glass jug of marvelous old Beaune, decanted with his own hands; the Germans had overlooked a few bottles. He was very fussy about setting it at a proper distance from the little radiator and turning it about so as to bring it to the proper temperature. The wine was the high spot of the dinner, though it was a dinner such as we had not had in weeks. To the soup of carrots and turnips Germaine had recklessly added our last onion. A treasured tin of condensed milk went to make a *béchamel* for the salmon, and with a sprinkling of bread crumbs had made a respectable *gratin*. There was no salad for lack of oil, but Philippe had taken all our month's cheese tickets to the *crémèrie* and bought what he called an "almost Camembert." We substituted Calvados for coffee. None of us were in a mood for roasted barley.

M. Lévy de Tours ate his share of salmon with apparent relish and complimented the cooks. But the cheese he refused—it cut like fresh plaster. "They sold you on that one, my boy," he said to Philippe, waving away the plate. Thanks to the Beaune, the dinner was almost gay. M. Lévy de Tours helped carry out the plates and folded up the card table we had eaten on—he always liked Bohemia, he said. We poured out the Calvados and drew our armchairs close about the heater, relaxed and warm. Germaine and I threw back the blankets Philippe had tucked about us while we ate, and I was thinking how little M. Lévy de Tours looked like Job, in his marvelously tailored suit with the discreet red thread of the Legion of Honor on its lapel, when he drew a letter from his pocket, unfolded it, and handed it to Philippe.

Philippe glanced through the letter, frowned, and with a "May I?" to M. Lévy de Tours, handed it to me. It was an official letter from a minister in Vichy acknowledging the gift to his government of M. Lévy de Tours's big villa on the Mediterranean. Merely a dry acknowledgment, not a word of thanks. The signer of the letter had often been a guest at the country house on the Riviera.

"It would have cost him nothing to say thank you," said Philippe.

M. Lévy de Tours gave ever the slightest shrug of his tailored shoulders. "The property would have come to them eventually—" He broke off.

"Then why, *diable*, did you do it?"

M. Lévy de Tours shrugged again and spoke lightly, "*Finir en beauté.*"

In the uncomfortable silence that followed I noticed what old hands he had. They lay on the chair arms, the knotted veins in high relief, the fingertips twitching.

Philippe uncrossed his knees and leaned forward. "What is it you intend to do?"

"Nothing. Wait."

"Wait? Things can only grow worse. Wait for what?"

"For nothing."

There was an edge to his laugh. I remembered Freda's father, the brown pack hunting through the Berlin streets.

"Don't you understand. They stop at nothing."

M. Lévy de Tours lifted his hand. "*Rassurez-vous, Madame.* None of these gentlemen in brown, or black and silver, will ever put me into their concentration camps."

We did not miss the implication.

"My dear friend," broke in Philippe hastily, "this is nonsense. A man of your ability—we must get you out of Paris. It can be done."

M. Lévy de Tours shook his head. "I have no desire to leave. France means as much to me as it does to you. Or do you, too, think it preposterous that I should consider myself a Frenchman?"

Philippe frowned. "Many who have loved France have had to leave. We'll get you to America."

"America? And then what?"

"You can begin again," Germaine said brightly. "There are so many chances in America."

I winced at that, but M. Lévy de Tours spoke calmly. "You forget, I am no longer a young man. I do not mind admitting it—now; I will admit sixty—and a little more. Not so many springs left at that age. Besides, what guaranty have I that America, too, may not invite me to move on, begin again—where?"

He turned to me, the American.

"You go back to New York, Madame, after twenty years—I apologize for France, who has forgotten her hospitality. I consider I still have the right to speak for her." His voice dropped a tone. "You may not have a cent in your pockets. Maybe all you own is an emigrant's bundle, but I do not pity you. You cannot be poor when you carry your tools with you, here." He tapped his forehead. "You are luckier than I. Every carpenter, steamfitter, even the cobbler on the corner, is luckier than I am. I had only one tool. It was my lever, my power-house of energy. With it I could build, create, see things come into being, grow, bear fruit—the one thing in life I cared for. I have never loved money for itself, or for what it could buy. I loved it for what it could do. Money was my tool. Now it is gone. I am no better than a *manchot*. Begin again? Forge a new tool? I am too old." His voice trailed off into silence.

"But that is admitting defeat. That is suicide!" Philippe almost shouted.

M. Lévy de Tours lifted his fingertips, let them sink again. "*Parfaitement.*"

So there we were at last. Should M. Lévy de Tours commit suicide? Was there any valid reason why he should not? "Fight against all this, just for the sake of existing—a little longer? *A quoi bon?*" We argued

quietly, and all the while I was thinking we were like friends at a death bed, playing a game of hope. "You are so much better today. Tomorrow you will be sitting up. And next week—" The more we talked, the more insincere we sounded. We were spectators. It was only M. Lévy de Tours who was dying.

Our talk reached no conclusion. When the time came for M. Lévy de Tours to leave, Philippe had to hustle him off abruptly so as not to miss the last *Métro*. For him to cross the city on foot after the curfew would risk his being picked up by the Brown patrol. He kissed Germaine's hand and mine with all his old elegance, thanked us for the charming evening, and—still holding Germaine's fingertips—spoke his appreciation for our concern over the fate of "*un vieux Juif*." He smiled as he said it, but Germaine did not like it at all. It was—well, it was distasteful, a *manque de goût*, she said afterward. Philippe was not so sure.

"It ought not to be an epithet," he said thoughtfully.

In the Wind

Footnotes to the First Confusion

A STATEMENT by the Honorable Lee Patrick, Representative from Alabama: "Japan is never satisfied. First she goes after Siam and now she's attacking Thailand."

A STATEMENT by the Honorable Hamilton Fish, Representative from New York: "I shall at the proper time volunteer my services as an officer in a combat division, as I did in the last war, preferably with colored troops. There is no sacrifice too great that I will not make in defense of America and to help annihilate these war-mad Japanese devils."

RESIDENTS OF HAWAII did their Christmas mailing early this year. A greeting card dated Honolulu, November 18, and received in New York after war broke out bore this message: "We are urged—warned—to use this steamer—or else."

A NEW YORK WRITER asked Colonel Donovan's office (Coordinator of Information) for further facts about a story that appeared prominently on the first page of the *Times*. A day later one of the office researchers called back; "We've just located that story," he said; "you'll find it on page 1 of yesterday's New York *Times*."

A POLICEMAN STOPPED a bus and told the passengers to take shelter. The passengers ignored his order. "Get out or I'll shoot," he said. No one budged, and the policeman did not shoot.

HEADLINE IN the *Free American*, organ of the German-American Bund: "Our Country Right or Wrong—If Invaded."

A WELL-KNOWN New York attorney who telephoned a big shot in the FBI last week seeking advice about the position of his Japanese man-servant was taken aback when the official asked: "Is the man naturalized?" The fact that under the law Japanese cannot become citizens was, it appears, news to at least one of Edgar B. Hoover's famous sleuths.

THE AIR-RAID PROTECTION system is short of funds; Mayor LaGuardia will have to appeal to Congress for money to carry out the first blackout tests.

DURING THE FIRST air-raid alarm the New York City authorities said that one of the main rules was to stay off the streets. City officials cleared the schools of children during the alarm and sent them—into the streets.

YOUTH FOR DEMOCRACY is the new name of the Youth Committee Against War. . . . The "No A. E. F. Dinner" of the Keep America Out of War Congress became the "Bill of Rights Dinner."

ON THE MORNING that Japan bombed Pearl Harbor the New York *Herald Tribune* carried a letter from William Rhodes Castle headed, "Why War with Japan?" "Everyone talks," wrote Castle, "of the possibility, not to say probability, of war with Japan. . . . Along with this talk of probable war, however, one repeatedly hears the question, 'Why should we go to war with Japan?' To that question I have never heard a reasonable answer."

A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY was refused passage on a bus in a suburban town in northern New Jersey. The driver said that only Americans could now ride.

THE TRANSPORT WORKERS OF AMERICA now runs crossed American flags above its seal. . . . Mike Gold writes, "For more than ten years Communists have been trying to prepare America for this moment."

THE CHRISTIAN FRONT and the Socialist Workers' Party are still isolationist. The Socialist Party and the Socialist Labor Party will not indulge in anti-war propaganda.

ON DECEMBER 11 the Duke of Wellington, direct descendant of Napoleon's great antagonist, died. The New York *Times* noted that among his privileges was the right to remain in the presence of the King of Spain with his hat on, when there was a King of Spain.

CORRECTION: A typographical error changed the sense of the first paragraph in this column last week. The *Wall Street Journal*, which was quoted, reported that two OPM subcommittee members were "violently attacked" by the OPA (Office of Price Administration). As the story read in *In the Wind*, it appeared that OPM, instead of OPA, made the charges.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

The Hour of Elation

IT IS not hard to scare me. Say "Boo" and I'll jump. I don't like little unfamiliar noises in the dark. But it is going to take me a long time to be afraid about the essential strength and the essential security of America. Plenty of people have been scared in America. The first people who came to it were timid on a sea reputed to be full of monsters. The little people in the little boats who came slowly to fill its wilderness from one sea to another were frightened in the dark the big trees made and in the disturbing brightness which filled the prairies. They jumped and scurried. At Lexington and Concord the shots heard round the world began a six years' war. Bull Run was the Union's rout, from which Congressmen tumbled still running into Washington. But beyond terror, we have also and always been a people terrible in strength. We still are.

An American really doubtful today about the security of a republic which sprawls across a whole continent, full of half the riches of the world and the richest people in skills and strength on this earth, is not only a rabbit but a silly rabbit. There are some such native rabbits. Some have seen planes in empty skies. A good many of them poured stocks into a market of panic without once wondering where they would put the money they were paid except in the great, sound investment of America. Where is a dollar worth anything except in the destiny of America? Where on this earth is a life worth anything but in that destiny? When could there ever be a better time to be an American than in an hour when an American has the privilege to stand up to the full meaning of that word.

The sailors who manned the clipper ships are not gone. Our farms and cities are full of them. The craftsmen who turned the first wheels crowd the greatest industrial plant on earth. The fighting men did not die with our fathers. Our destiny did not play out when we began to play an arrogant game with dollars. The poor are not new, nor the slanders about them. The big, strong, restless, seeking poor move now as they have always moved. The country boys, the street boys have never been truly caught in dead-end streets or on lanes which just petered out in the pasture. They moved with the destiny of America. Death is not new among us any more than the willingness to die has disappeared. There

are hard hands, hard heads, hearts willing to be tough between our oceans, on ships upon them and on islands, in planes in the old, old sky. Lusty, strong men and women, we are not a rabble but a race. The time has not gone in which we are willing to play with destiny for beers, or to fight in its name for a better world.

There never could have been a time when it was a greater privilege to be an American than now. The twenties are gone with self-indulgence. The thirties have disappeared with self-pity. The forties are here in which Americans stand on a continent as men—men again fighting in the crudest man terms—for ourselves and also for that destination in decency for all men of which our settlement, our spreading, was always a symbol. In an America grown magnificently male again we have a chance to fight for a homeland with the full meaning of homeland as a world that is fit to be the home of man.

Fear at such a time? It is the hour for elation. Here is the time when a man can be what an American means, can fight for what America has always meant—an audacious, adventurous seeking for a decent earth. The gullies in our earth mark not only our waste but our labor. The slums in our cities are where we stumbled when our strongest folk in peacefulness sometimes grew fat. All the weak, bad things are only shadows beside our destiny now.

No people have done so much to light the dark places at home. Sometimes we seemed to build bridges and schoolhouses while other nations built ships and planes. Sometimes we seemed to think of the poor while others thought only of soldiers. That is not loss now. That emphasis in our peace is still the emphasis in our war. That aim at home is the basis of our strength in the world. The American dream for people is still what underlies the irresistible power of our arms. That American dream is a world force now, the force of men whose whole history has been a movement toward the chance of freedom, even if they had to seize it from the wilderness, subdue a continent to secure it. No frontier is shut on that freedom-seeking spirit. Aroused now, we can show a strength which will not only mean terrible war but the possibility of a splendid peace.

We are alive—rudely awakened. That is not basis for fear but sign that our destiny survives. We are men again in America.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Recognition

BY SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

But this child was not of wax.
Life was under the mute skin
And still showed red through the cracks.
It is well known that the children of Spain

Were carved cheaply out of wood,
The children of China but yellow leaves on the wind:
This was an English child that lay in the road.
They told me to weep once more, but I found

No tears, and though the mourners then
Threw stones at me in grief's and God's name
I had no blood to quicken for God or man.
For I remembered how to my childhood had come

Hearsay of Justice. Now, overhead,
Rang the inflexible music of her sword;
Blindfold she went over with sure tread.
I knew, and acknowledged her, and adored.

Miss Millay as Artist

COLLECTED SONNETS OF EDNA ST. VINCENT
MILLAY. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

MISS MILLAY'S public has grown, unfortunately, I think, to include collectors as well as readers; so there is always apt to be some fancy business, now, about her publications. This encourages skeptical criticism, and the fact that the direction of her progress has been from legend to success somewhat confuses discussion of her merit as an artist. If she is not taken quite seriously in this role today, it may be that she was taken too seriously twenty years ago, and that we have, ever since, been making the mistake of entering her in the wrong company, placing her out of her class, over her head, instead of keeping her where she really belonged, with Meredith, say, or as Elizabeth Barrett Browning's naughty younger sister in the parlor, the last of the female Victorians, and in that sense only, the herald of the Coming Woman. In our youth she opened our eyes, if only to the value of a certain shamelessness; she delighted, instructed, informed us; and she has subsequently written stuff that would make us sick if we took it in earnest.

But we are supposed to be discussing her collected sonnets, not her entire career. Fancy considerations aside, Miss Millay is on solid ground in presenting these as the soundest evidence of her valid claims; it is doubtful that she could select from her other poems anything like so high a proportion of

respectable work. A few lyrics might rise above, the rest fall far below, this level of general excellence.

For this state of affairs the sonnet form itself should be credited with an assist. The sonnet is an equivalent, with us, of Latin elegiac verse: stick to that form, if you are a certain kind of writer, and you cannot, very often, go far wrong. The medium affords considerable insurance, protection and opportunity, to the writer who heeds its demands. These demands are not great, nor could they endure tremendous greatness, which needs more room; politely urged, they conduce to grace, elegance, and ease; they restrict the range and concentrate the wit; they permit ear and eye a certain freedom without excessive license; they afford scope for talent and will occasionally suffer genius, but not for long; they reward originality, dash eccentricity, and doom flatness. And Miss Millay, in applying herself to the sonnet, has brought over into it much of the virtue of Latin elegy—the clarity, the point, the balance of sound, the limitation of sense—which she has studied with so much profit and so much affection.

She could always write sonnets. The first one she ever put down, and has included here in her foreword—a nosegay for her worshipers, this souvenir of her *Backfisch* days—reveals her characteristic line, her authentic originality, the genuine merit, and the fatal fault. She has published nearly two hundred sonnets, all characteristic, many good, some fine, one or two god-awful. Of these latter, my own favorite is the one in "Epitaph for the Race of Man," about the dinosaurs:

In punctual season, with the race in mind,
His consort held aside her heavy tail,
And took the seed; and heard the seed confined
Roar in her womb . . .

This strikes me as almost sublime in its superiority both to the canons of sense and taste and to the laws of biology and acoustics; but it would not be fair to rub it in without adding that I have by heart many sonnets which I admire for nobler reasons. At the double risk of exposing my own taste and of cluttering up the review, I might mention half a dozen first lines: "O think not I am faithful to the vow"; "Loving you less than life"; "Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare" (though I always thought the rhyme on *geese* was something of a flaw); "Upon this marble bust that is not I"; "Sweet sounds, O beautiful music, do not cease"; "Not in a silver casket cool with pearls." Let me add two or three more: "Moon that against the lintel of the west"; "O sleep forever in the Latmian cave"; "See where Capella with her golden kids."

Miss Millay has included in the present collection nearly all her sonnets. She has added two, one in tetrameter, inadvertently omitted from previous collections, as well as the adolescent one quoted in the foreword. She has omitted from "Huntsman, What Quarry?" the short sequence From a Town in a State of Siege and one other; and from "Make

Bright the Arrows" seven of the nine sonnets which conclude the volume. And a good thing, too.

With all these sonnets between the two blue boards (they can also be had, I believe, in limp red leather for an extra two dollars), one turns the pages not only in reminiscence, but to see what can be discovered about Miss Millay's progress in the use and command of the sonnet form. There is nothing startling, one way or the other: no remarkable growth, no perceptible decline. She was very good to begin with; if the emotion has cooled and passion at times is mimicked rather than felt—as, occasionally, in the *Fatal Interview* series—nevertheless, the manner remains original, the contrivance adroit, the epithet nice, the music clear. The prospect of delight is not wanting; approached with moderate expectation, these sonnets return substantial enjoyment. They will not wring your heart or tear the top of your head off; but if you can be content with something less exquisite than anguish, they will afford you very pleasant reading. And if you have bought and read all Miss Millay's other books, and are inclined to think these sonnets are an old story, why, remember (*Hurry hurry, hurry!*), they still might make you a first edition.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

"Learn from Your Enemy"

GERMAN PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE: SURVEY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY. Edited by Ladislav Farago. New York: Committee for National Morale. New Edition. \$2.50.

THIS publication should prove extremely helpful for the American war effort against Germany. It contains a list of more than 500 German books and articles dealing with the psychological problems of modern war, which is total war, and with psychology as a weapon, as well as a comprehensive summary of German views on psychological warfare. A good proportion of the Nazis' successes have been due to the application of psychology, and it is therefore of the utmost importance for us to get acquainted with their methods. "Learn from your enemy" is one of the oldest and best lessons military history teaches us.

An important part of German military literature is devoted to the problem of selecting personnel, and it forces us to recognize that most of our traditional intelligence tests and "scoring" methods are insufficient. Instead, the whole personality should be examined, and factors like "will-power, sustaining power, and readiness to act to the limit of physical capacity" should be taken into account; their importance is as great as that of intelligence and knowledge. Though the German approach to selection by character analysis is sometimes based more upon intuition than upon science, it represents clear progress over outdated and incomplete methods of selection and is apparently rather successful. Military morale, according to the Germans, depends upon a positive attitude toward war and upon hatred of the enemy, both being the result of a passionate belief in a particular political creed. This might not appeal to Americans, and, indeed, an attempt to create in this country a "positive attitude toward war" would hardly prove to be an efficient way to build morale, though we must acknowledge that many of the de-

ficiencies of American morale have their cause in skepticism about those political ideals which alone can be the basis of the struggle against Nazism. Nor can we expect to achieve war-proof soldierly morale so long as the only purpose of our morale-building agencies is to provide "fun for the boys."

Reading of the various German psychological offensive tactics, one asks anxiously what steps have been taken in this country to assure their defeat. The plain fact is that the danger of German total war is not yet fully realized. Perhaps this volume may contribute to the enlightenment of the American public and its political representatives.

However, not all of the picture is black. There are many weak spots in the psychological armor of Germany. Kimball Young has rightly emphasized the "leader-anxiety"—the fear of having one's fate settled by an immediate superior arbitrarily and without appeal. Other defects of the Nazi system are the elimination of the German soldier as a mature political being, the mere emotional justification of rationally unjustifiable war aims, the ethical nihilism, and the mystical beliefs upon which the moral cohesion of the German army chiefly depends. The greatest weakness of the German psychological armor, however, is that the German soldiers are drilled only for victory and for no setback of any kind. As a matter of fact, desertion, retreat, and defeat are, consciously or not, excluded from Army Regulations, and, psychologically at least, no precautions are taken against such possibilities. War must be a fresh and merry affair—that is the main, though certainly unscientific, thesis of German war psychology. The British, with less science although with more common sense, have come to the more valid conclusion that morale must be built up in order to withstand defeat.

STEFAN T. POSSONY

Rilke in the World

RAINER MARIA RILKE. By E. M. Butler. The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

THE reading of a succession of recent literary biographies, a comparison of their dealings with writers as diverse as Marvell, Landor, Byron, Hardy, and Conrad, and a persistent sense of their failure to relate their subjects' thought and creations to the facts of their lives and characters make the conclusion irresistible that the art of biography, far from being reformed by the artistic, psychological, and scientific accessions of the past quarter-century, has slipped into an inertness of sympathy, a slavery to formulation, and an arrogance of judgment quite as fatal to style or critical results as the Victorian pedantry which the school of Strachey came to anathematize. "In what other age," asked Strachey in derision of Arnold's generation, "would it have been possible for a literary critic to begin an essay on Donne, as Leslie Stephen once did, with the cool observation that, as he was not interested in Donne's poetry, he would merely discuss his biography?" Today we may respond: in what age but our own would Stephen's imputed crime come to seem a sign of positive merit and virtuous reticence in a biographer? If scholars capable of scrupulous research could be counted on to omit that part of a man's life—even if it is the sole basis of his fame—which they have no competence to assess or

interpret, the standing of both history and criticism might be immensely forwarded. The difference between facts and the intelligent use of them would be reaffirmed; critics might in turn respect it; and the long-desiderated collaboration between scholarship and criticism would be brought about not by a resentful surrender of preserves but by a truce. This is not a conclusion at which one arrives willingly; books in the greatest scholarly tradition do not encourage it, and neither do essays like James's on Hawthorne, Gasquet's on Cézanne, Sullivan's on Beethoven, Cecil's on Cowper, Du Bos's on Byron, Warren's on Crashaw, Wilson's on Proust, Dickens, and Kipling, or even occasional popular productions like Hagedorn's on Robinson; but mostly, in current biographies, we are aware of the apparent law of hostilities that makes the amassing of information incompatible with insight into it, historical craftsmanship with tact or judgment, and scholarly industry with that "dim wilderness of theory" and moral justice which taxes the courage and shrewdness of the most strenuous intellect.

Miss Butler is a scholar; not a journalist and not a vulgarizer, but also as certainly not a critic, a trustworthy interpreter, or a student capable of doing what her ambitious book on Rilke strains pretentiously to do—to expound the content of his poetry, to evaluate it, and to sum up his life and work on a judicial basis. She has the assets of persistence and comprehensiveness in her method, but these being inappropriate to seizing the essence of any real poet, they are extravagantly inappropriate in the case of Rilke. He is—Valéry and George hardly excepted—the most extreme case of poetic sensibility and character in this century, the most exhaustive instance of an aesthetic vision and existence. By comparison Mallarmé appears an example of consistent theory and rationality, Yeats of great temperamental variety and extroversion, and Eliot of soberly constructive moral processes. To write on Rilke in any terms but those of his poetic vision, thought, craftsmanship, and *results* is almost equivalent to using Mozart's career for a treatise on economics or Renoir's canvases for exercises in spectrum analysis and physiological optics. Yet Miss Butler's studious, closely documented, and drastically mistaken treatment of Rilke amounts to very much this kind of thing when she applies suburban standards to his personal relations—largely free though she admits them to be of anything more than some emotional disability, great economic innocence, and a certain unsolved psychic ingrowth; when she stresses his insinuating dependence and ingratitude toward his benefactors without making clear his attested charm and kindness or the fact that his benefactors' generosity was a contribution to Rilke's gift to the world, which would hardly have been possible if he had been solely concerned with personal reciprocation; when she makes capital of Rilke's admission that he "skipped the chapter of mankind" by averring that he had no susceptibility to "human beings as such," abused his profession of art to "keep life at bay," had an "ineradicable distaste for life as we know it," and indulged in "not only much private hypocritical patter but also his distorted and magnified ideas about the cosmic functions of art."

The anti-human attitude is foisted on Rilke at the cost of reducing to crudity the hard-won maturity and complex

vision of his later life; his self-criticism and final spiritual affirmations are never freed of the stigma of being "suspect." The intense psychic crisis through which he passed in the years 1910-14 is given little serious weight in assessing his abortive panegyric to arms and nationalism on the outbreak of war. When, finally, Miss Butler concludes her book by making the resoundingly irrelevant charge that "much of Rilke's poetry was altogether free of" the emotions she considers damaging—but without which it is doubtful if the greatest of it could ever have come into existence—and by cornering him, with arguments based on Santayana's naturalistic criticism of the German transcendentalists, as a poet who forced the "real bent of his genius" into "religious channels," thus producing verse whose "dazzling but deluding" quality is "like a sort of shooting star, with no guaranties of the future," the full force of her distortions is clear. To get a proper sense of them will perhaps take more scrutiny than most readers are likely to give to Miss Butler's opening confession that "the subject of this study is still a mystery to me, and one which I shall never fathom," and to her final afterthought, that the real bent of Rilke's genius was "aesthetic." At the first of these admissions her work should have stopped; with the second it might properly have started. It is a pity that they did not serve her as counsels of, respectively, modesty and justice in preparing her material for publication.

Miss Butler's misuse of her opportunity is to be measured by the fact that her book is the first full biography and study of Rilke's poetry to appear in English, that it will have considerable value to students as a digest of his letters, poems, and the mountainous personal and critical exegesis that has appeared in Europe (usefully summarized in Eudo Mason's pamphlet, "Rilke's Apotheosis"), that it brings to public notice Rilke's importance and the artistic movements of which he was a part, and that it contains much useful, carefully determined information on the physical facts of his life—provided this record is detached from Miss Butler's terrier grip on Rilke's erring soul and her graceless liberties in translating his thought and symbols into the crudest personal terms. Miss Butler has a healthy suspicion of the cult-worship and *Schwärmerei* that have fastened on Rilke's fame with something of his own youthful *schöngeistig* morbidity; even if she converts this into a positive hostility toward his visionary power itself and accuses him of harboring a "one-man dream" of the universe, it is well that he should be presented to English readers free of the accumulated annotation and hagiography of Europe. But to lift him over into a crudely naturalist set of values, to detach him from his spiritual sources and references, and to lecture him on his deficiencies as a moralist, bread-winner, and family man is to do a much slighter disservice to Rilke than to the English-speaking world which will look to this book for guidance to the work of a poet—one supreme in his kind in this century.

The book has another point in its favor: it illustrates how a disability in critical insight may humiliate remarkable scholarly capacities. It measures, to those capable of reading the calibrations, the complex and elusive nature of Rilke's genius. But it is doubtful if enough people will be able to appreciate these negative attributes of Miss Butler's work to justify its standing as a substitute for three publications which might better

have taken its place on an American publisher's program: an edition of his poetry—at least as much of it as has been translated in England by Leishman, with the original texts facing the English; a translation of his letters—the best biographical source yet printed; and a serious critical interpretation of his art and thought. Until these appear, Miss Butler's book must be used with strict reservation, even if that reservation cannot be soundly advised without them.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

The Springs Tour

THE SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA: LIFE, LOVE, AND DEATH AT THE WATERS, 1775-1900. By Perceval Reniers. University of North Carolina Press. \$4.

AT CERTAIN seasons of the year you may still read, if you care to, that some survivor of New York's Four Hundred has left for a fortnight at White Sulphur. It sounds vaguely restful and certainly very casual. A hundred years ago there was nothing of either about a visit to the springs.

From the 1830's to the 1890's, with a few years out for the hostilities between the states, everybody who was or aspired to be anybody, from New Orleans to Baltimore, from the rice plantations of South Carolina to the Blue Grass of Kentucky, literally rushed in droves, every August and September, to the springs of Virginia. You did not go only to the White or the Hot or the Sweet or the Warm or the Salt or the Alum. You went to all of them. You tasted the waters, of course, but the real object was to see people. Since everybody was moving on, you had to move on, too, in order to keep up with them.

For some mysterious reason the White was the grand goal to which all aspired. The food, all agreed, was unspeakable, the service almost non-existent, and the accommodations so inadequate that people slept on chairs or on the ballroom floor. And what was infinitely worse, coach houses were so few that the most elegant carriages had often to be left on the front lawn! For those who dared complain the proprietor, Mr. Calwell, had a system. They were not, he politely reminded them, being charged for accommodation. They were his guests. The trifling weekly bill was for the use of the waters only.

In taking the Springs Tour you began and ended at the Warm, for geographical reasons. Two of Mr. Reniers's paragraphs so perfectly convey the flavor of this delightful book that they must be quoted:

The popular thing was to alight at the Warm and then be off again with all possible speed. That would mean overnight and not more than over two nights. When we consider that Colonel Fry's hospitality was among the best at the Springs and that it was by all odds the most amusing, it seems a grateless thing for people to have flown from it as they were accustomed to fly from the cholera.

Their overnight stay was just long enough to see the Colonel cut his pigeonwing in the ballroom and to make a visit to Charley, the colored bartender, in the basement story, where the wine was cooled in a spring and stag horns bristled from the walls. It was just time to sink like a sigh into the soft warm liquid of the pool, just time to inquire what was the news from the White and to get it. It was always bad. The White was jammed, the crowding was dis-

graceful, the food was worse than last year, Major Anderson had grown more supercilious, people were sleeping two on a cot, there were not enough blankets, and unless someone died or was murdered not another soul could get in. This long familiar story put them in a fever to get there with as little delay as possible. If there was a seat to be had in one of the morning coaches, they were away early. If there were no seats they hired a hack.

From the first visit of the young George Washington to the Bath in Berkeley County to the debut of Miss Irene Langhorne at the White, when it was already on the verge of its decline into a luxurious playground for the plutocracy, Mr. Reniers tells the story as though he himself had made the Springs Tour in the great days, or grown up with the tales of families that did. The book contains charming colored illustrations after the water colors of Mr. Latrobe (of Baltimore) and a large number of attractive black and white pictures.

JAMES ORRICK

Fishing Trip

SEA OF CORTEZ. By John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts. The Viking Press. \$5.

IN THE spring of 1940, about the time that the war was passing from phoniness to reality, Mr. Steinbeck and Mr. Ricketts did what practically everybody would like to do at one time or another—as the time-honored phrase has it, they got away from it all. They chartered a seventy-six-foot fishing boat with a crew of four and set out for a six weeks' expedition to the Gulf of California, which was once called by the more romantic name of the Sea of Cortez because the conqueror of Mexico was instrumental in having it discovered and explored. Naturally no American would dare to set out on an expedition like this for the pure fun of it, and so Messrs. Steinbeck and Ricketts also had a scientific purpose—they would collect marine fauna on the gulf's littoral. With becoming modesty, however, the authors confess that their expedition was something of a makeshift. They collected a great many specimens, to be sure, but it would appear that they were less interested in the specimens than in the fun of collecting them.

This book is a leisurely journal of the expedition. The authors maintain a rather curious joint personality; so that it is difficult or impossible to tell when Steinbeck leaves off and when Ricketts begins. There are a few passages that must be almost pure Steinbeck, and a few that are perhaps pure Ricketts, but for the most part the book is written in a combination prose—possibly it would be more exact to say a compromise prose—that throws off few sparks and is hardly adequate to the occasion. The expedition must have been more exciting than this account of it would indicate.

An important contributing reason for the lack of communicated excitement is that the authors have seen fit to drag in a great many Reflections on Life. Thus the reader will be enjoying the chase of *Tethys* the sea-hare when all of a sudden he will find himself becalmed in a soupy discussion of teleology. Most readers, one suspects, will prefer *Tethys* the sea-hare. The book contains a great number of illustrations, both drawings and photographs, and a scientific appendix.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

Sorokin on Culture

THE CRISIS OF OUR AGE. By P. A. Sorokin. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

ACCORDING to Sorokin, three types of culture which he calls "ideational," "idealistic," and "sensate" are constantly displacing each other, or taking their turns in the history of man. These cultures are roughly synonymous with Comte's theological, metaphysical, and scientific ages. But Sorokin defines them much more crudely than Comte. He defines them, in fact, with quite unbelievable crudeness.

The "ideational" culture is a religious one, but it is defined as if all religions were contemptuous of the temporal. We are told that such a culture "spiritualizes everything, regarding even matter as mere appearance of supersensory reality." The "heroes" of this culture are "God and other deities, angels, saints, and sinners, and the soul as well as the mysteries of Creation, Incarnation, Redemption, Crucifixion, and Salvation." The "sensate" culture, on the other hand, "materializes everything, even spiritual phenomena themselves, viewing the latter as mere appearance of material phenomena." The art of the sensate culture is "naturalistic, visual, even illusionistic, free from any supersensory symbolism." Its heroes are "common mortals and in its later stages preeminently subsocial and pathological types." This "sensate" culture is, in other words, the modern naturalistic world view; but it is defined as if its epistemology were always crudely sensationalist and its metaphysics crudely mechanistic.

To make confusion worse confounded Sorokin limits these cultures to very definite historical periods. Our modern "sensate" culture begins with the sixteenth century, and there is not a word in the whole book to suggest that the Reformation also began in the sixteenth century. This chronological interpretation forces him to regard Bach, Shakespeare, Tolstoi, and Dostoevski as exemplars of the "sensate" culture, a fact which persuades him that such a culture is not altogether bad, though no suggestion is given about any inner relation between their art and the horrible superficialities of a sensate culture.

The "idealistic" culture is, incidentally, a golden mean between the other two. It might be imagined that we would cultivate it to prevent the horrible oscillations of history between the other two. But it is defined in only minimal terms, and we are told that Plato and Aristotle exemplify it in the Greek period and Albertus Magnus and Aquinas in the Christian period.

Unlike Comte, Sorokin regards the scientific culture not as the highest but as the lowest. Or rather he sometimes seems to regard it as the lowest and at other times to think it is bad only in its stage of decay. The whole logic of history is determined by the oscillations between these types of culture; and these oscillations are prompted by the fact that no system "comprises the whole truth or is on the other hand entirely false." Evidently we cannot do very much about these oscillations. At the present moment we are involved in the decay of the "sensate" culture, and may look forward to the reemergence of an "ideational" one. This

makes it quite unnecessary to worry about Hitler or Mussolini because there are always wars in a period of cultural decay. There are graphs to prove this point.

The decline of our sensate culture is established in various ways. One way is to enumerate the philosophers of the eighteenth century, which is regarded as the pinnacle of the sensate culture, and then to declare that the philosophers of the nineteenth century were not so "big" as the eighteenth-century giants. But there is not the slightest suggestion of a criterion for measuring "bigness." Incidentally, we are surprised to learn that Kant, Berkeley, and Descartes reach the pinnacle of the sensate culture, as well as Hobbes, Locke, and Hume; and that Hegel and Schelling belong to its decline, as well as Comte, Spencer, and Nietzsche.

All this, in other words, comes very close to being unmitigated bosh. The uninitiated ought to know that the author is chairman of the Department of Sociology at Harvard University, which proves that the decline of a sensate culture manifests itself by "signs and wonders."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

America and Europe

TWO-WAY PASSAGE. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

LOUIS ADAMIC has written another book about the nationals who comprise the United States, and as usual he handles his subject with passion and brilliancy. In "Two-Way Passage," however, he also presents a blueprint of what Americans, who are ex-Europeans, can and must do to save Europe from annihilation. As an international strategist Mr. Adamic reflects some of the confusion he ascribes to most current American thought on what must be the role of the United States in the war and in the period that will follow.

Adamic is at his best when he portrays immigrant stock through its conflicting loyalties and its resentment or acceptance of externally imposed inferiority. The chapters on the pro-Nazi and pro-fascist activities of the Ukrainians, Italians, and Germans, particularly, show his thorough knowledge and understanding of these groups and contain valuable information. Most immigrants and their children, and even *their* children, Adamic points out, are fiercely American, devoted to the American way of life and its inherent democratic philosophy but rightly affected by the fate of their mother-countries. This is not hyphenated Americanism, but a deep-rooted love that old-stock Americans as well repeatedly demonstrate in their attitude toward England. It is primarily a cultural loyalty.

This loyalty and devotion should be utilized in practical ways to interpret democracy and the democratic technique to the home countries of these immigrant Americans. From the United States should come the leadership, and the organized assistance, to create a democratic, federated United States of Europe. The idea is not wholly new or the procedure involved entirely unknown, but it is restated and revitalized by Adamic, though the blueprint itself may be regarded as a little naive and amateurish by the professional architects.

REBECCA HOURWICH REYHER

IN BRIEF

STORM. By George R. Stewart. Random House. \$2.50.

Much more exciting than you would think a novel about the weather could be, "Storm" traces in fascinating detail the twelve-day life span of a low-pressure area (playfully named Maria by a junior meteorologist), and shows in a patchwork pattern of brief glimpses how this atmospheric problem child, born obscurely off the coast of Japan, affects the lives of millions of Americans in the Western states. The telephone line-man who freezes to death in the snows of the Donner Pass recognizes, at least, what hit him, but many a farmer will never even know that the rain, by destroying billions of grasshopper eggs, has prevented a plague six months later. As the weatherman says, "A Chinaman sneezing in Shen-si may set men to shoveling snow in New York City."

KNICKERBOCKER GARDENS. By Caleb Bruce. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

On a very ambitious scale this novel attempts to synthesize the spirit and *mores* of a typical upper-middle-class metropolitan suburb in the decade from 1927 to 1937. Focusing by turns on a multifarious selection of Knickerbocker Gardens dwellers, Mr. Bruce achieves a cross-section notable for its punctilious realism and its sympathetic recollection of the ways of the younger generation—much like what Albert Halper did for Union Square, though hardly with Mr. Halper's passionate earnestness.

SALT OF THE EARTH. By Joseph Wittlin. Sheridan House. \$2.50.

In this novel, translated from the Polish, the author depicts the sweltering, fate-ridden weeks of July and August, 1914, as they affected the life of a simple Galician peasant, Peter Neviadomski, to whom the call to arms seemed a personal appeal and command from Emperor Franz Joseph, his second God. The earthy boorishness of the many-tongued children of Austria-Hungary is suffused with a poetic mysticism that becomes now and then a little obtrusive, but never unmanageable; and the mixture of clay and spirit produces a flavor much like that of the Finnish "Meek Heritage." Mr. Wittlin plans a tripartite saga of the "patient infantry soldier," of which "Salt of the Earth" is the first volume.

BREAD AND A STONE. By Alvah Bessie. Modern Age Books. \$2.50.

An absorbing story of the crime and punishment of Ed Sloan, a country lad who, after a blighted childhood and many brushes with the law, made a strange marriage that inexorably led him to commit a fatal blunder—the accidental murder of a man whom he was trying to hold up for money to pay his family bills. "Bread and a Stone," like "An American Tragedy," is somewhat longer and more like a case history than it needs to be, but like the earlier book it successfully creates sympathy for its central character as a victim of environment and his own ignorance rather than a vicious enemy of society.

BALTIMORE ON THE CHESAPEAKE. By Hamilton Owens. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

Written by the editor of the famous Baltimore *Sun*, the fourth in the Seaport Series does full justice to the home of pirates and clippers, aristocracy and mercantilism, Betsy Patterson and Wallis Warfield, beautiful manners, good living, riotous politics, and "The Star-Spangled Banner." Situated between North and South, the second port of the United States and the terminus of the first great railway to the West, Baltimore has been torn by conflicting forces, but has always preserved its distinctive flavor. Mr. Owens has just the right combination of local knowledge, historical perspective, and literary skill. The illustrations are effective.

DRAMA

Murder by Gaslight

I WOULD not, offhand, have been inclined to suppose that a good scare is what theatrical audiences want most just now. "Escape" seems to imply an escape into something rather different from whatever life at the moment is supplying most abundantly, and that something different is certainly not goose pimples. The fact remains, nevertheless, that "Angel Street" (Royal Theater) was a sensational hit in London and that it will almost certainly repeat its success here. The fact is also that the only purpose of the play is to make each particular hair stand on end like quills upon the fretful porpoentine.

Not since "Kind Lady"—also an importation from England—has that particular purpose been achieved so completely, and it is obvious that our native

purveyors of terror and crime will have to look to their laurels. There was a time when we thought we alone knew how to turn that trick, when we spoke condescendingly of the slow pace and simple plots of the English thrillers. But we were, it now appears, burning our candle at both ends. Our plays got to moving so fast and to pulling so many surprises that nothing seemed surprising any more, and even a temporary suspension of unbelief became impossible. In desperation we increased the farcical element and spoofed our own horrors more and more until we came at last to "Arsenic and Old Lace," which, for all its success, is a thriller to end thrillers. In that direction it is impossible to go any farther, and anything which goes less far in the same direction is bound to seem feeble. Meanwhile, however, the English continued to work along another line, achieving passable effects in the plays of Emlyn Williams and two masterpieces in "Kind Lady" and "Angel Street."

For a plot the author of "Angel Street" has chosen a story at once simple and gaudy, rather like some of those which Conan Doyle used to think up for Sherlock Holmes. It is concerned with a murderer who comes with his innocent wife to live in a house where years ago he had failed to find certain fabulous rubies for whose sake he had done the owner to a bloody death, and this story is told, again like those of Conan Doyle, with an air of absolute seriousness. There is no mystery, for one understands fully just what the situation is, and there are no violent twists as the action proceeds. In an American play the detective would probably have turned out to be the murderer, and the terrified wife would probably have revealed herself in the end as a star of the FBI. Here, on the contrary, everything proceeds at an unhurried pace and toward an expected end, but also in such a way that every ounce of theatrical effectiveness is squeezed out of every situation, and one is reminded of a curious fact which is illustrated on a different level by the great tragedies based on familiar legends—of the fact, namely, that the tension produced by waiting for something which one knows is going to happen can be greater than the tension of uncertainty and surprise. Obviously it is on tension of the first kind that the present play depends almost exclusively; yet the audience sits waiting in agony for the things which must happen. Why such agony should be worth paying good money to get I

am not quite sure unless, perhaps, it is because one knows that relief is sweet and knows also that the happy end is as inevitable as everything else in the play.

The idea of using all the paraphernalia of Victorian propriety as a foil for such deep-dyed villainies is an extremely good one, and Vincent Price as the suave murderer quite properly looks and acts very much as he did when he was Victoria's consort. Judith Evelyn, an English girl new to Broadway, is also very good as the equally Victorian wife, but Leo Carroll is perhaps the best of all. As the retired detective he is Holmes and Watson rolled into one.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

NOT least interesting at Toscanini's November 15 concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra was its human aspect. Of the three great eastern orchestras this one may have the best personnel, and certainly is the most engaging in its appearance of youthful alertness and pride—on the occasions, I should add, when it plays under a conductor who gives it cause for alertness and pride. There are men in the orchestra who are good enough musicians to appreciate the flaws in Stokowski's musicianship; but as players in an orchestra they cannot be blamed for worshipping a man whose extraordinary powers as an orchestral conductor—the power, above all, over the minds and bodies of a hundred men—lift the mere process of playing from dull routine to exciting experience. And at this concert the awe on the face of the young first-desk cellist as he looked up from his notes to Toscanini throughout the performance of Schubert's C major Symphony, the smiles of the older men at the end of the performance, were evidence of what it meant to them merely to be playing again under a great conductor—a man who could make use of their capacities, who knew what he wanted and how to get it and would not accept anything less—to say nothing of what it meant to be playing under a great conductor who was also a great musician.

At this concert the orchestra did not produce the lush sumptuousness and splendor of sound that were characteristic of its performances under Stokowski: playing under Toscanini it produced the equally characteristic Toscanini vocabulary—the sharp contours of

individual sounds, of phrases, the transparency of textures, the unfailing continuity and perfect plastic proportions of the tonal continuum of mass of sound progressing in time. And these things, as he produced them with this orchestra, were marvelously beautiful, even if without the miraculous subtleties of color and inflection that he was able to get from the New York Philharmonic after conducting it for ten years, and that can be heard in the recording of Rossini's "Semiramide" Overture. It is with this vocabulary of tone and style that Toscanini expresses his feeling for a work; it was out of sounds, textures, and masses with these contours, transparencies, and proportions that he created in Philadelphia a living form of Schubert's symphony which embodies what this great work means for him—a form in which it has its greatest meaning for me. And out of the same sounds, textures, and masses he created a living form of Debussy's "Ibéria," on the other hand, which I did not find a satisfying embodiment of its content.

Toscanini's performance of the Schubert symphony is not universally accepted; and what is most criticized—not only by the German musicians in our midst but by Americans—is his unusually fast pace for the second movement. Invariably I am startled by the first measures, and then go along easily with the rest of the movement; but at the Philadelphia performance I thought I understood what was behind that fast pace: the feeling for purity—that is, simplicity, economy, subtlety—of style, which leads him often to set a single, subtly modeled tempo for an entire movement, and which in this instance leads him to set a single pace not only for the opening section of the second movement and for the alternating section but for the catastrophe in the middle of the movement, so that the increasing urgency of this passage is achieved, powerfully, without any acceleration, and only a slight broadening at the end is sufficient to give shattering power to the chords with which the passage breaks off into silence.

"Toscanini's performances of Beethoven are not in the Viennese tradition," said a German conductor to me, as though this disposed of them; and no doubt he would dispose of the Schubert performance in the same way. But what is the Viennese tradition, and what is its authority? If Beethoven himself had conducted performances of his symphonies which had been models for Viennese conductors who had heard them

and whose performances were in turn models for others down to the present day, we would have an authoritative Viennese tradition. Or would we? I have listened to Stokowski's early recordings of certain works and then to his later recordings of them, and heard the changes that a few years could produce in the same conductor's treatment of the same works; I observed, in the course of a dozen years, the increasing breadth and weight of Toscanini's performances of Beethoven and Brahms, the astonishing change in the pace of the opening of Brahms's First from one season to the next; and after all this I cannot believe that what Beethoven had done with a symphony could have the slightest connection, by way of what a hundred other conductors had done in the intervening hundred years, with a performance of the symphony in Vienna today. Actually, Beethoven established no such models: because of his deafness and the quality of the orchestras the performances of his symphonies in Vienna during his lifetime were very poor; and the better performances of later years had no authority beyond the better understanding of the works which better conductors and musicians achieved from their own study of them—no more authority, that is, than Toscanini's performances today. For some the models may have been Wagner's performances; but Wagner has told us of the chaos that was presented as Beethoven's Ninth at the Leipzig Gewandhaus in the 1820's; he has told us that the first performance he heard which gave the work the sense he had himself got from reading the score was that of Habeneck with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra; and this sense was merely one which they had found in the work by means of long, patient study of it in rehearsals of the performance. Did their performance establish a tradition which could forbid other musicians to do the same thing—which today could forbid one of the greatest musicians of all time to look at the work for himself and establish in his own mind what it means for him and in what form in sound it has this meaning?

As for Schubert's C major, the Vienna Music Society found it too difficult; it was performed by the Friends of Music twice shortly after his death; and then it was forgotten until Schumann discovered it in 1838 and Mendelssohn played it in Leipzig in 1839. Did that establish a tradition which forbids Toscanini's wonderful performance today?

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

A Glimpse of Paris

Dear Sirs: The inclosed letter came to me recently from an old Frenchman of Paris. It gives some glimpses of the situation in Paris which I thought might interest your readers. I know that there are still people in this country who do not yet quite realize what it means to be conquered by the Germans and who like to calm their conscience by saying that it cannot be so bad. The facts in the letter are a reply to them, and show further how the ideology of Hitlerism is already developed in France.

... I am very glad to know that you are liberated of this nightmare, this infernal life that we have now in France. Life here has become impossible from the material point of view as well as morally, and especially for the Jews. They are hunted and persecuted like evil-doing beasts. Every day a new infamous *torchon* (newspaper) excites public opinion against the Jews; every day the walls are covered with ignoble appeals to exterminate the Jews. Ninety per cent of all the Jewish stores are closed—liquidated or simply "sold" for a piece of bread. There are no more Jewish employees in the big stores or even in the little ones, for they have not the right to be in "contact" with Aryans.

Periodically the police make raids, either domiciliary (chiefly during the night) or in the public streets, and everyone who is Jewish is sent to a camp. All of a sudden a district is surrounded by the police and everybody sent off to the police station; the Aryans are then liberated, the Jews arrested. By an extraordinary chance I have not been troubled so far. At times, in the evening, I have been in the street when policemen were questioning the passers-by, but I have only been stopped once, when a policeman asked me if I had a weapon. The possession of a weapon brings the death penalty; posters on the walls publish the names of those who have been shot for having weapons.

All material necessities of life are distributed by measures of drops. For each silly thing you must get a ticket from the Town Hall. Clothing, boots, laundry, etc., are not to be found, and what prices for food! We have daily one-half pound of bread, fifteen grams of sugar, four grams of oil, eight grams of butter, eight grams of cheese, four times weekly sixty grams of meat with bones. Rice, vermicellis, dry vegetables are not to be found.

There remains the so-called "black market," but that is ruinous—sugar 50 francs a kilo, butter 100 francs a pound, oil 180 francs a liter, chicken 350 francs a piece, rabbit 100 francs a pound, eggs 7 francs a piece, meat 100 francs a pound. The bread is detestable—black, indigestible, and stale. We can get three cigarettes daily; on the black market a package of cigarettes costs 40 francs instead

of 6. Of course I buy some things on the black market, since otherwise we would starve. . . .

HENRY E. MILLER

New York, December 1

The Rising Tide of Money

Dear Sirs: The dangers of inflation are imminent; yet the indifference of the man in the street continues, though he will be engulfed by it if it is permitted to run rampant. Inflation is an intangible concept which receives his attention only when its presence is brought home to him by the increased costs of daily needs. Generally speaking, little or no effort is expended to think the problem through, and few people are able to explain it in terms of the expansion of currency circulation. Indeed, that approach is less frequently stressed. We read more often of merchandise shortages.

I was glad to see the former approach used in the very lucid article entitled *Scarce Goods, Abundant Money* in *The Nation* for November 29. Furthermore, the relative tempo of currency increases in the different countries was effectively portrayed in the accompanying graph.

GUSTAVE J. ROSEN

New York, December 5

A Lesson for Industrialists

Dear Sirs: The December 6 issue of *The Nation* contained a review of Fritz Thyssen's book, "I Paid Hitler," by Franz Hoellering, which I fear will discourage your subscribers from reading one of the most important documents to come out of Germany.

As a matter of fact, the review serves chiefly to revive the ancient quarrel between the German radical intellectuals and the German industrialists. Mr. Hoellering's dislike of the industrialist so colors his thinking that he dismisses the book as "comical," "disgusting," and "hodge-podge." By presenting the book in such a light, he weakens a weapon which can be used effectively to fight Nazism in the United States.

Unfortunately, many American industrialists are potential Thyssens, and they must be convinced that Nazism is not the answer to their problems of property. Thyssen's object lesson might do

this. Mr. Hoellering's resentment against Thyssen is so powerful that it obscures the import and value of Thyssen's revelations.

We should remember that Mr. Hoellering and his friends, the radical intellectuals, lost all their battles in Europe. They are not the right men to tell us how to preserve and protect our own democracy. At the moment I know of no book which should be given wider circulation than the one condemned by the reviewer—and, ironically, it is valuable for the very reasons for which he condemns it.

L. M. BIRKHEAD, National Director,
Friends of Democracy, Inc.
New York, December 12

Let's Look at the Record

Dear Sirs: It was interesting to note the unanimity and vehemence of the vote in Congress for the war resolution. Of course it was to be expected, but I can't help commenting on the eagerness with which a Congressman takes hold of an issue when he knows for a surety that his constituents have definite convictions—and all on the same side.

The Republicans are now going to support the Administration! How in the name of common sense could they do anything else? And "now is no time for recriminations." Perhaps. But before we get much farther I wonder how it would be to compile the record, just in case we should need to refer to it. I should like to see tabulated the votes in Congress on the various important defense measures; you remember, those measures for the proposal of which Mr. Roosevelt was called a warmonger—because there were not more of them and more vigorous ones it will presently be said he has left the country pitifully unprepared.

W. R. CATTON
Manistee, Mich., December 9

French Canadians at War

Dear Sirs: When I was in French Canada last summer some friends called my attention to a violently defamatory article on the French Canadians which had appeared in a recent number of *Life*. They asked me whether that was the American way of implementing the doctrine of hemispheric solidarity. Upon looking up this article I found that the

author, Eliot Janeway, took our neighbors to task in the following terms: "Canada has not yet begun to integrate with Roosevelt's new order, and Roosevelt has not been needling her. Yet the timid and unimaginative MacKenzie King government continues to be blackmailed by the crudely pro-Axis French Canadian minority (an ideal Nazi fifth column)."

Such statements were doubly absurd coming from an American, for at that time we had little reason to be proud of our war effort, while the Canadians were making real sacrifices. May I present a few facts in the name of hemispheric solidarity and the "Good Neighbor policy," since I believe that these slogans should apply to our northern neighbor as well as to the countries of Central and South America?

1. No one ever hears of Arcand any more in Quebec, but a great deal is heard of Mr. Lindbergh, leader of millions of Americans who share his Nazi sympathies and race prejudice.

2. Mayor Houde of Montreal, who called upon the people to resist conscription for overseas service, was arrested by a French Canadian police sergeant upon the order of a French Canadian Minister of Justice, the late M. Ernest Lapointe.

3. At regular intervals pastoral letters from the heads of the Catholic church are read in all the parishes. These letters urge the French population to support in every way the war measures of the Dominion government. In Canada there has been no outcry against giving aid to Russia as there has been in the United States.

4. According to Minister of Defense Ralston, Quebec has supplied the required number of recruits at each call for volunteers.

5. According to an article in *McLean's Magazine*, an Anglo-Canadian periodical, three entirely French Canadian units are now overseas; in addition, several units from Quebec which are considered English-speaking include a large proportion of French Canadians.

6. In the Royal Canadian Navy 30 per cent of the personnel is French Canadian, according to *Le Droit* of Ottawa. This is a fair representation for a population which comprises but 28.22 per cent of the total population of the Dominion.

7. As regards the French Canadian attitude toward conscription for overseas service, this attitude is shared by many Anglo-Canadians who have the Canadian rather than the empire view-

point. Is it not shared by a large percentage of Americans?

Finally, why do the English-speaking people of this continent so frequently exhibit resentment toward the French of Canada? Is it simply a prolongation of the age-old hostility between Anglo-Saxon Protestantism and Latin Catholicism, or is it resentment toward a people who have resisted Anglo-Saxon standardization? Perhaps it is because the French Canadians are so different from our own perfect selves that we believe them to be backward and benighted.

Criticism from Americans is not welcome in Canada. Canadians consider that their war effort compares very favorably with that of their giant neighbor.

A. J. JOBIN

Ann Arbor, Mich., December 5

Beat Hitler with the Bill of Rights

Dear Sirs: That "Bill of Rights week" business sort of gets my goat. The Mayor said we ought to celebrate. Mrs. Roosevelt said it was a good thing to read the Bill of Rights and realize that "it is as important to us today as it ever was."

What should we celebrate? The way the Bill of Rights works in Harlem, or with the tenant farmers, or in a company town during a strike, or in Congress when bad labor leadership abuses the right to strike? The fact is we never had a Bill of Rights that worked.

There are a lot of things that every self-respecting person needs to live happily. And he doesn't want to lose his physical freedom any time for any reason. And therefore he doesn't want to see another guy lose it except according to the rules of fair play. And the same goes for his life or his property or the other person's life or property. These things are instinctive, and that's why Patrick Henry announced his famous alternative. They aren't in the Constitution; they're in you and in me. All the Constitution does is to say Congress or the states can't take them away.

But the boys who for 150 years have thought more of dollars than of lives were taking them away pretty successfully up to about eight years ago when ol' man hard times stirred folks up so that the dollar boys got scared and had to give away a trick or two for fear someone would blow down their house of cards altogether. Right now, since we're in a war and dollars are beginning to come their way again pretty fast, the dollar boys are beginning to suggest that

maybe some of those inalienable rights can be alienated here and there for a while. If we aren't careful, those boys will suspend the Bill of Rights for the period of the emergency. Only they'll suspend it by the neck until dead if we don't watch out.

After we have celebrated these rights of ours, let's be real humble and say, "Gosh, they never really have been tried, but the only way to lick Hitler is to try them. Let's start to make them work for everybody; then we might really get something for the 150 billion dollars we are going to spend."

RAYMOND L. WISE

New York, December 9

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DONALD W. MITCHELL, a close student of naval and military policy in the United States, has written articles on the subject for numerous periodicals.

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The Shape of Things

THE UNANNOUNCED ARRIVAL OF PRIME Minister Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook in Washington gave sudden and dramatic meaning to the words "grand strategy," which, though on every lip, have sounded a bit hollow during the dark days since December 7. Before that, even though the United States was certainly "in the war," our role was that of contributor rather than full participant. We backed up but did not share the efforts of the belligerent nations. Now we must, abruptly and fast, merge our men and resources and plans in a struggle so nearly universal that one mind, or even one policy board, can hardly encompass it. We must take our place—and obviously it will be a leading one—on the over-all world-strategy board which must emerge from the dramatic conference in Washington. Out of this meeting, too, must come proposals for regional military commands, for economic-planning and political-policy boards. The new problems created by the Far Eastern war and by our own participation demand instant action of a scope and boldness never before achieved among the enemies of Hitlerism. All over the world, in Germany and the conquered countries as well as in the fighting democracies, those enemies will rejoice at the evidence of initiative and determination provided by Mr. Churchill's gallant flight to Washington.

★

THE LARGE-SCALE JAPANESE LANDING ON the shores of the Lingayen Gulf some 150 miles north of Manila is, in one sense, a surprising move. It commits the Japanese to a major operation in the Philippines after they had already become heavily engaged in Malaya. Yet Singapore must be their chief objective, for it is the key to the East Indies, the Burma road, and the main line of Anglo-American communications. Its loss would long delay the maturing of a counter-offensive against Japan and would leave the Philippines isolated, greatly assisting their conquest. The heavy attack on Luzon must mean, therefore, that the Japanese regard the American forces there as so dangerous a threat to their command of the South China Sea that they must be disposed of

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before an all-out effort to capture Singapore is undertaken. General MacArthur appears to have had a very shrewd idea of where the major blow against Manila was to be expected and has not been induced to scatter his limited forces by widespread feint attacks. The British command in Malaya, which has been under fire because of its seemingly feeble defense of the northern border, has probably been moved by similar considerations. The new line that it has now established in Perak will ease its communication problems, assist the containing of any new landings on the east coast, and make available support by fighter planes from the air bases in the vicinity of Singapore.

✱

BY OCCUPYING TIMOR THE BRITISH AND Dutch have indicated that they do not intend to be caught napping yet again by a strict observance of neutral rights. When one side in a war flagrantly and repeatedly disregards international law, the other is finally compelled to follow suit in self-defense. In the case of Timor, the eastern half of which is a Portuguese possession, the British had proposed to Lisbon some weeks ago that measures be taken for its joint defense. The Portuguese government had expressed willingness to receive British and Dutch aid but only after aggression had occurred. Since the colony's defenses are negligible, this would clearly have been too late. Moreover, the Japanese had recently obtained a concession to establish an air line between Timor and their base in the Palau Islands. There was no conceivable commercial justification for such a line, but despite British and Dutch protests it was granted. When, therefore, Japanese submarines were observed in the neighborhood of the island, the Anglo-Dutch authorities decided to act. The strategic position of Timor is such that the risk of Japanese occupation had to be averted at any cost. As a submarine base it would have endangered shipping routes throughout the East Indies, and it is within bombing range of the Australian naval station at Port Darwin and the great Dutch base at Soerabaja. The Lisbon government has protested but has not taken any other action. However, it is under pressure from the Axis, which at any time now may decide that Portugal must be "protected." One breach having been made in Portuguese neutrality, it would be a wise move for the British and Americans to go the whole hog and assume control of the even more vital Atlantic islands—the Azores, the Cape Verde Islands, and the Madeiras. We cannot afford to let the Nazis reach these outposts first.

✱

THERE ARE A GOOD MANY SIGNS OF AN early German putsch in the direction of North Africa, provided Hitler is able to extricate enough men from the Russian snows. This would mean the entry of Spain into

the war on the side of the Axis, the occupation of Portugal, and demands on Marshal Pétain to waive the colonial clause of the armistice agreement—or else. Nor is it easy to see how Hitler could get control of the Mediterranean and the all-important northwest corner of Africa, including Dakar, without the use of the French fleet. Apparently our relations with Vichy take little account of these probabilities. The State Department continues to act on the assumption that we would antagonize the French people and drive them into the Axis camp if we took any strong action against French possessions. But this assumption is based on the premise that Vichy and the French people are one and the same thing, which is ridiculous. The more pressure we put on the unrepresentative Pétain government the more encouragement we give to the real France; the more we appease Vichy the more we enhance its prestige and aid its efforts to bring France into the New Order. A few days ago Washington announced proudly that an agreement had been reached with the Governor of Martinique—a notorious pro-fascist—for the preservation of the neutral attitude of the French possessions and fleet in this hemisphere. There is no suggestion that any guarantees have been asked for, nor is the State Department apparently perturbed by the fact that Vichy has denied knowledge of the agreement and could therefore refuse to honor it. Considering the strategic position of Martinique in relation to the Canal Zone and our Caribbean bases, this matter seems to have been handled in a fatally optimistic fashion.

✱

OUR DEPENDENCE ON IMPORTS FOR VITAL raw materials is now being painfully brought home to us. For the time being we cannot count on receiving any shipments of rubber and tin from the Far East, from which we have hitherto received the bulk of our supplies. And even after the shipping situation has improved we may continue to experience scarcity of these commodities, for the ravages of war in Malaya will cut down output for a long time to come. With the evacuation of Penang the British lost one of their two big Eastern tin smelters, and they are now fighting the Japanese in an area containing many important rubber plantations and tin mines. A scorched-earth policy to prevent use of these by the enemy is threatened, and if this becomes necessary on a large scale, rubber at least will be in short supply for years. We are beginning to build up a synthetic-rubber industry, but its costs of production are high and its capacity small in comparison with rubber consumption. Latin American output of both plantation and wild rubber can be increased somewhat, but even after two years it could hardly amount to more than about one-sixth of our normal requirements. Fortunately, we have fairly large stocks of both rubber and tin in the country—amounting to about one year's supply of each.

With economy these stocks can probably be made to last two years, but this will involve discontinuing certain forms of manufacture and the strict rationing of such articles as tires. The sale of new tires has been suspended until January 7, presumably to enable a rationing scheme to be organized. Many millions of car owners are likely to find themselves entirely excluded from purchasing tires, but some special provision will have to be made for defense workers. If they cannot be provided with houses near their jobs, they must be given means of transport.

★

CHICKENS HATCHED A YEAR AGO WHEN the automobile business decided to go all-out for business as usual rather than speed up the conversion of its plants to defense production were coming home to roost in Detroit this week. The shortage of rubber has forced a curtailment in output beyond the cuts previously decreed by OPM, and the Michigan Unemployment Compensation Commission sees as a result 206,000 workers idle within the next seven days. The United Automobile Workers fears that this figure will be increased to 350,000 by February 1. If men in these numbers remain jobless for more than a few weeks, the time they are compelled to waste will dwarf that much-publicized figure of man-days lost through strikes. In view of the great demand for skilled machine men in other parts of the country, many of the auto workers are likely to scatter unless new jobs are quickly forthcoming in Michigan. Then when the new defense plants there do open, it will be difficult to man them. Now that civilian production is definitely out, however, we shall not be surprised to learn that, after all, the automobile industry can convert its tools to defense production. A "ranking industrialist" is quoted in the December 22 issue of *Barron's*, the financial weekly, as saying that 80 per cent of the tools in the industry can be used for needed defense purposes and that most of them will be "in action" in from three to eight weeks. So perhaps Walter Reuther and his plan are about to be vindicated.

★

THE NEED FOR A COMPLETE CHANGE IN THE present personnel and methods of the defense program is ably argued and graphically illustrated in the special report made by the Tolan committee, "Recommendations on Full Utilization of America's Industrial Capacity and Labor Supply in the War Effort." The committee urges the setting up of a central board which would in effect constitute a civilian Ministry of Supply, empowered to take control of procurement from army and navy officials. It calls for an inventory of the production facilities of every industry, their pooling and conversion for defense purposes, and the widest possible spread of orders. It suggests that plane, tank, and other armament assem-

blies be broken down into as small "bits and pieces" as possible to permit scattered facilities to be brought into the defense program. The report, which was widely circulated among Administration officials before its release, is believed to represent the views of those who advocate the merging of both OPM and SPAB in a new over-all defense agency. The rejection of the Victory Program by Knudsen and army-navy procurement officials, despite all the ballyhoo given that program in October, is said to have put New Dealers and the White House in a mood for a drastic reorganization of the defense setup. We hope that this is so.

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WITH ALL THE PROBLEMS THAT PRESS IN ON a country suddenly at war, the House of Representatives has found time to pass a silly and utterly useless bill for controlling the Communist Party, the German-American Bund, and the Kyffheuser Bund. The measure calls for the registration of these organizations as direct agents of foreign governments and the surrender of their membership lists for the public record. Here is one more lazy attempt to substitute legislative buckshot aimed at specific groups or individuals for a reasoned law resting on a broad base of public policy. Suppose the Senate should prove thoughtless enough to go along on this bill and imagine for a moment that the President would sign it. What would happen then? It is our guess that before his signature was dry the Communist Party, U. S. A., the German-American Bund, and the Kyffheuser Bund would have formally passed out of existence, and that within the succeeding twenty-four hours something like a League of American Workers with Hand and Brain, a German-American Kulturverein, and a Dingelhoefer Bund would come into being. Then Congress would have to start all over again, and after a while it would have no time left for the war. Compulsory publicity concerning the source of funds of all organizations engaged in propaganda activities seems to us a more intelligent and effective approach. If the late America First Committee had been forced to disclose the identity of its angels, we suspect it would have decomposed long before Japanese bombs blew it to bits.

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THE SPEED WITH WHICH CONGRESS PASSED the bill extending the draft age for military service to cover all men between twenty and forty-four, inclusive, contrasts sharply with the delay encountered by the original Burke-Wadsworth conscription bill less than a year and a half ago. The only opposition to the Administration program for extending the draft arose in connection with the army's desire to conscript youths under twenty-one. The House balked at this request and voted to retain twenty-one as the lower limit of the draft. But

after the Senate had acceded to the Administration's request and set the limit at nineteen, the conferees compromised on twenty. While there is a certain justice in the argument that a man should not be called upon to fight for his country before he is permitted to vote, we believe that it is unfortunate that the draft age was not lowered to nineteen, or even eighteen. It is generally agreed that young men in their upper teens make much better soldiers than men in their thirties or forties. Young men have shown themselves particularly skilful in aviation and mechanized warfare. Moreover, men of this age are least likely to be engaged in essential civilian activities or to be encumbered by family responsibility. In peace time it might be argued that it is wise to permit these young men to complete their education before starting their military service, but in time of war it becomes a choice between men not yet established in productive life and men at the peak of their productive powers. We believe that in view of the army's experience with draftees in the twenty-eight to thirty-five age group, its recommendations should have been given more weight.

Partners in Guilt

BY FRED A KIRCHWEY

LAST week the President and the War and Navy departments showed that they could act boldly and move fast. The appointment of a Board of Inquiry headed by Supreme Court Justice Roberts and the displacement of the army, navy, and army air force commanders in Hawaii followed immediately upon Secretary Knox's round-trip flight to the island and his report that the sea and air forces were not on the alert when the Japanese attacked.

The government's drastic action is reassuring. Americans can stand bad news; the disaster at Pearl Harbor itself—revealing so nakedly the purposes and gangster tactics of the Japanese—aroused rather than depressed the spirit of the people. But the mood of belligerent defiance would have quickly simmered down into suspicion if the disaster had been minimized or hushed up and the persons responsible for it whitewashed.

A shake-up never has a bad effect if it carries with it the promise of reform. It was not until new men took hold of Britain's war effort after the defeat in Norway and the heroic catastrophe at Dunkirk that the people of the British Isles shook off the apathy that had dominated the Chamberlain period of the war with Germany. If our lesser Dunkirk can be made the means of injecting a new sense of the fierce initiative and implacable determination that characterize Axis strategy, it will have been worth even the 3,000 lives sacrificed on the altar of American complacency.

But the President's quick action at Hawaii serves to dramatize the need of similar action closer home. Political policies offer no excuse for military derelictions; the commanding officers in Hawaii who were responsible for the island's state of unreadiness deserve the full consequences of their failure. But it is fair to say that the political relations of the United States with Japan provided no hint that an attack was possible. The President himself has emphasized the incredible duplicity practiced by Japan's responsible officials, from the envoys in Washington to the Mikado in Tokyo. It is clear that the American negotiators—with a complacency merely mirrored in the negligence at Hawaii—thought that Japan would avoid war as long as it had any hope of gaining even small concessions by diplomatic means. This was the official belief, freely transmitted to the country. Is it not fair to assume that this belief was communicated directly or by implication to the American naval and military authorities in the Pacific and Far East? And if this is so, is it not fair also to insist on a division of the responsibility for the disaster?

The men in the State Department who engineered the policy of appeasement, which for the past four years has assured both Japan and the United States that this country would permit one aggression after another rather than risk trouble, are full partners in the guilt of Pearl Harbor. They should be retired along with the responsible admirals and generals. An inquiry should not be necessary: their record is plainly written in the history of these last disastrous years.

Such action is too much to hope for. Our Dunkirk was not final and sweeping enough to blast out government offices as well as military commands. The President has not yet convinced himself that the Munich mind operates with fatal effect in the Department of State just as it did in the Foreign Office. He still reposes confidence in men who have lost the confidence of the public. And so we shall no doubt continue to make deals with pro-Nazi Frenchmen and send oil to fascist Spaniards till new Pearl Harbors drive home the lesson so bitterly learned abroad. And democratic Europeans will continue to be shunned as potential trouble-makers while members of the frayed nobility and landowning gentry of Central Europe get official pats on the back. And Latin Americans who try to tell our officials such facts as are set forth in the Warning from South America in this issue of *The Nation* will continue to meet with polite skepticism or out-and-out disapproval.

During the last few days the situation in the Argentine, which I mentioned last week, has become more threatening and more sharply defined. Dr. Castillo, Acting President, has gathered all power into his own hands, first by decreeing a state of siege and dismissing Parliament, and then by replacing three pro-Ally ministers

with men sure to support him and his policy of strict—meaning pro-Axis—neutrality. His pretense that the emergency was declared in order that he might more effectively suppress Axis propaganda and carry out his obligations under the Panama and Havana pacts was short-lived. His first act was the suppression of a great national demonstration planned in honor of President Roosevelt. He has followed this by returning his ambassador to Rome—indicating an unshaken determination to maintain relations with the Axis countries—and by prohibiting the press from publishing anything which might “disturb the friendly relations of the Argentine nation with other countries.” Even the *New York Times* correspondent, Arnaldo Cortesi, who has appeared in the past to accept without question the official version of Castillo’s maneuvers, remarked that this latest move “is all to the advantage of the Axis powers,” since the Argentine press with few exceptions “favors the democratic cause.”

It would be naive to assume that the State Department is ignorant of the meaning of the Argentine crisis. On the contrary, no man knows better than Sumner Welles what is going on in the Latin countries. But the United States has a long record of “successful” dealings with dictators; in Latin America as elsewhere it applies a nice mixture of appeasement and economic pressure. And usually, in normal times, the method works—well enough, at least, to satisfy the interests of American business men if not of the people of the countries in question. But sometimes it doesn’t work. It doesn’t work when it runs head-on into the far subtler and far more powerful methods applied in the interests of Axis diplomacy. It didn’t work in Japan. It isn’t working in Spain or Vichy. And it won’t work with the pro-Axis dictatorships in Latin America unless an Allied victory pitches them, willy-nilly, into the arms of their Good Neighbor. But if that happens a lot of soft soap and dollars will have been wasted.

The Russian Victories

THE Nazi military record in this war is such that most people, including ourselves, have tended to feel that the news which has come out of Russia during the past few weeks was too good to be true. But Hitler’s removal of Field Marshal von Brauchitsch as Commander-in-Chief of the German army and his replacement by Hitler himself indicates that the Nazi military situation in Russia is more serious than we had dared to hope. Hitler clearly showed his concern over the eastern front when he appealed to his soldiers “to hold and defend until spring” the gains already made against “the most dangerous enemy of all time.” He had told the German people a day or so earlier that the Reich was

fighting a foe “superior in numbers and material,” and Goebbels had called upon the impoverished civilian population to contribute blankets, heavy coats, shoes, and gloves for the army, caught by the Russian winter, “which has arrived so early this year.” The military commentator in Hitler’s own paper has gone so far as to admit that man for man the Russian soldiers “equal us and are sometimes even better,” and to confess that Germany seriously underestimated Russia’s economic and industrial resources. Even the German people, well-trained as they are in accepting Nazi contradictions, may find it difficult to reconcile these admissions of German weakness and Russian strength with Hitler’s boasts in October that the Russian armies had been annihilated and that further organized resistance was impossible.

The statements of Hitler and his aides, as we have learned from bitter experience, should never be taken at their face value. In this case, as in others, they were made with the full knowledge that they would be played up by the democracies, and on previous occasions Hitler has been known to encourage the spread of stories of Nazi difficulty and dissension just before launching a new attack. It is quite probable also that the statements were designed to drive home the Nazi contention that the choice before the German people is victory or extermination. Hitler’s action in ousting his top general is a trick in one sense. Von Brauchitsch has always bowed to Hitler’s leadership, and if Hitler, as he says, took supreme command in 1938, he could hardly do it again in 1941. The real significance of this move lies in the fact that Hitler has obviously found it necessary to disavow responsibility for the Russian campaign and has taken the immemorial way of doing it—by selecting a scapegoat.

The dismissal of von Brauchitsch, in other words, confirms the essential fact that German arms have suffered a reverse in Russia. And that is important. But it would be a mistake to exaggerate the Russian successes up to date. Soviet communiqués have spoken of “exterminating” the enemy. But a careful reading of the dispatches will reveal that the Germans are not only far from being “exterminated” but have actually not been driven back any great distance so far. The threat to Moscow and Leningrad has undoubtedly been lifted, and it seems unlikely that the Germans can make another effort to seize these cities before spring. But the Nazis have apparently been able to retreat in good order—although strongly harried by the Red Army—and are still within easy striking distance of Russia’s two greatest cities. According to the most recent reports, the Germans are still in the vicinity of Mozhaisk—sixty miles west of Moscow—and are still astride the Moscow-Leningrad railway south of the great Baltic seaport. In general, the Russians have recovered only about half the territory they lost during November. If they can keep the Nazis

on the run and prevent them from digging in on their chosen line, then it will be time enough to talk of rout. And we must bear in mind that as the Red Army advances over twice-devastated territory, its own communications problem will grow harder.

The Case of Copper

COPPER is one of the basic necessities of modern war. Shell casings are made of brass, and brass is 70 per cent copper. One type of bomber requires more than two miles of copper wire alone to keep it flying. Every time a battleship slides down the ways another two million pounds of copper have gone to sea. In copper, as in aluminum, the OPM was slow to recognize danger, slower to admit shortages. These are now upon us. On September 20 the OPM admitted that there would be a shortage of 230,000 short tons this year, of 770,000 short tons next year. Even these figures overestimated supply, underestimated demand. On October 21 an order was issued forbidding all use of copper in building construction after November 1, and use of copper in a long list of civilian commodities was reduced 30 to 40 per cent below last year. On November 14 the OPM admitted that "with a demand for more than 150,000 tons of copper for direct military and lend-lease use during the current month, only an estimated 128,197 tons of this critical metal is available." The September estimates had pictured copper supply as adequate to fill direct military and lend-lease requirements but insufficient to cover all civilian needs.

While the need for copper has been rising, production has been falling. This extraordinary discovery the country owes to the Senate's Truman committee and to the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union. Copper, lead, and zinc are extracted in the same mining processes. All three are vital war materials. The production of all three has been lagging. The output of lead this year will be the smallest since 1926. The production of zinc—shell casings are 30 per cent zinc—is slightly higher than last year but not yet up to the level of 1926-29. Copper production this year, with a total estimated demand of close to 2,000,000 tons, was up only 15,000 tons over last year. Even this increase is deceptive, for it is accounted for by the production record of one company alone. Kennecott Copper increased its output by more than 55,000 tons this year. This means that total production of all other companies was actually 40,000 tons below last year. Behind this poor production record lie the backward methods of the industry, a tacit slow-down by capital to force an increase in the price of copper, and a silent protest against the excess-profits tax. Industry representatives complained before the committee that the excess-profits tax made it more profitable for the com-

panies to curtail production now and mine more ore later when the tax would be lower.

While capital holds back, labor is in a position to take the lead. The Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union, through Philip Murray of the C. I. O., has presented a plan to expand copper production. It wants an industry-wide inventory to determine what happened to the many copper, lead, and zinc mines which have closed down since 1929. There were 180 copper mines operating in that year; only 49 were producing ten years later. It wants to know just how many mines are operating at less than full capacity, and has provided the Truman committee with some startling examples of lackadaisical operation in a period of crisis. Anaconda, at its rich mine at Butte, Montana, is now producing 2,000 tons a month less than in the first half of the year. In one of the world's largest mining camps half the miners are working less than half the month. The union wants improved safety and ventilation devices and explained the relationship between these and output. It revealed the backwardness of production methods in an industry where profits per man have run so high as to make it unnecessary in the past to adopt modern division-of-labor techniques. It pointed to the bad planning which has failed to gear expansion of the brass industry to the supply of copper; so that although brass-mill capacity is being enlarged 79 per cent, 40 per cent of the existing plant cannot obtain metal to continue operation.

The detailed suggestions and constructive criticism in the union's twenty-seven-page memorandum to the President and the testimony of its research director, Ben Riskin, contrast sharply with the testimony of the dollar-a-year men examined by the Truman committee. The contrast is the best argument for the union's proposal that a labor-management council be set up in the industry to run a "Production for Victory" program. The principal dollar-a-year witness, Philip D. Reed, deputy director of the OPM's Materials Division, showed an ignorance of the basic facts and figures inexcusable in one who in private life is chairman of the board of General Electric. The other dollar-a-year man earns his living as consultant to the great copper companies which must be criticized if output is to be lifted. It is easy to understand his reluctance to treat clients roughly. The SPAB, in an effort to take the heat off the OPM, announced hearings on ways to expand copper output, but has since declared that it would take written suggestions instead of holding public hearings. New ideas will go into the OPM's wastebaskets unless labor is given a seat in its copper councils and a voice in its decisions on copper. We suggest that the Truman committee complete the picture by putting Jesse Jones on the stand and showing the relationship between the high prices paid the big American copper companies for their low-cost Chilean ore and their unwillingness to expand production in this country.

The Shake-up We Need

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 21

I AM reliably informed that recent events abroad have led our War College to the reluctant conclusion that the cavalry charge is no longer likely to be decisive. It is at least as important to overhaul our social as our military thinking. No official here will admit it in public, and few in private, but what this country needs is more interference with private enterprise. The military-naval revolution which has enabled a coalition of smaller, poorer, and hungrier powers to attack the British, French, Dutch, and American empires with such success is also the reflection of a social revolution, and requires the reexamination of the bromides which ordinarily pass among us for profound truths. When wars are fought with tanks and planes, defeat or victory is decided on the assembly line. We see the relationship between technology and military power, but we have only begun to recognize that technology is more than the fabrication of new weapons. It also includes the way in which we organize our society to produce those weapons, for on that organization may depend the volume of our output, the speed of our production.

In all the talk here of impending shake-ups in defense, too little is heard of the need for a shake-up in fundamental ideas. Without it the effect of substituting Willkie for Knudsen or Wallace for Jesse Jones is likely to be less than miraculous. The war now unfolding marks the end of *laissez faire*, long honored more in the speech than in the observance, and the fate of free government depends on riding this tide, not bucking it. The root of our troubles, the basic defect of our war effort, the reason for our idle facilities lie in a system of ideas which leads us to regard the proposal to draft machines with horror while we look on the draft of men with equanimity. This is but the war-time reflection of the double standard which normally determines our attitude toward the rights of property on the one hand and the rights of human beings on the other. A society which regards it as proper in an economic crisis to throw men out of work at once but shameful to default on a bond until absolutely necessary is handicapped by its *mores* in mobilizing itself for war. The people who live in it are willing to order a man to risk his life for his country but reluctant to tell a factory owner that he must turn out parts for tanks—or else. Yet in a modern war we can no more depend on the profit motive to gear our economy for an all-out effort than we can depend on the profit motive to fill our army with enlistments at \$21 a month and board.

Until this is recognized, said publicly, and acted upon, we are headed for one unpleasant military surprise after another.

Just one year ago, in *The Nation* of December 21, 1940, I broke the story of the Reuther plan. Today's papers carry the news that 206,000 workers in Michigan will lose their jobs in the next seven days because no steps have yet been taken to convert automobile factories to defense production. This inability of a great and rich country to gather up sufficient will to mobilize its full energies for war is characteristic of empires in their senility. We are again the victim of want amid plenty, though this time it is a want of armament amid plenty of potential productive capacity. Solution of the problem has been hampered by a succession of complacencies in the capital. The first was the easy assumption that we were unbeatable because we had the greatest productive system in the world. When it began to be realized that this productive system was being largely devoted to a boom in consumer goods, it was assumed that it would transform itself automatically into a vast arsenal if we curtailed the output of automobiles, washing machines, refrigerators, and new houses.

A few months ago, however, officials and others began to see that curtailment alone was no guaranty that facilities made idle by scarcity of materials would be converted to defense production. Smaller industries found it hard to obtain orders from the big business men running the OPM and hard to interest the conventionally thinking army-navy procurement officers in the possibility of turning out armament in factories normally used to produce washing machines. Now I find officials assuming that "December 7 changed all that." The attack on Pearl Harbor should have ended "business as usual," but it did not. To assume that it will without any action on our part is a curious, and comfortable, kind of fatalism. It is well to remember that bombs have been falling on the capital of the British Empire for two years without completely ending business as usual.

The truth is that while men like Stimson and Knox helped the President on the war issue by getting out in front, the top liberals and labor men in the defense setup have been more anxious to avoid fights than to exercise leadership. A fight is now brewing behind the scenes over the scuttling of the Victory Program by Knudsen and army-navy procurement, but at the SPAB meeting at which the program was cut down by some 25 per cent neither Donald Nelson nor Leon Henderson nor

Sidney Hillman put up an effective battle. All three have been good influences, but none of them is a fighter. Henderson is more smoke than fire. Nelson shines most by contrast with his fellow-business men. Hillman is able but not inspired or inspiring, and I was glad to see the Tolan committee take a rap at him in its excellent report on the measures needed to mobilize all our productive facilities for war. If Hillman had had the courage to go on the air last fall in support of the Reuther plan he would have looked a hero today. Unfortunately his is not the kind of leadership that will help us find our way to total effort for total war.

It is easy for a newspaperman writing for an independent weekly to talk of the need for interfering with private enterprise. It is hard for these men and other political leaders to do or say anything about it. Our government has political sovereignty under democratic processes, but in the sphere of our economy it is still in the position of a sovereign in feudal times and must deal with powerful

economic overlords whose control over the means of public discussion make them formidable antagonists. Public officials who run afoul of these great interests take their careers in their hands, and few can be found to venture a head-on collision with them. Agencies like the Dies committee and the FBI play a valuable role here in keeping the progressives frightened and worried and thus in curbing the most useful forces in the war effort. In this connection I would like to point to Secretary Knox's statement that the most powerful fifth column since Norway operated in Hawaii and to ask why the FBI, with all the vast sums and great power at its disposal, seems to have been so ineffective in curbing it. Maybe if it spent less time tapping wires in an effort to get Harry Bridges and scaring minor clerks in government offices by asking them what they think of communism and what their religious affiliations are, it would have more time left for the kind of detective operations we needed on Oahu.

The Outlook in the Pacific

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

December 20

PERHAPS the greatest embarrassment of military riches in modern history faced the Japanese High Command after its successes over the American navy at Pearl Harbor and the British Far Eastern fleet near Singapore. The Philippine Islands, Hongkong, Malaya, Singapore, the Burma road, commercial war on Britain by Japanese raiders in the Indian Ocean and South Pacific, the cutting of American lines of communication with the Philippines to deprive the islands of reinforcements and American industry of tin and rubber, the oil wells of Burma and Borneo—all must have beckoned enticingly to the exultant Japanese.

In considering this wealth of opportunities, however, the Japanese were confronted with several obstacles to easy success. With probably fifty of the sixty to seventy divisions of its armies tied up in China and Manchoukuo, the number of troops available for military adventures to the south had a definite limit, and to strike effectively everywhere was impossible. Again, Japan was surrounded by a ring of hostile territories that had declared embargoes on Japanese trade. Its resources and stock piles were limited, and conquests must therefore be made as rapidly as possible and be productive of great economic benefits. The third limitation was a matter of the time Japan could dispose of before our Pacific fleet could be repaired and reinforced from the Atlantic and, with the possible addition of newly completed units, could

start a campaign to defeat it in the Far East. Owing to the necessity of attaining a strong position before that happened and of achieving its ends before depletion of its slender resources, Japan would obviously use speed and surprise in all its moves.

In choosing between many objectives the Japanese have kept their own limitations severely in mind and have probably acted wisely. They have directed their attack at the potential threats, the bases which would be most valuable to the American navy in the Far East. Their present objectives are the reduction of British bases north of the equator and the capture of the Philippines, or more particularly the island of Luzon. If Singapore and Manila are lost, the task of American sea and air power will become extremely difficult. In that event, a slow, cautious, risky campaign through the Japanese mandated islands or an advance from the south using distant bases in Australia would be necessary in order to reach the decisive area.

Against the British the Japanese have already achieved a large measure of success. The probable loss of Hongkong can be discounted heavily because the base was too exposed to Japanese attack, too incomplete in its facilities, and too lacking in aerial protection to be of much value. But Singapore is the only naval base in the Far East with facilities to support a fleet. And regardless of its success or failure in holding out against direct attack, much of its value has already been destroyed. Originally situated

3,000 miles from the main Japanese bases, it has been deprived of security from air attacks by the successive pushes of Japan into South China, French Indo-China, Thailand, and the Malay States. The weakness of British resistance in the early weeks of the war may be a warning that we shall have to carry them so far as the war in the Pacific is concerned.

In attacking the American position the Japanese have gone to greater pains. The assaults on Guam, Wake, and Midway were intended to remove exposed American positions from the scene of conflict and, even more, to cut the chain of American aerial reinforcement, for planes being sent to the Philippines followed this route. The Japanese landings in British Borneo may have been partly for the sake of oil, but their strategic purpose was probably to make reinforcement through the South Pacific by way of Australia extremely hard. These two lines of attack were essentially preventive, aimed at stopping any further strengthening of American forces. On the Philippines themselves the Japanese attack has been both military and aerial. Aerial bombings appear to have been half-hearted and only moderately successful, but land attacks took advantage of the fact that General MacArthur's military forces were too few in number to cover all of the many landing places in which the Philippines abound. Having seized a bridgehead, the Japanese would next bring in supporting air power and enlarge the area occupied, all the while threatening landings elsewhere to protect themselves against a too great American concentration against them.

American defense against these attacks has so far been nothing short of brilliant. The army has conserved its air force as did the British when facing the onslaught of the *Luftwaffe*, and it may be doubted that many American planes have been lost. The presence of numerous hostile warships in waters to the south has compelled Japan to employ battle-cruiser escorts for its convoys, a course much to the liking of the army airmen who destroyed the *Haruna* and probably sent the *Kongo* to dry-dock for several months. At the moment of writing, the landings made by Japanese troops have not yet been enlarged to a point of actual peril; but the danger of a full-scale attack is clearly present. Large losses of Japanese man-power have assuredly resulted from the sinking of transports. The American intention of making an attack on the Philippines immensely costly to the enemy appears to have been realized. Incapable of precise measurement but not to be overlooked as factors of military value are the courageous, clear-headed deeds of American seamen, airmen, troops, and marines. The stand of our island outposts, Captain Colin Kelly's sinking of the *Haruna*, the success of American planes in aerial combats against a more numerous foe are certain to become traditions in our services and set a standard of gallant conduct for later millions to follow.

There have been few tactical surprises in the war beyond the initial attack at Pearl Harbor and the possession by Japan of larger mechanized forces than most American military experts gave it credit for having. The outstanding features have been the potency of aircraft and the magnitude of American and British blunders. In a recent article the writer suggested either unexpected Japanese expertness in aviation or else that the army and navy top men in Hawaii were sound asleep. It is now established that the latter was the case. Japanese aerial enterprise has been outstanding, but the types of planes used against Pearl Harbor, of which at least 25 per cent were destroyed, were not. Details of the tragic failure to take adequate precautions at Pearl Harbor are not yet cleared up, but the services are unlikely to be able to cover up their fatal blunders. Having learned a costly lesson, Americans are not apt to be caught napping again.

British naval losses were even more tragic than ours. Eyewitness accounts of the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* fail to mention the near presence of the destroyers which travel with capital ships to shield them from torpedoes and can supply an enormous volume of anti-aircraft fire in case of attack. The Royal Air Force, brilliant when acting alone but a complete failure at cooperating with land and sea forces, did not have pursuit planes present until both ships were in sinking condition.

Even with all allowance for our own and British blunders and underestimation of the opponent, the Japanese demonstration of the strength of air power has been most impressive. Not the bomber but the torpedo plane has been revealed as the greatest enemy of sea power in the present war. The prolonged resistance of the *Bismarck*, contrasted with the easy sinking of the *Prince of Wales*, is an indication that Germany still holds an edge in ship protection. An announcement that the battleship is obsolete would be both premature and inaccurate, but ships must have added protection if they are to survive. Today air power is an integral and absolutely vital part of sea power, and a fleet which is not closely tied up with its own air force is probably doomed. The manner of loss of these two British ships holds a negative lesson for the United States. Of all navies the American has been especially outstanding in its naval aviation. To risk this existing close coordination between sea power and air power in order to experiment with an independent air force, a course now being urged by some air enthusiasts, would be nothing short of a military calamity.

In the Weeks Ahead

Donald W. Mitchell

will analyze military developments regularly
for readers of *The Nation*

Hitler's Costliest Gamble

BY ADOLPH B. DRUCKER

THE Red Army's counter-attacks all along the Russian-German front, from the Baltic to the Sea of Azov, are eloquent commentary on von Ribbentrop's recent boast that Soviet resistance has been smashed beyond recovery. Notwithstanding the current Russian successes, however, the fact remains that the German lines still girdle a huge part of the Soviet Union, inhabited by fifty to sixty million people and encompassing roughly half of Russia's agricultural potential, half of its developed mineral resources, three-fifths of its industrial establishment—including armament factories, arsenals, and shipyards—and a great part of its Western civilization and urban life. But even assuming that the Germans will be able to dig in without retreating much farther, it is still pertinent to consider whether Hitler's Russian adventure has not cost him more in military strength than it has given him, or promises to give him, in the way of economic advantage. In this connection two questions arise: First, to what extent has Hitler been able to offset the scarcities in his war economy through Russian food and loot, as his invasion proceeded; second, to what extent will it be possible for him to integrate the sources of production he has acquired as permanent tributaries to his war economy, thus canceling the strangling blockade?

Dazzled by a swift sequence of victories and encouraged by propaganda, the German people have taken for granted that the great resources of Russia, especially the natural wealth of the Ukraine, would be fully accessible to them and that the danger of losing the war through lack of basic materials was over. Sober reflection, however, should have recalled Germany's sad experience during the "peaceful occupation" of the "liberated" Ukraine by German and Austrian armies in 1917-18. This chapter in the history of World War I has not been written down, though it is alive in many minds, including those of the German General Staff. I remember this episode very vividly, having lived through it from beginning to end in the capacity of deputy chairman of the Austrian Economic Commission on the Ukraine, an inter-departmental body set up by the Austrian government for the purpose of regulating the expected influx into Austria-Hungary of food and raw materials supposedly abundant in the Ukraine. Great expectations then as now seemed justified because the military successes were so enormous.

In 1917, after the outbreak of the Russian Revolution

and the collapse of the czarist army, the territorial conquests of Germany and its confederates in the east were not less extended than Hitler's hold over Eastern Europe is at present. German armies then stood before Petrograd and not far from Moscow, with Poland and the Baltic regions behind the German lines; the Ukraine was "liberated" and peacefully occupied; the Donetz Basin was in German hands; the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov were German waters. In the southeast the front line of the Central Powers bulged even farther into Russian territory than it does now, and, Turkey being in the same camp, no serious obstacle blocked the path to the Caucasus. The famished populations of the Central Powers were jubilantly awaiting the rich harvests of the Ukraine—wheat, oil, and other raw materials. Elaborate organizations were set up to gather, transport, and distribute the treasure. Economic commissions were appointed for the exploitation of the "Bread Peace." A German general, von Eichhorn, administered the region around Kiev; an Austrian general, von Sendler, governed in Odessa. Transportation of the booty on the Danube River and the Black Sea was placed under a military "Black Sea Command."

In the Ukraine the harvest was already completed. It had been a hot season, and the crops of the country, nowhere damaged by invasion or actual warfare, were supposed to fill all barns to capacity. To the wishful thinking of the statesmen and people of the Central Powers it appeared to be only a technical problem to gather and to transport the bread for which the starved cities of their countries clamored. All that seemed necessary was to offer the Ukrainian peasantry a plausible counter-value for the needed supplies.

These "technical problems" were the subject of a conference held at the Austrian Foreign Office in August, 1917. I attended the conference as a representative of the Austrian Ministry of Commerce and the Commission on the Ukraine, and together with other Austrian advisers suggested that a broad program of agrarian reform be introduced in the Ukraine. The bulk of the Ukrainian peasantry consisted of landless tenants. Of pure Ukrainian (Little Russian) stock and adhering to the Greek Catholic church, the peasants differed from the Orthodox White Russian landowners in race and religion—the relationship between them was analogous in many respects to the historical antagonism between the Roman Catholic Irish tenant and the Protestant English squire or, in the Balkans, the Slavonic Christian *colon* or *kmet*

tenant) and the Mohammedan Aga, the Turkish landowner.

Our plan was not meant to be a mere emergency measure, devised to lure the peasant into a friendly mood because he held the keys of the larder. A land distribution securing a plot of his own to the land-hungry peasant appeared to be just and timely, likely to counter efficiently the Communist propaganda penetrating the Ukraine from Bolshevik Russia. The Austrian reform program, however, was turned down. The German General Staff, reactionary to the core, preferred administrative and military compulsion and an alliance with the landed aristocracy against the peasants. Creating an "independent" Ukraine, the Central Powers chose as their puppet and executive a *Hetman* from the ranks of the hated landowners, first Skuropatzky and then Petliura of bloody pogrom fame.

The character of a peaceful occupation was stressed by supplementing military requisitions with commercial purchases and unredeemable requisition receipts with money. In accordance with the best banking theory—an eminent German banker saw to the show side of this business—a Ukrainian National Bank was brought into existence. Its notes held a suspended gold promise and were "covered" in their gold value by credit accounts amounting to several million Kronen and Reichsmarks in the books of the Austro-Hungarian Bank and the Deutsche Reichsbank. Both currencies, Krone and Reichsmark, at this time being almost entirely bare of any substantial gold cover, the new Ukrainian currency was probably the most artful and deceptive specimen of *Devisen* currency ever tried until Hitler invented the "occupation mark." The notes were made exclusive legal tender and put in circulation by the military authorities; it was expected that by this means all salable food and goods in the country would be driven into the desired channels.

Only picayune results, however, were obtained from all these preparations. The Ukrainian peasant did not collaborate with the occupation authorities. Though there was then no official "scorched-earth" policy, the stocks disappeared, buried or burned by the peasants. The new money did not impress the peasant as a real equivalent, and little could be obtained by purchase. Offers to barter much-needed agricultural implements and tools—of which the conqueror countries themselves had little to spare—found no response. Very little grain or other supplies left the Ukraine for Austria or Germany. When General Alfred Krauss—later the first of the old imperial generals to join the Nazi Party in Austria—prevailed upon the reluctant Emperor Charles to drop the mask of a "peaceful" occupation and to try the "iron fist," the refractory attitude of the peasantry grew into open resistance. General von Eichhorn was assassinated in Kiev. The whole elaborate organization, including the Black

Sea Command, finally broke down; and then the victory of the Allies and the Treaty of Versailles forced the Central Powers to retire from all occupied territories in Russia.

In 1941 the invading German armies are in urgent need, as they were in 1917, of foodstuffs, iron and steel, other strategic metals, fuel, and oil. Most of these needs were included in the Soviet-German trade agreement that was signed simultaneously with the Non-Aggression Pact in August, 1939. Disappointing experience led to stringent amendments of this commercial arrangement in February, 1940, and though results remained unsatisfactory, Germany actually received from Russia great quantities of wheat, oats, barley, fodder, and oil, and even one million tons of manganese, chrome, and antimony from the Ural mines. But Germany needed still more.

In the south of Russia, notably in the Ukraine, Hitler expected to obtain at least 800,000,000 bushels of grain, together with sugar beets, cotton, and flax. And he expected to deprive the enemy at the same time of 20 per cent of his vital food supplies and of important quantities of textile fibers. Even more ambitious expectations seemed to be justified. Having been industrially developed under a planned economy, the occupied country now seemed to offer to the conqueror abundant technical equipment for processing local raw materials, particularly coal and iron. Since 1917 great industrial centers had come into being in the south of Russia, methodically located around the iron-ore district of Krivoj Rog, the coal mines of the Donetz, the electric power of the Dnieper. The pig-iron capacity of the Donetz Basin had risen from 5,000,000 tons in 1918 to 10,000,000 tons in 1940, and a huge steel industry had been built on this basis. The pits, mines, and factories in the western part of the basin were worked by means of new electric power generated by the Dnieper plant. Rich storehouses, a gigantic working arsenal, well-equipped shipyards in Odessa, Kherson, Nikolaev, and Mariupol, and, only one step farther, the oil wells of the Caucasus seemed ready for immediate exploitation by the conqueror. The enemy, moreover, would be weakened at the same rate at which the German war potential was strengthened.

None of these hopes have been fulfilled—not the short-term plan for immediate booty, nor the expectation that the Ukraine could quickly be converted into a German arsenal, nor the expected paralysis of Russia's war production.

When the Germans attacked Russia, the fields were still green; the harvest, scarcely begun, was interrupted by the mobilization of many hands and by the invasion. The great central barns of the collective farms, where the crops are stored under the Soviet agrarian

system, were empty. Military grain and flour magazines and local stocks retained from last year for the use of the resident population, in quantity only a fraction of the total crops, were either hastily removed before the Nazi onslaught or burned by enemy action or by the Russians themselves under the "scorched-earth" policy. Nor was it easy to proceed with the harvest behind the advancing German lines; all along the spreading front the uncut fields were trampled by troops and tanks.

Where the fields were undamaged, agricultural workers were scarce, and where, behind the German lines, the hands could be assembled, new administrative and technical problems faced the invader. The new Russian methods of collective agriculture depend on complete motorization. But the tractors and other field machinery were either removed or destroyed, and they could not easily be replaced out of German stocks. Nor could the available hands be set to work immediately without using so far as possible the efficient and familiar methods of Russian collective farming. The Germans tried to give the *kholhoz* organization the shape of rural work *cadres*, pseudo-cooperatives under central leadership. Struggling with all these complex administrative and technical difficulties in the midst of a flaming *Blitzkrieg*, they were outraced by the early advent of winter. The remnants of the harvest of 1941 could not be saved. German reports boast of finding great quantities of butter and count the cattle on the collective farms but are remarkably reticent concerning grain and other crops. The conclusion is warranted that Hitler's conquest of Russia's main food-producing region failed to yield the expected immediate results. In fact, Germany had got far more out of its previous trade agreement with Stalin.

Moreover, there is reason to doubt that the harvests of occupied Russia next year—or in following years—will decisively improve the food situation that is worrying Hitler. With the exception of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary, no country now under his rule was ever self-sufficient in food, and even these former surplus areas are now reduced to scarcity. The practice of starving the vanquished has its obvious political limits. And not only might Russia be unable to fill the hole in Hitler's bread basket, but the fifty or sixty million Russian people in the conquered territory might become dependent for their daily bread upon supplies from Germany and thus turn the conquest into a serious liability. Hitler can only prevent this by obtaining the full collaboration of the Russian farm worker. But the task of turning the minds of millions of Russians from collectivism to German fascism, of undoing the educational, political, and institutional achievements of twenty-four years of Soviet rule, is not made easier by being urgent.

Failure in this task is predicted for the simple reason that in handling the human and psychological side of his adventure Hitler has blundered politically. His war cry

against collectivism and his sweeping promise to restore private ownership of farm land, designed to win over the peasant by appealing to his presumed anti-collectivist feelings, might have been timely in 1917 but comes much too late in 1941. It is likewise too late to appeal to separatist Ukrainian sentiment; with a great many other nationalities the Ukrainians have been integrated into the Soviet state, and a strong all-Russian patriotism has been developed in them by a policy of allowing a great deal of autonomy within a centralized system. Actually many Ukrainians are prominent in Russia's cultural, political, and economic life. Moreover, there is understandable doubt in the mind of the Russian worker as to who it is to whom Hitler intends to restore the land: greatest of all political blunders, Germany has again allied itself with the reactionary class of pre-revolutionary landowners. Again the German war lord is temporarily master of the richest soil in Europe, only to see himself once more deprived of its coveted fruits.

Equal disappointment awaited Hitler if he hoped to find in the mining and industrial sections of conquered Russia a workable arsenal, with adequate man-power available, with accessible stocks of the basic materials coal and iron, and equipped with machinery and driving power. Germany's own ample resources of coal and iron (including imports from Sweden) are strengthened by its control of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Luxembourg, Belgium, and France. But mechanized war is insatiable, and an arsenal behind the front would be an additional advantage. All these hopes were drowned in the floods of the bursting Dnieper dam, when the huge Dnieper hydroelectric plant was blasted by the retreating Russians. According to expert information, mining and industrial activities in the western part of the Donet Basin have been paralyzed for a long time to come. Pits are a quagmire of stagnant water, broken props, and submerged machinery. It would take a year of pumping according to the best-informed experts, to restore workable order in the pits, and this would require the replacement of all mechanical equipment. In addition, the steel plants are reported to be completely unworkable, the fleeing workers having left molten pig iron in the cooling furnaces, which now are ruined beyond repair.

Reconstruction is a huge technical problem, requiring not only time but great quantities of materials already so scarce that their use is forbidden to German industry for renovation and replacement purposes. Besides, the reconditioning of an industrial system behind the front lines of military operations is dependent upon two important conditions: first, a willing, dependable army of trained workmen; and, second, absence of disturbance caused by actions of war. The first condition is not secured even in occupied countries far away from the theater of war, as, for example, Czechoslovakia. The

second condition, implying a lull in the war, was envisaged by Germany as the result of a quick victory over Russia that never materialized.

Turned back by military defeat from entrance into Russia's oil fields, Hitler sees another dream shattered. He was thoroughly prepared for victory; pipe lines had been prefabricated and shipped to the front. After acquiring the minor oil production of Galicia, he expected to extend his conquests to Grozny, Maikop, and even Apsheron (Baku). This plan likewise miscarried. At the same time he has lost the oil delivered to him by Russia under the trade agreement, and has depleted his supplies in all theaters of the war by the enormous demands of the Russian campaign.

As far as its own loss in material and equipment is concerned, Russia has not been dealt a deadly blow, though it would be foolish to underrate the magnitude of the damage. So far, no reports of critical scarcities have come from Russia, and its vigorous offensive indicates abundance of material. The territory behind the Russian lines produces 80 per cent of the country's needs in food; in these regions—Central Russia, Siberia, and the Caucasus—harvests and deliveries have not been disturbed. Besides—cold comfort, but an important item

—the food requirements of about 60,000,000 Russians in occupied territory are for the time being no longer the charge of Russia.

Mutilated Russia has still a coal production of 70,000,000 tons, not counting the rich potential production of the pits of Kuznetz in Siberia. Steel production has been halved, but 10,000,000 tons are still produced behind the Russian lines, notably in Magnitogorsk and other industrial centers. Thus the basic materials of armament production are not deficient; new mines of manganese, iron ore, and bauxite are now being opened. With equipment saved from the grasp of the invading German armies in the west and brought to the center and east of the country, new armament factories are being set to work. It appears that the great western arsenals—the famous Voroshilov plant and the Petrovsky and Czerzinsky works—have been successfully transferred and reorganized behind the Russian front. Airplane production is now in full blast far from any interference by Hitler's bombers. More important still, Russia is accessible to imports from the outer world. The deeper strategic plan of the Axis, namely, to encircle the blockade of the Allies with an outer blockade, is still far from achievement.

A Warning from South America

BY AN ANONYMOUS DIPLOMAT

SOUTH AMERICA has been one of the battlefields of the Second World War from the day of its declaration. Until now, the warfare waged there has been political and consequently has been devoid of dramatic spectacles. However, in all South American republics, carefully organized in every possible detail, there exists a secret army, created by agents of the Third Reich, which has been trained especially for the struggle in that continent and which has made use of the services of German residents and the descendants of Germans.

The totalitarian action in South America reveals two distinct periods. Before 1940, Nazism was a growing, impulsive, revolutionary movement which took advantage of every favorable opportunity. It was characterized by uninterrupted propaganda attacks through newspapers, pamphlets, leaflets, radio stations, and also by attempts to bring pressure on private individuals through personal contacts. Its action was spectacular, provocative, and brutal. In cases where it found weak governments, or willing accomplices, as in the case of the de facto government of Dr. Gabriel Terra in Uruguay, from 1933 to 1938, it demonstrated its audacity by even parading its storm troops on the roads in the interior of the republic,

playing its march, one of the lines of which is the following: "Free streets for the storm troops." Brazil offered a vivid example in 1935 and 1937 of that technique of provocation. There the well-trained Nazi squadrons dominated the populous colonies and the industrial towns of the South. In São Paulo and also in Rio the "Green Shirts" (Brazilian Integralista Alliance) led by Plinio Salgado, and Newton Cavalcanti—a Brazilian general who today awards decorations in the United States to American military and naval officers in the name of the government of Getulio Vargas—shattered the traditionally calm tropical atmosphere with their hysterical *anabué*, a cry of victory taken from the war songs of the primitive Indians.

Their activities at that time met no serious obstacles. Encouraged by their immunity, they naturally became bolder and bolder. Coups d'état, armed subversive action, sabotage on a wide scale characterized the expansion of the movement in this stage. However, in 1940 an agency of the Uruguayan government unearthed a plot to seize the country; public opinion in America was shaken to its very roots, and the popular masses suddenly demonstrated their powerful democratic feeling

by demanding, in every affected country, that their government leaders take immediate repressive measures. Soon, through legislative action and decrees promulgated by the governments, a distinct reaction was felt, tending to halt the bold totalitarian methods. In July of the same year the Havana conference, recognizing the Nazi threat to the continent from both within and without, adopted a series of conventions which might have been effective had they been conscientiously applied. The Nazi attack was resisted by continental public opinion.

Up to July, 1941, there was no radical change in Nazi methods. On the contrary, Hitler seemed bent upon diverting to this hemisphere the political attention of the United States, which at that time was timidly but irresistibly led by events toward the issue of armed conflict. Between the months of May and July plots were discovered in Chile, Bolivia, Argentina, and Colombia. A Balkan conflict in the Americas threatened a dangerous breach in the system of continental security envisaged by the diplomats of the United States Department of State. Behind the boundary dispute between Peru and Ecuador could be found Nazis, Italian Fascists, Phalangists, and the Japanese.

The second period began when the United States actually, physically, entered the war, when its Atlantic fleet established the vital line of supply to far-away Iceland, when German submarines began to inflict punishment upon American ships on all the seas of the planet. We are still in the midst of that second period, and it presents a surprising parallel to the tactics adopted by Germany toward England in initiating the Russian campaign. Hitler's agents turn away and apparently abandon the field of political warfare, just as the airplanes of the *Luftwaffe* abandoned the sky over the British Isles. It is their purpose to create a false state of confidence, thus weakening the tense attention which had been aroused in responsible Latin American circles.

The storm troops have withdrawn from the scene in South America. Propaganda has taken a stealthy and invisible turn. The provocative tunes of the young Germans born in South America are no longer heard. Governments of guilty conscience find it an opportune moment to issue hypocritical assurances that all is well. When the Department of State accepts or appears to accept this version of the situation, it agrees with the Berlin radio, through which the propagandists of Goebbels have assured the world that South American anxiety was merely the fruit of Anglo-Yankee policy.

Then came the war of the Pacific with its attendant surprises, which the appeasers had reserved for the people of the United States as a Christmas present.

Today the fifth columns solidly established in some governments in South America have taken the floor. Tomorrow the cannon and torpedoes of the Japanese warships in the Pacific and South Atlantic will speak.

What will then happen in Peru, Argentina, and Brazil? What will happen in the rest of the continent if these countries fall into the hands of puppet governments which will use the great riches of the South American subsoil to cover the war needs of the Axis powers?

The government of Getulio Vargas has said that it will solidly support the United States in the defense of the hemisphere. The American Foreign Ministers will hold a new consultative conference in Rio de Janeiro in January. It will be gratifying to the officials of the United States Department of State to consult with the titular Foreign Minister of Brazil, the friendly Oswaldo Aranha. Mr. Aranha is very amiably and convincingly pro-democratic, but he will be accompanied by the actual Foreign Minister, Francisco Campos, the totalitarian technician of the Brazilian government, author of the book which supplies the doctrinal justification of the vertical dictatorship set up by Vargas; Campos, the friend of Federzoni, president of the Italian Senate, who upon examining the Brazilian constitution of 1938 declared that it was a model of fascist learning. They will also meet with General Eurico Dutra, Chief of Staff of the army, and General Goes Monteiro, public apologists of a German victory. These two, who were decorated by Hitler in May, 1940, for "valuable services rendered to Germany by Brazil," will graciously place themselves at the service of pan-Americanism, solely to please their good friends of the Department of State. The propaganda of the conference will be in the hands of Lourival Fontes, chief of Brazil's military mission in the United States, who from his place of exile in Portugal commanded the criminal troops of the Green Shirts and who has recently drawn up a manifesto, widely distributed in Brazil, advising his fellow-Brazilian Nazis to give unconditional support to Vargas.

At the January meeting will also be present Dr. Ruis Guinázú, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the government of Ramón Castillo, Acting President of Argentina. Dr. Guinázú, after having been named Minister of Foreign Affairs, while on his way through Spain to accept his post made emotional statements before the Alcazar at Toledo, eulogizing the glorious resistance of that military bastion against "red hordes." Surely, Dr. Ruiz Guinázú will explain to the conference in Rio why Dr. Castillo declared a state of siege in order to protect his friendship with the United States of North America, a friendship which has been paradoxically expressed by police suppression of every evidence of popular sympathy toward the United States and its President.

Possibly, too, Marshal Oscar Benavides will participate in the conference at Rio. He is the power behind the throne of Prado Ugarteche, the smiling "democrat" who heads the prison-like democracy of Peru. Benavides, who at the time he was ambassador to Spain showed his intense Phalangist sympathies, felt even

at that distance the strong popular movement growing in his country. To be nearer, he had himself transferred to Buenos Aires, and from there he was able to exert his influence on the internal policy of Peru through his associate, Prado Ugarteche, the President who today talks about democracy while he makes concessions to the Japanese which are historically inexcusable, and who imprisons all those who advocate a government established on a popular basis which would lead the Peruvian people to a complete continental solidarity.

At this historic moment it is the fifth columns existing within the governments themselves which will speak in South America, and speak for South America. The Hitler agents have become silent. They have practically stopped their propaganda. In that way the illusion of fraternity among the American countries will be maintained. Complacency, that psychological agent which Hitler employs in whatever section of the world constitutes his next immediate objective, will reign in the conference at Rio.

The reader must keep in mind several significant facts. The Japanese fleet, which in all probability has bases in the south of Chile or in the distant islands of Juan Fernández, as the Germans had at the time of the

First World War, may at any time commit acts of piracy which will make the Straits of Magellan and the Rio de la Plata war-zone waters. The South Atlantic is dangerously unprepared to meet the possible and foreseeable attacks of the Japanese corsairs. What would happen if the French ships and the base of Dakar were utilized by the Germans, and to these forces were to be added Japanese ships coming unhindered through the Straits? It is possible that in such a case the governments which have been making a show of their hypocritical friendship for the United States would drop all pretenses.

If the United States does not inaugurate swift, effective political action in Latin America, in order to clear the continent of Nazis, Phalangists, Fascist Italians, and Japanese agents, that political war which the Axis countries started eight years ago will become a military war. Then it would be necessary to exchange, if it were still possible, if there were yet time, the pacific intervention through which North America could today save democracy and which the American peoples would acclaim unanimously, for military intervention; and then the Nazis, with their genius for intrigue, would have little difficulty in proving that this intervention was nothing but a revival of the old United States policy of the "big stick."

From Scrap to Tanks

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

WASTE has always been an integral part of the high American standard of living. Until comparatively recently our resources appeared so inexhaustible that conservation seldom seemed worth the expenditure of labor and thought that it involved. So we have slashed our forests and mined our soil. When factories or farms or mines ceased to give quick returns, we have left them derelict and passed on to something else. As individual consumers, too, we have been careless about waste. We have eagerly responded to advertising appeals to junk whatever is slightly outmoded, and our tendency has been to discard any damaged article rather than bother to have it repaired. In households where poverty has not applied the spur to thrift, there has always been wastage of food. Leftovers clutter up the refrigerator, and their utilization demands time and thought; so away they go into the garbage pail.

Now we are in a total war which is going to make ravenous demands on our resources, and freedom to waste is among the luxuries we must sacrifice for the duration. In the case of food, mounting prices and the assaults of the tax-collector on incomes will combine to

enforce the many sermons we are now hearing on the subject of domestic economy. And the actual disappearance from the stores of all kinds of things to which we have been accustomed is going to make it essential for us to get along with the gadgets we already have and to take greater care of them. But as individuals we also have a positive contribution to make in overcoming the scarcity of certain resources—the expenditure of effort in preserving various kinds of scrap material and in seeing that it is collected for industrial use.

Before the war broke out, we used to laugh at the Nazis' collection of toothpaste tubes, but their highly organized system for obtaining and utilizing so-called waste has been an important factor in keeping their war machine running. Britain has found it expedient to follow their example. British housewives today are encouraged to supplement the once inclusive ash can with four separate containers designed to receive, respectively, food waste suitable for pigs; bones; tin cans and other old metal; and all forms of waste paper. The collection of this material is undertaken by the municipal authorities, who sort it out and sell it to pig farmers and the scrap

merchants, in many cases achieving a profit. Hundreds of thousands of tons of such scrap are being handled annually, and the British Controller of Salvage has estimated that the resulting saving is equivalent to 250 ship voyages annually.

Up to April of the current year enough metal was collected from British households to build 10,000 tanks. The old bones—still usable after the dog has had a go at them—provide raw material for glue, fertilizer, glycerine, and other products. The paper is pulped and used to make fresh paper and board. As the salvage appeals point out, paper is an essential war material, for apart from its normal uses it is employed in making shell containers and in building board, and as a filler for certain kinds of plastic it enters into the manufacture of planes and radio apparatus. Since Britain has to import practically all the wood pulp it consumes, the utilization of waste paper offers great possibilities in saving shipping. And so great is the need that no possible source is being overlooked. Government offices and business firms alike are hauling out their old records to be converted into pulp. Even bus tickets are carefully saved, every vehicle being provided with a receptacle into which passengers are urged to drop their tickets before dismounting.

In this country we may not need to bother about old bones, but we are already being urged by Washington to save old paper and cardboard of all kinds and see that it is passed on to the junk dealers or some collection agency, such as the Salvation Army. For in pre-war years we imported a great deal of pulp from Scandinavia, and although increased production in Canada has partially filled the gap, defense is making heavy demands on the paper and paper-board industry. The utilization of waste paper for coarser products serves to release fresh pulp for the making of cellulose, which has many chemical applications, including the manufacture of explosives.

The problem of scrap collection is now being handled by the OPM's Bureau of Conservation, headed by Lessing Rosenwald, who is reported to be planning a direct appeal to the public to turn in old metal. Now that our supplies of raw rubber from the East are cut off, at least temporarily, it seems probable that an effort will also be made to haul in old tires and other rubber waste suitable for reclaiming.

Few people realize how important scrap iron and steel are as raw materials. Last year total consumption exceeded 40,000,000 tons, with steel mills using about 45 per cent scrap to 55 per cent pig iron in their open-hearth furnaces. In producing castings, foundries consume about 70 per cent scrap to 30 per cent pig iron. The collection of this material is a major industry. A fairly large proportion is supplied by the waste produced within the steel industry itself, and a good deal more is sold direct to the mills by the railroads. Wholesale scrap dealers round up the remainder, drawing mostly from big

producers, such as metal factories, automobile junkshops, shipyards, and the like. They do not find it economic to collect small lots, and the scope of their operations is limited by high freight rates to areas within a few hundred miles of the steel mills. Of course, both these obstacles to a larger scrap supply would be overcome if a high enough price were obtainable.

Soon after the defense program was launched, prices did begin to rise under the stimulus of increased demand, but Leon Henderson stepped in and placed a ceiling on scrap with a view to keeping down the cost of steel production and heading off a demand for higher steel prices. In this he was successful, but the result has been to restrict the supply of scrap, which at the present time is said to be below normal. One concession has been made by the Office of Price Administration: for a limited period purchasers have been allowed to pay a higher price for "remote scrap," that is to say, material originating in states west of the Mississippi, so as to overcome the freight handicap. But this step has done little to remedy the shortage, which is now described as desperate. Several steel mills are today operating below capacity solely owing to their inability to obtain sufficient scrap.

The gathering in of steel scrap in small lots from a multitude of workshops, factories, and farms is an expensive operation, for a great deal of labor is involved in the many calls necessary and also in sorting. To make it worth while and to attract the necessary new capital to the petty junk business, the present price ceiling would have to be raised considerably. But this would naturally mean equally high prices for scrap collected in bulk, which already returns a reasonable profit and would almost certainly lead to increased prices for finished steel. Must we risk such a breach in the whole structure of price control in order to bring out this urgently needed marginal supply of scrap?

I believe that before the OPM resorts to this kind of price leverage it should see what can be done by patriotism and voluntary organization. The Bureau of Conservation is already reported to be sending an appeal to all factory owners, utility companies, and the like to appoint a company official who will make a thorough search of the plant for "dormant" steel and other metal scrap. Test surveys of this kind have turned up obsolete machinery, old pipe, and all sorts of forgotten material in quantities which could well be handled through the regular scrap merchants. But if appeals are to be made to small businesses and householders, some further organization to supervise the primary collection will be necessary.

The Bureau of Conservation should issue a call to every community in the country to organize a scrap-collection committee. The lead might be taken by the local council, by some charitable organization, or by a community club such as Rotary. In cities, no doubt, sub-

committees for each section would be desirable so as to divide up the work and stimulate interest. I do not believe it would be difficult to find citizens willing to lend their services for a house-to-house canvass to persuade the occupants to make a thorough search for old metal. In many places organizations such as the Boy Scouts or the 4-H Clubs would be glad to assist. Probably many people approached would bring their contributions personally to a community dump. When bulky hoards were uncovered, local business men willing to lend a truck could certainly be found. As the piles accumulated, scrap dealers could be called in and asked to give a bulk price, the proceeds being donated to the Red Cross or some local charity.

With efficient organization I believe that very large quantities of scrap could be uncovered, especially in suburban areas, small towns, and villages. In such places people tend to stay many years in one house. They have attics, garages, and barns, and they are apt to accumulate all sorts of lumber which they have put away thinking they might have some use for it some day. Old iron bedsteads, lengths of gutter, old taps and pipes, bits of cars, broken tools, discarded lamps, old radiators, stoves and grates—some or all of these things are to be found in almost any country household, and their owners would be glad to part with them knowing they were to be metamorphosed into tanks, guns, and shells. Farms in particular should yield rich hauls of this kind of material, together with discarded or broken implements. And it is well to remember that the fact that a piece of steel is rusty does not make it worthless as scrap.

Other sources of scrap in many rural areas are the unsightly relics of long-abandoned enterprises—saw mills, quarries, mines, and small factories. Walking down from Jay Peak in Vermont's Green Mountains last summer by an almost overgrown trail, I remember coming across a huge boiler half hidden in the undergrowth. With various accessories scattered around, it must have weighed at least two tons. To break up and move such an object would not be a commercial proposition; nor could it be easily done by volunteer amateurs. But it might be worth while for the government to use some of the CCC boys in tracking down and removing scrap of this nature. A double purpose would be achieved, since in addition to gaining the use of the metal we would get a cleaner countryside. Probably some legislation would be needed to enable the government to commandeer abandoned property of this kind, particularly since it would often be impossible to trace the owner.

In maintaining national unity few things count so much as giving as many people as possible a job to do which they feel is making a contribution, however humble, toward winning the war. Hundreds of thousands of citizens are already working for civil defense, but there are plenty of others who could be rallied to a volun-

teer salvage corps by a government appeal imaginative enough to make clear the vital importance of the task. But the campaign will have to be more carefully thought out and organized than was last summer's aluminum collection if it is to gain full public cooperation.

[This article replaces in this issue Mr. Hutchison's fortnightly column *Everybody's Business*.]

In the Wind

NEW REGULATIONS for the conduct of enemy aliens forbid German or Italian refugees to congregate in large numbers. What is meant by "large numbers" has not yet been settled, but one of the established agencies for helping anti-fascist refugees has felt obliged to cancel its New Year's Eve party because of this ruling.

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY, leader of the Silver Shirts, has suspended publication of his paper. . . . Seward Collins, former editor of the *American Review*, a pro-fascist journal, closed his New York bookshop right after our entry into war. A few months ago Collins went out to Geneva, Wisconsin, to help edit *Scribner's Commentator*.

JAN VALTIN has offered his services to our armed forces and may be used in counter-espionage work.

A LARGE FACTION within America First is eager to continue the committee's work in some fashion. Many of the local branches, which are separately incorporated and cannot be disbanded by ukase from General Wood, may simply adopt a new name and continue their activities.

AN AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURER now engaged in building tanks was discussing with an army officer the advisability of using a new device in casting the turrets on our medium-sized tanks. It was pointed out by the industrialist that while our tank turrets turn only 220 degrees, German turrets can turn 360 degrees. The army officer replied that "the American army never retreats" and hence would not need tanks with turrets that could face the rear. Production was halted for a while, but now the turrets can turn a full circle.

REPRESENTATIVE CARL VINSON, who is preparing a bill to apply corporation tax laws to labor unions, has received answers to a questionnaire he sent out on union funds. One of the revelations is that since the beginning of the defense program \$20,000,000 has been collected in dues and assessments. The figure is surprisingly small, but Vinson will give it wide publicity to show the need for his bill.

SENATOR WHEELER has not been to Washington since war began. From his home office a statement was given out that he would not go to the capital "until something of vital importance comes up."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Liberty Will Survive

SOLDIERS watching a railroad bridge in Raleigh picked up a white and a Negro hobo in the first week of war and told the police to "hold them for the army" without making any charge against them. An intemperate Kansas City lawyer, writing to a Congressman who had criticized the navy at Pearl Harbor, cracked in possibly disloyal contempt at the Congress and the President, too. He was arrested. A man booed the President's picture in a Chicago theater and got pummeled by his neighbors and fined by a judge on Bill of Rights Day. In the Southern Appalachian country some night-time patriot threw a rock at the window of a store operated by an American-born Japanese. In Washington an energetic idiot chopped down some Japanese cherry trees. Beyond idiots in war, we may fear with Attorney General Francis Biddle that some officials will exercise necessary war powers and enforce essential war laws "unjustly, brutally, stupidly." No wonder liberals are concerned about civil liberties in war time, discussing the question, holding meetings about it. But the important thing for liberals is that they face the danger with at least as much good sense as they are ready to demand of officials.

That ought not to be hard. If this war is the cause of any people, it is the cause of the liberals. Everything they believe in is at stake. There are conservatives in America who conceivably might live quite comfortably under totalitarianism. There are radicals who might find its sweeping, ruthless patterns entirely satisfactory if they could swap their labels. But liberals and liberalism are going to be smashed or saved in a war in which the opponents of democracy will not be squeamish about their methods or considerate of any rules.

There remain some bad home memories about the last war—and there are some disturbing signs already in this one. I cannot follow but I can understand the fears that Colonel Lindbergh helped minimize by trying to magnify when he declared that "if we go to war to preserve democracy abroad, we are likely to end by losing it at home." But that choice of going to war is gone. We didn't choose war; we were knocked into it. We are undoubtedly trying to preserve democracy abroad, but we began fighting for it in defense under deliberate attack. Now certainly we may expect—indeed, as sensible people, welcome—some limitation on the freedom of the individual as a basis for the safety of us all. The only choice we have left is the choice of survival—for our-

selves and the kind of people in the kind of countries which made freedom on this earth.

At such a time there is no rigid, intellectually fixed and comfortable pattern for the lazy-minded liberal. It is no longer possible to drop instantly and without doubt into a fixed slot marked "For civil liberties." Every sensible person knows that the meaning of liberty in the matter of lighted windows is different under bombers from what it is when the windows are merely under the stars. I have forgotten whether it was Justice Holmes or Brandeis who said that the right of free speech did not include the right to shout "Fire" in a crowded theater. And no mere legalistic adherence to rules about liberty will apply in a burning world.

Does that mean that liberals should relinquish for the duration their faith in the freedoms at home? In my opinion it certainly does not. If we can trust the only leader we have to trust, the President does not think that. The freedoms stand. The law remains. The democratic processes are intact. Also, however, discipline in the cause of freedom is here. Liberals are not merely lawyers. There is comfort in a Constitution, but the real strength of our Bill of Rights has always been in the American heart. Lincoln remained a friend of freedom when he suspended the writ of habeas corpus. Democracy survived the war powers of Wilson. It survived even the stupidities of some prosecutors and judges, their stupidities of injustice. It will not be destroyed by a President who leads the whole world for liberty. Francis Biddle is Attorney General and not Mitchell Palmer.

Liberty will survive. America has made its decision about that. But people will be hurt at home in the process. We shall be sorry about that by and by when the nation has time for such sorrow. Decent liberals cannot neglect them now. But good liberals can act with good sense. Nothing is more important than that they waste no time or influence in protests about technicalities at a time when the creative function of the liberal is more important than it has ever been. The right of free speech stands, but the duty of careful speech grows. Criticism is important; a hearing can best be preserved for it by temperance in its use. Finally, the liberal must demand of himself at least as wise a head as he expects from others. Certainly this is not a time for liberal fears but for liberal fighting. Obviously friends of freedom have a home cause they need to watch, but even more obviously they have a world cause calling for all the vitality which may be in them.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

POEMS FROM LATIN AMERICA

TRANSLATED BY ROLFE HUMPHRIES

The Drill

BY MIGUEL OTERO SILVA

(*Venezuela*)

The drill enters the earth,
Venezuelan earth.

The Venezuelan man
Sweats, and sweats again.

Rattle of Yankee machines,
Cry of the Yankee engineer.

The drill enters and breaks
Earth and stone, earth and stone,
Venezuelan earth,
Venezuelan stone.

The man sweats by the well,
The Venezuelan man,
Earth and sweat on the shoulder,
Mud of his native earth.

Muscles are taut and strong,
Venezuelan men,
Mulatto, Indian, Negro,
Opening up the womb
Of the Venezuelan mother.

Rattle of Yankee machines,
Cry of the Yankee engineer,
Steam in the Yankee boilers.

Through the shining pipes
Goes the singing oil,
Song of the unreturning!

Out in the roadstead waits
The smoke of the Yankee steamer.

The Venezuelan men
Are coming home to the shanties,
Dirty and tired and hungry.
Four malarial children
Eating the dirt for food.
A trickle of greenish water
Gives the warning of fever.
His woman is waiting for him
Disheveled and full of fear:
She knows that machines at times
Crush the life out of men.
The table is waiting for him
With the everlasting beans.

The oil goes into the tanker.

Rockefeller's accounts,
Thermometer of the dollars,
Are rising, rising, rising.
In England Deterding
Dreams of highways of pounds
To make the Channel crossing.

Palaces, yachts, and churches,
Cabarets, limousines
Are always being born.
(Far off, in Venezuela
Four malarial children
Are eating the dirt for food.)

Royal Dutch, Standard Oil!
How the stocks are rising,
The dividends increasing!
Venezuelan oil,
Unreturning oil.

The drill enters the earth,
Venezuelan earth.

Rattle of Yankee machines,
Cry of the Yankee engineer,
Passage of Yankee boats.

The Venezuelan man
Sweats, and sweats again.

Metal and Rock in Their Glances

BY NICOLAS GUILLEN

(*Cuba*)

Not Cortes, nor Pizarro
(Aztecs, Incas, hitched to the double wagon).
Rather, their rough men
Leaping time. Here with their shields:
Here with their rough and calloused hands;
Distant soldiers, here at our feet,
Their rowels digging the ponies:
Finally here with us,
Soldiers from far off,
Brothers very near.

The ringing iron
Of conquering spears
Swords that aim at the dawn:
Gray armor, the fiery arquebuses,
The nails and the horseshoes
For the small-hooved conquering ponies:
Helmet and visor,
The thick boss of the kneeguard,

All the old imperialist metal
Runs molten in burning rivers
Where soldier, worker, and artist
Gather bullets for the machine-guns.
Not Cortes, nor Pizarro
(Aztecs, Incas, hitched to the double wagon).
Rather, their rough men
Leaping time. Here, with their shields.

Look at Spain, broken!
Birds flying over the ruins
Fascism iron-booted
The street lamps dead at the corners
Fists raised, hearts aroused,
Shells bursting on the sidewalk
Over horses, dead beyond question;
Salt and brackish tears
Choking the very harbors;
Cries that rise to the lips
Angry eyes, wide-open,
Metal and rock in their glances.

"Like That White Cloud"

BY LEON FELIPE

(Mexico)

Yesterday my love,
Like that white cloud, would move
Inhabiting the sky
Alone, aloft, on high,
On high, aloft, alone,
Beside the silver moon.

The cloud, aloft, alone,
Beside the silver moon
Tomorrow falls, to be
Drowned in the bitter sea,
Drowned, like my love, in bitter
Savor of salt and water.

As water in its round
Goes and returns again
Heavenward in the cloud
And seaward in the rain,
So, like the water, given
Its round, my love appears
Soaring in dreams to heaven,
Falling to sea in tears.

The Sacrificed

BY AGUSTI BARTRA

(Spain)

It is the world's fault that they are root and silence
In the earth shaken by the rough rage of the guns.
None has the right to weep for them, nor beat them down
again
With the clatter of bells, words, oratorical speeches.

Only the great winds, the great wild winds
And the silent purity of the heavens.
Only, in the reawakening of the landscape
The slow ascension of faithful spirits.

None has the right to sing them. Their anguish
Draws down the grass that has risen over their graves.
It is the crime of the world that they died without joy,
That infinity without sleep has broken their foreheads.

Like a river without a name in a homesick country,
Tears of time, sob of an unrepentful spring.

Dawn, Tent T-1

BY AGUSTI BARTRA

The watery thread of my sleep is broken;
Why this rosy sweetness tremulous over our foul reality,
asleep?

Why this airy bloom covering the canal where the rotten
rinds of our lives are floating?

Soon the bugle will cry aloud:

Cock of tragic metal!

Agde Concentration Camp, July, 1939

The New Test of Free Speech

CENSORSHIP, 1917. By James R. Mock. Princeton University Press. \$2.50.

FREE SPEECH IN THE UNITED STATES. By Zechariah Chafee, Jr. Harvard University Press. \$4.

WHATEVER else the new war may hold, it is certain that the American people must face this important question: How much censorship shall we have, how much suppression of the rights of free speech, a free press, and free assembly? The question is a difficult one, but three aspects of it are perfectly plain. First, there was too much suppression in the last war. Second, the question will not end with the war. Third, the question is today more acute than it was in 1917.

Mr. Mock's valuable book furnishes us with an interesting picture of the censorship machinery of 1917. Accepting some form of censorship as inevitable in modern war, Mr. Mock does not attempt to say where it should end. His principal concern is to warn us against allowing selfish groups to prolong war-time censorship after the emergency has passed. The warning is needed, but even in time of war we dare not grant the right of unlimited censorship to government, and it is essential to set down the principles by which both government and citizen should be guided.

How much free speech is consistent with the safety of the nation? There is the rub, and it is to the credit of Professor Chafee that in his wise and scholarly book he meets the problem head on, and solves it, I submit, to the satisfaction of those who genuinely believe in human freedom. His solution derives from Socrates, and runs in a straight line through John Stuart Mill to Justice Holmes. What it amounts to is this: men must be free to think and to speak if they are to discover the truth. The need is even greater in war than in

peace, for in war the truth is harder to discover. Free speech is important to the man who speaks it, but it is infinitely more important to the nation which hears it. Thus the nation has a social interest in free speech. Professor Chafee writes: "... the great interest in free speech should be sacrificed only when the interest in public safety is really imperiled, and not, as most men believe, when it is barely conceivable that it may be slightly affected." As Justice Holmes put it for the Supreme Court in *Schenck v. United States*, there must be "a clear and present danger."

This policy was not followed in 1917. Speech was judged too often by the test of "bad tendency," which is bad law and worse politics. This policy had three unfortunate results. First, it caused much personal hardship. Second, it kept many discreet people from speaking out when their criticism was really needed. And third, it failed even to suppress opinion that was regarded as dangerous by the government. Witness the case of Rose Pastor Stokes. The mere publication in the *Kansas City Star* of Mrs. Stokes's statement, "I am for the people, and the government is for the profiteers," was considered so dangerous that she was sentenced to ten years in prison. But note that publication was at first limited to one newspaper in the Middle West. As soon as Mrs. Stokes was placed on trial, however, the statement was repeated by every important newspaper in the country.

The fault lay not so much in the law itself as in the way it was applied. This is one of Professor Chafee's main points. A law will be drawn, let us say, to restrain certain kinds of opinion or speech that may with some reason be considered dangerous, especially in time of war. But it is certain that such a law will in the end be broadened by improper application into a dragnet against all kinds of unpopular persons who hold unpopular opinions. Neither the jury system nor the lower judiciary is any protection, for the people and the judges share the common hysteria. Even the Supreme Court is not much protection, for it will not hear the first appeals for two or three years.

This was the experience after 1917. Extreme sentences were often reduced by executive action, some convictions were set aside by the courts, and the Supreme Court, in a long series of notable decisions over almost two decades, began to define the protection that free speech should have under the First Amendment, and even brought free speech under the wings of the Fourteenth Amendment. But the intolerance of the war period had left its spiritual and social scars. The state legislatures began to hammer out restrictive laws. Then, with the passage of the Alien Registration Act in 1940, America got a peace-time sedition law that affected citizens as well as aliens. What had happened was that intolerance of aliens had risen so high that almost any bill could be enacted if it affected to deal with aliens. During the debates Representative T. F. Ford of California said: "The mood of the House is such that if you brought in the Ten Commandments today and asked for their repeal, and attached to that request an alien law, you could get it." This intolerant attitude toward aliens is extended in large measure to all unpopular people and unpopular causes. Is there less interest in free speech? Professor Chafee thinks so. One reason, he suggests, is that newspapers have become such large business affairs that it is considered quixotic to insist on free speech. On

the more favorable side Professor Chafee sees three factors which he thinks may enable us to surmount this crisis more wisely than the last. First, the mistakes of 1917-20 serve to warn us against repeating them. Second, we have in Europe a terrible warning against the evils of intolerance. Third, the scope and limits of the phrase "freedom of speech" in the First Amendment are now much more clearly defined than they were in 1917. I fear that Professor Chafee is a bit too optimistic. But whatever the outcome, we must now meet the new test. It is probably the most important test of our time, for only a people who know how to preserve freedom deserve to be free.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

Poe as Symbol

EDGAR ALLAN POE: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$5.

THE spectacle of the biographer pursuing the ghost of the great poet with a butterfly net in one hand and in the other a dozen documents proving that the poet never died, or that he lived wrongly, is a spectacle I shall always applaud because it proves one tremendously important thing. This is that poets are not butterflies. For in what museum can one find the natural character of any great poet transfixed by the biographical pin? All that the biographer ever captures is a fleck of wing or a couple of antennae. All biographies remind me of the sad exhibit in the Library at Oxford, where they have preserved Shelley's watch and the copies of Sophocles and Keats that were taken from his corpse. Thus the conscientious biographer, retracing the tracks of the dead poet, picks up what oddments he can and puts them under glass: the more mementos the better.

This is especially so in the immense study of Poe issued by Dr. Quinn: I can only compare his scrupulous accumulation of documentary evidence that Poe really existed to the kleptomania of the magpie, for at least a third of the documents adduced here are elaborately irrelevant to the subject of the study. I cannot think that it was necessary to reprint verbatim the letter from Major General E. S. Adams of the War Department stating that no record could be found "of any financial arrangement which was made for a substitute for Edgar A. Perry," or to obfuscate the first chapters with obscure details about plays in which Poe's parents acted, or to print half-page inventories of the young Poe's expenses at his school in England. But in this immoderation of documents the Griswold forgeries, here given completely for the first time, go to exonerate the unnecessary excess. These forgeries demonstrate that Griswold was a worse rat than he proposed to make out Poe; that Poe should have been reduced to trafficking with such literary high-jackers as Griswold does not so much condemn Poe as it condemns the state of society that made such a collusion expedient. If this biography serves no other purpose, it should succeed in putting the vampire stick through the reputation of the disreputable Griswold. Other poets than Poe have tumbled, but few have been dogged by Griswolds.

The technical judgments made by Dr. Quinn on the poems and the prose abuse themselves with the enthusiasm that

writes such sentences as: "For where in our history has a boy of twenty-two shown such a mastery of nearly every form of temporal, accentual, and tonal variety the English language affords?" The answer is in Milton, Pope, Tennyson, Chatterton, Wordsworth, and so on. The reputation of Poe as poet rests largely on poems that it is impossible to take with what Matthew Arnold called high seriousness. "The Raven" is a notorious rather than a famous poem; "The Bells" is not a poem, it is a game; and the lyric considered by Dr. Quinn to be the finest poem of Poe's, "To Helen" ("The glory that was Greece," etc.), is really a song that Byron forgot to write. Poe as poet is acknowledgedly a Frenchman, the illegitimate son of Charles Baudelaire; but Poe the Short Story Man is no one's son and every short-story writer's father. For whereas so much of the prose of so many poets represents only poems that failed to take to the air, most of Poe's poems represent short stories that failed to keep both feet on the ground. For this reason I think "Ligeia" considerably more of a poem than say "Annabel Lee." It is not hard to see why Emerson referred to Poe as "the jingle man." But Aldous Huxley dissected Poe as formal poet far more efficiently than is called for here. For, finally, it is not so much the poems that make Poe in the highest sense the inaugurator of American literature, nor masterpieces like "The Masque of the Red Death" or "The Fall of the House of Usher"; it is the life that, shot through as luridly with alcohol as with words, made Poe into the symbol that he has remained. This is the poet militant after poems, pursuing poems when his toes show through his shoes, his wife lies dying in a slum, his self-respect has dissolved in drink, and his income consists of the generosity of friends. This is a passion of dedication that makes the existence of the individual take on proportions so great as to be impersonal; thus Poe becomes symbol. From such lives, poems sooner or later, either from the subject or his successors, necessarily come. In this sense Poe inaugurated American literature; and to the veneration of such lives even greater memorials than this biography are appropriate.

GEORGE BARKER

Legitimacy and Revolution

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE: TALLEYRAND AND THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Theodore R. Jaekel. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

IN HIS recent biography of Père Joseph, Aldous Huxley tells us that politics mean crime and madness and that even the most benevolent politician cannot do anything good. Guglielmo Ferrero, less radical but perhaps more friendly toward humanity, sticks to the difference between good politicians and bad politicians. To confront us with an example of constructive statecraft he chose the policy that put an end to the Napoleonic adventure, the policy of Talleyrand.

Mr. Ferrero lives in the past with the same intensity as in the present. He approaches with a fresh astonishment a part of history which has been reviewed very often as if it had never been told before and as if the things he tells of could after all have happened quite differently. There is no

way of judging our own era except by comparison. There is no way to understand and vivify the past except in the light of our own experiences. To be sure, Mr. Ferrero does not ignore the abyss between the age of Talleyrand and ours, but he is also aware of a mechanism of politics and forces, we might even say a mechanism of the human soul, which remains the same through the ages.

His thesis is the following: There are two essentially different forms of government, the legitimate and the revolutionary. The former must not be confounded with hereditary monarchy, although in the days of Talleyrand the old dynasties were still the chief examples of legitimate government; they had ruled for many centuries and the majority of the governed believed in their right to govern. "Legitimacy," then, means the consistency of governmental action with its own principle; and the consent of the governed, the rational consent of democracy as well as the irrational consent of tradition. Such a government is the guaranty of peace and continuity. The usurper's government, unprotected by tradition, unrestricted by self-imposed discipline, unassured of the consent of the governed, cannot keep peace; once embarked on the course of adventures, it cannot regain peace because peace's first requisites—legitimacy, mutual confidence, religion—are lacking. This is why the peace treaties concluded with Napoleon were only armistices and why the pact concluded with the Bourbons lasted for a century.

Mr. Ferrero anticipates most of the objections one might be tempted to make. Legitimacy must be living, progressive, not dead, as was the Bourbon regime of 1789 or the Third Republic during its last years. "Revolution," on the other hand, is not identical with usurpation and adventure under all circumstances.

Revolution is a word with a double meaning, which for a century and a half has concealed one of the most tragic ambiguities in which men can lose themselves. By "revolution" we mean sometimes a reorientation of the human mind, an avenue leading to the future. . . . But we also mean by "revolution" the crumbling or the overthrow of an ancient order, the total or partial subversion of established laws. . . . The French Revolution was the greatest example of an equivocal revolution from start to finish, because it was dual right from its origin. . . . Two separate revolutions, one creative, the other destructive, took place simultaneously, and the chaos caused by the latter agitated, sidetracked, paralyzed, and finally annihilated the creative forces. . . . More and more, during the great peace of the nineteenth century, the Western mind came to confuse the two meanings of the word, and ended up by convincing itself that every subversion of law and order, every destruction of an existing legitimacy, is, and must of necessity be, the beginning of a new and better orientation for humanity. The fallacy of this confusion is now apparent.

The book, although it tells a story, assumes the character of an essay, since the historical facts are arranged around a single leading idea. Ferrero omits nothing that can be said in favor of the Bourbon restoration and the Congress of Vienna. But recent experiences have made the old liberal a little partial to the conservatives of 1814. He dramatizes the great but limited influence of Talleyrand; he somewhat idealizes this greedy sage and, much more so, the restored king, "Louis l'Inévitable." The horrible episode of the Hun-

dred Days—incidentally a decisive blow to Talleyrand's European prestige—is not sufficiently exposed in its causes and frustrating consequences. Nor is the clash between the different social tendencies, whose paradoxical alliance had overwhelmed Napoleon, seen with all its implications for the future. No great political task has an ideal solution. The restoration of 1814, although at the moment probably the best possible thing, was far from being an ideal solution; not even in France, much less in Spain, in Naples, or the Church State.

The only weakness in the mild and gerontocratic wisdom of the old historian is that there is something too mechanical in it. To his mind, the good politician exercises the function of a dike warden. But wherefrom come the forces which threaten the dike? He calls Napoleon's desire for power a "childish myth"; he considers *fear* the real motive for his conquests. But it was not the Austrian and Russian appeasers of whom Napoleon had to be afraid during the fateful years 1801 to 1805, or who forced him to play the Charlemagne. Nor had the Germans any reason to fear the European democracies in 1938. Fear, as the reason for disastrous adventure, is a little overrated by Ferrero. Lust for power, though every schoolboy knows what it means, is not a childish myth. The consciousness of immense military superiority, of strength, played its part too. Again, where does this strength come from? It causes the dike break; the dike break cannot explain it. A purely political mechanism cannot stifle it. Today, Mr. Ferrero holds, a legitimate government—a government with which a good peace can be made—has to be a representative one, one which grants the right of free vote and opposition. But if a German Talleyrand should establish a government on such a basis tomorrow—what would come out of it?

GOLO MANN

From Hippocrates to Freud

A HISTORY OF MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Gregory Zilboorg in Collaboration with George W. Henry. W. W. Norton and Company. \$5.

TO ATTEMPT to write the first history of medical psychology in any language was a tremendous undertaking. Dr. Zilboorg's task—and his it is, for Dr. Henry's two appended chapters comprise less than a sixth of the book—was made still more difficult by his own broad concept of his problem. It is his belief that a physician, especially one who deals with that phase of human life generally called "mental," is peculiarly a product of his own cultural era; that his attitude toward his patients must reflect the prevailing attitude toward the importance of the individual. From Hippocrates, who by questioning the sacredness of epilepsy made the objective study of mental disease possible, to Galen, medical psychology, in spite of some pretty strange ideas, went forward. When Eastern mysticism and Northern barbarism closed in on man and robbed him of his dignity, the interest in mental disease was "torn away from medicine" and delivered to the church. Men and women who differed conspicuously from their brothers and sisters were no longer considered ill but bewitched and were terribly tortured for

their own good. With the Renaissance the attitude toward insanity became gradually more intelligent and tolerant until that dramatic day arrived during the French Revolution when Philippe Pinel took the chains and fetters from the inmates of the Bicêtre, France's equivalent of Bedlam. Up to this point Dr. Zilboorg's literary facility and his broad historical perspective make his story absorbing and convincing. From then until he reaches Sigmund Freud, whom he sees both as "the first humanist in clinical psychology" and "the last representative of the Renaissance," there is a marked change in Dr. Zilboorg's attitude toward his subject. He resorts to petty criticism of the men whose work he must describe and to the psychoanalytical dodge of probing their unrecorded emotions.

The reason for this peculiar change is to be found in a letter which Pinel wrote and Dr. Zilboorg quotes. Pinel made fun of Anton Mesmer. So did Benjamin Franklin and the commission made up of the most brilliant scientists and physicians in France whom Louis XVI appointed to investigate animal magnetism. Dr. Zilboorg, however, cannot accept this laughter as the reasonable and inevitable reaction of the most enlightened group of men ever assembled in a single tribunal to consider the preposterous theory of a mountebank, because therapeutic method has developed without a break from Mesmer through Charcot and the hypnotists of Nancy to Sigmund Freud, and there is a striking similarity between the mental catharsis of psychoanalysis and the physical crisis of the mesmerist process. Thus the school of psychiatry to which Dr. Zilboorg belongs, and which he believes to be the only possible "scientific" one, forces him to defend and rationalize mesmerism and, as a corollary, to impute an emotional rejection of the heliocentric theory and a strong unconscious belief in devils and demons to Franklin, Lavoisier, Bailly, the members of the Academy of Science and the Faculty of Medicine of France, the Royal Medical Society of London, and every scientist, physician, and layman who since 1784 has accepted the rationalistic, scientific tradition set forth in the commission's Report on Animal Magnetism. This position leads Dr. Zilboorg finally to the astonishing statement that while Krafft-Ebing's discovery of the relationship of general paralysis to syphilis was a great benefit to hundreds of thousands of miserable sufferers, it proved a "step backward" for psychopathology.

The story of medical psychology from a purely psychoanalytic point of view is probably told here as fairly, certainly as intelligently, as it could be. The trouble is that there are still in the world today, at least here and in England, a great many distinguished scientists who are just as "kindly" and "humane" as Sigmund Freud and Gregory Zilboorg but who refuse to accept psychoanalytical fantasies as ultimate realities of science. These men, working patiently in laboratories, hospitals, and clinics, are still motivated by what Dr. Zilboorg considers the absurd and somehow immoral hope of some day finding the physical cause, and thereby the real cure, of mental diseases. It is doubtful whether Dr. Henry's two scant chapters on organic mental diseases and their institutional care will reconcile them to finding themselves classed by Dr. Zilboorg with devil worshipers and witch-burners.

GRACE ADAMS

Modern Warfare—an Analysis

THE NATURE OF MODERN WARFARE. By Cyril Falls.
Oxford University Press. \$1.25.

CAPTAIN FALLS'S brilliant analysis of the deeper military aspects of the present conflict is a reviewer's dream. It is not merely by far the most penetrating study produced by this war; it is also a work of art, perfect in balance and execution, and crammed full of keen observations and profound insights.

As military correspondent to the London *Times* Captain Falls commands a wealth of information vouchsafed to few if any observers outside the ring of the main actors themselves. His long collaboration in the official British "History of the World War" has endowed him with an extraordinarily broad historical background, which reveals its influence in the quiet, sober common sense, averse to all extremes and preconceived ideas, that permeates every page. But what raises his book above the level of an interesting topical study to that of a permanent achievement is his insight into the deeper problems of the nature and conduct of war. This insight he owes to that master of military thought, Clausewitz, who, as the author puts it, "is the only great mind that I know of which has ever made a study of warfare wherein profound philosophical conceptions are allied with wide practical experience"; the same judgment, if we substitute historical knowledge for practical experience, might be applied to Captain Falls.

His study begins, naturally enough, with an examination of the "doctrine of total war." Total war is defined by him in the first instance as a form of war directed against the sum total of the enemy's existence, secondarily as the mobilization of the sum total of our own energies and resources. In the strategic sphere he finds it characterized by the generation of a remarkable dynamic energy, by the systematic use of propaganda, by a freedom of action engendered by the absence of any moral inhibitions whatsoever, and by the production of strategic conceptions of a "grandiose kind, marked by a certain genius." Other tactical and strategic characteristics of total war are the subversive activities commonly grouped together as "fifth column"—in its original connotation, as Captain Falls reminds us, a perfectly honorable conception—and the tactics of parachute troops.

Captain Falls makes a sharp distinction between total warfare, of mass armies backed by mass labor, and the mechanized attack so frequently fused with it into a vague, composite picture labeled *Blitzkrieg*. In fact, as he rightly emphasizes, this idea of "mechanized attack" was originally taken up by men like von Seeckt, Fuller, De Gaulle for the purpose of doing away with the inartistic mass slaughter of the World War, "with its slender gains of ground, its self-made mud; and also with its denial of the chance of subtlety in strategy or tactics, its straightforward slogging without maneuver, its leveling down." The decisive factor of the mechanized attack Captain Falls sees to be not merely the tank breakthrough but the putting out of action of the enemy's artillery on a frontage of at least several miles, an accomplishment which the tank alone would be unable to achieve and which the Germans in their campaign in the Low Countries owed

probably more to their low-flying aircraft than to dive-bombers.

Despite the superiority thus temporarily gained by the attack Captain Falls believes the dictum of Clausewitz that defense is the stronger form of war to be as true as ever if taken as a generalization applied over a long period. The elements of this superior strength are, under present-day conditions, depth in defense, perfected concealment, and the refusal to present to the enemy a rigid front to be broken.

In the fifth and final chapter on immutable realities Captain Falls, having first dealt with that most perplexing of distinctions, between strategy and tactics, touches upon those characteristics of warfare which in his opinion constitute permanent factors governing strategy throughout the ages. These, to which he wisely refrains from applying the equivocal term of principles, he finds in "the moral sphere, the ideal of the undeviating thrust, the element of gambling, the element of friction, the fog of war, the diminishing force of the offensive, the need to fight for information, the need for protection, the ideal of economy of force, the element of surprise." A few brief but excellent observations on sea and air strategy, in which we note with interest his disapproval of the brilliant but untenable views recently put forward by Captain Russell Grenfell in "T 124" conclude the book.

HERBERT ROSINSKI

"He Will Not Care. But Here We Are"

HANNA, CRANE, AND THE MAUVE DECADE. By Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.75.

TO reread Thomas Beer's three brilliant books of history and biography—"The Mauve Decade," "Stephen Crane," and "Hanna"—now republished in an omnibus volume, is to experience not so much one's original enchanted astonishment at the virtuosity of the author as awe at the learning, the endless curiosity and patience, the extraordinary memory that were necessary to conjure up the so recent, yet so remote past. Delight one experiences, too, of course—the highest degree of intellectual pleasure—at the range and quality of Beer's wit, the gusto with which he employed his erudition, the bland ease with which, by means of startling juxtapositions, he ignored or broke through all barriers of time and space.

Aware of but never hampered by tradition, he frequently either ignored cause and effect for the sake of dramatic emphasis or traced them so elliptically that a reader is forced, with a sharp sense of frustration, to glance back several times to find out, for instance, how the Dalton boys in Coffeyville, Kansas, happened to serve as Tennyson's escort to Valhalla. One carries away in one's mind, after due concentration, the picture of a Wagnerian funeral procession with the Kansas bad men chanting, "Into the jaws of death rode the six hundred." The image is clearly an excellent symbol of the curious contradictions, the illogical patterns, in American life at the turn of the century. Such was Tom Beer's method, his magic. To the reading public he paid the compliment of demanding its sharpest intelligence.

Beer's avowed lack of interest in the ethical significance of his subject—some might label it decadence, others the essential principle of honest biographical writing—is only one of the characteristics marking his kinship, not with any other American writer, but with the Englishman, also dead at fifty, who by his erudition, wit, fastidious taste, and gift for terse, ironic expression illuminated the Victorian Age in England with the same vividness and distinction that Beer brought to his re-creations of American life at the turn of the century and earlier. The resemblance between Thomas Beer and Lytton Strachey is curiously striking. Both were intellectual aristocrats, to whom the problem of aesthetics as expressed in all the arts was of great importance; both were ruthless in their demands on themselves and their readers, offering no quarter in their use of irony, ellipsis, the recondite reference. Strachey, however, compensated for his lack of warmth and enthusiasm by an exquisite clarity and simplicity of style, while Beer's gusto, his heightened awareness on every level, drove him to occasionally maddening extravagances of expression.

In their choice of heroines, too, the similarity of Beer's and Strachey's taste holds. "The Titaness" ruled the Mauve Decade, and nowhere, except perhaps in his delineation of Mrs. Egg, the subject of his adept and amusing short stories, has Beer so brilliantly displayed his capacity for understanding and projecting the matriarch, whether thwarted or fulfilled. Elizabeth, Victoria, Florence Nightingale, Lady Hester Stanhope, and Madame du Deffand measure the range of Mr. Strachey's Titanesses.

In his biographical introduction to the posthumously published volume of George Bellows's lithographs, Tom Beer wrote:

A man had turned with courage and audacity on the American scene. . . . He had projected into the tameness of native art a flare of pugnacity and had demanded freedom of subject for the native painters. . . . But art is an illusion of man who believes that he can conquer both himself and time, and time is the final judge of the illusion's merit.

Tom Beer died just as he was beginning to conquer himself. But as long as the art of biography flourishes in American life, his conquest of time is no illusion.

MINA CURTISS

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IN BRIEF

SPENLOVE IN ARCADY. By William McFee. Random House. \$2.50.

A capable novel about a middle-aged officer of the English merchant marine who retires from the sea to a little farm in Connecticut, only to find there the romance that has passed him by for thirty years on the sea lanes. Mr. McFee walks the New England soil with a sure and steady tread, though this is the first time he has ever placed his characters out of the reach of ocean spray.

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET. By W. L. White. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

Margaret is a three-and-a-half-year-old English child whom Mr. White, the well-known correspondent and son of the famous Kansas editor, brought home to adopt. It is her story—her sojourn in Anna Freud's Rest Home for bomb orphans and her trip to America—which interlards Mr. White's story of Britain at war and gives it its distinctive human interest.

ANTHONY WAYNE. Trouble Shooter of the American Revolution. By Harry Emerson Wildes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

On the basis of much new material, including thousands of previously inaccessible letters in the possession of the Wayne family, a new picture of "Mad Anthony" is presented. He is shown as an extremely able and daring general, who played a key part in the Northern campaign, in the Carolinas and Georgia, at Yorktown, and years later in the Northwest Territory. He was also a useful politician both in Pennsylvania and in Georgia, and, we are told, a fascinating social figure. We must take this on faith; for like many writers with important material, Mr. Wildes is not sufficiently interested in biography as an art. Occasional overwritten passages and imaginary conversations will not lighten this stolid book for the general reader and will have to be skimmed over by serious students, for whom, nevertheless, the volume will be a necessary one.

THE ECONOMICS OF AMERICAN DEFENSE. By Seymour E. Harris. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.50.

A Harvard economics professor here tries to give an over-all view of the national defense program, implying that the inevitable departmentalization of

modern government prevents administrators from seeing the picture whole. Yet although Dr. Harris covers a wide and interesting field, from the pre-war background of our defense effort to post-war problems, he has not succeeded in actually finding out what has been going on. As a result, his treatment is discursive, while the central issues of increased production and integrated planning are scarcely touched upon. The real story of the economics of American defense will be written after the war is over by economists who stood near the center of the Washington vortex.

RECORDS

TWO new recorded performances of the Franck Symphony are available which are excellent in their different styles, and which are, in their equally different ways, excellently reproduced. Monteux's with the San Francisco Symphony (Victor Set 840, \$5.50) is the rhetorically expansive performance, but one that stays within the limits of good musical taste; my own preference is for the simplicity and directness of Beecham's performance with the London Philharmonic (Columbia Set 479, \$5.50), which reduce the expansive rhetoric that I dislike in the music, and for the qualities in the performance that express his clear and sharp musical intelligence. Monteux's performance has the expansively gorgeous sound of American Victor recording—and the new Monteux recordings are the finest examples of the type that have come from Victor recently; my own preference again is for the clean-cut refinement of sound of the English recording of the Beecham performance. My copy of each has a number of noisily defective surfaces.

In addition to the gorgeous sound that is American Victor's best there is this month the harder, somewhat brash sound that is to be heard in the set (838, \$4.50) of Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante* K. 364, my copy of which also has one noisily defective surface. Stiedry produces a superb performance with the excellent little New Friends of Music Orchestra and with Spalding and Primrose as the violin and viola soloists—the first playing less impressively than the second.

And then Victor offers the shockingly bad sound—harsh, thin, with no body, depth, or warmth, and noisily clouded by reverberation—of the recording of Toscanini's performance of the Tchai-

kovsky Piano Concerto No. 1 with the N. B. C. Symphony and Horowitz (Set 800, \$4.50). I put it this way because it is Toscanini's performance—breath-taking in intensity, pace—to which Horowitz contributes brilliant playing of the solo part. In Carnegie Hall it was a performance to end all performances of the work; on these records its altered sound gives it a hectic quality at times, and may cause one to prefer one of the older versions.

On the other hand Victor gives us an extraordinarily fine example of the English type of recording in the set (837, \$3.50) of Schumann's Symphony No. 4 made by Bruno Walter with the London Symphony. Schumann's symphonies are not his best works; but this one is the best of the lot, with some beautiful pages—the introduction to the first movement, the second and third movements in which this introduction recurs. They call for just the emotional softness and warmth that Walter brings to music; the performance, then, is perfect; and even the surfaces are only slightly blemished.

Mozart's fine Piano Sonata K. 576, which Casadesu plays in the polished, anemic French Mozart style on Columbia, is played by Arrau with admirable structural clarity, strength, and warmth in a new Victor set (842, \$3.50), together with the engaging lesser Sonata K. 283. And Beethoven's Sonata Op. 5 No. 1 for 'cello and piano, which I do not find interesting, is superbly performed by Casals and Horszowski (Set 843, \$3.50).

Columbia offers Bruno Walter's fine performance of Smetana's beautiful "Moldau" with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set X-211, \$2.50), of which the recorded sound is good but not clean. The same may be said of the sound of Rodzinski's tensely over-emphatic performance of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" with the Cleveland Orchestra (Set X-210, \$2.50), to which I prefer the more relaxed and genial Fritz Busch performance on Victor.

The programs of the New Friends of Music Orchestra series contain a few items of lesser Mozart that I find unpromising, but also very fine things, including Bach's Art of Fugue again, Mozart's wonderful Piano Concerto K. 453, to be played this time by Schnabel, and his delightful Violin Concerto K. 216, to be played by Szigeti. Perhaps Victor and Columbia can be persuaded to record the performances of the concertos.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Mr. Schlesinger's Analogies

Dear Sirs: Wars are fought and forgotten and policies go into the limbo of historical relics—all except the War Between the States and the institution of slavery.

I am moved to these reflections by the article *Can Willkie Save His Party?* by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in *The Nation* of December 6. The author's first two paragraphs are excellent, but it is a pity he did not stop with the words "He is confronted by a trying and difficult problem." For Mr. Schlesinger was confronted with just that sort of problem—how to make the Southern party analogous to big business and Nazi predilections, and the Northern party analogous to simple democracy and liberalism. His reasoning runs like this: Both major parties of the nineteenth century, the Democratic and the Whig, were American because they were both Northern; the "enemy" was the South; the Nazism of the day was chattel slavery. Finally, all the "liberal" forces coalesced in the Republican Party and defeated the Southern Nazis.

What a travesty of history is this! The Southern slaveholders hated big business more intensely than Mr. Schlesinger does. Despite slavery, they were the most liberal politicians of the day. Certainly the Nazis today would repudiate chattel slavery, but they would not hesitate to maintain—they seek—industrial slavery. This makes Republicanism and Nazism analogous. If Mr. Schlesinger seeks further proof, let him compare the treatment of conquered countries by the Nazis with that of the South by the Republican Party.

But Mr. Schlesinger, occupied with "moral" principles, has apparently never heard of a thieving tariff gang, or of that fanatical and materialist nationalism which is determined to sweep all diverse elements into a common stream. He finds Mr. Willkie truly admirable—without bothering to ascertain why *any* liberal would associate himself with a predatory party. Seward he almost canonizes—Seward, who remarked to the British minister when habeas corpus was suspended: "I can press this button and have a man—any man—in Cleveland or New York—anywhere—hanged without a trial. Has the Queen any

greater power?" The British ambassador's enlightened reply was: "I do not think her Majesty would want such power."

ARTHUR STYRON

Roxbury, Conn., December 17

We Take a Bow

Dear Sirs: A bouquet to *The Nation* for its willingness to be fair to Willkie, as shown by its editorial comment on his connection with the Schneiderman case and its publication of the article *Can Willkie Save the Republican Party?*

ALICE DYAR RUSSELL

South Pasadena, Cal., December 11

Willkie and J. Q. Adams

Dear Sirs: I read with keen interest Mr. Schlesinger's very penetrating analysis of the Republican Party and his most pertinent comparison of its situation today with that of the Whigs in the 1850's. I should like to suggest that the coming of war to the United States gives point to still another historical parallel.

The Federalist Party, grandfather of the Republican Party, ran its last race in 1816. Drawing its support largely from the business interests, it had refused to adapt its policies to new issues and changing economic conditions. It had also refused to support the country in the War of 1812. John Quincy Adams, who may be compared to Wendell Willkie in this connection, had voted for the Louisiana Purchase and the Embargo Act. This support of Jeffersonian foreign policy had caused him to be repudiated by the Federalists in 1808 with a bitterness analogous to that displayed by many Republicans toward Mr. Willkie today.

The most ridiculous spectacle of the past week has been that of isolationists shouting that the Administration has been caught unprepared by an attack which for two years they have contended could not possibly be made. They have small right to criticize until they have admitted that events have proved their views to have been mistaken, but there is little evidence of this attitude being adopted. This points to a continuance of the parallel with the Federalist suicide.

On the other hand, the vote in Congress and the support most Republicans are giving to the government regardless of party gives promise of a larger view. It is to be hoped that a patriotic unanimity of sentiment may be achieved, and that in this the Republican Party will find continued life.

HARVEY L. CARTER

Collegeville, Pa., December 17

On Winning the Peace

Dear Sirs: We shall win the war. We are Americans, and our cause is just. We shall show those "dirty little Japs." At last Hitler has met his match. He can never conquer America. We shall rid the world of the Nazi menace; we shall free the enslaved of Europe, Asia, and Africa. All men have a right to be free—not equal, perhaps, but free. Of all countries we are the freest, the bravest, the greatest, the best. Our allies will do as we ask. In the words of the radio commentator, "Russia will declare war on Japan when we wish it, for Washington holds Russia in the palm of its hand."

Yes, we shall win the war, but if by these tokens we win it, we shall not win the peace that follows, despite Mr. Roosevelt's firm words. The peace will be harder than the war for America to win. Only a nation with the soul of a Lincoln can win both a victory and a peace.

ELSIE A. JOHNSON

St. Louis, Mo., December 18

Credit Transferred

Dear Sirs: A recent item in *The Nation* credited the Southern Workers' Defense League with sole responsibility for securing a federal investigation into the flogging of two C. I. O. organizers near Harriman, Tennessee. This is a misconception which we wish to see cleared up with fairness to all parties concerned.

The Southern Workers' Defense League was only one of a number of unions and progressive organizations working to secure this investigation. As a matter of fact, chief credit for finally getting the inquiry should go to Paul Christopher, Tennessee C. I. O. director, and Washington C. I. O. officials.

FRANK MC CALLISTER, Secretary

Atlanta, Ga., December 17

